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The Argonaut.

VOLUME LXXV

ALFRED HOLMAN, EDITOR

July 1 to December 31, 1914

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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.
ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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British Participation.

Rarely even in this spirited city has there been such a demonstration of spirit as that expressed in a cash subscription of ten thousand dollars, "as a starter," by the British societies of San Francisco for British representation at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. In interpreting this subscription it must be remembered that it is separate and in addition to previous and generous contributions by British citizens locally domiciled with us. The enthusiasm which has inspired this latest tribute to the exposition is not confined to San Francisco or California. Mr. W. A. M. Goode of London, active agent of the organized movement for British participation, is now at the East, and reports from there that prospects are favorable for a generous subscription to the British exposition fund on the part of British societies and citizens in that part of the country. And in connection with these prospects there is to be reckoned a large assured subscription in England.

That there will in one form or another be a credit-

able representation of Great Britain in the exposition is now a certainty. What the British government has not seen its way to do will be done by British citizens upon unofficial initiative. And they will do it, not in the spirit of protest against the action of the British cabinet, but as an expression of appreciation of the country in which they are domiciled and as a mark of their wish to take a due share in our community responsibilities. Thus for the ten-thousandth time we have emphatic reiteration of the spirit of kinship and sympathy embodied in the phrase, "Blood is thicker than water."

Nor because the British government has failed to make a direct appropriation for an exhibit is it to be inferred that there will be no participation in the exposition on the part of the government. Perhaps no more effective contribution to our great fête could be made than the presence here during the exposition period of a British fleet. England maintains in Pacific waters a very considerable naval force, and will assuredly add to it when the facilities of the Canal shall be available. It is already an official assurance that the fleet will be sent here, attesting by its presence the friendly spirit and the coöperative intentions of the government and of the country.

The Republican Nomination.

If there were not a hundred other circumstances in proof of Mr. Roosevelt's ambition to "capture" the Republican presidential nomination in 1916, the fact would be indicated clearly by his Pittsburgh speech on Tuesday night of this week. In every phase and turn it was the speech of one who seeks to conciliate favor. Nominally Mr. Roosevelt went to Pittsburgh to appeal for his personal friend Pinchot, and to oppose his personal enemy Penrose. What he did was to spiel for himself. And under all the circumstances it was a fairly good spiel. There was nothing in it to offend anybody, and it was unctuous with that moral resonance which is so pleasing to the multitudes who are easily beguiled by melodramatic platitudinism. The speech was an arraignment without arraigning anybody, a series of pledges without pledging anything. In so far as it presented a scheme of policy, it recalls that recipe in an old-fashioned cook-book which tells you to take a quantity of flour, mix with a lump of butter, a modicum of sugar, pouring in sufficient water, seasoning to taste, and baking according to judgment. If this sounds extravagant, let any critic who reads it undertake to define what Mr. Roosevelt said on Tuesday night. He will not be able to do it, because, although Mr. Roosevelt talked for something more than an hour, he said nothing at all.

With Mr. Roosevelt now an obvious candidate for the presidency through the favor of the Republican party it is pertinent to set down a few of the reasons why he ought not to be nominated. First and foremost there are his individual defects of character—his precipitancy, his disregard of principles, his contempt of legitimate restraints, his overweening self-confidence, his arbitrary spirit, his faithlessness to his own word, his lack of the elements of sober and stable character. Then there is his record in office, illustrated by contempt of the law, his tendency to many forms of extravagance, his substitution of his own impulses and his private motives for public considerations, his vanity, and his rudeness. All this leaves still to be reckoned with his solemn pledge, as morally binding now as it ever was, his betrayal of the party through whose favor he rose, and his known disposition to plague and to punish whoever and whatever goes counter to his individual will.

There are practical political reasons, too, why Mr. Roosevelt should not be the nominee of the Republican party. He has lost alike the confidence and the respect

of great numbers of Republicans who will not vote for him under any circumstances. Thousands regard Mr. Roosevelt, not merely with suspicion and fear, but with that species of dislike which steadfast men bestow upon those whom they regard as traitors and renegades. Mr. Roosevelt could not command anything approaching full party support either at the polls or in any other relationship. In office, presuming that he might be elected, he would be the distrusted agent of a divided, demoralized, and unhappy party.

We hear it said by way of reluctant assent that Mr. Roosevelt is the only man in sight. This is ridiculous. There are unnumbered men in sight more competent for the presidency by all the standards worthy of consideration. If it be admitted—limiting the view to the more prominent men of the party—that Mr. Taft lacks temperament and the prestige of success and that Mr. Root is not available, there remains in conspicuous view a singularly distinguished and competent figure in the person of Judge Hughes. Mr. Hughes has proved the steadiness of his character and the integrity of his mind. He is a progressive Republican without being a revolutionist. He knows and respects the limitations of executive power without being timid, vacillating, or whimsical in action. He was a reformer of a high type while Mr. Roosevelt was still a pupil and a follower of Boss Platt and a busy trafficker with professional monopolists and "malefactors of great wealth." Mr. Hughes has been tried out, these ten years past, by a hundred tests of individual and official character, and he has come through the gauntlet unscathed and unscathable, as a man and a patriot without reproach. With such a man as Judge Hughes at the service of the country—unseeking but available—it is ridiculous or something worse to speak of Mr. Roosevelt or of anybody else as an individual necessity of the time and the situation.

All the omens of the time point to Republican success in 1916. Democratic control of the government has not yielded the blessings which were promised. Its fruits are disappointment and chagrin. From whatever angle we view the administrative record—in the sphere of domestic affairs or of foreign policy—the picture is that of failure. Democratic success two years ago was a mere "scratch" victory. It was a victory which will not be repeated under the condition of a reunited Republican party, now an assurance if the mistake shall not be made of enforcing upon the party a candidate repugnant to a very large, very potential, and very respectable element.

Assassination of Archduke Ferdinand.

The assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria and his wife at Serajevo on Sunday is one of those wild acts which only too frequently proceed from the hysteria and insanity which accompany an advanced state of civilization. Probably this crime was not designed under any intent personal to its victims. To the distempered mind of the assassin the archduke merely represented the system of which he was a part. It was not a blow against an individual, but a wild stroke against kingship.

We think it probable that in this, as in many another similar instance, the effect of the criminal act will be directly contrariwise to the purpose. Albeit a man of great personal force, Archduke Ferdinand gave small promise of effective personal service on the imperial throne of Austria-Hungary. He was by nature despotic and unlovely, ill calculated to fill a post whose best support must rest in the centred confidence and affection of divided and unassimilated races. Whoever shall follow the universally-beloved Franz Joseph must, if he would hold the Austrian empire intact, have in himself the qualities which inspire sympathy, affection, and a positive though incongruous loyalty.

murdered archduke was not such a man. Intellect and force he possessed. But he was unhappily without the qualities which in the present situation are even more important. There was that, too, in his domestic situation which would have made the imperial rôle a difficult one. It is hard to say it, nevertheless it must be said, that the Austrian imperial dominion will probably be better served even by a less able man than by one who would surely have brought to a throne already profoundly troubled new complications and new problems.

Archduke Karl Franz Joseph, who with the death of Archduke Franz Ferdinand becomes heir to the Austrian throne, is a younger and far less individually able, but a more popular man. There are no circumstances either in his character or domestic environment that will tend to weaken his position when he shall succeed the aged Franz Joseph. On the other hand there is much in the conditions of his life to inspire sympathy and sustain loyalty. The very shadow which hangs over him and his wife through heredity tends to disarm the hatred which in Austria (to all save Franz Joseph) seems to accompany supreme power. In the man there is a certain democratic simplicity not unaccompanied with dignity which has made him a darling of the empire. He will have in abundant measure the popular friendship, which is infinitely more necessary to his need when he shall assume the imperial throne than the sterner merits of intellectual endowment and personal force.

Truly pathetic is the aged figure of Emperor Franz Joseph. His bitter moan, "The world spares me nothing," will find an echo in kindly hearts the whole world round. He has suffered one terrible affliction after another. Those of his blood whom assassination has spared have fallen victims to insanity or live under its shadow. In his age he sees in defiant operation forces which would break asunder the empire of his house and which wait only upon his death. He suffers the painful consciousness that only the narrow tenure of his individual life holds in leash prepared agencies of rebellion and dissolution. Truly a pathetic figure is this lonely king, hereft in his affections, thwarted in his hopes, and aggrieved at the crisis which hovers above his throne and awaits his death.

Privilege in Australia.

Australia is about to hold a general election in order to determine whether the government shall employ only labor unionists in the performance of public works or whether workmen shall be hired irrespective of their affiliations. The House, under the leadership of the prime minister, has twice passed a bill to the effect that there shall be no discrimination in favor of the unionists, and this bill has twice been rejected by the Senate. A deadlock having thus been reached, the governor-general has dissolved both houses and an election must be held to determine the issue. If the performance should be repeated, that is to say if the House should again pass the bill and the Senate again reject it, there must be a joint session of the two chambers and a bare majority will then settle the matter. But what a comment upon the democracy of which we hear so much and of which Australia is supposed to be peculiarly representative! A general election must be held in order to determine whether the government itself must give special preferential treatment to a minority of workmen at the expense of the majority, in other words whether there shall be a favored caste or aristocracy whose interests must be paramount in the eyes of the law.

And yet a comparison of the relative positions of Australia and America in this matter of labor-union privilege is greatly to the advantage of Australia. There we find at least a determined opposition to a principle that, if successful, must eventually destroy every pretense of righteous government. Here we find no such opposition. The prime minister of Australia, who is practically the ruler of the country, has rallied all the forces at his command in defense of justice and against the usurpations of an organized tyranny. In America we find the President of the republic and the elected representatives of the country side by side and hrt in hand to receive their orders from organized labor and obsequiously to obey them. The issue in Australia remains for the present in doubt, but the issues of government have at least been defended. In America that same issue is no longer in doubt, since

the government has capitulated without even a remonstrance or a protest.

History tells us that one of the crying iniquities of pre-revolutionary France was a system under which the aristocrats and the clergy were exempt from all taxation and from the operations of the criminal law. This was one of the causes that produced the revolution and that brutalized it—the existence of a caste that was privileged and exempt. But how far have we actually moved since then? After over a century of so-called democratic progress we find that a privileged and exempted labor caste in Australia is able to invoke a general election in its support, and with a doubtful issue, and that in America the same caste is able to exact its privileges and exemptions without even the challenge of an effective public protest. In pre-revolutionary France it was the aristocrat that was raised above the reach of the law. In America and in Australia it is the labor unionist. That seems to be the only difference. The principle remains the same, and somewhat stronger now than it was then. In the essentials of democracy we have not moved at all.

Brother Abbott on the Administration.

The latest attempt to interpret the tendencies of American politics as affected by the Wilson administration is made by Brother Abbott in the *Outlook* of June 20th, illustrating for the ten-thousandth time the incapacity of the theologian to deal wisely with practical questions. "Business," says Brother Abbott, "is disorganized, because it is the avowed policy of the present Democratic administration to disorganize business." Here we have error associated with something very like stupidity. The last wish of the administration is to hurt business as a whole. What it wishes to do is to do something to bad business, or to have the public think that it is doing it. The trouble is that the administration is not able to distinguish between good and bad business and as often gets foul of the one as of the other. Take the case of the Central Pacific unscrambling for example. The administration, wishing to keep up an agitation that will impress the country with its reformatory zeal, has centred its prosecuting energies upon this project, chiefly because it is remote from the sphere of its immediate observation and because it may be made to appear as an intensely virtuous activity. Therefore it passes by the great associated and interlocking transportation systems of the East, which it would be hazardous in a political sense to attack, and picks upon the Pacific railroad system in the comfortable knowledge that the Democratic party has little or nothing to hope for on this Coast. It knows little of business in practice, therefore is unable to see the situation from our point of view. What it knows above all else is that Governor Johnson and his faction made a "hit" three years ago by assailing "the railroad." Without in the least comprehending the changed situation or understanding the motives of Pacific Coast sentiment, the administration feels itself on safe political ground in whacking our transportation organization. It is not that the administration really wants to hurt anybody—not even the railroads; what it seeks is to impress upon the country that it is carrying forward a great campaign of business reformation.

Further on Brother Abbott makes this astonishing statement: "This Democratic administration does not believe in a strong government. It is afraid of a strong government. It fears that the strong government will be a despotic government. It seeks refuge from that peril in weakness." However profoundly President Wilson in his academic days may have sympathized with the Jeffersonian fear of a strong government, now that he is dealing with the practical things of government he is on the other side of the issue. True, the administration is weak in its foreign policy, but that is due to blundering rather than to intent. There is nothing in the history of this administration in its treatment of domestic affairs which goes to sustain Brother Abbott's indictment. Nor is there anything in the record of the Democratic party in recent years exhibiting any sympathy with the old Jeffersonian idea. The truth is the other way round. Party and administration alike have accepted the modern idea and are helping the drift toward centralization with its natural effect of strengthening the government. They are alike shouting for new Federal activities, new and stronger arms of government, more regulative control. Extension of Federal functions and larger Federal appropria-

tions spell increased Federal power. The thing is inevitable. In the light of party declarations and of administrative acts, Brother Abbott is plainly the victim of a misconception when he declares that the administration is for a weak rather than a strong government.

The whole logic of Brother Abbott's discourse is in exploitation of the theory that the weakness of our foreign policy is the result of a fear of making the government too strong. Observers, better trained in political thinking than Brother Abbott, interpret the foreign policy quite differently. Our dealings beyond our own borders during the past year are the effect of two misconceptions. One of these grows out of the altruistic spirit of President Wilson and Secretary Bryan. The other is the product of a crude and anomalous attempt at consistency. Two impractical men with small actual knowledge of the society of nations and its constituent parts have dreamed dreams of world peace and Godly fellowship, quite disregardful of the human factor in the case. They imagine that this nation is so powerful and strong that if it shall exhibit a self-sacrificing spirit with an unselfish devotion to humanitarian ideals, other nations, impressed by the nobility of our motives, will forthwith follow our example and adopt the golden rule as the basis of international relationships. But unfortunately for this fine theory, other nations, even as does Brother Abbott, being humanly cynical, look for motives apart from the spirit of altruism, and find them in the appearances of fear and weakness.

The other phase of this policy we have already described as a crude attempt at consistency; and it is not improper to add that there are in it distinct elements less theoretically worthy—nothing short, indeed, of vanity allied with malice. Our dealings with Mexico illustrate this phase of administrative blundering. At the beginning Mr. Wilson conceived a violent dislike of Provisional President Huerta. He committed the amazing blunder of declining to recognize the *de facto* President of Mexico upon a theory which, to put it delicately, was whimsical. All that has followed in our dealings with Mexico has grown out of this original mistake—the breaking down of Huerta's foreign credit, the letting in of war supplies for the so-called Constitutionalists, the sympathetic conferences with Carranza and Villa, the flare-up over the trivial incident at Tampico, the landing of troops at Vera Cruz, the interdiction of Huerta's war supplies, the still sustained course of encouraging Huerta's enemies. All these things, we repeat, have followed the original blunder with a sort of stubborn consistency in wrongdoing.

Messrs. Wilson and Bryan have given to the country and to the world too big a dose of pure altruism, complicated in the case of Mexico with the kind of stubbornness not uncommonly found in those consciously better than the rest of the world. The world laughs at it, and we have not been able to assimilate it. In the end it is likely to be rejected violently and with unhappy results. Not even a national administration firmly placed can for an extended period make itself and the country ridiculous without promoting a convulsion having inevitable and inevitably bad moral effects.

It is a necessity with every national administration, as it is for every public man, to adopt a certain attitude or pose and maintain it. Failure to do this is inevitably set down as due to infirmity of purpose with fear to act. The Wilson administration early in its career adopted the altruistic pose, the most difficult of all to sustain. In trying to live up to it the administration has itself fallen into some gross inconsistencies. It is not consistent with the altruistic pose to pay in political favors for legislative support. It is not consistent with the altruistic pose to make compromises with the devil of Wall Street, as the administration has done in the matter of Nicaragua and the Nicaraguan treaty. Nor is it an answer to those who criticize these transactions to point out that there is no other way to organize and sustain political support. As one by one the shifts of the administration are being revealed, its apologists take refuge in the time-worn plea that the end justifies the means, that to carry out the "higher purposes" of the administration there must be some concession to legislative tools of lesser intelligence and lower motives. But this explanation does not excuse and can not be made to justify a hundred acts grossly inconsistent with the altruistic standards which Mr. Wilson has assumed for his administration. The people will not take the "larger view" with which the Presi-

dent seeks to bound as with a halo the blunders and wrongdoings of his administration, and they will decline to overlook obvious sins committed in the name of lofty purposes.

In the reaction which is bound to come it will be found that instead of having elevated our national diplomacy, instead of having established the good, the true, and the beautiful as the spirit of world politics, this administration will have produced effects directly to the reverse. The altruistic dose has been too big and it has been prescribed too suddenly and too drastically. It has gagged rather than helped the patient. It is bound in its ultimate effects to lower rather than to raise the standard of international dealings.

Another Conspiracy.

We seem to be living at a time when conspiracy is the mildest term to be applied to any two or more persons whose political views or interests happen to coincide and who venture to express them audibly. We have it on presidential authority that there is now a conspiracy among wealthy men to defeat the present trust legislation, but we can hardly help feeling that this extraordinary theory is ill-served by the evidence advanced in its support. This evidence has now been published by the authorities of the White House and it takes the form of a selection of the correspondence received from various parts of the country, but without the name that to the unofficial mind would seem all important as indicating the status of the writers. Prominent among these effusions and representative of them all is the following missive from St. Paul:

It is quite manifest that the cause of the present hard times is almost wholly due to a united action on the part of large corporations of the country, after deliberate conference, to chastise your administration. No doubt the corporations have mutually agreed to put on the brakes and slow up business in every way possible. This is the way they have of intimidating the people and the administration. There should be a law that would imprison such conspirators and confiscate their business.

Now there may be human minds that are influenced by the fact that some unnamed person in St. Paul is of the opinion that the corporations are trying to destroy their own business in order to annoy the President, but surely there can not be many. The more ordinary kind of intelligence would at least like to know whether such an epistle emanated from a janitor, a schoolboy, or a suffragette. The kind of mentality that is displayed would cause us to point the finger of suspicion at the schoolboy, but on the other hand there seems to be some internal evidence, and particularly in the last sentence, that might be held to inculcate the suffragette. But would the case be sufficiently met by the imprisonment of the offenders and the confiscation of such of their property as might remain after the conspiracy among its owners to ruin it? Why not hang every one whose hardihood prompts them not only to disagree with the President, but actually to say so? And this sort of thing emanates from an administration that eloquently called attention to the democracy of its principles, to the broad base of public opinion upon which it expected to stand, and to the free discussion that was to be the guide and inspiration of its policies.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

YOSEMITE VALLEY, June 28, 1914.

Let no reader fear that I have intent to describe Yosemite. The thing has often been assayed in times past. No doubt there will be adventurers in times to come. But it will never be done, unless there shall come some new magic through which the visions of the eye and of the mind may be translated to the vision of the spirit. Yosemite must ever remain a mere name to whomever does not hold its pictures among the treasures of his memory.

I suspect that the impression of Yosemite is different upon different people. To many, if I have read and heard aright, its predominating power is that of majesty. Upon me its chief effect is that of sheer beauty. Yosemite is majestic, truly. But there is in it a charm which subordinates its immensities. It is as if one beheld a woman eight feet tall, yet found her stature a less engaging circumstance than the loveliness of her contours, the splendor of her coloring, and the gleam of her eye.

No picture I have ever seen conveys the full glory of Yosemite, and all this week I have been trying to discover why. And I think I have the secret. The familiar comprehensive view of the valley is from

its western end, from which point the foreground, fine as it is, too completely dominates the picture. The great Half-Dome at the eastern extremity of the valley is minimized by distance, and so in the classic pictures fails of its true value as the central jewel in an incomparable ensemble.

But I fear I wax eloquent. It was not of the charms of Yosemite that I started to write, but of some things encountered here apart from lofty rocks and swiftly falling water. I am established, not at the Sentinel Hotel, affected by those who cherish deluding hopes of finding modern comforts, nor yet at the more exclusive of the public camps. I write from Camp Curry, where it is *de rigueur* to dine coatless, and about whose glowing fire are gathered every evening some six hundred or more persons of all ages and most conditions bent upon a good time after any old fashion which may invite. In this free democracy I have again and again been made conscious of the classification imposed upon us all quite automatically by the routine of life. Without any wish to limit one's associations to a particular group or class, somehow the thing happens. One lives in a quarter of the city affected by persons of his own relative states of fortune and social habit. One goes about mostly through parts of the city likewise affected by persons of his own caste or order. If he travels it is in a particular car customarily patronized by persons of taste similar to his own and of equal ability to pay. If one lunches at his club, it is with men measurably like himself, and if he dines abroad it is with persons of his own general rank and of the general forms of social practice which he affects. Even the street-car in which he rides between home and shop imposes a certain classification of social elements, since one goes to the Western Addition, another to the warm belt of the Mission, a third to the Latin Quarter, and a fourth to the Potrero. Whatever democratic ideals one may profess and even attempt to live up to, he finds himself more or less cramped in by narrow lines of classifying circumstance.

Here at Camp Curry are all sorts, sizes, and degrees of the respectable world literally thrown in and jumbled up together. The master of the camp, who gives tone and atmosphere to everything, goes about from daylight until midnight in shirt sleeves; and if he has anything to say to anybody he doesn't take the trouble to whisper it into an immediate ear, but shouts it out in tones so full and free that they reach anywhere roundabout. He values himself upon his stentorian powers. "I can be heard," he remarked the other night in his quiet way, "at Glacier Point, twelve miles distant—by the long trail. I have been told that they frequently hear me down at El Portal, sixteen miles—but I have never been down to confirm the report." Camp Curry is a pure democracy. The management plays no favorites and wishes the fact to be universally understood. No expenditure, either in the form of smiles, persuasions, or liberal tips, can buy favors of any kind. There are no reserved seats. When the gong sounds everybody rushes into the dining hall, where it is a case of catch-as-catch-can. Privilege in any form is an unknown quantity. What any one has, all may have.

Thus it is that one who spends even a brief time at Camp Curry falls in by one accidental happening or another with any and everybody there under the rule of haphazard. The service of the place is excellent. But it is unlike that of any other hostelry on the Pacific Coast that I know anything about. The waiters are all students, mostly girls, but with a sprinkling of boys, from Stanford and Berkeley. For every species of service the campus appears to have been the recruiting ground. There is nowhere about the place anybody of the servant class; and in the ballroom after the dinner is cleared away, the dishes washed, and the domestic chores all done, those who served the tables two hours before are as good as the best. It is one of the few places in the world that I know anything about where all limitations of social rank, where all suggestions of condition, and where all classification of persons on the basis of fortune or occupation are wholly and completely nullified. And it is gratifying to be able to say that it works out not only in efficiency but in dignity of service, and that it sustains a certain self-respecting and essentially human atmosphere very satisfactory to one who likes to believe that the true values of life rest upon other than arbitrary and artificial standards.

This past week, for the first time in many years, I have found myself in contact with life in the mass, as distinct from life in particular groups or classes; and it has been an interesting and an illuminating experience. It has been worth while to observe and to listen; and there has been in it all a certain refreshment of the moral spirit. While there are no distinctions, no ranks, no style at Camp Curry, there is emi-

nent decency and eminent respectability. If Pacific Avenue and Burlingame are not represented, neither is Minna Street nor the Barbary Coast. You will find here, not the privileged nor the rejected of the social world, but the great intermediate class. And as to its morals and its manners there is much upon which a sociologist might felicitate California. I have observed no instance of gross vulgarity, nothing at all tending to shock decent moral sensibilities. In all this crowd I have heard no coarse word uttered, nor any reference to prohibited things. Everywhere there is wholesome regard, if not for the refinements of social intercourse, at least for the essential proprieties. Verily it speaks well for the civilization of California.

In this curiously popular community the commonest topics of conversation relate to the colleges. It would seem that every mother's son and daughter of the six hundred persons in this camp has some affiliation or association with one or the other of our two great schools. At every table and among every group the talk runs to college affairs. And, curiously enough, it is rather what I may call the mechanics of education than the spirit of it which possesses the general mind. There is no end of rah-rah-rah, for the crimson or the blue-and-gold; no end of talk about special courses, credits, student activities, etc. But I have not heard one phrase in discussion of any literary or academic subject. Nor do I find in the tone of these young collegians any reflection of classic reading or of cultural aspiration. The talk is about college subjects; but it is not in the language of educated men and women nor in the tone which education ought to yield. Undoubtedly these young people have acquired a good deal of knowledge; but in the getting of it they have not become in the conventional sense cultivated men and women. Surely there must be some radical fault in systems of collegiate training which send forth their product in classes hundreds strong, learned without doubt in many forms, but lacking the atmosphere which ought to differentiate the scholarly from the common world. Along with the acquisition of knowledge there surely ought to come a kind of development—a species of moral and intellectual refinement—which would limit aggressiveness of manner, take the raucous tang out of the voice, and give at least an element of reserve and grace to social contacts. Either there is something wrong in our scheme of college breeding or there is something wrong in my conception of what a college-bred man or woman ought to be.

In the course of the week I have listened to hundreds of persons in the freest social interchange. But I have not heard one word of discussion of religious subjects or patriotic subjects. Apparently the new generation has little or no interest in things which were at the front in all liberal minds of the preceding generation. Something may be due to the holiday spirit, still I can but wonder that in such an assemblage there seems nobody to whom subjects which for two thousand years have engrossed the attention of serious-minded men possess the slightest interest. Indeed I have heard little during the past week of anything bearing close analogy to what we used to call conversation. The spirit of rag-time apparently holds exclusive possession in that popular world so largely represented here at Camp Curry.

Nowhere within my observation has the changed and changing position and standards of woman appeared more marked than in this little human melting pot. There are more women than men, which explains some things. But it does not explain why the women should be so different from the women of thirty years ago. Whatever any one may think about it, the old standards of chivalry have been lost in the great middle class. No woman outside of the domestic circle in other days was addressed with the familiarity which now obtains upon a two days' acquaintance. In freeing herself from the trammels of the old régime woman has lost something of what attached to her through the old social ceremonial. Undoubtedly woman has gained much in the form of freedom. I can but wonder if she has not sacrificed something in the change. Human nature, sex impulse, are all they ever were; and this being so, what are the possibilities—I came near saying the probabilities—when freedom of association is unlimited, when the influences of religion are minimized, when the old conventions have ceased to govern individual conduct? In one view it is very pleasing to see the free life between young men and young women as it may be observed here. I can but wonder if it will yield as fine a product as did the more restrained life of a generation ago. My private reflection is that whatever benefits may attach to the free camaraderie of the day between very young people will go chiefly to such young men as may come through it without entanglement. I am sure I am not wrong in the belief that it imposes a strain upon woman.

acter and that it is a certain menace to womanly delicacy. But since my fears are not likely to affect the practice of the time, I may just as well forego speculation.

A. H.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

From a Californian Abroad.

BERLIN, June 16, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I have read your editorial on business conditions in the *Argonaut* of May 23. It portrays the situation exactly. Every word of it is correct; if anything the facts are minimized. Not only have the apostles and disciples of "The New Freedom" destroyed (so far as they can) the old-time confidence of the American business pioneer and investor, but their asinine "diplomacy" has made our country a laughing-stock everywhere. With shame and humiliation does one read the merited strictures in the European press on the silly "policy" and wobbly antics of the present administration. We are pictured as a blind giant led by pygmies to an abyss of ruin. We have lost a national asset of great value—respect. No nation accords us more than a sort of pitying, contemptuous sympathy—very galling to an American.

The only thing that Europe respects about a United States citizen at present is our money. This leads to a singular fact, not generally known, indeed I have not seen it stated anywhere in print as yet, though it has been made manifest to me in several places. It is—a deep-seated hostility to the San Francisco Exposition because of its tendency to divert the golden stream. We bring \$150,000,000 yearly to Europe: hotel men and shopkeepers, railways and guides, all everywhere here look upon this \$150,000,000 as theirs by prescriptive right, and any infringement of their "rights" a thing to be resented. Frankly do they tell me: "I don't like your San Francisco Exposition; it will keep your people at home. I will lose. Why should I have put in your demanded requirements and conveniences, the lifts, ascenseurs, hot and cold water, etc., wherefore should I have repaired and prepared at great expense unless I be reimbursed by your countrymen? To Americans I look for profit: they pay, stand all overcharges, tip splendidly, throw their money around, and are what we live on."

Thus the hotel-keeper, whether in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, or Geneva. Thus the general chorus. This is at the base of the refusal of England and Germany to officially participate.

And if any rich European announces his intention to travel in America, the most charitable conclusion is that he is crazy. I have been seriously assured that every train in the United States is regularly "held up" by train-robbers; that it were folly to attempt to go through the Panama Canal, for it has collapsed; that it is unsafe to venture out in the streets of an American city; and these people have said these things so often that they have almost got to believing them themselves.

J. F. H.

Quietly, but with grim certainty, certain islands and headlands in Chesapeake Bay are being destroyed at a startling rate by the ordinary action of waves and currents. The most interesting feature of the study is the rapid destruction of the three islands at the mouth of Choptank River. Of these, Sharps Island, which a generation ago was a summer resort and a favorite hunting ground, besides supporting a number of families throughout the year, is today deserted and almost barren of life. Its 438 acres of 1848 had dwindled to ninety-one by 1900, while at the time of the most recent government survey, in 1910, the island contained but fifty-three acres, its north shore having suffered the phenomenal loss of 110 feet a year during the period from 1900 to 1910. Calculations indicate that the island will be entirely effaced before 1950. James Island, which lies south of Sharps Island, decreased in size from 976 acres in 1848 to 490 acres in 1910, while to the north Tilghman Island, which supports many prosperous farmers and fishermen, was reduced from 2015 acres in 1847 to 1686 acres in 1900 and is now surrendering approximately six acres each year to the sea. On Sharps Island the site of an artesian well has been transgressed by the waves so that it now presents the unique feature of a well located in the bay. The map of 1901 showed that the only remainder of the north end of the James Island of 1848 was a small island situated on the spot which was formerly an arm of an inlet, but which later became filled with marsh material. That the water in the midst of land in 1848 should become land in the midst of water in 1901 is a remarkable result of the greater resistance of the marsh-built land.

Mexico's cotton crop, though exceptionally large, occupies the unique position of being practically useless in that country since the picking season of last September, owing to the revolution. After being picked, ginned, and baled it was impossible to ship it to the large cotton factories in the southern part of the republic, where the bulk of it is ordinarily consumed, because of the lack of railroad communication; hence fully half of the crop found a market in the United States; the remainder was still warehoused in Torreon on May 1, 1914, the cotton mills at Orizaba and other points near Mexico City, meanwhile, being obliged to obtain their raw material directly from the United States.

An interesting feature of the production of anthracite coal in Pennsylvania is the comparatively recent utilization of the smaller sizes of coal—pea, buckwheat, rice, and barley grades—most of which is recovered by washing, both from the coal as mined and also from the old abandoned culm banks. Since the first washery was constructed in 1890 the total recovery of useful fuel shipped from the waste heaps or culm banks has amounted to 49,329,376 long tons.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

A study of the Hapsburg history inclines one toward superstitions, to a belief in omens, portents, and fate, to a credulity regarding banshees and hereditary curses and all the other stock in trade of the historical novelist. Also it tends to a removal of any lingering envy of emperors and kings, whose lot in life seems to depreciate in value the more we see of it. When we were young we were taught that an undue conspicuousness was liable to attract the attention of maleficent fortune and that it was therefore better to be invisible and inaudible. Too much obviousness was described as "tempting Providence," although why Providence should be pictured as a spiteful imp always watchful and eager to inflict some malicious injury it was never easy to understand. None the less there may have been something in the idea. The fate of kings points that way. Certainly it is hard to believe that the misfortunes of the Hapsburgs are due merely to accidental inequalities in the distribution of fate. There must surely be method at work here somewhere. Nemesis has been continuous and unrelenting, and the Furies seem to have been working overtime and with fell intent. With a certain ingenuity of malice they have reserved the worst of their torments for the old emperor himself. Now it is not a misfortune to be assassinated. Possibly it does not hurt very much to be mad. But it is a misfortune and it does hurt to be an emperor for nearly seventy years and to watch an unending family panorama of suicide, accident, murder, and madness. The emperor wanted to die, tried to die, on the field of Solferino, but fate had not then finished with him. Pitilessly it willed that he should live. And now with the archduke whom he loved lying dead before him we are told that "he seemed in the best of health." Does something more await him?

Franz Josef was Emperor of Austria before gold had been discovered in California, and from the day of his accession until now he has never stepped beyond the shadow of tragedy. His wife was assassinated in Italy. His only son committed disgraceful suicide. His brother Maximilian was shot by a firing squad in Mexico. His sister-in-law was burned to death in Paris. He himself was nearly assassinated by a Hungarian, who stabbed him behind the ear with a kitchen knife. His only daughter died of typhoid fever. Prince Louis and Archduke Johann were drowned. Maximilian's wife became insane. Archduke Jadislaus was shot while hunting. Otto, the emperor's brother, went mad. Otto's son Karl, now heir to the throne, is married to Princess Zita, who is one of the twenty children born to Duke Robert of Bourbon-Parma, and eighteen of these twenty children are insane. Far back in history one may trace this same taint of insanity upon both sides of the family. Two long lines of madness have merged to produce the present heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne. But if heredity can account for insanity it can not account for assassination or accidental death, it can not explain hunting fatalities, or murders, or the burning of a charity bazaar at Paris. A malign fate has certainly used heredity as an all-powerful weapon of torment against the Hapsburgs and the families allied with them, but the coping-stones upon this edifice of calamity have been supplied by a long succession of events that no human skill could either foresee or prevent.

And now we may well ask ourselves what is going to happen. Let us first recognize that the archduke was not assassinated by an irresponsible maniac except in so far as all assassins are irresponsible maniacs. The murder was done by a Servian. There were other similar attempts, also by Servians, who had bought their bombs in Servia. Large numbers of Servians are openly exultant and are ready for turmoil and riot. The archduke was warned by the Servian authorities themselves not to enter Bosnia or at least to leave his wife at home. The inference, then, is obvious. A few years ago Austria seized Bosnia and Herzegovina. She had no shadow of claim to their possession. She simply took them because their occupation would enable her to thwart the Adriatic ambitions of Servia. It seemed for a time that Servia would declare war against Austria for this high-handed act, but better counsels prevailed and the peace was kept. But Austria and Servia have hated each other ever since, and we need have no doubt that the masses of the Austrian people will believe that their archduke was deliberately murdered, not by one or two or a few assassins, but by Servia, or at least in the interests of Servia. But of this we shall know more in a few days.

What will be the effect of this crime upon Austria-Hungary herself? That, too, is upon the knees of the Gods, for who can predict the trend of popular passion? The government of Austria-Hungary is a curious piece of mechanism and without its like upon earth. The general idea that Hungary belongs to Austria, that it is a subordinate part of the Austrian empire, is wholly erroneous. There is no tie of ownership nor even of control between them. The link is one of partnership, and if there is a predominant partner it is not Austria, but Hungary. Even so profound a student of European affairs as Mr. Gladstone said once in a speech, "At Vienna sits the parliament of the empire; at Budapest sits the parliament of Hungary." And the speech produced resentment in Hungary, while Austrians said never a word. Some three or four years ago Count Joseph Malaith set himself to the correction of these errors. He admitted that his task was a difficult one, since sentiment and tradition are sometimes stronger than the facts of history. But some of these facts he made clear enough, and from them it was evident that Hungary is an independent kingdom, and that she belongs to the council of nations. Her relations with Austria are

those of an equal partnership, and the conditions of that partnership are to be found in the contract and with all the precision of a commercial document. But the explosive element in that contract is the fact that Magyars and Austrians hate each other, that one of them is resolved to resist pan-Germanism and the other to promote it. The mission of Hungary is to prevent the fusion of the German-speaking peoples.

The confusion has arisen from the superior size of Austria and from the habit of the emperors of describing themselves as Kings of Germany, Kings of Italy, and Chiefs of the Holy Roman Empire. It need not be said that they are not Kings of Germany, nor Kings of Italy, and that there is now no Roman Empire, holy or otherwise, and there was never anything holy about it. In the sixteenth century the House of Hapsburg was called to the Hungarian crown, and thereafter, says Count Malaith, the title of King of Hungary "was overshadowed and occupied a secondary position," but this secondary position "is a mere historic myth." Moreover, he proceeds to say, and still uncontradicted, that "Hungary in virtue of her seniority, both as a kingdom or constitutional entity, in virtue of homogeneity, political and geographical, is the predominant partner."

Let us go back to the year 1835. Ferdinand I had become Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. Kossuth was agitating fiercely for the reforms that were afterwards identified with his name and for the preservation of the Magyar autonomy and language. He would probably have been overwhelmed by Austrian influence but for the revolution that broke out in Vienna in 1847 and the consequent panic that made the pacification of Hungary a matter of the first importance. On March 1 the authorities capitulated to the demands of Kossuth, a Hungarian ministry was summoned, and Hungary became a self-governing state related to Austria only by the fact that the Emperor of Austria was also King of Hungary. But the new arrangement was speedily to be put to the test. On December 2, 1848, Ferdinand resigned and his nephew took his place. His nephew was Francis Josef the present emperor and king, then a boy of eighteen, and Hungary felt at once that she must assert her independence anew. No man, she said, could become King of Hungary automatically. Ferdinand might have resigned his Austrian rule, but he was still King of Hungary, but whether that was so or not there could be no King of Hungary without a due election and summons by the Diet. And so there was war between Austria and Hungary and Louis Kossuth became practically the ruler of the Magyars.

Hungary, of course, was beaten, badly beaten, and then outraged. For nine months she was governed by martial law, and the hates generated in those dark days are among the permanent spectres grouped around the bed of Francis Josef. After martial law came nine years of reactionary government that was not actually brutal, but that, in its indifference to Magyar sentiment, may be likened to the present rule of Germany in Alsace and Lorraine. But Austria herself was now once more in deep water. She had been injured by the Crimean war. Her Italian war had done irreparable damage, and the Austro-Prussian war was a calamity. Something had to be done to conciliate Hungary, still sullenly hostile, and to replace her enmity by her friendship. On May 29, 1867, the new Hungarian constitution was adopted, which entirely freed Hungary from the yoke of Austria and made her once more an independent nation under the kingship of the Emperor of Austria, but with a clear definition of mutual obligations. Foreign, war, and financial affairs were to be under the control of a common ministry. The ministry in its turn was to be controlled by delegations chosen equally by Austria and Hungary. The finances were to be provided proportionally by the two countries on a basis to be agreed upon every ten years, the last agreement being in 1907, and by which Austria was to pay 63.6 per cent and Hungary 36.4 per cent. In all other matters Austria and Hungary were to have entire home rule.

But the bed-fellows were curiously ill-matched. The dire necessities of Austria had been Hungary's opportunity. The two countries had diametrically opposite aims and ambitions, and conflict between them has been incessant and bitter. More than once the dual monarchy has seemed on the point of disappearance. Hungary is unalterably resolved that there shall be no German hegemony, and Austria is equally determined to prevent the realization of Pan-Slav ideals. The influence of Francis Josef has been the one bond of union between the two nations, the one pacificatory force in the explosive situation. It is true that the assassination of the grand duke has not produced any immediate change in the situation, since the emperor is still alive. But it has changed the succession by removing a strong and vigorous personality and replacing it by one that is untried and of dubious force. In other words it is likely to reopen the whole question of the dual monarchy and to send a thrill of unrest throughout the Slav and Magyar worlds. And the Pan-Slav ideal is no mere vague sentiment. It is far stronger than the frontiers that divide its parts, and it is becoming more vigorous day by day. It is not humanly possible that the emperor can remain much longer in what has been to him a veritable vale of tears, and when that link has once been severed it may well presage a rearrangement of interests that can hardly be contemplated without misgivings for the peace of Europe.

SIDNEY CORN.

In a Presbyterian church in Chicago ten canary birds in cages recently added their voices to the anthems and hymns of the choir.

THE SINS OF THE FATHER.

Involving a Business Deal by the Junior Partner.

The Oscar Hartmann Company sold second-hand machines. In America, and particularly California, "machine" can signify but one thing. It may be a "one-lunger," "junk," or a so-called "real car," femininely approved, but it is always an automobile.

The Oscar Hartmann Company, which consisted of Oscar Hartmann himself, subject occasionally to the advice of his wife, had been a flourishing affair; flourishing rather less now, though active, because of the popularity of cheap cars bought new.

Still Oscar Hartmann had made quite a lot of money, considering that he began with three hundred and fifty dollars. That had been the amount of his fortune when Maurice Levy ate dinner opposite him one day.

"The quickest way to make money," said Maurice Levy, "is through the weaknesses of the race. Study their vanities, study the particular vanity of the locality in which you propose to operate, and you have them. A man will pay for his vanities when he will not pay his house rent. Now—"

"Yes, now?" repeated Oscar Hartmann, tense to his finger-tips.

"Well, I should say that the chief vanity of this section is the automobile. To the average mind, it represents that specious something commonly called 'class,' and it affords considerable pleasure."

"But I have only three hundred and fifty dollars—"

began Hartmann.

"That is all right. For that you buy a second-hand machine tomorrow. You maybe sell it the day after and buy another the next day. And so you go on!"

And so Oscar Hartmann did go on. The consequence was that he had now a wife in a wonderfully furnished six-room apartment (he owned the apartment house), and a son at university who had already taken honors in rugby.

But business was sinking somewhat owing to the inroads of a pernicious little new car that sold the better the more it was reviled. In the second-hand automobile business one soon loses his fastidiousness. High polish is so much more potent that truth at length becomes only an exterior, something easily adapted, presentably fixed up, and not nearly so troublesome as truth usually is. And Oscar Hartmann by this time thoroughly understood that the world looks into a polish and seldom behind it—because it happens to reflect its own leering face.

So truth, as we say, had become a mere probability, and Oscar Hartmann less fastidious and a wholly wonderful salesman. And, naturally, when things turned a little dull, was it not his rôle to become even a more wonderful salesman and even less fastidious, since that had proven to be the way to success.

In this mood he bought a car for fifty dollars from a man who had bought it from another party who had bought it from another party for the magnificent sum of two hundred.

Luckily it ran to the back entrance of the Oscar Hartmann Company before resuming its habitual sickness. At this point, however, it gasped faintly and died. Whereupon Hartmann, who had previously examined it, though not to customary microscopic extent, had it brought into the shop. It was there unhooded, unbodied, dismembered, and dissected. The verdict of the perspiring machinist was that it possessed the most specious outside and the worst inside he had ever seen in cooperation. The repair shop could give it about three hundred miles and that was all. The next time it "died" it would be surely dead. And well Hartmann knew that Sam Bunch spoke the truth, for he had been with him five years and was a wonder of his kind. But the tires were good, it was a big car, and a woman who had been prompting her bread-winner to buy one out of his hundred and fifty per month would have looked after it longingly on the boulevard. With a little polish, and standing in front of any of the fashionable cafés, it would have "cut quite a figure." But inside mechanical tuberculosis was the least that was the matter with it. As Sam Bunch frowningly confided:

"The clutch is shot to pieces, transmission almost stripped, the roller bearings are saying farewell, the carburetor is out of adjustment, the cylinder is frightfully scored, and the radiator is plugged up. That is about all."

But, with all this, do not imagine that Oscar Hartmann paid too much for it at fifty dollars. He had estimated only as to tires and body, and at its worst had bought it cheaply enough.

The second day after this purchase his stenographer came quickly to tell him that a wild-eyed Irishman in front had expressed himself as being desirous of a machine and seemed to be in a hurry about it.

The tidings brought Oscar Hartmann hastily to the outer office. O'Day looked everything that a prospective purchaser of a second-hand automobile should be. He was a thorough Celt, highly impulsive, slightly dashing, and—credulous. By the time that Oscar Hartmann had shown him over half his stock he was gladly certain, too, that he knew absolutely nothing about machines. To find a customer like this, a man jingling the gold in his pocket in pewter times, was like making the Easter acquaintance of the golden-egged goose.

Oscar Hartmann put a hand, a fraternal and familiar hand, on the Irishman's nearest shoulder. "These are fine machines, bargains every one of them," he pronounced proudly, "and there is no other place in the city you could do half so well. But I would not advise you to buy any of them today." This was said with the most charming candor.

"No?" questioned O'Day, rather surprised.

"Tomorrow would not be too late, would it?"

"No, I reckon not—though—well—"

"Yes—I have no doubt that some of these bargains tempt you. They would tempt any one at the prices. But I have something which will be set up tomorrow morning which beats them all. It is worth twelve hundred dollars if it is worth a cent. You will admit that when you see it, when you feel it glide under you. That is the car I would like to sell you, and you can have it for six hundred dollars."

"But I do not understand—"

"You said you come from Jasonville, didn't you? Well, it is my knowledge that a great many machines can be sold there. When people see you with this car—it is a car which will attract attention—and ask you where you bought it, you will tell them. You will do me the favor also to tell the price you paid. What follows? When they want a car they will come to me for it."

"Sure, and that is pretty good reasoning, too," admitted O'Day.

"Then it is settled. Come at ten o'clock in the morning. I will have the car all ready for you."

The head of the firm extended his hand. And though, while holding the hand of O'Day, he thought of asking for a deposit, he felt the greater nobility and stronger appearance of doing nothing of the kind. Besides O'Day had talked as though money were second nature to him. At that rate he should last at least twenty hours even in San Francisco.

All night long the hospital for automobiles known as the "shop" worked variously on its tubercular patient. Hour following hour the chief machinist and his two helpers cursed it steadily through. Hartmann was paying them "double time" with the next day off. But the machine was a devil. All that saved it was the dogged nature of Sam Bunch, expert. He had said that it would run at least three hundred miles and it would. But he swore to be more careful of his technical opinions in the future. It was a last expedient, a dastardly one, but by three o'clock a. m. he had admitted to himself that he must resort to the old trick of using heavy oil in the crank-case for compression—compression that would fade out with the oil.

Meanwhile Oscar Hartmann had gone home in good humor to his wife. He spoke gratefully of the day and she was glad to find him so.

"Herbert," she said in the midst of dinner, "wrote for forty dollars today in excess of his advancement to buy a new suit of clothes."

"By all means send it to him," responded Hartmann. "He's a good boy that. He will be a great business man. The last time he came home he gave me a reckoning of every dollar spent."

"He has always done so since starting in university," put in Mrs. Hartmann with a shading of pride.

"Yes, he has. And when a boy can do that he is of some account. That thousand dollars I put in the bank under his own name his twenty-first birthday he could draw on any time he chose. But he hasn't. I told him it was a start in business, and when he comes into the business with me after graduating he will invest it there. I put it in the bank as a sort of test of him. A father should know the character of his son. And he has proved himself a boy among thousands. Some day he will be a multimillionaire. Send him the money for the clothes by all means, my dear."

It was, somehow, a very comfortable thought to Oscar Hartmann this cash taking-care of his admirable son—in view of what was going to happen to an Irishman by the name of O'Day in the morning.

That night he dreamed of rugby-polo played by second-hand automobiles, all varnished new and cutting edges. O'Day rode in one of them, an injured eye bandaged with a purse.

He got down to the shop at seven o'clock. By this time the chief machinist looked like nothing so much as a weak wash cartoon of his Satanic Majesty and his two helpers trailed him wearily like imps burned out. But the car stood ready; at least it did five minutes after Oscar Hartmann's arrival.

"It's done," announced the machinist grumpily, a look of hunger and sodden drooping in his face. "It's done!"

"You're perfectly sure about it, Bunch?"

"As sure as one is sure of anything in such a world."

"Don't be pessimistic, Bunch. What is it good for?"

"Four hundred miles. It will run that with proper handling. Then it will go to the devil faster than a sailor on shore and there is no salvation for it."

"Four hundred is enough."

"A funny thing about it I found out," added Bunch. "That beautiful body we admired is mostly compressed paper."

"Ah!" breathed Oscar Hartmann reflectively and professionally. "Fifty dollars for it was about enough."

"If you had given any more you would have been

bonusing the party," pronounced Bunch in judgment. "I am going home."

He went, along with his helpers. With a final glowing look at the newly varnished machine Oscar Hartmann locked the door and proceeded to breakfast. He was enthusiastic to the pitch of glowingness. He tipped the waiter, something he never did when he ate alone. Then he walked downtown and watched the girls going to work. There is a certain luxury of exhilaration in countless pretty faces in a morning atmosphere. He returned to the office and found his stenographer beaming, too, and busy. His assistant complimented him on the look of the car. O'Day arrived shortly after the appointed time. He ran the car up the street and back (as a driver he might escape collisions) and then dismounted and wrote his check for six hundred dollars. And Oscar Hartmann watched the machine and its owner disappear over the hill with possibly the finest feeling he had ever experienced—a sort of festive tickler at his heart. Then he hastened to the bank to cash the check. O'Day had mentioned his bank the day before and Oscar Hartmann had taken the precaution to find out that he had an account there. It was a great stroke of business surely! His hands found each other in rubbing more than once the next few days in thinking of it. At the end of a week he confided it to his friends as a spectacular feat in second-hand passing.

It was ten days later when Herbert Hartmann was to graduate. He was not graduating for anything in particular, except for the name of graduating in that particular university. He strongly urged his father and mother to the town in which this feat of intellect was to take place. And so they arrived and were greeted by a dutiful son. After the hour of flowers and music sweetly rendered and honors duly conferred Herbert conducted them happily to his student quarters, neat and refined, as his quarters should be. Then they had such a jolly dinner. In the midst of it Herbert leaned over the table to his father, his face slightly flushed with what he was about to say.

"I would like you and mother to come for an automobile ride with me, father."

"What! I hope, my son, you do not spend money in that sort of thing. Joy-riding costs dear."

Putting aside memories of the many opposite arguments used by his father on the office premises with customers, young Hartmann replied: "I have not spent any money on it, father; but six days ago I bought a machine."

The mouth and eyes of the older Hartmann opened in square surprise. "Bought a machine, my son!"

Herbert went on quickly. "I wanted to prove to you, father, my business ability; my right to take my place beside you in the city. I also wanted to invest my thousand dollars in the business, as we agreed. So I drew the money and bought the machine to sell at a great advance over the cost. It was such a bargain, dirt cheap, that I could not resist it."

The countenance of the elder Hartmann had cleared up, even begun to glow. There was pride, pride of business genius bequeathed, in it. "I am sure, my son," he said, "that the Hartmann Company can trust to the judgment of its junior member. The car is a bargain no doubt, and we will be able to sell it at a nice profit." "At a very great profit, father. Come to the garage and I will show it to you."

It was but a step or two, and in a minute the three of them were there. Herbert darted in and in a fraction had the machine beside the walk, puffing nobly, and in appearance magnificent. Then he got quickly down and proceeded to enumerate its fine points.

Suddenly the smile on his father's face began to fade. "What did you pay for the car, my son?"

"Nine hundred dollars, father. I can make three hundred on it easily. It's a ———, you know."

The elder Hartmann stepped down and lifted the hood. And then he stood as if struck by a mallet and waiting unconsciousness.

"I bought it from a fellow O'Day," went on Herbert. "He was 'broke' or he would not have parted with it for less than fifteen hundred."

Forever lost to poise, Oscar Hartmann with difficulty found speech.

"O'Day bought it from me for six hundred two weeks ago," he said. "And I bought it for fifty dollars—all its worth. A fine business head you have it!" he finished with infinite sarcasm.

BILLEE GLYNN.
SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1914.

The Arkansas gold boom is fast subsiding. Prospecting was most active in the district south of Bluffton and Gravelly, two small towns on Fourche River. Several hundred claims have been staked in this district, although on only about a dozen has any development work been attempted. It was claimed that assays made of selected specimens of the ore from these prospects showed from \$2 to \$152 a ton in gold. Seven of the most promising prospects were therefore sampled by a government expert, great care being taken to gather a reliable average sample of what the prospector himself considered his best ore. Despite the high returns claimed, the gold shown by assay of these official samples in no case exceeds 52 cents a ton, and in most of the samples it is 6 cents or less.

BACK TO THE LAND.

An Attempt to Solve England's "Deserted Village" Problem

Little Easton is a typical Essex village some forty miles from the turmoil of London streets, and any casual traveler who had happened to pass its ancient tithe-barn yesterday afternoon would have been justified in imagining that structure to contain nothing save golden sheaves of corn. But he would have been woefully mistaken. If he had peeped within its doors he would have gazed upon a strange scene, for the interior, once sacred to the hoarding of the harvest of the fields, had been transformed into a theatre, and the villagers, instead of wielding flail or pitchfork, were sitting at their ease as spectators of a rural drama. Had the astonished traveler inquired the meaning of this amazing transformation, he would have been informed that the Countess of Warwick had fitted up the barn as a theatre, and that the Dunmow Players were performing S. L. Bensusan's village play of "The Furriner" for the first time. And further inquiry would have elicited such additional facts as that the Dunmow Players are an adjunct of the Dunmow Progressive Club, and that the club is one of the ever-growing organizations which are trying to solve the back-to-the-land problem of England's rural districts.

Let it not be imagined, however, that the "deserted villages" of England are really depopulated. Such is not actually the case. Empty houses are difficult to find. The "week-end" habit of the Londoner has grown with the advent and cheapening of the motor-car; as one of our big furnishing stores is constantly advertising, "A country cottage is everybody's dream"; the city man has visions of a half-timbered, thatched-roof abode, with lawn and garden, where he may unbend from the strain of workaday life once a week; and this ambition is becoming so general that cottages within fifty miles of the capital are as difficult to obtain as white blackbirds. Hence "deserted village" is a relative term. What it means, so far as the fixed inhabitants are concerned, is that all the youth of the village have a tendency towards town life, that Miss Hodge nurtures an ideal to become a lady's maid, and her brother a policeman or trolley conductor. Only the "unfit" are left—the rapidly weakening laborers and the old-age pensioners, who, however lusty, must not work more than two or three days a week lest they should earn a larger sum than is permitted by the terms of the old-age pension act. So the "deserted village" problem is now reduced to this—How to arrest the youthful exodus.

And that is a problem which is vexing statesmen and social reformers alike. The obstacles to solution are enormous. A cheap press and cheap excursion fares have made the villager as familiar with the attractions of city life as the native of the town, and when those attractions are weighed in the balance against what the village has to offer for leisure hours the scale drops with a thud in favor of urban life. For the rural dreamer does not see, or ignores, the dark side of the picture: the overcrowded and filthy tenement, the pressure of poverty amid surroundings where there is no friend to offer a helping hand, the temptation of the drinking-saloon or the gambling-den, the seductive avenues to vice and disease, are all blurred by the excitements of the streets and the glare of picture-theatres and music-halls.

Present conditions in rural England prove that if the lure of the city is to be destroyed the statesman and the social reformer must join forces, the former providing legislation and the latter some substitute for that life and color which once brightened the rural year. That acts of Parliament may be effective in arresting the depopulation of the village has been demonstrated in Ireland, where Mr. Balfour's various land acts in conjunction with the same statesman's light-railway scheme have transformed thousands of tenants into owners. One of those acts placed thirty million pounds at the disposal of officials to provide the purchase money of farms which tenants might wish to acquire as their own property, the annual rent then taking the form of installment payments of the purchase price. This scheme has worked successfully in Ireland, and Conservatives wish to apply it to England. That, indeed, is one of the present planks of the Conservative platform, whereas the Liberals contend for state ownership of the land and a perpetual tenancy for the farmer. It is clear, however, that unless the small farmer has the inducement of ownership the town will continue to lure him away from the land.

Even small ownings with prospective possession will not wholly solve the problem. There will remain the question of making life in the village as endurable, as enjoyable even, during the long winter months as in the radiant summertime. In the "good old times" the village calendar had many bright spots. There were May dances and harvest-homes, cricket and bowls for the summer and football and skating for the winter, and archery and quoits and dumb bells and tip-cat at all seasons. Traveling showmen were the movable feasts of the calendar, for their visits with puppets and dancing animals were by no means confined to the annual fairs. Most of these delights are obsolete. Try as he might, and plead eloquently as he did, Ruskin's effort to re-establish the Maypole of old England and the cult of St. George ended in practical failure. And the old

squire of the village is being replaced by an unattached *nouveau-riche* who cares nothing for the village save as the locality of his "country house." One has but to scan the advertisement pages of *Country Life* week by week to see how rapidly the mansions which have been in one family for many generations are changing owners. This all tends towards the dullness of village life, for unless the community has a head with a sense of responsibility and a spirit of generosity towards its poorer members many of the festivities which gave enjoyment to the rural year will lapse for the lack of initiative and cash.

Here and there over England, however, are being formed as branches of a central organization folk societies, morris-dancers, and dramatic clubs. The Dunmow Players represent the type in an excellent model, for its controlling spirits realize that if the villager is to be made content with his rural environments the amusements provided must harmonize with his inclinations. In other words, it would be idle for these dramatic clubs to attempt the classics of the theatre; their wisdom lies in confining their chief efforts to a romantic visualization of the environment of the prospective audience. Hence a new type of literature is in process of creation—the village dialect play which will appeal to the county rather than the nation. Such a play as Mr. Bensusan's "The Furriner," for example, would puzzle a London audience even more than it did the half-dozen cockneys who went down for the first performance yesterday. For the bulk of the dialogue was in Essex dialect, while the *motif* of the little drama was of a kind to puzzle the town dweller. Yet dialogue and *motif* were its making. The rustic audience keenly relished hearing the stage puppets speak in their own language, and the theme of the play—the suspicion of villagers as to a mysterious stranger from London—appealed strongly to their local prejudice. The characters, too, were ideal village "characters." Chief among them was Father Williams, a veteran of the hamlet who hoped to "enjoy another hanging" ere he died, but equally lifelike types were the uxorious Gran'-feyther, the Anti-Popish carrier, the Shepherd, and the various village women. Mr. Bensusan has constructed his play by episode rather than by character development, and that fact added materially to the enjoyment of his simple audience. The zest with which the performance was followed was an almost poignant illustration of the æsthetic starvation of rural England.

Although the rewards for such rural playwrights as Mr. Bensusan are and must be meagre compared with those of his colleagues who cater for the masses of the great cities, he and his fellow-laborers have the rare satisfaction that they are lending a potent force to the movement against the rural exodus. If that movement should ever achieve complete success it will be when every village has its Barn Theatre and its replica of the self-denying Dunmow Players.

LONDON, June 18, 1914. HENRY C. SHELLEY.

That the art of filling teeth with foreign substances was known to the various aboriginal tribes of the Americas hundreds of years before the Columbian era, perhaps even a thousand years ago, is a fact that has been known to archaeologists for some time. Among the leading anthropologists of this country is Dr. Marshall H. Saville, Loubat Professor of American Archaeology in Columbia University. In his scientific investigations in the west coast provinces of Ecuador and Colombia he has made many valuable discoveries. His first visit to this region was made in the summer of 1906. In a communication to the International Congress of Americanists held at Vienna in 1908, among other interesting details was the following account dealing with the subject of decoration of the teeth: "Another custom which we found in Esmeraldas, and which, so far as we are aware, is not present in any other part of South America, is the decoration of the teeth by the insertion of inlays of small perforations cut in the enamel of the upper incisors. This custom of decorating the teeth was quite common in various parts of Mexico, where different settings were used. In the Mayan area, as far south as Salvador, the object most often used for the inlay was jadeite. In Mexico, for example in Oaxaca, I have found hematite used; in Vera Cruz, turquoise has been found; and in other parts teeth with settings of rock crystal, obsidian, and a red cement have been found. We have never heard of this custom in Colombia or Peru, but in Esmeraldas, in Atacames, skulls have been found with tiny disks of gold set into the teeth in the same manner as in Mexico and Central America, with the exception of the material." The general consensus of opinion among anthropologists is that ornamentation was the sole object.

A notable event of 1913 in the asbestos industry of the United States was the opening of a new locality in Arizona, about thirty miles northeast of Globe. It is associated with limestone and in this respect is strongly contrasted with the asbestos of Canada, which is found in serpentine rock, derived from peridotite. Its content of iron is decidedly lower than that of the Canadian fibre, and for that reason it is better for insulating purposes. Canada, however, produces more than half the world's supply of the raw fibre, which is brought into this country and manufactured into products.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Star-Spangled Banner.

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming!
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner! O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave:
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
—Francis Scott Key.

America.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let Freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

—Samuel Francis Smith.

Concord Hymn.

Sung at the Completion of the Battle Monument, April 19, 1836.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set today a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

In the four fields of stone-cutting, hard, soft, cast stone, and terra cotta, new methods have wrought great changes of late. In the large cutting plants limestone is handled like so much wood, and is cut by circular saws, smoothed by planes, and bored into with much the same sort of tools as are used by woodworkers. By all means the most interesting machine used in this work is the diamond saw. The word "diamond" is not fancifully applied, for the device actually includes a huge circular saw set around the edge with real diamonds. They are not the clear, white stones that are used in jewelry, to be sure, but for all that they are real black diamonds, said to be worth about \$5 a karat. These stones are about the size of dried peas and are set in pairs in interchangeable steel teeth. One of these saws will eat its way through limestone at the rate of twelve inches in a minute. At the end of a month the diamond teeth are taken out and sent away to be recut and resct. A new set of diamond teeth is then put in place, at a cost of about \$600.

A Portuguese, Joao Alberto Castello Branco, is said to have planted the first coffee tree in Rio de Janeiro in 1760, and from this small beginning has developed the industry which has made Brazil the greatest coffee producer of the world. The United States imported in 1913 over 625,000,000 pounds, having a value at the ports of entry of \$73,650,430.

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Professor Ferrero Shows Some of the Contrasts Between Rome and America, But Avoids a Verdict.

Professor Ferrero gives us fair warning in the preface chapter of his "Ancient Rome and Modern America" that his comparisons between two far removed ages of human history will not resolve themselves into a definite judgment. On the contrary his aim is rather to show us that no definite judgment is possible and that we are wasting our time in seeking for a verdict on the progress or decadence of times, of nations, and of civilizations. We have no standard of measurements that we can apply, no yardstick that is available for such a purpose as this. All that we can do is to note differences while avoiding the temptation to strike a balance of good and evil.

But we may believe that the distinguished author's disinclination to seek a verdict and a balance will in itself be the cause of some consternation among the optimists. Are we not then living in an "age of progress"? Can there conceivably be any doubt about this? Now if progress means mere movement there can be no doubt whatever. But if progress means movement to some desirable goal there may be a good deal of doubt, for who shall say what is a desirable goal? We have heard much about the liberation of man from ancient servitudes, but since the servitudes themselves were the elaborate creation of men themselves it becomes a little hard to discriminate between the slave, the tyrant, and the liberator. They are indeed one and the same person. Moreover, we may remember that man in regaining his "liberty" has not been born again to a new destiny nor has he regenerated his own nature. He has done no more than employ his own energies in a new way, or rather in many new ways. Whether those ways are the best ways remains to be seen. Whether American ideals, or European ideals, or the ideals of ancient Rome, are the best can not yet be determined. All we can say is that they are different, and that the one thing that has not changed is human nature itself.

How deep these idealistic differences may be is shown by the learned author in his first few pages. He tells us that the European is struck with amazement to find in American practice the reappearance of the ancient judicial tyrannies of Rome in the shape of the injunction:

It is not strange, therefore, that we find ancient Rome reappearing in one of the most important juridical institutions of the United States, an institution which we should search for in vain in Europe, great mistress of laws though she be accounted. One of the American institutions which seems to Europeans most contrary to the modern spirit, and for that reason most deserving of severe blame, is the right of "injunctions" with which American magistrates are invested. To Europe, where the bureaucracy, though immovable and little subject to control, can not step outside the precise prescriptions of the law in the exercise of its functions, this discretionary power of the American magistrates seems little less than an instrument of intolerable tyranny. A brilliant European, who is a distinguished professor of literature in one of the universities of North America, but who, notwithstanding a very lengthy sojourn in the American republic, has preserved intact the ideas and the spirit of the Old World, said to me one day in New York: "In this land of liberty there is one tyranny more terrible than all the tyrannies of Europe, that of the judicial power!" That a magistrate should have the power to give orders, he they of only momentary validity, which are the expressions of his own will and not of the letter of the law, seems to the European a monstrous thing, a relic of the ancient tyrannies, which harmonizes but ill with republican institutions.

The dominating principle of the old civilizations was quality; that of the new civilizations quantity. This may be taken partly to account for the widespread discontent that runs *pari passu* with unexampled triumphs in the domain of science, disease, and politics. The desire for quantity has stimulated the invention and use of machines, although no machine ever designed is so efficient as the human hand in the production of beauty:

Nevertheless, in the midst of all this wealth, this power, and this knowledge, a dull sense of disquietude vexes men's souls. Man is not yet content. Every day he finds new pretexts or motives for complaining. One of the most oft-repeated of these pretexts or motives is that the world is becoming uglier. If in our cities any beautiful part remains, it is nearly always the old part. In the historical cities the new parts are horrible, and form a strange contrast with the older. The altogether-new cities—especially those which have sprung up in the last century in America—appear to the artistic eye almost always like a sort of anteroom to the infernal regions. Architecture has become a mother of monsters. Sculpture and painting, which were once upon a time the two most select amongst the decorative arts, protected and pampered by the great ones of the earth and adored by the masses, are reduced to the necessity of employing a thousand artifices to extort orders out of the negligent malevolence of an epoch, whose ornaments and monuments seem an encumbrance and an excrescence rather than a beauty. There was a time when the dress of men and women was a work of art. At the present day only that of women has preserved a certain artistic grace and beauty. Let us not dwell upon the countless other forms of ugliness which have invaded our houses with the furniture, the carpets, the candelabra, and the china.

There seems to be no remedy, except satiety. Quantity and quality are not necessarily irreconcilable terms. Is it not just possible, asks the author, that this craze for work, for riches, and for speed, of which we are victims, may slacken somewhat, and give men time to collect their thoughts and to piece together the shattered grandeur of the modern world in the image of a more serene and composed beauty? Are men really

doomed to become more insatiable, or will the day come when they will think it wiser to seek beautiful things rather than merely large things?

I feel that I have not the courage to answer this question with a brutal "No"; and I hope that many others will be of the same opinion. For one can not help thinking that one of the most marvelous epochs in history would really begin on the day on which Europe and America succeeded in reconciling in a new civilization the two opposite principles of quantity and quality, and in employing the extraordinary riches at their disposal in adorning and beautifying the world, which their energy and audacity have so immeasurably enlarged in recent centuries.

Even in our marriage relationships Professor Ferrero is not able to give that ungrudging applause to modernity that modernity itself has grown used to expect. The condition of women in the ancient family was in many respects bad enough, but there were compensations. The liberty of today has made marriage a struggle for the woman, and "those who triumph are not always the most virtuous and the most wise":

Modern liberty has set a high price on beauty and intelligence in woman, which is all to the good; but it has also made coquetry, frivolity, and vapidity into qualities which are useful for the conquest of man, who is not always a reasonable being and is even less reasonable than usual when he is in love—which is not all to the good. For there is no doubt that between twenty and thirty years of age a man is much more sensitive to the attractions of a frivolous and seductive girl than to those of a serious and sensible woman.

The author asks us somewhat sombrely to remember that the glamour of the external manifestations of wealth and power is not necessarily a sign of real wealth and power. It was precisely these external signs that preceded the fall of Rome. Can we honestly declare that our epoch is untainted by this mania for grandeur and display, this spirit of sterile public and private rivalry which caused the ancient Roman empire to squander such vast treasures, and cloaked its fatal decadence with a vesture of splendor? No one can maintain that we are free from such a taint:

Whoever casts his eyes around him, in America as well as in Europe, sees this impression gaining ground on all sides and acquiring force. It fous the stream of politics, religion, literature, philosophy, and art. It corrupts or transforms the spirit of the upper as well as of the lower classes. Not only that, but there is a prevailing tendency to consider this impression a sign of force, a proof of greatness and of progress. The history of Rome admonishes us, then, to distrust this illusion, and to sound the spirit of our civilization to its deepest depths—that spirit which to us seems a limpid mirror of perfection, while it is really very much the opposite.

The difference between the rich and poor was much less marked in the ancient world than it is today, a point worthy of some reflection by people who profess to be democratic. Rich and poor lived in close contact, treating each other as equals, provided always that they were of the same rank socially and politically. A rich Roman could not have entertained a freedman even though he were richer than himself. But he could entertain a free-born citizen and regard him as an equal, however wretched his lot. We have now reversed that process by using the standard of wealth as the only one in our caste distinctions, and who can question that the change is much for the worse?

If, therefore, the ancient conception of the social relations was less humane and less generous than ours, it was not wanting in a certain moral grandeur that is wanting to ours, inasmuch as in estimating a man, it subordinated his wealth to ideal qualities, such as free birth, or good birth, or citizenship. So it maintained in society certain moral values which were not to be bought with money. The poorest of Roman citizens was conscious and proud of possessing something of inestimable value, which the richest and most opulent of Roman freedmen could not acquire for all his wealth; and this sentiment was a very real alleviation of, and compensation for, his poverty. Dare we assert that in this respect our social system does not fall short of the ancient one? Such an assertion would be, in my opinion, a very bold one. The gravest weakness in modern society consists precisely in this continual increase of the power of money, as an all-regulating force and universal standard. If the social evolution which we are witnessing continues on the path on which it has started, in a short time there will be nothing in life worth having which is not purchasable for money; and then what means will there be left of bridling the greed and envy of the poor?

Professor Ferrero tells us of a visit paid by him to a cultured and clever American hostess, an author, knowing three languages, highly educated in many directions, and belonging to what one might call the intellectual middle class. He found speedily that his hostess was, perforce, her own cook and chambermaid, and not a particularly good cook either. Now, had such a woman lived in Europe she would have earned far less, but she would have lived in better style, she would have kept a servant to perform uncongenial work, she would have lived in a larger and less inflammable house, and she would have had fresher and better food. What, then, had American conditions done for her?

Then I asked myself: "But what is the use of wealth, then, if it is not a means of living better, of securing some extra ease, comfort, or pleasure? What is the reason for this startling paradox, of riches turning from a blessing into a torment? How comes it that America, which has shown such energy in the exploitation of the immense wealth hidden in her boundless territory, has not followed up her conquests by converting these riches to the benefit of the whole population? How is it that, in this fortunate country, it is these middle classes who suffer most who yet have an influence on the government such as they have in no European country? Why can we find in poorer countries individuals and classes who are happier because they are better satisfied with their condition?"

It was by reflecting on this problem that I at last arrived at a comprehension of the real nature of American progress,

and that I finally lighted on the subject, the frame, and the key of the dialogue over which I had so long worried. How and in what way, I shall recount in the following chapter.

But the most serious of all the author's charges is that America has not only uglified herself, but that she is rapidly uglifying Europe. The Old World is fast being saturated with the American worship of quantity rather than of quality. The American idea of progress, he tells us, has become in Europe a kind of revolutionary dissolving force. The adoption of electric light has become a sign of progress, but nobody ever thinks it a barbarism to allow some old monument to fall into ruins:

The most evident proof of this triumph of American progress is the decadence or disappearance of all the schools of art. Europe was in past centuries, in harder and more difficult times than the present, the glorious mother and mistress of civilization, because under diverse forms she managed to create and keep going schools of literature, sculpture, painting, architecture, and music. Today these schools have almost all disappeared; and the few survivors, with very few exceptions, are in a state of decadence. On the other hand, schools of electricity, dyeing, weaving, mechanics, commerce, and chemistry abound and flourish; they are the only schools the masses now require. In past centuries, the states and aristocracies of Europe had in various ways protected and encouraged the arts; and this protection had been one of the principal reasons for their progress. Now this is no longer the case. The wealthy classes of Europe today consider it much more dignified and elegant to build motor-cars and aeroplanes than to help painting and sculpture. As to the states, if one of them tries to encourage some art, protests pour in from every side that the expenditure is a wasting of the people's money in the most idiotic way. Italy was for centuries the mistress of the world in every art. Yet even in Italy bitter complaints are made today about the few millions which the public bodies have spent in the last thirty years in raising monuments to the great men of the Revolution.

Another feature of the fatal Americanization of Europe is the disfavor into which disinterested studies have fallen. Rich as it is, the world of today is less capable of searching after the true for the sole pleasure of expanding the field of knowledge than it was two centuries ago when it was so much poorer. Even scientists nowadays "want to see their discoveries turned into money":

The Americanisation of Europe, then, is a fatal phenomenon. Europe, from the moment when she aspired to great wealth and to the dominion of nature, was called upon to renounce her claim to many of the treasures of her ancient and refined culture. This was the conclusion at which I rested for a moment. And yet at this point I, as a European, felt a misgiving. If matters stood thus, was not Europe fatally doomed to become even more thoroughly Americanised in the future? At the present time the appetites and ambitions of all classes in Europe, even the most numerous, have been given free rein. Everybody, from the aristocrat of ancient lineage to the most obscure peasant, wishes to earn, spend, and accumulate as much as he can. There is no power, human or divine, which can pretend to drive back toward its historical fountain-head this immense torrent of greed and ambition. Europe thus is fated to become increasingly oblivious of the traditions of its ancient and disinterested culture; to struggle to imitate and compete with America in the production of great riches at greater speed.

The author seems to think that the portents of disaster are increasing more rapidly than the remedies, and the most sinister of all signs is the destruction of the moral sense. Industry is a "continual deception," and the whole social system is weakened by the removal of the internal restraints which keep a man from lying and cheating. What will our customs be like, he asks, when nobody any longer feels any remorse or scruple in cheating his neighbor?

The growing depravity of customs, furthermore, threatens us with no less a danger. I do not wish to exaggerate the horrors of the modern Babels, as Catholic priests and Protestant ministers are apt to do. Their grief at seeing the rising generation turn a deaf ear to their wise counsels makes them take too gloomy a view of the present state of affairs. Nevertheless it is certain that the customs of modern civilization are hurrying it towards a dangerous crisis. The internal restraints are being relaxed, and temptations and facilities are multiplying with the growth of riches and of cities, and with the increasing mobility of persons of both sexes, so many of whom it prompts to leave their native village or country. Especially in the big cities where every one is unknown, can easily hide away, and is watched by nobody; where money has greater power over men's minds because there is more of it and more of it is needed—virtue runs serious and continual risks. Without being aware of it, we are undoing, little by little, Christianity's great contribution to the chastening of our customs, by suppressing many of the limits which Christianity had established with such labor in the midst of the unbridled license of the ancient world. We are traveling, therefore, step by step back towards paganism, with all its conveniences and all its perils. Already, in fact, we can see cropping up here and there in the richer and more highly civilized countries and classes that mortal sickness which killed the ancient civilizations; sterility. One of the reasons why all the most flourishing ancient civilizations have perished is that at the moment of their greatest glory the population suddenly began to dwindle; and this sterility which killed them was the effect to a large extent of the license of their customs. Love remains fertile only so long as it restrains itself and limits itself.

Professor Ferrero writes with the studied moderation of the historian and the philosopher. But it is not a beautiful or a comforting picture that he draws in spite of his obvious wish to admire whatever a generous mind can find to be admirable. On the whole his book may be said to leave us with the general impression that it was better to be an ancient Roman, and that if progress is to be measured by the standard of the happiness and content of the individual our progress has been to the rear rather than to the van.

ANCIENT ROME AND MODERN AMERICA. By Cuglielmo Ferrero. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1913. 250 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

You Never Know Your Luck.

Sir Gilbert Parker never yet wrote anything mediocre, but he has accustomed us to such extraordinarily high standards that we are unduly sensitive to a decline. His latest novel is a picture of life in western Canada, a picture that is drawn with vigor and accuracy, with a plot that has a certain limp in its gait that suggests either haste or lack of creative interest. The hero is James Crozier, who has left his wealthy wife in England after breaking his promise to her to eschew horse racing. He makes one more bet on a dead sure thing, loses his fortune, and rather than live on his wife's money he emigrates to Canada.

The heroine may be said to be the fascinating Kitty, in whose house Crozier lodges, and who falls in love with one who is evidently an aristocrat, but who proves that he is also a man. When Crozier is wounded and likely to die Kitty self-sacrificingly telegraphs to his wife and then devises an ingenious plan for reconciling the couple. The plan is ingenious, but the author does not carry it out in quite his usual deft way. We are allowed to see the wheels go round a little too plainly, and we are introduced to the mechanism rather too soon. Possibly Sir Gilbert has been infected with the thirst for popularity that spoils so much otherwise good work, but certainly we miss the fine tints and the delicate creative work that have distinguished his earlier novels.

YOU NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK. By Gilbert Parker. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

The Changing Order.

Mr. Wickersham's experience as Attorney-General is some qualification even for so formidable a task as writing "Essays on Government, Monopoly, and Education During a Period of Readjustment." Perhaps the word readjustment is not well chosen, since to readjust is to bring once more into a satisfactory state or condition, and it now seems likely that we are bringing things into a most unsatisfactory state or condition.

Mr. Wickersham gives us thirteen essays devoted to business, engineering, the Sherman Act, interstate commerce, the dissolution suits, interstate carriers, and constitutional government. Himself a distinguished lawyer, he is a little prone to write of the things peculiarly interesting to lawyers, but none the less we find that some of his writings are of an extraordinary and general interest and marked by a deep philosophic insight. He says, for example, that we are a law-ridden people and that we pass laws very much as the Chinese buy a paper prayer and bang it up to placate their gods. But certainly the Chinese have the best of it, since their paper prayers can not conceivably hurt any one and may even be beneficial on the theory that there are gods, whereas our laws can be, and are, exceedingly mischievous. Elsewhere Mr. Wickersham invites us to learn the lesson of the French Revolution and to find such parallel between those days and ours as may be for the good of our souls. The National Assembly, he says, were mere theorists. They were guided by philosophical hypotheses unaided by experience. They resorted to philosophy and speculation—not history—for remedies. They proposed to enact into law the wildest utopian dreams. They conceived of man as possessed of the most exalted virtues and of a wisdom which sprang, like Minerva, full armored from the head of Jove. Therefore the nation must make its own laws, determine all controversies, and initiate and control all actions which the exigencies of national existence might require. What the people willed at any moment must become at once the rule of action for the commonwealth. The resemblance to our own day is certainly a significant one, and we shall indeed be fortunate if the resemblance is not to be calamitously continued, although Mr. Wickersham allows this final reflection to be inferred.

THE CHANGING ORDER. By George W. Wickersham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

The Law of Life.

Here we have a novel well suited to the social purist and to those who yearn for the bigly desirable but wholly impossible ideal of the single standard of morality. Its chief defect is the fact that its hero shares with the immortal Mrs. Harris that unreality that caused the equally immortal Betsy Prig to say that "there aint no such a person." Robert Mackenzie is a very pure young man who talks like a tract and whom we suspect to be a prig, although the author says he is not. When he proposes to Miss Willoughby that very chaste young lady put him on probation and it is sad to relate that he falls from grace. Invited to a New York supper party to meet to La Carmona, a beautiful young Louisville star, he drinks a glass of wine, although he knows that his head will not stand

it, and when he wakes in the morning he finds La Carmona—well, where she ought not to be. So poor Robert is sent into the wilderness like the Pascal lamb when Miss Willoughby bears of this little escapade, and although we know that he will eventually be restored to favor we feel that the task of rehabilitation will be a long one. Personally our sympathies are with La Carmona, who seems much the nicer girl of the two, but it is only the shelter of anonymity that enables us to say so.

THE LAW OF LIFE. By Carl Werner. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Shallows.

Many stories have been written with the Young Pretender for their hero, but there are few among them that can translate into modern language or to modern comprehension the loyalty, the devotion, and the self-sacrifice so lavishly poured forth upon an altar so unworthy. And now comes Mr. Watson with his capital novel, one of the best of its kind, but we are still perplexed by the passionate consecration of such a girl as Ethelenn Murdoch to the cause of a man so evidently a libertine and a drunkard. There must have been some strange and vanished power to kingship a hundred years ago that it was able to consign so many to exile and poverty and death and to glorify all calamity by its magic. We may call it a superstition, but still it refuses to be explained.

Mr. Watson's story is much like many others in its incidents, but he succeeds in clothing it with an atmosphere of melancholy and doom that befits its topic and that perhaps is not altogether a matter of artifice.

SHALLOWS. By Frederick Watson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Brief Reviews.

Those interested in the reform of the calendar—and evidently there are such persons—will find a strong plea for action in a little volume just issued by E. P. Dutton & Co. (\$1.50 net). It is entitled "The Reform of the Calendar," and its author is Alexander Philip, M. A., LL. B., F. R. S. It is so clearly written as almost to persuade us that something ought to be done in the matter.

Gladys E. Locke, M. A., describes her "Queen Elizabeth" as made up of "various scenes and events in the life of her majesty." Perhaps this is a better method than the more formal history, as it is certainly more readable. The author deals with the salient incidents in the life of her heroine, and although we may suspect her of undue partiality for the greatest of all queens it is an error upon the right side and therefore pardonable. The book is published by Sberman, French & Co. Price, \$1.35 net.

The magazine reader will be more or less familiar with the essays by Walter Pribard Eaton, who seems able to look with a special understanding and sympathy alike upon the city and the country. Fourteen of these essays have now been printed in volume form under the title of "Barn Doors and Byways" and published by Small, Maynard & Co. One of Mr. Eaton's merits is that he does not "gush." Also he gives us much curious information, such as that there are mink to be found—or rather not to be found—in the Bronx Park in New York and that they take their full toll of bird life.

The collector of Shakespearean literature will find a book to his heart in "Highways and Byways of Shakespeare's Country," by W. H. Hutton (Macmillan Company; \$2 net). The author has gone over the ground with a magnifying glass and the result is a book of 448 pages of minute research into histories, pedigrees, and tradition that should satisfy the most ardent student. Possibly this and other books of the kind may be suspected of harboring details that might well be allowed to die, but its compilation was evidently a work of love, and it will doubtless find many an appreciative reader. The very numerous illustrations by Edmund H. New are a valuable addition.

Stories of fire-fighting are always sure of an audience and no one is better qualified to tell such stories than John Kenlon, chief of the New York fire department, who gives us this book of over four hundred pages, which is titled "Fires and Fire-Fighting" and subtitled "A History of Modern Fire-Fighting with a Review of Its Development from Earliest Times." Mr. Kenlon's historical chapters are perhaps the most interesting, while his sketches of modern appliances and conditions are the most important. He tells us of the arson fraternity, the hotel peril, theatres and their dangers, fires in schools, factories, and hospitals, of gasoline and insurance. In short he tells us of everything relevant to fire-fighting, and he does it in so felicitous a way as largely to add to the interest of a remarkable volume. It is published by the George H. Doran Company. Price, \$2.50 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The Houghton Mifflin Company announce a third impression of Cornelius Weygandt's "Irish Plays and Playwrights" and a fourth of Miss Jessie Rittenhouse's anthology, "The Little Book of Modern Verse."

"The Sheep Track" has nothing to do with sheep. It is an aspect of London society by Nesta H. Webster, and is published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Its heroine has been brought up by a scientific father quite out of the world. She comes to London, eager to experience life, only to find an utter absence of romance, and a social herd pattering along in the wake of the bell-wether on the sheep-track of convention. What happens when she attempts explorations is the story.

Talcott Williams, the director of the school of journalism in Columbia University, has become one of the editors of the revision of the New International Encyclopedia now in course of publication.

Abraham Mitrie Ribbany, pastor of the Church of the Disciples, Boston, has gone with his family to Ocean Point, Maine, for the summer. Mr. Ribbany's autobiography, "A Far Journey," will be published in the fall by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

Because of the critical situation in Mexico General Funston's "Memories of Two Wars" (Scribner's) is more valuable than ever. Yet it has just appeared in a new large edition at exactly half the former price.

Out of the "ancient French" into a middle-ages English William Morris has translated four delightful "Old French Romances" (Scribner's). In his introduction Joseph Jacobs well sums up the nature of the tales and the manner of the telling. "Certainly," he says, "we breathe the very air of romance in these stories. There is none of your modern priggish care for the state of your soul. Men take rank according to their might, women are valued for their beauty alone. Adventures are to the adventurous and the world is full of them. . . . Once beyond the bounds of the city walls and none knows what may happen. We have stepped forth into the Land of Faerie, but at least we are in the open air."

The recent dynamiting of a train supposed to be carrying the Czar of Russia is somewhat explained in "Behind the Veil at the Russian Court" (John Lane Company). The character of the present ruler is not, if we may believe Count Vassili, calculated to inspire love in his subjects.

Harper & Brothers recently put to press for reprintings: "The Mouse Trap," by William Dean Howells; "Coffee and Repartee," by John Kendrick Bangs; "The Children of Gideon," by Walter Besant; "White Heather," by William Black, and "The Great Shadow," by Arthur Conan Doyle.

"Bluebeard," Kate Douglas Wiggin's recently published book, is now being translated into French.

The John Lane Company published on June 26: "Hunt the Slipper," by Oliver Madox Hueffer; "Mrs. Vanderstein's Jewels," by Marion Bryce, and "Louis Norbert," by Vernon Lee, author of "Vital Lies."

Thomas Hardy celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday on June 2 by serving on the grand jury of the Dorset Assizes. His latest literary services to his Wessex was the publication last autumn of "A Changed Man," a collection of stories about the part of his country he has made famous.

The George H. Doran Company has just published a new novel by Hugh Walpole, "The Duchess of Wrex," which promises to rival the same author's "Fortitude"—a book which has kept up its vitality ever since its publication. "The Duchess of Wrex" is a story of the world-wide struggle of the modern cavalier against the rising tide of freedom—of the new democracy against the wealthy and exclusive society which tries to control the world whether in London, New York, or San Francisco.

Mr. T. Philip Terry, traveler and writer, has begun work on a guide-book to China, and expects to spend the summer at his home in Hingham, Massachusetts, arranging and verifying his notes for the new book.

Hodder & Stoughton announce a new prize novel competition. The author of the best novel will receive \$3000, of the second best novel \$1500, and there will be also a special prize of \$750 for the best "first" novel entered. For the purposes of this competition a "first" novel is defined as one by a writer who has never before had a work of fiction published in book form—volumes of short stories being excepted. The competition is open to all, but no author may submit more than two books. All manuscripts submitted for the competition must be received by Hodder & Stoughton, St. Paul's House,

Warwick Square, London, E. C., on or before March 31, 1915. Novels may be sent in at any time previous to this date. Novels submitted for the competition must not be more than 150,000 words in length. It is recommended that they should contain between 80,000 and 120,000 words.

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THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street; Mission Branch, corner Mission and Twenty-First Streets; Richmond District Branch, corner Clement Street and Seventh Avenue; Haight Street Branch, corner Haight and Belvedere Streets.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1914, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1914. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from July 1, 1914.

GEORGE TOURNAY, Manager.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market Street, near Fourth.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1914, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1914. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1914.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Desert and Mrs. Ajax.

We are so used to the conventional ranch story that we find it hard to realize that this is a most unconventional one. Instead of cowboys and Indians and cattle rustlers we have the members of a circus company who are stranded through lack of funds—a thing that may happen to the best of us—and who are hospitably entertained by the Nevada ranch owner. All the members of the party find something to do about the place, and in the intervals of doing it they are regaled with highly imaginative yarns of the prairie proceeding from the fertile mind of the foreman. The idea is original and it is cleverly worked out and with the essential touch of sentiment as the various characters fall in love with each other and with their more than hospitable entertainers.

THE DESERT AND MRS. AJAX. By Edward Moffat. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Who's Who in America.

Volume VIII of this now substantial production contains 2920 pages and 21,459 biographical sketches, of which 4426 have appeared in no previous issue. It is evident that distinguished Americans are rapidly increasing in numbers, and apparently it will be necessary soon either to raise the standard of inclusion or to present the work in two volumes. The methods of selection seem to be uniformly good, although it is naturally impossible always to detect and to resist the claims of self-conceit and even of sheer impudence. "Who's Who" has now become one of the necessities of existence, and the publishers are to be congratulated upon the energy, care, and thoroughness that have conduced to this result.

Who's Who in America. Volume VIII, 1914-1915. Chicago: A. N. Marquis & Co.; \$5 net.

New Books Received.

HENRY II. By L. F. Salzmann, B. A., F. S. A. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.50 net.

Issued in Kings and Queens of England, edited by Robert S. Rait, M. A., and William Paige, F. S. A.

GAME PROTECTION AND PROPAGATION IN AMERICA. By Henry Chase. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

Presenting the united opinions of the ablest advocates and what has universally been admitted to be the correct theory.

TWO IN THE WILDERNESS. By Stanley Washburn. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Matthew Page Andrews, M. A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

With 155 illustrations and twenty-four black and white maps in the text, also frontispiece and two maps in full color.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN YEAR BOOK, 1914. By W. H. Hosking. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50 net.

The first issue of a new publication.

THE LIFE OF HENRY VII. By W. M. Gladys Temperley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.50 net.

Issued in Kings and Queens of England, edited by Robert S. Rait, M. A., and William Paige, F. S. A.

WORK AND WEALTH. By J. A. Hobson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

An attempt to find some intelligible and consistent method of human valuation for economic goods and processes.

CYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN GOVERNMENT. Edited by Andrew C. McLaughlin, A. M., LL. D., LL. B., and Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph. D., Litt. D., LL. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A new work. Volume I, Abattoirs—Finality.

ÆSTHETIC DANCING. Prepared by Emil Rath. New York: The A. S. Barnes Company.

An endeavor to place in the hands of teachers of physical education a book which may assist them in presenting to girls' and women's classes

the rhythmic movements of classic and æsthetic dancing.

SAYA AND THE LIFE OF MAN. By Leonid Andreyev. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1 net.

Two plays. Translated from the French with an introduction by Thomas Seltzer. Issued in the Modern Drama Series, edited by Edwin Björkman.

WHEN LOVE FLIES OUT OF THE WINDOW. By Leonard Mettrick. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.20 net.

A novel.

NOTHING ELSE MATTERS. By William Samuel Johnson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE SHEEP TRACK. By Neta H. Webster. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.40 net.

A novel.

THE PANAMA CANAL. By Frederic J. Haskin. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A second edition.

THE CHINA YEAR BOOK, 1914. By H. G. W. Woodhead, M. J. L., and H. T. Montague Bell, B. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50 net.

Third year of publication.

IN THE FOOTPRINTS OF THE BRONTES. By Mrs. Ellis H. Chadwick. New York: Brentano's; \$3.75 net.

Illustrated with forty-four full-page reproductions of portraits and scenes.

CUDDY YARBOROUGH'S DAUGHTER. By Una L. Silberrad. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HAPPY WOMAN. Anonymous. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.50 net.

A novel.

GAY MORNING. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE. By George Brandes. New York: The Macmillan Company; 75 cents net.

An essay on aristocratic radicalism.

THE BALKAN WARS, 1912-1913. By Jacob Gould Schurman. Princeton: Princeton University Press; \$1 net.

The Stafford Little Lectures for 1914.

The Booster Club of Southern California announces a music contest, for which the prize of \$2000 will be paid for the best melody and piano score set to the winning poem and chorus submitted. The competition is open to the citizens of all countries. Compositions must be arranged for voice and piano, in the usual song form, set to the words of this poem. Band and orchestra scores may also be submitted at the option of the composers. More than one composition may be submitted by a composer. The poem complete must accompany each composition, with at least two verses and the chorus set to the music in the usual manner. Composers must not sign their names to their work, but must affix a distinctive mark of identification, sending with the composition a sealed envelope containing full name and address, and bearing the same mark of identification. The award will be made on merit, without knowledge by the judges of the identity of the contestants.

It is interesting, in connection with the centenary of Charles Reade's birth, to recall the reason he gave to Henry Watterson for never visiting America. "I dare not think about it," he exclaimed; "in the first place, I can't drink or smoke, and I should not get on very well with the natives. Next, I have a weakness for high living, and you Americans have such an awfully jolly lot of things to eat that I'm afraid I should cram myself to death." One of Reade's peculiarities, says J. H. Harper in "The House of Harper," was that he failed to keep copies of the manuscripts he sent. Once, after a long period of illness, he forwarded an installment of a story having the names blank, as he had forgotten what they were.

CURRENT VERSE.

Swan Creek.

Stream, stream, stream,
Oh, the willows by the stream;
The poplars and the willows
And the gravel all agleam!

Oh, oh, oh,
And the mourning-doves sang "Oh!"
From their hiding in the oak tops,
Looking on the world below.

Sky, sky, sky,
And all wide and round the sky,
With the white clouds rising, coming,
Coming, shining, drifting by.

Home, home, home,
And beyond the wood was home,
With the old road leading ready
Where the open door said come.

Dream, dream, dream,
Now I wake not but I dream
Of the old road and the ring-doves
And the willows by the stream.
—Williston Fish, in Poetry.

Under Mauna Loa.

So rich the rose, so fair the sky,
I win no sleep, howe'er I lie;
While through the open window floats
From musical and many throats
An island melody.
"Aloha oe," they softly sing,
In chorus to the throbbing string.

The burning stars, the garden white,
They beckon in the balmy light.
I know not where my want is found,
But there's a longing in the sound,
A fever in the night;
Aloha oe, the rich guitar,
The fainting rose, the fevered star.
—Douglas Duer, in Century Magazine.

Fragments of a Poem by Sappho.

Horsemen or footmen on the plain
Glittering, or ships upon the main
Men call the fairest thing.
Not so, I ween, for I declare
The loved one is of all most fair
Beyond imagining.

This all may know, for Helen chose
Among all men the man who rose
On grace above them all.
Troy's honor he destroyed, but she
Recked not of home or family,
But bent beneath the thrall
Of Love, who bore her far away.
To lightly think is woman's way
Of what is ever near.

So, Anactoria, you forget
Her presence, who is with you yet,
And unto me so dear.
Than Lydian hosts to me more sweet
The sound of my beloved's feet
Than chariot in war.

Her beaming face I'd rather see,
Her brightening eyes than armory
Of spearman and of car.
Men can not have the best away,
We know, but we can ever pray
It may not be afar.
—Done into English verse by "H. I. R." in London Standard.

The Exile.

I watch the steady march of stars
Till day draws near the eastern bars,
And midnight shadows, westward drawn,
Fade before the desert dawn.
The mighty silence is not stirred
By fluttering leaf or waking bird;
The sun looks down, a haggard eye,
A brasier in a burnt-out sky,
On quivering butte and wrinkling plain,
A land that has forgotten rain!

The spring of English turf is sweet
Beneath the tread of tired feet,
And sweet to aching English eyes
The misted gray of English skies,
And soft the drip of autumn rains
On Dorset downs and Devon lanes.

Alas! Three thousand miles and more
Upon the ocean's shifting floor,
Ere flashes on our straining sight
The evening star of Scilly Light,
Or through the morning fog looms red
The towering hiection of Bolt Head!

The screaming hawk wheels up the sky.
Yonder is England, here am I.
—Walter Pierce, in Yale Review.

Oliver Onions has won wide reputation as a realist and portrayer of the drama of intense love by that trilogy of novels, "In Accordance with the Evidence," "The Debit Account," and "The Story of Louie," which have appeared during the past two years. These same qualities appear in "Gray Youth," a new novel by Mr. Onions, which was published about the middle of June by the George H. Doran Company. He pictures two art-student lovers, who regard themselves as quite too intellectual for old-fashioned courtship, and who imagine that by chattering incessantly about sage-green wall-coverings and psycho-analysis they are bringing the age of emancipation of art and women. Unflatteringly he shows the painter-girl sinking into a theory-swathed selfishness.

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"NEVER SAY DIE."

What is sweeter music to the ears of a comedian returned to his familiar stamping-ground than to hear the inextinguishable and undiminished laughter of his ever-constant audiences? This is Nat Goodwin's experience this week at the Cort, where "Never Say Die," which seems to be peculiarly appropriate to the star's case in more ways than one, is being presented.

"Never Say Die" had a year's run in London, and Willie Collier has made his mark in it. Yet, if one did not know to the contrary, one would be ready to swear that it was written to order for Nat Goodwin. It fits him to a T, and has several familiar earmarks besides. We have seen Mr. Goodwin several times before in the rôle of an American millionaire of benevolent proclivities, who, aided by the merry sympathy of his audience, was struggling against some physical or mental handicap, generally while engaged in the matrimonial pursuit of some charming young person. In the present case, however, our familiar friend the millionaire is engaged in the pursuit of health, and I recall few comedians who, while making numerous allusions to death, hereafter, and the grave, and holding grave conferences with two liver-probing doctors, could so thoroughly invoke the spirit of laughter. Willie Collier is one of them, and he must have been enormously amusing in the part. But Nat Goodwin did not permit us to sigh for our Willie. He kept the house in a gale, more especially in the middle act, at which point, in contrast with the admirable gravity of the comedian, the laughter of the audience had much ado to hold itself in bounds. However, the fun began with the first entrance of Nat Goodwin, and except for a brief, lightning space in the third and last act that was given over to sentiment, was unintermitting. And indeed that is the excellent feature about "Never Say Die"—that the auditor spends the entire evening in wiping his joyfully weeping eyes and clearing his laughter-hoarse throat.

The idea of the play, known no doubt to assiduous readers of theatrical items, is that the benevolent American millionaire, engaged in the usual European quest for gold-scattering diversions, is condemned to death by his doctors, and in order to accommodate an impetuous friend obligingly marries the friend's sweetheart so as to smoothe things in a financial way during the month of life that is left him and decorously bequeath the lady his fortune at his death.

Upon this slight farcical thread is woven a series of amusing situations arising from the fact that the millionaire didn't die. He meant to, his intentions were strictly honorable, for he broke through all his two doctors' rules and restrictions, overdrank, overate, and steadily courted the green enemy of his liver. Yet he recovered. If it were not that the name of William H. Post appears as the author I would almost suspect that it was written by Dr. Woods Hutchinson, the physician from whose pen appears numerous articles in numerous magazines, cheerfully assuring a delighted, unwillingly dieting public that the road to health is to eat and drink all tabooed articles and let dietary caution go hang. At any rate in the first act we see the starving millionaire in a London drawing-room hanging hungrily over a typical English tea-tray and solacing his famished innards with sniffs of cake and whiffs of wine. In the second act we see him chivalrously courting death with the aid of a French chef, French dishes, and numerous American cocktails. In the third, having flourished on all this prohibited good cheer, he is absorbing, with every sign of appreciation, a London breakfast that is the genuine article—toast, eggs, marmalade, and all.

Playwrights nowadays have absolutely no mercy on players' digestive territory, but keep them steadily at the eating business for several reasons; one is, probably, because it gives them something natural to do. Another is that the world at large is in a sympathetic attitude because it so loves eating, and a third because it affords an opportunity to insert neat bits of servant comedy. How the players survive it in this age of nervous digestion heaven only knows. Of course we know that cocktails are never cocktails,

but a good deal of colored water went down Nat Goodwin's esophagus, and although his meals, like most stage meals, were of a very gauzy description, still he is a very skilled stage eater in his effect of having gotten away with a fair amount of the edibles before him. And while he eats, or feigns to, with grave, absorbed air, he is pouring forth a steady string of amusing imbecilities that keep the audience fairly rocking with laughter. In fact, it is the same Nat Goodwin that we remember, only in particularly excellent spirits, and, on the whole, rather funnier than usual. He seems to toss off his comedy so airily and easily that one can scarcely believe it is work. Perhaps it is, but it does not seem like hard work, such as he did as Fagan, in which rôle he showed his great ability for serious acting. But the public is unwilling to give him over to seriousness; he is too successful in the domain of laughter. He gives one the impression, too, of steadily coining highly successful gags. At any rate Mrs. Goodwin, known professionally as Marjorie Moreland, lost her gravity completely several times over the steady procession of what seemed Goodwinisms that streamed from her consort's lips.

Happy Nat Goodwin! In the autumn of life he has found a wife that laughs uncontrollably at his jokes. That would not seem a difficult feat to accomplish, considering that the public does the same, but all the same it can not fail to make for matrimonial happiness.

Marjorie Moreland does not fill a very taxing rôle, and if we had not seen her as Nancy Sykes we might not be aware that she knows how to act. In "Never Say Die"—the title of which, by the way, seems singularly apt, in view of those sometimes newspaper items concerning Mr. Goodwin's probable exit from this earthly scene—Marjorie Moreland appears as a nice, round, pink, plump, calm, fair-haired, cozy, rosy, young woman who would appeal to the average man's sensibilities as a distinctly desirable wife. That is about all she is expected to express in the play, except that she also serves as a fair, round, white-throated, tapering-armed expanse upon which to hang some very handsome and glittering garments. She took these, however, as calmly as she took everything except Nat Goodwin's jokes. And for that the house did not blame her. Age can not wither nor custom stale his infinite comicality.

All the other members of the company were thoroughly acceptable in their lesser rôles, Nat Goodwin being in the stage centre practically during the entire course of the play. The inevitable touch of sentiment appears in the creation of the English valet who becomes warmly attached to his eccentric master, the rôle being very agreeably sustained by Dennis Clough. The rest of the company had little to do beyond sustaining their part in the prevailing chatter which makes up the dialogue. It is all very amusing chatter, and they all do it amusingly, except the La Cigale actress, who contributed her dialogue in a series of speaks, presumably of French intonation, which sounded like nothing so much as the protestations of a particularly voluble mouse caught in a trap. However, if she couldn't speak it, La Cigale looked and skipped the part, so she will pass very well.

The Cort Theatre management is promising us the virtue of contrast, since, preceding a lot of other good things, we are soon to see Mimi Aguglia, the celebrated Sicilian actress, in a series of striking European plays. The theatrical situation looks very promising to the confirmed theatre-goer during these summer months, and for my part, with the good things promised us, I consider San Francisco about the most interesting summer resort on the Coast.

"HIS EXCELLENCY, THE GOVERNOR."

At the Columbia this week the revival of the old Marshall play, "His Excellency, the Governor," precedes a week of strictly up-to-date drama, for next week we are promised "Trifling with Tomorrow," by Frank Mandel, who, since his New York successes, hopes to be a prophet with honor in his own country. Everybody will be interested in seeing this assemblage of finished players next week in a play of the day, if not merely for the pleasure of contrast. So far we have seen them in two revivals, and shall see them later in other and more notable ones, for in spite of the brilliancy with which Oscar Wilde could invest his treatment of the satire in this play, after all "The Importance of Being Earnest" is something of a trifle, and, as it turns out, "His Excellency, the Governor," is even more so.

As it happens, this play of Captain Marshall's, or rather the characters in the play, are not dissimilar in some respects to those of Wilde's comedy of last week. Rose Coglan, for instance, as another terrifying Gorgon of London society, a type of the middle-aged woman who has social eminence

without brains or other fitness, has precisely the same manner as her haughty dowager of last week. Carroll McComas is again playing with all the pretty, mignonette airs of the instinctive man-slayer, a dainty belle of the ingenious type who slays her thousands with one artless glance.

The men's rôles, while not lighted up with the agreeably unmoderate satire of those they filled last week, are somewhat similar in point of general characterization. In fact Captain Marshall, when he wrote the play, had nothing very much to say, but during his play-writing career he always showed a talent for assembling a group of agreeable and socially polished people together, contriving amusing situations for the revelation of character, and putting light but witty conversation in their mouths.

In the present case he has transplanted his London types to a tropical isle in the Indian ocean, a British possession presided over by "His Excellency, the Governor," a gentleman who is meant to be, and probably is, typical of a certain kind of faintly fussy colonial executive. This character is impersonated by Charles Richman, who gives Sir Montague Martin some middle-aged distinction, along with his graying temple locks and dignified mustache.

Charles Cherry, with his agreeable deliberation of treatment, always makes his work effective; and his impersonation of the confirmed misogynist, converted by the magic efficacy of the floating pollen of the blossoming century plant to a stammering but earnest advocacy of marriage with the right woman, has a pleasant flavor of light society comedy.

Frank Kingdon, under the same magic influence, fits well into the scheme of things as an elderly and dignified Samson yielding to the witchery of a shrewd Delilah, who scents social importance for herself as Mrs. Right Honorable.

Although not quite so sophisticated in his manner and methods as those already mentioned, George Stuart Christie makes an agreeable juvenile as Captain Carew, the successful suitor of the pretty ingénue.

Last, but not least, of the principals comes Gladys Hanson. In a company of this type, composed of experienced players who are accustomed to figuring in long and successful runs, quick study and mental dexterity are going to count, as well as luck in having a congenial piece of characterization to convey. I think we are going to find Miss Hanson an interesting and versatile actress. She was excellent in conveying the elaborate satire of the Honorable Gwendoline in "The Importance of Being Earnest," and as Stella de Gex, sometime member of London society, and later become a semi-adventuress, she easily took preëminence as the player most at ease and most finished in her delineation. The others, unaccustomed to weekly changes of bill, showed it rather in a slight absence of their accustomed poise, but Miss Hanson not at all. She exhibited an admirable blend, in the manner of the Countess de Gex, of the aplomb of the woman experienced in social ease and the elegant effrontery of the social adventuress. Miss Hanson has, besides, a talent for clothes. While not exactly a beauty—although she looked very handsome in the tea-gown and candlestick scene—she is pretty, has an exceedingly good figure, and carries her fashionable raiment with the air of a woman accustomed to social display. In fact she is a highly ornamental and very interesting figure on the stage, and we may assure ourselves without doubt that during the summer season promised us at the Columbia we are going to derive much pleasure from this actress's various interpretations.

As is almost inevitable in these plays that are from a dozen to eighteen years old, there is evident an old-fashionedness of treatment, even if it is not particularly noticeable. The soliloquy was in evidence once or twice, and occasionally conversation superseded action for too long a time. But Captain Marshall always gave an agreeable tone to his plays, and this English setting in a tropic background and this idea of men of the confirmed British type being amorously affected by the floating pollen of the aloes, works out well enough to furnish an evening of light and laughing entertainment, with a feeling, however, that it is but the usual preliminary, in seasons of this kind, to the more notable work that is to follow by such an aggregation of talent as that offered in the company of all-star players.

The public is rather slowly but surely beginning to realize that both our first-class theatres are offering very good performances at summer rates, and as a result people who are not summing too far away are planning numerous theatrical jaunts in our direction, some of them evening and some matinee parties; a fact, by the way, that the railroad lines should take note of. For in these financially dull times every tentative impulse toward the spending of shy money should be encouraged.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

North German Lloyd's New Departure.

White-garbed Sisters of Charity, to look after the welfare of women and children among the immigrants on all steamships of the North German Lloyd, is the latest and probably the most novel and humane feature ever introduced in ocean travel. Sisters Maris and Josepha, both of whom have worked among immigrants, will be the deans of the service, and every time they leave Bremen they will be accompanied by a third member of the order, to whom they will give instructions. These third members in turn will instruct others, so that within a short time all the North German Lloyd steamers carrying immigrants will be supplied with two members of the order.

J. de Donis Johnson, excavating on behalf of the Greco-Roman branch of the Egypt Exploration Fund on the site of Antinoe in upper Egypt, has unearthed several leaves, with numerous smaller fragments, of papyrus, one containing idylls of Theocritus. Its date is placed in the latter part of the fifth or in the sixth century. The well-preserved pages are large, between them containing upward of 500 lines. Corrections of the original text have been introduced by a second hand, which has also inserted marginal annotations. It is expected that the manuscripts will prove of exceptional value.

The Big Job Has Made Good

The Big Job has made good.

Up in the high Sierras it stands, an everlasting monument to the men who built it, to the faith which first conceived it. The Big Job is the Lake Spaulding dam, a mighty monolithic structure rearing its head 225 feet above the stream-bed, and later on an eighty feet additional will be added to it. The huge lake itself is full, and something like 3000 cubic feet of water are escaping every second over its main spillway. The roar is pleasing to the ear of the engineer, for it means that the Lake Spaulding dam is doing its full duty and, through its agency, so are Drum Canal and the power-house in Bear River gorge, some nine miles below; but this feeling of satisfaction, too, may be tinged with regret, for no engineer likes to see so much power go to waste as is indicated by the huge cataract that pours over the spillway. But it is enough for the builders, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, to know that the initial development is living up to the fullest estimates.

Millions of dollars have been put into the great Lake Spaulding and Drum power enterprise, to the end that hydro-electric power may become more plentiful and may be put to vastly many more uses in the field covered by "Pacific Service" than at present.

Leaving Lake Spaulding and following the course of Drum Canal one finds everything in shipshape order. The canal is working to a capacity of about 200 cubic feet per second, and the forebay at the end is now a handsome sheet of water of about 400 acre-feet capacity. The huge pipe that leads therefrom over the hill and down to the 1375-foot steep to the power-house is well in place, and in the gorge below the whirl of the generators is unceasing as they grind out the electric "juice" that starts from there upon its 110-mile journey to the shores of San Francisco Bay, over the wires that are stretched between steel towers that take a hee-line over the hill on the other side of Bear River.

The Big Job has made good all along the line from Spaulding to Cordelia, from the peaks of the Sierra Nevada to the bay of San Francisco. There is not on record a hitch in its operation.

For those who would like to know something about the dates of progress, it may be mentioned that the records show that on October 3 last, Lake Spaulding dam having reached the point where it was found advisable to make use of it, the sluice-way under the dam was closed and the water's escape shut off thereby.

On November 21 the gates of old Lake Spaulding were opened and the freed waters backed up against the dam to a height of 106 feet, sufficient to send water through the tunnel in the rock at the south side leading to Drum Canal and to cover that tunnel to a depth of thirty-six feet.

On November 25 the forebay was filled and everything was in readiness for the initial trial of the electric generators in the Drum power-house.

On November 26, the day before Thanksgiving, Mr. John A. Britton, who had traveled up there for the purpose, closed a switch that set the whole development in motion. The following dispatch sent out by Mr. Britton from Drum told the result of the test: "Drum synchronized with 'Pacific Service' at 10:56 today. Everything from Spaulding to Cordelia in perfect harmony."

From that time on Lake Spaulding began to fill. Drum power-house has since been producing over 30,000 horsepower electric energy, adding that much to "Pacific Service," which now supplies two-thirds of the population of California.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Trifling With Tomorrow" at the Columbia.

San Francisco is to be the scene of one of the earliest, if not the earliest, dramatic premiere of the season, for on Monday night, July 6, at the Columbia Theatre, for the first time on any stage, will be seen the new and original play entitled, "Trifling with Tomorrow." The all-star players will make their appearance in this piece, which is from the pen of a young San Franciscan, Frank Mandel, who has come to the fore during the past two seasons as one of the most promising playwrights of America. He has to his credit three successes and at the present time a number of New York producers hold his manuscripts and will produce the plays within the next few months.

"Trifling with Tomorrow" will see its New York production after it has been staged here with one of the finest casts available. Those who have read the play stamp it as the type of work with the necessary "punch," and there is no doubt that the splendid company now at the Columbia Theatre will give a performance of great worth and brilliancy.

The play is in three acts and there are in all seven principal characters. The story deals in the main with a quartet of strongly drawn characters, two men and two women, whose lives are devoted to a cause which brings them into sympathetic touch with humanity and their own stories of love make a profound impression as told by the author. He has been able to carry a great interest from the very first and has retained a vital, unexpected situation until the final curtain. The principal characters—the doctor, the nurse, and the drug fiend—will be played respectively by Charles Richman, Gladys Hanson, and Charles Cherry.

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Second Week of "Never Say Die."

Nat C. Goodwin, as popular and clever as ever, has completely captured laughter-loving San Francisco. Through the medium of his rattling comedy, "Never Say Die," the star has been inspiring chuckles and guffaws all week at the Cort Theatre to large audiences, and the advance sale for the second and final week of the engagement, which begins Sunday night, augurs for a most successful fortnight.

Goodwin is most happily placed as Dionysius Woodhury, whose generous motives lead him into a matrimonial mix-up which has a vastly different ending from what is anticipated when the comedy is first started on its merry way. The quiet methods that have so long marked his work as a comedian still prevail, and they have lost none of their mirth-provoking powers. It is not so much what he says as what he does that counts, although no opportunity to turn a verbal point is overlooked. His quaint and distinctive mannerisms are continually cropping out to liven the action of the piece and serve as a reminder that the passing of time brings no diminution of the powers of this droll star.

After Goodwin himself, interest naturally attaches to the work of Margaret Moreland, who is Mrs. Nat C. Goodwin. Nature has dealt generously with Miss Moreland. She has a most attractive stage presence and the rôle of Violet Stevenson, whose impetuosity leads her into a marriage of convenience, only to have it develop into a love affair, allows her to show her ample ability as an actress. The others in the cast are wholly admirable.

The celebrated Italian tragedienne, Mimi Aguglia, comes to the Cort Theatre with a repertory of classic and standard plays, beginning Monday, July 13.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum offers a particularly fascinating bill for next week.

William A. Brady, who has joined the ranks of vaudeville producers, will present "Beauty Is Only Skin Deep," a one-act play by Elizabeth Jordan. It has to do with the modern woman's mania for beautifying herself. The action of the little play is laid in Mme. O'Reilly's beauty parlor in New York City. Here a feminine remodeler of figures and other greatly desired feminine attributes dispenses for a consideration anything from a complexion the rival of California peaches to a form that would cause Venus to sit up and take notice. Humorous situations and brilliantly witty dialogue is in evidence throughout the entire period "Beauty Is Only Skin Deep" occupies the stage. The nine actresses appearing in the sketch are types that have been selected for this reason.

Yvette, "the Whirlwind Violinist," a very attractive girl direct from the Folies Bergere, Paris, where she created an absolute furor, will be an important feature in the new programme. While abroad she conceived the idea of a new offering for herself, which she kept in reserve for her return to America. This is the presentation of herself in what she calls "In a Futurist Setting."

Dave Kramer and George Morton, two

black-faced comedians, have padded out the peculiarities of the dandy into as laughable a fifteen-minute skit as one would care to see.

"The Stranger," a comedy sketch by Herbert Bashford, will be presented by Charles Yule, Ferd Munier, and company. It may be described as a "slice of life." Mr. Yule, who has been leading support for Max Figma and other comedians, is unexcelled in his portrayal of country humpkins, and as the awkward ruhe in "The Stranger" he never fails to provoke roars of laughter. He is ably supported by Mr. Ferd Munier and Miss Charlotte Treadway. Mr. Munier was last seen with Miss Virginia Harned in "The Woman He Married." Miss Treadway is a very clever little ingénue and appears in a rôle which fits her perfectly.

Next week will be the last of Henry Lewis, Doris Wilson and company, the Gardiner Trio, and Everett Shinn's new "meller drammer." "Wronged from the Start."

Eight Acts at Pantages Theatre.

A galaxy of beautiful young dancing maids under the direction of Agnes Mahr and Mons. B. Mieczkowski, late premier dancers of the Imperial Russian Dancing Academy, make up the "Corps de Ballet" which is the big attraction on the new bill of eight acts opening at the Pantages next Sunday. Gorgeous costuming and special scenery is used in the act, which is divided into eight parts. Solo dances by Miss Mahr and her partner, with spectacular costume dances by the entire company, make the production one of the most pretentious offerings in popular vaudeville.

Daisy Harcourt, one of England's favorite music-hall comedienne, remembered for her phenomenal success here last season, returns with a new assortment of coster songs and imitations.

Clarke Burroughs and company will present one of the swiftest farce-comedy one-act playlets in vaudeville, entitled "Marrying Mary." There are seven characters in the sketch and the situations abound with complications which keep the audience in an uproar of laughter.

"Salt-Bush Bill," who hears medals given to him by King Edward of England, is an Australian whip-snapper with a genuine novelty.

Mae Erwood and company have a refined little offering called "That Girl."

A mysterious individual who kills himself as just "Davis," and the Bell Trio, harmony vocalists, with a rattling comedy Sterling film called "The Crash," completes the balance of the show.

Frank Mandel, the author of the new play, "Trifling with Tomorrow," to be staged at the Columbia Theatre by the all-star players, commencing next Monday night, July 6, has to his credit the brilliant success, "Our Wives," and will shortly have staged in New York another new play called, "The High Cost of Loving." He is a San Franciscan and a writer of brilliant, telling lines.

Interest is growing in the forthcoming engagement of Mimi Aguglia, the celebrated Italian tragedienne, who is due at the Cort Theatre on Monday night, July 13, following the engagement of Nat Goodwin in "Never Say Die." An exceedingly attractive repertory has been selected, as follows: Monday, "Zaza"; Tuesday, "Fedora"; Wednesday, "Daughter of Jorio"; Thursday, "Little Chocolate Maker"; Friday, "The Schemer's Supper"; Saturday matinee, "Daughter of Jorio"; Saturday night, "Camille"; Sunday matinee, "Zaza"; Sunday night, "Francesca da Rimini."

The second edition of the Paul J. Rainey African Hunt Pictures will be shown at the Cort shortly. It will be remembered what a sensation was caused here when the first Rainey pictures were shown at the Cort. They were unanimously declared the most wonderful motion views ever taken. Rainey since then made another expedition to Africa and the result of this hunt, as recorded by the films, is said to be even more astonishing than the first series.

"Fine Feathers," with a cast of unusual strength, is one of the early productions by the all-star players at the Columbia Theatre.

Cavaliere B. Palmieri, who takes up the work of the late Maestro Lombardi in Florence, at one time made a sensation in Europe, when as a child pianist he appeared in the various capitals. A graduate of the Palermo Conservatory, he has had positions as teacher at Malta, in the London College of Music, and, until this spring, head professor of singing at the Duhlin Royal Academy of Music. Maestro Palmieri is the composer of the "Italian Serenade" and other orchestral works, including an Irish Symphony and the music to the Psalm, "Oh, praise the Lord," recently performed by the Trinity College Choral Society.

The Flonzaley Quartet.

A carefully worked-out system is responsible for the success of the Flonzaley Quartet, according to Alfred Pochon, the organization's second violin. "Some years ago," explained Mr. Pochon in a recent interview, "we agreed to play together according to a system. Having found it efficient, we have retained it without change to the present. The system is simplicity itself. Mr. Betti, Mr. Ara, Mr. d'Archembeau, and I discovered that we had similar tastes for chamber-music and the same ideals. At the beautiful Swiss home of Mr. E. J. de Coppet we came together and made a gentlemen's agreement. As we had met at the lovely De Coppet villa on the hills of Cherebres we christened our organization Flonzaley. Then we decided that we would give our autumns and winters to public performances and our summers to practice and the increase of our repertory. Giving our undivided attention to chamber-music, limiting ourselves to individual improvement and ensemble work, we decided it unwise to deviate from our path. We always play as a unit, we have no pupils; any publicity accorded us is as members of the Flonzaley, and no picture of any member is given but those of the quartet. In the early fall we play in Europe about thirty concerts, and in America close to one hundred. In the early summer Betti and Ara, who are Italians, go to their native country and visit their parents and friends, d'Archembeau goes to Belgium on a like errand, and I return to my home at Tronchet, near Lausanne, in Switzerland, by easy stages, via Paris. Later we all meet at the home of my parents, where we have a chalet, just below the crumbling ruins of the Gourse, overlooking Lake Geneva. Here the quartet works all summer, far from cities and railways, surrounded by wonderful scenery and looking down on the lake and valley 1000 feet below. In the morning we practice separately; at eleven we play together; the same plan is followed in the afternoon. On Friday we have a formal rehearsal for friends, on Saturdays we go to Flonzaley and hold the Sunday afternoon concerts through which we first became known."

The death of Samuel Rutherford Crockett, the Scotch novelist, occurred recently at Avignon, at the age of fifty-four. He was born on a farm at Little Duchrae, Galloway. Sheep-rearing and meadow hay were the chief sources of profit, but as the rent of the little farm was \$250 there was no margin for wage-paying, so the family did their own work, inside and outside, even the youngest children learning to be useful. Mr. Crockett used to tell how at five years old he would go into the harvest field to help his mother by making hands for the sheaves. He was eight years old when his family left Duchrae and settled in Castle Douglas. Here there was an excellent school, one of the best in the south of Scotland, attended by nearly 300 boys. The headmaster of the Castle Douglas Institution was a horn teacher. Thanks to his instructions, the boy succeeded when not quite fifteen in winning the first Galloway hursary at Edinburgh University. In Mr. Crockett's novel, "Kit Kennedy," will be found an almost autobiographical account of the author's days at Edinburgh University. His hursary of £20 for four years had to be supplemented from the outside, so he did a great deal of teaching as well as his university work. Expenses were rigorously limited to ten shillings per week.

E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe have departed for England. Before leaving they announced that they would not play during the coming season, but would return to America next year and make their farewell tour in Shakespearean repertory. The plays in which they will appear are "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," "Macbeth," "As You Like It," "Taming of the Shrew," and "The Merchant of Venice." Mrs. Sothorn (Julia Marlowe) is much improved in health, and after a year's complete rest it is promised that she will be completely recovered. Mr. and Mrs. Sothorn will spend the summer in England, and the winter in the south of France.

The city council of Catania is making efforts to acquire for the sum of 12,000 lire a number of Bellini relics now the property of a member of the Astor family to serve as nucleus for a Bellini museum. The municipality is also endeavoring to get possession of the composer's house, which is today inhabited by a tailor.

George Henschel, the famous singer, conductor, and composer, was knighted on June 21 by King George. Joseph Beecham, who has financed the musical undertakings of his son, Thomas Beecham, was made a baronet.

The English censor has raised the ban on Maeterlinck's play, "Monna Vanna," performances of which on the British stage had been previously forbidden.

Joseph Lhevinne.

When Josef Lhevinne was eight years old his piano teacher, Nills Krisander, a Swedish musician of Moscow, was so proud of his young pupil that he wished him to play before the German Maennergesang-verein. As Krisander was a member of the organization his influence finally gained the desired end. Little Josef was invited to appear at one of the regular concerts, which took place in the Festival Hall of the Slavianski Bazaar in Moscow, and there, before dozens of well-known musicians, he played the Clementi Sonata in B minor. He was such a tiny little chap that his feet did not reach the pedals, so his teacher sat beside him and did the pedaling. Josef was warmly applauded, and for an encore played a difficult composition by Gottschalk. Although there was an extremely large crowd, the affair impressed young Josef as simply an entertainment and rather good fun, and he played without the slightest embarrassment. The next day the fee for the engagement was sent to his home, and it consisted of a formidable assortment of candies and cakes, together with several pretty toys. When Josef was about twelve years old he received an invitation to play at a musicale at the palace of Count Brewner de la Gardie, commander of the Moscow garrison, and there he was heard by a number of high Russian officials, among them his imperial highness, the Grand Duke Constantin Constantinovitch, through whose influence Lhevinne later received a scholarship for admission to the Moscow Imperial Conservatoire.

Frau Isolde Beidler, wife of the leader of Munich Opera, has lost in the legal action to determine whether or not she is the daughter of Richard Wagner. The court at Bayreuth decided in favor of Frau Cosima Wagner's contention that Isolde was the legitimate daughter of Hans von Bülow, Cosima's first husband, from whom she was divorced in 1870, several years after she had begun to live with Wagner. The case originated in the attempt of Cosima Wagner and her son, Siegfried, to prevent Frau Beidler from using the words "née Wagner" after her name, and also from sharing in Wagner's estate.

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VANITY FAIR.

The Rev. Dr. Anna Shaw has been unburdening herself on the subject of the marriage ceremony, which she calls a "poll parrot affair," and which is used "without solemnity, dignity, or character." Presumably these animadversions upon a harmless formula are due to the fact that the bride, in the unsuffragette versions, must promise to obey her husband, and of course any suggestion of obedience is peculiarly obnoxious to a democratic and feminist age that obeys nothing except the behests of silliness. Dr. Shaw almost splutters in her rage when she thinks of such a thing:

As for the word "obey," I had only one girl who wanted to make such a crazy promise. In fact, she insisted on it. There was only one thing for me to do. I refused to marry her. She had to take the bridegroom to another minister.

No woman obeys her husband. No man with common sense asks his wife to obey him. In fact, it is a greater disgrace to expect than to promise such a thing. No man would respect another man for demanding it. Therefore I think that it is positively wicked to use this word in the marriage contract.

It seems now that it is "positively wicked" to promise to obey your husband. Now we wonder where the Rev. Dr. Shaw gets her ideas of wickedness from. Referring to her somewhat lengthy record in the new issue of "Who's Who," a record supplied by herself, we find that she lays much stress upon her Christian career. She was the "first" woman to be ordained by the M. P. Church, whatever that may be; she was the "first" ordained woman who ever preached in various European cities, all of them enumerated; and she was the "only" woman who ever preached in Gustav Vasa Cathedral, Sweden. It would seem that Dr. Shaw is a chronic sufferer from inflammation of the ego, but we can not help wondering why she calls herself a Christian, seeing that she now considers it to be "positively wicked" to do the thing that is expressly commanded in the Christian Scriptures. Thus in Genesis iii, 16, we read, "And he (man) shall rule over thee (woman)." Paul is represented as saying: "Wives, submit yourselves unto your husbands, as unto the Lord. For the husband is head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church. . . . Therefore as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything."

Similar precepts are to be found in various other places. Now of course all these may be relics of ancient and barbarous superstitions, and it is quite open to Dr. Shaw to believe so. But we can not understand how at the same time she can be a Christian. Now suppose Dr. Shaw were to drop the piety stunt altogether because it is obviously incompatible with the theory that it is "positively wicked" for a wife to promise to obey her husband. Moreover, it must go against the grain for so ardent a feminist to obey even God, unless a suffragette theology should decide henceforth to use feminine pronouns when it says its little prayers at night before turning in to its lonely little bed.

The maidens of Ecaussines in France seem to have come to a satisfactory settlement of the question whether women should propose. Twelve years ago they faced the problem manfully, or perhaps it would be better to say courageously, and invited the young men of the neighborhood to meet them at dinner, object matrimony, and fourteen affianced couples rose from the festive board. Since that time the ceremony has been repeated yearly, and in 1908 there were fifteen hundred men and girls around the dining tables. This year the weather was bad and the attendance was not so large. The men sit on one side of the tables and the girls on the other, and after the feast there is a rapid selection of partners for a long roam over the hillsides. Special trains are run from the neighboring towns and the scene is one of extraordinary festivity, as well it may be.

The admirable feature of the occasion is the frank admission of the girls that they would like to be married, and why a girl should be ashamed to admit this it is past the wit of man to understand. The reports tell us that on this last occasion there was no false mincing, pride about the beautiful girl who had been chosen as president of the proceedings. She made a speech extolling matrimony and inviting her guests to consider the matter seriously and to take advantage of the opportunities presented by the fête.

Such a proceeding as this would probably be impossible in any Anglo-Saxon country. The combined forces of puritanism and hypocrisy would interpose their veto, but we may none the less admire the spirit of the thing and the frankness that called it forth. The ancient myth that gives to women the role of the pursued and of the reluctant captive was never a creditable one for women

to assume and it is now threadbare. There is no more reason why a woman should be ashamed to express a wish for the partnership of marriage than a wish for any other rôle. There can never be any real dignity in playing an obviously false part, and the sooner it is discarded the better. The girls of Ecaussines are in no way remarkable in wishing to be married, but they are remarkable in having the courage to say so. If we ourselves happened to be in need of a wife, which we are not, we should seriously consider a journey to the north of France and a participation in this delightful ceremony. And in that case the journey home again would be just twice as expensive as the journey out. And cheap at the price.

A report from Copenhagen says that Mme. von Bouditz has been appointed captain of a transatlantic steamship. Now here, ladies, is your chance. You can now show your devotion to feminist principles by so arranging your European trip as to sail under Mme. von Bouditz. You will then have the satisfaction of knowing that even though there are icebergs dead ahead and a blanket of fog creeping over the scene the hand of one of your own sex is at the helm.

Mrs. Havelock Ellis says "one of the sweetest memories of my married life is that of seeing my husband mend his own shirt." Now we have heard a good deal of Mr. Havelock Ellis lately, and we are beginning to wish that we could hear from him. Indeed we have heard so much of him that there can not be much left to tell. But we should like to hear his views on the nourishment of infants.

London hostesses are said to be much perturbed by the constant invasion of their houses by uninvited guests. At several recent balls there have been several young men present whom no one seemed to know, and there was a strong suspicion that they had drifted in from the street in order to enjoy a gratuitous supper of *pâte de foie gras* and champagne.

Practically there is no remedy. No woman can be expected to know a thousand people, and sometimes as many as three thousand invitations have been issued to a single garden party. And it is not an easy thing to demand of some one person that he produce his credentials and account for his presence. He might be a genuine guest and an important one.

The difficulty is increased by the modern custom of inviting women to a party with permission to bring a man. "To dine, dance, and bring a man" is now quite a usual formula and therefore it is obviously impossible to identify men whom one does not know and has not specifically invited. It is now quite easy for any well-dressed man to saunter into any house where a party is in progress, have a good time and a good supper, and no one be any the wiser.

Vice-President Marshall's remark, "My wife is against suffrage, and that settles me," has inspired a good deal of poetry (says the *Woman's Journal*). Feargus O'Brien writes:

My wife dislikes the income tax,
And so I can not pay it;
She says that golf all interest lacks,
So now I never play it;
She is opposed to tolls repeal
(Though why, I can not say),
But woman's duty is to feel,
And man's is to obey.

And Peter Parkins says:

I'm in a hard position for a perfect gentleman,
I want to please the ladies, but I don't see how I can.
My present wife's a suffragist, and counts on my support,
But my mother is an anti of the rather biting sort;
One grandmother is on the fence, the other much opposed,
And my sister lives in Oregon, and thinks the question's closed;
Each one is counting on my vote to represent her view.
Now what should you think proper for a gentleman to do?

Incidentally we may wonder if any other country in the world could produce a statesman in a position such as that of Vice-President of the United States who would be guilty of a remark as silly as this. Are there any other great questions of the day that are settled for Vice-President Marshall by the opinions of Mrs. Marshall?

St. Pierre, with its 30,000 inhabitants, destroyed by the eruption of Mount Pelee, has never been rebuilt. The city is as barren as an abandoned granite quarry, and reminds the visitor of Pompeii. Even yet the ruins are being searched for valuables, although the place is still under police control. Two or three streets have been excavated and some half-dozen temporary buildings erected; but otherwise little has been done.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

When Irvin Cobb was rewrite man for the New York Evening World he left the office one night, highly incensed, after a spat with Charles Chapin, the city editor. He returned the next morning, still ruffled, to find that Chapin was absent. "Where's the old man?" he inquired. An assistant informed him that Chapin was ill. "Dear me!" said Cobb, much concerned. "I hope it's nothing trivial."

He was a long-suffering traveler on a little single-track railroad, and he complained bitterly about the lateness of the train and the irregularity of the service. The employee remonstrated in virtuous indignation. "I've been on this here line, sir," he began, "upward of eight years, and—" "Have you, indeed?" interrupted the traveler sympathetically. "At what station did you get on?"

At an Eastern military academy the night guard heard a noise. "Halt! Who goes there?" he called, in accordance with army regulations. It was another student bent on midnight frolic, and he answered, "Moses." This frivolous and utter disregard of military rule brought back the command, the guard probably suspecting the other's identity, "Advance, Moses, and give the Ten Commandments."

A New Yorker was spending a night at a hotel in a Southern town, and when going to his room for the night he told the colored porter that he wanted to be called early in the morning. The porter replied: "Say, boss, I reckon yo' aint familiar with these heah modern inventions. When yo' wants to be called in de mawnin', all yo' has to do is jest to press de hutton at de head of yo' bed. Den we comes up and calls yo'."

A young Frenchman was being shown about Calderstones Park by an English friend. "What a fine place this would make for shooting. Look at all the birds flying about," said the Frenchman. The Englishman replied to the effect that, with certain exceptions, it was the spirit of the country to encourage bird life. The son of Gaul shook his head and observed half-sorrowfully, "It does seem a pity that all this food should be flying around and no use made of it."

A group of Scottish lawyers were gathered round a brew of toddy one evening, and the conversation turned upon a question of pronunciation. "Now I always say 'neether,'" one of the lawyers said, in discussing the pronunciation of the word "neither." "I say 'nyther,'" remarked another lawyer. Turning to a third he asked, "What do you say, Sandy?" Sandy, whose head was a little muddled by too many helpings of toddy, woke up from a gentle doze. "Me!" he said. "Oh, I say whusky!"

A minister, spending a holiday in the north of Ireland, was out walking and, feeling thirsty, called at a farmhouse for a drink of milk. The farmer's wife gave him a large bowl of milk, and while he was quenching his thirst a number of pigs got round about him. The minister noticed that the pigs were very strange in their manner, so he said: "My good lady, why are the pigs so excited?" She replied, "Shure, 'tis no wonder they're excited, sor; it's their own wee bowl yez are drinkin' out av."

A couple went to a Western preacher in a small mountain town to be married. After all was completed the couple evinced no disposition to leave the chancel. So the clergyman held out his hand, shook hands with the bride, and then held out his hand to the bridegroom. The latter had his fist deep in his trousers pocket, and as the minister stood with his hand out, he said, somewhat impatiently and in a tone that could be heard all over the church: "Well, I'm getting the money out as fast as I can."

The magistrate had asked all of the customary questions, about taking "this man" or "this woman" for a lawful, wedded companion, and about "promising to love, honor, and obey." The ceremony was finished. The couple were married. The bridegroom, a western Kentuckian, started to reach for his wallet. Then he stopped. "Squire," he said, "I got a proposition to make to ye. I'll give you \$2 now or I'll wait six months and give you what I think my wife's worth then, even if it's \$200." The magistrate looked at the bride for a moment. "I believe I'll take the \$2 now," he said.

The Chinaman could speak but little English, and the Englishman could speak no Chinese; nevertheless the dinner went off very agreeably. The two men sat facing one another in silence while a neat Chinese butler served them dish after dish of surprising

delicacy. There was one dish especially that pleased the Englishman. It was a rich stew of onions, pork, mushrooms, and a dark, tender, well-flavored meat that seemed like duck. The Englishman ate heartily of this stew. Then he closed his eyes, lifted his hands, and shook his head with an air of ecstasy. After this pantomimic compliment to the dish he said, interrogatively: "Quack, quack?" "No, no," said the Chinaman, "bow-wow!"

A surgeon practicing among the shiftless, poverty-stricken mountaineers of the Blue Ridge hollows was recently summoned to the hunkside of a lank, chin-whiskered hill-billy, stricken with a sluggish fever. Some two months prior a barrel of whisky had been added to the meagre possessions of the hill-billy's family—the ethics of the acquisition does not enter into this tale—and of this the good doctor had learned; not, however, through any member of the hill-billy's family. Desiring to tone up the patient with a stimulant, the doctor concluded his instructions thus: "Now, madam, the best thing for you to do is before each meal to give Jim a good, strong whisky toddy." "Laws sakes, doctor," replied the woman of the house, "we-all ain't got no whisky an' ain't got no money fer to buy it neither." "What, no whisky?" exclaimed the doctor severely. "I know you had a harrel of it here two months ago." "Yassir, I know," came the prompt explanation; "but a har'l o' whisky don't las' long in a famly what can't afford to keep a cow!"

THE MERRY MUZE.

The Fisherman.
Cautious, at morn, he lies about the pool,
His rod and line a-swish;
Boldly, at eve, astride a tavern stool,
He lies about his fish.
—Harvard Lampoon.

"The Lost Chord."
"Seated one day at the organ,
I was awfully ill at ease,
I was hard at work inventing
Unheard-of harmonies.

"I was heavily perspiring,
And in desperation, when
I struck a chord of music
Such as ne'er was heard by men.

"It shivered the golden twilight,
Such a crash was never heard,
Not a chord of the ninth or thirteenth,
But a chord of the twenty-third!

"It raised a tumultuous sorrow,
Like many cats in strife,
I can truly say that I never
Heard such a sound in my life.

"It was full of discordant meanings,
As it came at the end of the piece,
And I held it for thirty measures,
And then I was loth to cease.

"The others will seek it vainly,
That dissonant chord of mine
It will stump both Strauss and Schoenberg
And in envy they will pine.

"I may never hope to hear it
In the symphonies of men.
For it may be that only in Hades
I shall hear that chord again."
—Musical Observer.

Can't Lose Grandmamma.
When grandmamma was young and fair,
The world was prim and stately;
At halls she wore a queenly air
And stepped quadrilles sedately.

Now grandmamma is old and gray—
But fashion can not foil her,
For out she bounces every day
And tangoes like a hroiler. —Judge.

The Uplift Movement.
A fat, bald man knocked loud. Sez be,
"Please, madam, I am tryin'
T' learn if you attend some church."
"I do! Me name is Ryan!"

A faded woman came th' next.
"Are you a mother, ma'am?
Statistics I'm collatin' here!"
Sez I, "Seven times I am!"


(Poor thing! her man can't live with ber!
"Tis said she drove him wild
With nerves an' cats an' fussiness!
She has not chick nor child!)

As I was busy at th' stove,
A pale, thin girl walked in.
"I seek health topic notes! No doubt
You're careless. Cook in tin?"

"Food values—do you know them all?
That stew smells good though! Yes!"
(I felt ashamed my Willie saw
Her thin, tight, low-neck dress!)

When I was tellin' Tim at night,
He luffed; then smoked a hit.
"They've got to earn their livin', Mag!
Don't be preventin' it!

"They put us in their little hocks,
Our cats, baths, what we do!
But, girl, what keeps them on their jobs?
Th' likes o' me an' you!"
—New York Times.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Peter J. Dunne has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Mary Kate Dunne, to Mr. Roy Arthur Silent, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward D. Silent. Miss Dunne is a niece of Mrs. William F. Perkins, Mrs. Alice Masten Spencer, Mrs. Thomas Powers, and Mr. Joseph Masten of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McFarland Dohle of Denver have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Margaret Dohle, to Mr. Charles Harold Weldon of this city.

The wedding of Mrs. Leila Butler Hedges and Dr. Thomas Albion Stoddard of Santa Barbara took place Saturday at the home in Burlingame of the bride's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden. Mrs. Stoddard is the daughter of Mrs. Emma Butler. Dr. and Mrs. Stoddard left immediately after the ceremony for Shasta Springs for a brief visit before going to Europe, where they will remain several months. Upon their return they will reside in Santa Barbara.

The wedding of Miss Ramona McCudden and Lieutenant Schuyler Helm, U. S. N., took place Wednesday, June 24, in the navy chapel at Mare Island. A reception was given by Lieutenant Irving Hall Mayfield, U. S. N., and Mrs. Mayfield at their home in the navy yard. The bride was attended by Mrs. Mayfield as matron of honor, Miss Bettie Funston as maid of honor, and the Misses Janet Crose, Priscilla Elliott, Dorothy Bennett, Miriam Harrier, Ruth Brownlee, and Florence Orr, who were the bridesmaids.

The wedding of Miss Cora Smedberg and Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., took place Tuesday afternoon at the home on Pacific Avenue of the bride's mother, Mrs. William Renwick Smedberg. Mrs. Felton is a sister of Mrs. George W. Melvor and Captain William Renwick Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A. She is a niece of Mrs. George F. Ashton and a cousin of Mrs. John T. Pigott of Sacramento, Miss Helen Ashton, and Mr. Raymond Ashton of this city. Mr. Felton is the son of ex-Senator Charles N. Felton of Menlo Park and brother of Mrs. William Delaware Neilson of Philadelphia. He is an uncle of Mrs. Christina de Guigne and Mr. Felton B. Elkins of Burlingame. Upon their return from a wedding trip they will reside in an apartment on Pacific Avenue.

The wedding of Miss Agnes Tillmann and Baron J. C. Van Panthaleon Van Eck took place Tuesday evening at the home on Washington Street of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tillmann. Mrs. Duval Moore was the matron of honor and the maids of honor were the Misses Marian Zeile and Gertrude Tower. The bridesmaids were the Misses Elva De Pue, Gertrude O'Brien, Janet Coleman, Beatrice Nickel, Mina Hohweiser, Lucy Hanchett, and Alice Hanchett, and little Margaret Hanchett was the flower girl. Mr. Frederick Tillmann, Jr., attended Baron Van Eck as best man, and the ushers were Dr. George Lyman and the Messrs. Herbert Gallagher, Robert Henderson, Duval Moore, Oscar Hueter, John Young, and Harry Van Coenen Torchiana. After a wedding trip to Holland Baron and Baroness Van Eck will return to this city, where they will reside.

The wedding of Miss Grace Bromfield and Mr. Samuel Caldwell Haver, Jr., took place at noon Tuesday at the home in San Mateo of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Davenport Bromfield. Mr. Haver is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel C. Haver of Redlands. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Haver will reside in Los Angeles.

Miss Louise Woolsey was married Wednesday in Santa Rosa to Mr. Harold Crew Dodge of New York. The bride is a sister of Mrs. Ernest Finley, the Misses Ruth and Helen Woolsey, and Mr. Alfred Woolsey. Mr. and Mrs. Dodge are en route to New York, which will be their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Fries have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Dorothy Fries, and Mr. Jesse Warren Lienthal, Jr., Tuesday, July 7, at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. William Miller Graham was hostess recently at a luncheon which she gave in the Italian garden of her home in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bartlett, Jr., entertained a number of friends at a luncheon at their home in Santa Barbara in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Felton B. Elkins.

Mr. George Moore of Detroit was host at an informal dance Saturday evening in San Mateo, where he is occupying the home of Mr. Richard Tobin.

Mrs. Mary Smyth gave a luncheon at her home on Jackson Street complimentary to Mrs. Robert Chester Foute.

Mr. Everett Bee was host recently at a dancsant on the veranda of the hotel at Shasta Springs.

Mrs. J. J. Brice and Miss Elizabeth Brice entertained a number of friends at dinner Tuesday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Murray, who left the following day for Shasta Springs to spend the summer.

Miss Augusta Foute was the guest of honor Monday evening at a theatre and supper party given by Mr. George Gillson. Miss Foute and her mother, Mrs. Robert Chester Foute, were the complimented guests at a tea Thursday afternoon, when Mrs. Sarah de la Montagna gave a tea at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard gave a dinner at their home in San Mateo Saturday evening preceding the dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hooker.

Miss Helen Wright was the complimented guest at a luncheon Wednesday, when Miss Dorothy Hogan entertained a number of friends at the home in San Mateo of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hogan.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy M. Pike entertained a num-

ber of friends at dinner Monday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue. The affair was in honor of Mr. W. A. M. Goode, the British commissioner to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

Mrs. Jacques de la Montagna was hostess at a tea Friday afternoon in honor of Miss Frances Orr, who was the guest of honor again Sunday at a similar affair given by Miss Carmen Ghirardelli.

Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin entertained a number of friends at a bridge-tee Thursday afternoon complimentary to Miss Edith Metcalfe.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker gave a theatre party Monday evening at the Potter Theatre in Santa Barbara. Later Mr. and Mrs. Walker entertained their guests at an informal dance and supper party at the Santa Barbara Country Club.

Mrs. Clinton E. Worden was hostess at a luncheon at the Palace Hotel Thursday, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker entertained a number of young people at a dance Saturday evening at their home in San Mateo. The affair was to celebrate the birthday of their niece, Miss Elizabeth Shreve, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Rodman Shreve.

Miss Leslie Miller gave an informal tea Monday afternoon at the residence on Pacific Avenue of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller.

Mr. Frederick Tillmann entertained a number of friends at a picnic last Sunday, which he gave near Menlo Park. The affair was in honor of his sister, Miss Agnes Tillmann, and Baron Van Eck, who were married Tuesday evening.

Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel was hostess at a luncheon at the Francisca Club in honor of the Misses Ernestine McNear and Agnes Tillmann.

Miss Tillmann was the complimented guest at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Hanchett at their home on Washington Street.

Zia Bey was host at an elaborate dinner Saturday evening at the Palace Hotel in honor of Miss Constance Wilkinson of Boston.

Mrs. Stuart Haldorn was the guest of honor Saturday evening at a cabaret dance given by Mr. John D. Spreckels, Jr., at the Bohemian Club.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rodman Shreve entertained a number of young people at dinner Saturday evening in honor of their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Shreve.

The members of the Family Club entertained their friends Saturday evening at their annual vaudeville show given at the Alhambra Theatre in Redwood City. The festivities terminated Sunday afternoon in a barbecue and a competition trap shoot between the sportsmen of the Claremont and Family clubs.

Dr. Harry L. Tevis entertained a number of friends last week at a dinner and theatre party in honor of his aunt and cousin, Mrs. J. P. Amsden and Mrs. W. M. Haupt.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus S. McDonald gave a dinner at their home in Oakland complimentary to their niece, Miss Ernestine McNear.

Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke was hostess at a tea at her home in Portland in honor of her mother, Mrs. Carter Pitkin Pomeroy, of this city.

Colonel William Lassiter, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lassiter gave a dinner preceding the dance Saturday evening at Fort McDowell. Captain Franklin S. Hutton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hutton also gave a dinner the same evening, as also did Captain Scott Baker, U. S. A., and Mrs. Baker, who entertained in honor of Mr. and Mrs. James Speyer.

Lieutenant Stockman-Bendel was host Sunday at a luncheon at Fort McDowell.

Mrs. Orrin Wolfe entertained a number of friends at a luncheon in Sausalito in honor of Mrs. Harold Cloke, wife of Major Cloke, U. S. A. Colonel Richmond Pierson Davis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Davis were the complimented guests at a cabaret dance Tuesday evening given by the residents of Fort Winfield Scott.

Mrs. Maxwell Murray entertained a number of friends at a tea Friday afternoon at her home at Fort Scott in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Ord Preston.

Captain William H. Monroe, U. S. A., and Mrs. Monroe gave a dinner-dance Friday evening at their home at Fort Scott. The affair was in honor of their house guests, Colonel F. M. Joyce, U. S. A., and Mrs. Joyce.

General Charles Whipple, U. S. A. (retired), and Mrs. Whipple gave a tea Wednesday afternoon in the Pompeian Court of the Hotel Cecil.

Lieutenant Albert Rees, U. S. N., and Mrs. Rees entertained a number of friends at a the dancsant Wednesday afternoon at their home at Yerba Buena.

Lieutenant B. H. L. Williams, U. S. A., and Mrs. Williams entertained the members of the Bridge Club Thursday evening at their home at Fort Scott.

Lieutenant Oscar Russell, U. S. A., and Mrs. Russell gave a progressive dinner Friday evening at their home at Fort Scott.

Mrs. Louis Chappellear was hostess at a luncheon Wednesday at her home at the Presidio in honor of Mrs. Richmond Pierson Davis.

Lieutenant Maxwell Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray entertained a number of friends at a dinner Friday evening in honor of Lieutenant C. P. Harris, U. S. A., and Mrs. Harris.

Miss Lucy Pierce gave a small tea recently in her Berkeley studio in honor of Mlle. Betty de Joog of Paris.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Charles R. Peters, Sr., and her daughter, Mrs. Robert J. Woods, are in Santa Barbara, where they are the guests of Dr. Benjamin P. Brodie and Mrs. Brodie. Mr. Woods went south yesterday to remain over the Fourth of July holidays.

Mrs. H. Neal Hobart, the Misses Hannah and Ruth Hobart, and Master Hobart are spending a few weeks in Nova Scotia. Mrs. Hobart returned

recently from Europe, where she and Miss Sara Coffin spent three months.

Miss Margaret Scheld has returned to her home in Sacramento after a visit in San Rafael, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver.

Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Sr., has come from New York to spend the summer with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Jr., who are residing in Los Altos.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., and Miss Louise Janin will leave in October for Europe, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent are rapidly recovering from their recent serious illnesses at their home, Muckross Abbey, in Ireland. Mrs. Vincent suffered an infection in her arm that for a time was alarming, and Mr. Vincent had an acute attack of appendicitis which necessitated an operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett and their children are established in Lake County, where they are occupying the home of Captain William B. Collier. They have been joined recently by Mrs. James Carolan and Miss Emily Carolan, who have closed their town house for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Van Schrader have gone to San Rafael to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian Miller have returned from a two weeks' fishing trip in Shasta County and are again in their home in Ross, where they will, as usual, spend the summer.

Mrs. Wakefield Baker has gone to Coronado to visit Mrs. J. D. Spreckels. She will be accompanied on her return by her daughter, Miss Marion Baker, who has been spending the past six weeks with her cousin, Mrs. Joseph W. Sef-ton, in San Diego.

Miss Mauricia Mintzer and her brothers, the Messrs. Lucio and William Mintzer, Jr., have rented the home in San Rafael of Mrs. James A. Follis. They will remain across the bay until January.

Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge Green will spend the month of July at the home in San Mateo of Mr. Green's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Green.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher have rented the home in Menlo Park of Mr. and Mrs. Percy P. Moore. Mr. and Mrs. Sypher have recently returned from an outing at Shasta Springs.

Mrs. William G. Henshaw, Miss Florence Henshaw, and Master Griffith Henshaw have gone to Montecito, where they have opened their country home, Mina Vista. They will be joined later by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chickering, who will spend the summer with Mrs. Henshaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Miss Helen Dean have gone to Lake Tahoe, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Jr., and her children are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Pickering at their home on Broadway.

Dr. Grant Selfridge and Mrs. Selfridge will leave July 15 for Miramar, where they will spend a month.

Mrs. Alexander McCracken and her daughter, Miss Isabelle McCracken, have returned from Berkeley, where Miss McCracken has been attending college and will remain on this side of the bay until September.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker and her daughter, Miss Marian Crocker, have returned from Europe, where they have been traveling during the past six months. From New York they were accompanied by Mr. Clark Crocker, who is home to spend his vacation. Mr. Harry Crocker arrived Tuesday from college and will join his family at their home on Laguna Street.

Mr. Sidney V. Smith has gone East for a few weeks' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred B. Ford and their sons, the Messrs. Geoffrey and Norman Ford, have gone to Brookdale to spend the summer.

Mr. Gordon Tevis has returned from New Haven, where he has been preparing for Yale. Mrs. Tevis and Mr. Lansing Tevis are expected home shortly from Europe after an absence of three months.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and their family will sail for home in July, but will remain in the East a month pending the completion of the new additions to their home, New Place, in Burlingame.

Mrs. Thomas Robbins (formerly Miss Alice Ames), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pelham Ames) has just returned to California and is staying with her parents at their home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Baldwin Wood arrived yesterday from Honolulu, where she has been spending the past month with her mother, Mrs. Hyde-Smith, and her sister, Mrs. Harold Dillingham.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin and Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor spent the week-end in Sonoma County, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels.

Miss Mary Chess of Pittsburgh is visiting Miss Mary Armshy at her home in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Baldwin and Master Charles A. Baldwin, Jr., have returned to their home in Colorado Springs after an absence of three months, during which time Mr. Baldwin visited the Orient. They were the guests for a

few days of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan at their home, Beaulieu, near Cupertino.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Miss Marian Newhall, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cheshrough are established for the summer in Burlingame, where they are occupying the Poniatowski place.

Mrs. Amelia MacGavin has recently been visiting Miss Audrey Leitman in San Rafael.

Mrs. Lawrence Symmes has come from her home in Brooklyn, New York, to visit her parents, Dr. William Boericke and Mrs. Boericke, and her sister, Mrs. Ralston White, in Mill Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Stone and their daughters, the Misses Harriet, Marion, and Dorothy Stone, are established for the summer in their country home on the Russian River.

Miss Henriette Blanding has arrived in New York from Europe and is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Foss in Boston. Miss Blanding will be accompanied from the East by Mrs. Moseley and will spend the summer in Belvedere.

Mrs. Robert Chester Foute, Mrs. Edgar Preston Brinegar, Miss Augusta Foute, and Miss Helen Wright left Sunday for New York and will sail next Saturday on the *Olympic* for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker are en route home from Europe after a two months' absence.

Miss Marian Zeile has gone to Santa Barbara to spend a month with Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker.

Miss Gertrude Tower arrived last week from the East, having come to be maid of honor at the wedding of Miss Agnes Tillmann and Baron Van Eck, who were married last Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Hall McAllister, the Misses Ethel and Marian McAllister, and Mr. Otis McAllister will depart today for Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell, the Misses Doris and Betty Schmiedell, and Master Edward Schmiedell, Jr., have returned from a visit to the Grand Cañon.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Wheeler have closed their town house on Pacific Avenue and have gone to their country home in San Diego, where it is hoped Mrs. Wheeler will rapidly recover from her recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip E. Bowles will leave next Friday for Europe, where they will travel until the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. Francis Carolan will sail October 11 on the *Olympic* for Paris, where she will occupy her apartment on the Place de Etats Unis. She will be joined later by Mr. Carolan, who will remain here to superintend the building of their new home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Norma Preston Ames and her children have gone to Castle Crags to spend several weeks.

Baron Van Eck and his bride (formerly Miss Agnes Tillmann) will sail July 11 on the *Olympic* and will spend two months abroad, returning home in September.

Mrs. William G. Henshaw, Miss Florence Henshaw, and Master Griffith Henshaw are established for the summer in their home, Mina Vista, in Montecito, where they will soon be joined by Mr. Henshaw and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chickering and their little daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. David Stanley Smith have arrived from the East, and will spend the next month or two at Cloyne Court, Berkeley.

The home in Honolulu of Mr. and Mrs. Harry MacFarland has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. MacFarland was formerly Miss Polly Dunn, and is a sister of Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton of this city.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Caspar Brown has been brightened by the advent of twin daughters. Mrs. Brown is the daughter of Mrs. Drury Melone of Napa.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Countess of Warwick has now started in business as a garden designer, and will undertake the laying out of gardens. The countess, who is an enthusiastic amateur gardener, established a training college for women gardeners at Studley some time ago.

Seth Low, the new head of New York's Chamber of Commerce, fills a position to which his father was elected fifty years ago. He was recently given the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws by Columbia College, from which he graduated in 1870. He was the eleventh president of Columbia and served as a trustee for thirty-three years.

Dr. Barton W. Everman, who has accepted the directorship of the museum of the California Academy of Sciences, was until recently head of the Bureau of Fisheries in Washington. In collaboration with Dr. David Starr Jordan he has published many important works on ichthyology, notably "The Fishes of North and Middle America," in six volumes, issued by the Smithsonian Institution.

Dr. Martin D. Foster, chairman of the House Committee on Mines and Mining, is both a doctor and a congressman. He was reared on a farm in Illinois, had a liking for medical work, and graduated from the Hahnemann Medical College, Chicago, in 1894, although he was a practicing physician long before that, having taken a course at the Eclectic Medical Institute, Cincinnati, in 1882. He has practiced medicine at Olney, Illinois. He became a member of the board of United States examining surgeons, was mayor of Olney, and then went to Congress.

Joseph Malins, retiring Grand Chief Templar of the grand lodge, International Order of Good Templars, has been annually elected for forty-four years, during the whole existence of the grand lodge, which he founded. He emigrated to this country in 1865, but a few years later he returned to England, where he organized the first institution of Good Templars in Birmingham. His labors changed the diffident stripling into the leader of a body growing to 100,000 souls, promoting the extension of the cause to the continent of Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australasia.

Thomas Beecham, to whom musical England owes a lasting debt of gratitude, owing to his efforts to popularize grand opera, was born in 1879. It is of unusual interest to note that on his mother's side he is descended from Thomas Welles, one of the Puritan Fathers. He was educated at Wadham College, Oxford, though his musical career began at the age of five, when he sang treble in part songs. Ultimately he studied the piano and composition, and, upon leaving Oxford, founded an orchestra at his native

town of St. Helens. And it was then that he discovered that his forte was conducting.

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

The board of works has authorized the calling of bids for the construction of the Twin Peaks tunnel, which the city will build at a cost of \$3,300,000. The bids will be opened on August 19. Following are some of the facts and figures on this piece of work: length of tunnel, 12,000 feet; width, 30 feet; height, 28 feet; two tracks will be laid in it; lined throughout with reinforced concrete; four stations, two of which are the portals; will give work to 800 to 900 men; give a weekly pay-roll of \$20,000; pay \$2,000,000 in labor alone; will take 600 days to complete. Work on the tunnel must begin within fifteen days after the contract is awarded. One of the portals will be at Seventeenth and Castro Streets and the other in the Relief Home tract.

Elaborate preparations have been made for the celebration of the Fourth of July at the Panama-Pacific Exposition grounds.

Ten improvement clubs of the Southwest Mission have united as the South Mission Promotion Association. Their sphere of action embraces all the territory south of Bernal Heights. It is the purpose to stimulate a livelier interest and a greater sentiment of cooperation among the people residing and doing business in this section.

Shirley W. Johnson, thirty-eight years of age, son of the late former Attorney-General George A. Johnson of California, died at his home, 254 Twenty-Sixth Avenue, Sunday evening. He was manager of the surety department of the Aetna Accident and Liability Company. The body was taken to Santa Rosa for burial.

R. W. Gray, formerly division plant superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Company, was the guest at a dinner a few days ago given him by his office force on the occasion of his leaving the service of the Western Union. He resigned to become senior engineer in charge of the telegraph valuation work to be undertaken by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The strike inaugurated June 23, 1913, by the printing press feeders and pressmen against the shops of the Franklin Printing Trades Association was declared off Tuesday night at a joint meeting of Pressmen's Union, No. 24, and Press Assistants' Union, No. 33, held in the Building Trades Temple.

The Geary Street Railroad earned \$136,430.20 for the fiscal year ending June 30.

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The earnings of the Union Street road are estimated at \$53,000, this line having been taken over by the city in December.

The will of the late A. A. Moore, Jr., leaves his estate, valued at \$200,000, to his widow. He was killed in an automobile accident recently.

At the "Prosperity banquet" Monday night 1500 guests assembled. It was said to be the largest affair of the kind in the history of the city. It was given under the auspices of the retail trade committee of the Chamber of Commerce in the nave of the Ferry Building.

George T. Mayre, retired business man, belonging to one of the oldest families in the city, will be the next ambassador to Russia. His nomination was sent to the United States Senate on Wednesday afternoon by President Woodrow Wilson.

The death of Mrs. Charles William Bonyng occurred recently in London. She was the widow of a pioneer, who as a Comstock operator years ago associated with Mackay and Flood.

Army and Navy Notes.

Lieutenant Charles Ide, U. S. A., Mrs. Ide, and their little daughter left Monday for Seattle, where they will reside indefinitely.

Lieutenant-Commander Wallace A. Bertholf arrived last week and has joined Mrs. Bertholf at their home on Clay Street.

Lieutenant-Commander Francis Davis Pryor, U. S. N., and Mrs. Pryor have returned from their wedding trip and are residing on Jackson Street. Mrs. Pryor was formerly Miss Margaret Stoney.

Colonel F. M. Joyce, U. S. A., and Mrs. Joyce, of Benicia, have been visiting Captain William H. Monroe, U. S. A., and Mrs. Monroe at their home in Fort McDowell.

Captain Charles Humphrey, U. S. A., has returned to the Presidio after having spent two months on the Texas border.

Lieutenant Howard Tobin, U. S. A., is en route to the Philippines, where he will remain indefinitely.

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert H. Noble, U. S. A., officer in charge of infantry affairs in the Western Department, was recently instructed to proceed to Monterey to address the Students' Military Instruction Camp.

Captain Peyton G. Clark, U. S. A., Mrs. Clark, and their son will arrive on the transport Sherman from Manila, and will occupy apartments at the Hotel Cecil.

General C. A. Woodruff, U. S. A. (retired), and Mrs. Woodruff have returned from the Presidio, Monterey, where they have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. Malin Craig, wife of Captain Craig, U. S. A., and will leave next week for Seattle, where they will remain several weeks.

Colonel Lloyd M. Brett, U. S. A., has been ordered to remain as superintendent of the Yellowstone Park.

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Ella—Her face speaks for itself. Stello—Yes, and it is pretty plain talk.—Club Fellow.

"Say, have you forgotten that you owe me a hundred francs?" "No, not yet; give me time."—Père Mêle.

Maid at Country Hotel—Please, sir, will you use the hot water soon, as there's an 'ole in the can?—Punch.

Cohen—Hands up, or I'll shoot! Quick-Witted Burglar—Fifty dollars fer de gun! Cohen—Sold!—Gargoyle.

"Marriage is a lottery." "As lotteries are unlawful, somebody ought to arrest the ministers."—Livingston Lance.

Lusher—What is Nipps's idea of an uplift movement? Gusher—Raising a glass of rye to his lips.—Town Topics.

Cholly (proudly)—My first ancestor! Do you see any resemblance? Ethel—Well, yes; you've got his money.—New York Globe.

John—Is she proper? Jack—You bet; she is so proper she won't accompany you on a piano unless she has a chaperone.—Boston Globe.

Jinks—He's so fond of prophesying, you might think he was an augur. Blinks—Well, he's next thing to it. He's a bore.—Town Topics.

"How is your wife this morning, Uncle Henry?" "Well, I dunno. She's failin' dretful slow. I do wish she'd git well, or some-thin'."—Puck.

He—Have you read about this fight over the Hetch Hetchy? She—No, but I think all those immoral dances ought to be stopped.—Boston Transcript.

Quiet-Spoken Customer—You keep everything for the piano? Salesman—Yes, sir. We do, sir. Quiet-Spoken Customer—Give me an axe!—Puck.

Visitor—Are you having any trouble to find work for the unemployed here? Uncle Eben—Nope. Our trouble here is to get work out of the employed.—Judge.

Mrs. Hirom Offen—Your recommendations are rather poor, I must say. Maid—Well, mum, yez weren't recommended very highly to me, ayther.—New York World.

Gibbs—So you send your wife to the mountains for three months every summer. It's great to have money. Dibbs—Yes. Money is certainly a great blessing.—Stanford Choporrol.

"Who is that remarkable looking man?" "Himmel! That's the magician who yesterday turned beer into water. And they let a man like that go around loose!"—Meggendorfer Blätter.


"How many fish have you caught, uncle?" asked the passer-by. "Waal," replied the aged dorky, thoughtfully, "ef Ah cotch dis heah one Ah'm atfeh, an' two mo', Ah'll hab three."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Young Woman (to her neighbor at dinner) Guess whom I met today, doctor. Doctor—I'm afraid I'm not a good guesser. Young Woman—You're too modest. Aren't you at the top of your profession?—Life.

"What I want to see," said the reformer, "is a city that knows absolutely nothing of graft." "That's what I'd like to see," replied the ward politician. "Wouldn't it be a gold mine for the right parties!"—New York World.

Deacon Skinner—Well, our pastor received a call to a church in Oshkosh and says he'll go there. Deacon Grobber—Huh! That's what comes o' raising his salary last year. He's saved up enough for railroad tickets.—Dallas News.

Mother—Sometimes there are rude boys in Sunday-school who giggle and smile at little girls, and sometimes little girls smile back at them, but I hope my little girl does not behave like that. Smoll Daughter—No, indeed, mamma; I always put out my tongue at 'em.—Boston Transcript.



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DENVER & RIO GRANDE

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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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One Republican and His Platform.

No doubt the "Befogged Republican," whose letter is printed in another column, and who appears a man of very clear vision in spite of the fog, has no more serious intent than to set *Argonaut* readers a-smiling. None the less there is merit in his proposed platform. Could there possibly be a better policy in international affairs than to mind our own business and to respect the limitations of our own system? Nationally, how could we do better than to sustain a moderate protection, enforce the Sherman law without busy interference with business, and limit Federal activities to Federal as distinct from state affairs? "Befogged Republican" is equally clear-minded in the state sphere. Is there anybody who believes that the direct primary, with its cost, its confusion of the individual voters, and its demoralization of parties is serving any good purpose? Is there anybody who cherishes the notion that we are getting any good out of the recall? Is there anybody who does not now know that our initiative and referendum laws are a burden and a nuisance? Is there anybody outside the sphere of criminal affiliation who believes that the

public boycott, with its accompaniment of picketing in the public streets, is legitimate or right, or helpful in a community sense?

But we will not go further in an attempt to take the wind out of "Befogged Republican's" sails. Read his letter on another page, and then ask yourself seriously if anybody else in recent times has embodied in a political platform so much consideration for essentials, so much respect for traditional American principles, with an equal measure of old-fashioned common sense and plain morality.

For its own part, the *Argonaut* wishes that there were a hundred thousand Republicans to stand with our "befogged" correspondent—Republicans with the same sense of responsibility, the same measure of judgment, and the same courage.

As to a Second Presidential Term.

The sentiment of the Democratic National Convention of 1912—the convention which nominated Mr. Wilson—was unanimously and emphatically for a single presidential term. Among the planks of the platform upon which that convention made appeal to the country was this:

We favor a single presidential term, and to that end urge the adoption of an amendment to the constitution making the President of the United States ineligible for reelection, and we pledge the candidate of this convention to this principle.

There is no misunderstanding or misconstruing this declaration. And since Mr. Wilson in accepting the nomination of the Baltimore convention, and later by direct word made its pledges his own, he stands committed against a second term for himself or anybody else. The *Argonaut* has believed all along, and it believes now, that Mr. Wilson will respect the promise of the platform. In other words, we believe that at a proper time and in the right way he will eliminate himself from consideration as a candidate in 1916. By way of confirmation we have a story from a gentleman who recently spent several hours in company with Vice-President Marshall to the effect that Marshall gave him a circumstantial account of a conference between himself and the then President-elect shortly after the election of 1912. In this conference it was agreed between Wilson and Marshall that there should be no second candidacies, but that in order to do the work they intended to do neither would make a formal declaration until it became necessary.

Beyond a doubt it was in Mr. Wilson's mind at the beginning of his presidential service to decline a second candidacy, and we know of no reason that should have changed his mind. True, every President is surrounded by influences tending to promote his ambition for continuance in office. There are always unfinished projects which he would like to see through. When there is an army of place-holders, great and small, whose political fortunes are bound up with the life of the administration. Pride enters into it, and gives support to the tradition which in times past has authorized incumbents of the presidential office to expect a second term. All these forces will combine to shake Mr. Wilson's earlier resolution to respect the mandate of his party and sustain his own pledges made in conformity with it.

But, seriously, what has Mr. Wilson to gain from a second term in the presidency, even presuming that he might win it? He certainly could command his party nomination; every President has under his hand power sufficient to this end. But suppose Mr. Wilson were to be reëlected—a matter of grave doubt under all the circumstances—what would it yield him? All that he has undertaken to do will be off the boards before the end of his present term. A second campaign, particularly if Mr. Roosevelt should be in the running, could hardly fail to be furiously strenuous, and it would put upon the President a physical trial which he is not

qualified to sustain. Then continuance in office would imply continuance of a strain from which the President suffers obviously. In brief, a second campaign and a second term in office would surely shorten, if indeed it did not terminate, Mr. Wilson's life. The logical course for the President is to take a firm stand upon his party platform, in keeping with its spirit and its letter, and refuse to be a candidate. By this course he would win a distinct element of fame and as distinctly strengthen his party. He would, too, by this course deal a body blow to his dearest enemy, Roosevelt, who as a presidential candidate must, in the language of the street, eat his own words.

There are stories afloat to the effect that Mr. Wilson in 1912, in return for favors received and receivable, pledged his support to Mr. Bryan in 1916. Probably these stories are fabrications. It is not the way of a man like Mr. Wilson to enter into bargains of this kind, albeit many scurvy trades are made in politics. But Bryan would be difficult to nominate, and nominated, he would be difficult or impossible to elect. The President knows it. No matter how the President may dissemble the fact, Bryan has been a sore burden to him this past year and a half. And nobody knows better than Mr. Wilson that Bryan has no judgment for administration, no propensity or capacity for executive office. After Bryan, there is nobody to whom Mr. Wilson owes anything. To Speaker Clark he certainly has no obligation since the Canal-tolls battle, nor has there been anything in the recent career of Mr. Underwood to command warm partisanship on the part of the President. The logical thing and the easy thing for the President to do is to take high ground and refuse to name the Democratic nominee in 1916. By this course he will avoid embarrassment and at the same time gratify his propensity for doing things different from others who have preceded him. Why should he, following the example of Roosevelt and earlier Presidents, seek to name his successor? It would be more reasonable, better in accord with his character and temperament, to leave the selection of the candidate to the party, saying, "I have done my work; it is for you to determine what is to follow."

Despite the conditions, which include the pledge of the party and Mr. Wilson's own pledge in support of the one-term principle, the common presumption at Washington and throughout the country is that Mr. Wilson will try for a second term. All present political calculations of all parties appear to be based upon this presumption. But we believe that a supreme surprise awaits the country—nothing less than the declination of a man established in the presidential office and in practical control of the government to be in any way considered in connection with a second official term.

There are many reasons why, even if this should be Mr. Wilson's purpose, he should be slow to announce it. Much of his strength with his party in Congress is founded in the presumption that he will be the nominee in 1916, and the possible or probable President for another four years. He is now the fountain of power, if not of honors, and presumptively is to hold this character for years to come. All this means influence, very positive, very potential. Mr. Wilson knows it. He knows, too, that if he were to eliminate himself from future political calculations, a very considerable element of his authority would fade away. There are few to worship the setting sun. With Wilson eliminated there would immediately develop an eager and probably acrimonious contest among secondary figures in the party game. There would be Mr. Bryan, Mr. Clark, Mr. Underwood, and no doubt others, in active competition for the coveted nomination, with a complication of intrigue and cross-intrigue tending to embarrassment both of the President and of the party. It is good diplomacy to hold the situation open,

whatever his intentions may be, Mr. Wilson is doing just this.

Organized Felony.

The strike of the pressmen and press feeders of San Francisco has come to an end after a year of bitter struggle and criminal assault. The men have gained nothing and they have lost a great deal, including the integrity and dominance of their union. The pressmen had no grievances of their own. Their strike was in support of the demands of the feeders for an advance of \$2.50 weekly, double pay for Sundays and holidays instead of pay and a half, more holidays, and the employment of unnecessary men on certain machines. All of these claims are denied, the agreement making no mention of any of them. But the agreement does provide that the men shall be employed as fast as places can be found for them "without prejudice because of their union affiliations," and it need hardly be said that this means the open shop. It means that efficiency and character shall be the only test. It means a partial return to economic sanity and to the only basis of a successful industrialism.

But there is a more serious aspect to this sorry business than a year of labor lost and of class hatreds and ill repute. The Franklin Printing Trades Association of San Francisco is responsible for a published statement that contains a grave reflection upon the capacity and the impartiality of Mayor Rolph. We are told that more than one hundred criminal assaults have been committed upon the streets of San Francisco since this strike began, and as this is quite in line with accepted methods we may assume it to be a fact. But the mayor remained practically indifferent to the representations that were made to him by the Franklin Association. Upon one occasion a stereotyped reply was received to the effect that the mayor was out of town, and when further remonstrances were made in the same quarter the association was informed—again by the secretary—that the matter had been referred to the police. The fact that criminal assaults to the number of two a week were being committed in connection with a single trade dispute was not sufficient to arouse the mayor from his reveries on the virtues of labor unionism or to do more than elicit the same perfunctory and meaningless response that would be accorded to a man whose dog had been improperly impounded. But if the shoe had been on the other foot, if there had been some proposal to augment the privileges and the tyrannies of labor unionism, we know exactly what would have happened, because we have seen it happen again and again. There would have been an outpouring of gushing and bubbling enthusiasm disgusting to good citizenship and menacing to good government. The mayor would have slavered and fawned upon unionism and would have called high heaven to witness that mind and heart were wholly devoted to the "cause," and to the interests of a small minority as against those of a great majority.

Whether this obsequious attitude on the part of the mayor is due to mere feebleness of character or to a calculated policy of vote-getting must be left for individual determination. Perhaps it does not very much matter. The fact remains that the mayor won his position on a platform of relief from the vulgar brutalities of McCarthy and that he is now giving us those same brutalities with hands that happen to wear kid gloves. Promising us a relief from the gross partisanship of his predecessor, he continues that partisanship in an even more objectionable form, since even villainies are somewhat mitigated when they are frank and unashamed. But the statement of the Franklin Association now shows us where we stand. Mr. McCarthy gave us a labor-union administration buttressed with rascalities. Mr. Rolph has given us a labor-union administration adulterated with hypocrisies, and perhaps the former is preferable. At least we can now resolve that Mayor Rolph shall not profit by his truckling genuflections to a labor unionism that is guilty of one hundred criminal assaults in one single and unimportant strike.

But there is still another aspect of this scandal that calls for comment and chastisement. The statement of the Franklin Association shows that the actual number of crimes committed and reported was 105. These crimes were murderous assaults, and we read of fractured skulls, the use of brass knuckles, beatings, bruises, cuttings, stabblings, chokings, kickings, and the throwing of filthy liquids. In at least sixty-nine cases

there were no arrests, although arrests in the majority of instances must have been quite easy. But a glance at the disposition of the prosecutions following arrest is still more startling and still more indicative of the fact that we are living under a city government of labor unionists, by labor unionists, and for labor unionists, and that even the most elementary of human rights are instantly denied if they happen to conflict with the union card. In only one case was a jail sentence imposed, and this was the work of Judge Crist. Six prosecutions were conducted before Judge Deasy, and he acquitted all of them or released the prisoners on their own recognizances. Five cases were conducted before Judge Sullivan, and he acquitted all of them, or released the prisoners on their own recognizances. Judge Crist put a prisoner on thirty days' probation for squirting a vile liquid on four young girls, and inasmuch as Judge Crist is the pet and the protégé of the women voters it would be interesting to know what they have to say to this. Judge Crist released two men on their own recognizances for assault, in one case with a knife, and he passed a suspended sentence on another man for assault. The list in many respects is incomplete, and the name of the judge is not always given, but it seems that every case brought before Judge Deasy or Judge Sullivan was practically dismissed. If there is any considerable volume of good citizenship in San Francisco these two judges should not be allowed to return to the bench, and the *Argonaut* will see to it that their names and performances are not forgotten. In some cases non-union workmen were actually prosecuted for defending themselves against assault and heavily fined. It would seem that we have gained nothing by the defeat of Mayor McCarthy. The city is still under the evil domination of a labor-union mayor, of a labor-union police, and of a labor-union bench. The labor unionists of the city have still an almost unchecked immunity to murder and outrage while the mayor looks another way and the police judges smile their approval.

A Destructive Adjudication.

In an address delivered last November before the State Bar Association at San Diego, Mr. Eshleman of the State Railroad Commission laid down the principle that "the amount of money wisely invested in a public utility property is the best evidence of value for rate-fixing purposes, and is the controlling element in determining the amount on which a utility should be permitted to earn." A theory so rigid and championed by the authoritative head of the rate-making tribunal naturally gave rise to wide public discussion. In criticism of Mr. Eshleman's rule it was pointed out that in every business or enterprise there must be more or less expenditure upon experimental account. Every considerable concern or business which has reached the "going" stage has in its back history a record of expenditure unwise in the sense of having been wasted in try-outs of projects which failed to yield results, and for which something else had ultimately to be substituted. Regarded strictly and in the clear light of hindsight, such expenditures must be classified as unwise. Yet the highest business wisdom never has been and never will be able to avoid them. To eliminate from capital account every element of cost which in the final reckoning may not be accredited as "wise" would be to cut down arbitrarily and unfairly the amount of capital investment; and it would obviously be unfair to those who have invested in a business in good faith and have developed it by the only means through which any business may be worked up.

Mr. Eshleman and his associates of the state commission have apparently given scant heed to the protest above outlined. Now in a case concerning rates allowed to the Pacific Gas and Electric Company in supplying the town of Antioch with electric current Mr. Eshleman's rule is enforced with this addition: "The effects of abnormal conditions, bad management, poor judgment, the lack of ordinary care and foresight, must be borne by the utility, and not by the public." Here is a jumble of unrelated things. It will readily be admitted that "poor judgment" and "lack of ordinary care" should be made to suffer their own natural consequences. But "abnormal conditions" come under quite another head. Abnormal conditions include the chances of weather, the hazards of fire, the vicissitudes which grow out of labor troubles—strikes and the like—and a multitude of other circumstances directly

related to the charges of business and ultimately referable to capital account. Under the rule laid down by the commission, a public utility must, if it is to save itself whole, always get the best of all chances, enjoy fair weather, and play in good luck.

The *Argonaut* is entirely in sympathy with the principle of regulation of public utilities. Experience has abundantly demonstrated the fact that if public utilities are left to unrestrained courses selfishness and greed will dominate them. But regulation is one thing and exploitation is another; and in the immediate instance the machinery of regulation is plainly working injustice. The rule as laid down by the commission is practically destructive in that its enforcement must cut from every public utility service a very considerable element of its normal and legitimate capitalization. Another effect of this principle must be to discourage development by private capital of any public utility, since nobody in his senses will put in his capital under a scheme of regulation certain to destroy part of the investment while allowing no margin of credit in compensation of hazard, and which concedes nothing to natural growth in values.

We have heard much in times past from the muck-rakers and uplifters about judge-made law. We are now getting at their hands a very considerable body of law differing from judge-made law only in that it is made by men who are not judges, but politicians. And in this connection it is to be noted that the immediate adjudication comes at a time when the party represented by the commission is seeking desperately to exploit itself before the public and when the chairman of the commission is himself a candidate for state office. This interesting conjunction of circumstances may of course be purely accidental.

Minor Washington Matters.

A news dispatch which told last week of an unpleasant incident on a Washington golf links omitted the interesting inside of the story. To get the full flavor of the incident it is necessary to go back to President Wilson's speech at the dedication of the American University last month. Among other things he said: "Scholarship has usually been fruitful when associated with religion, and scholarship has never, so far as I can at the moment recall, been associated with any religion except the religion of Jesus Christ." This resonant but not carefully considered sentence naturally gave offense to Jewish people the country over; and naturally the President received some very pointed letters of protest. By way of setting himself right Mr. Wilson wrote to Mr. Herman Bernstein of Hollis, New Jersey, expressing regret that "there should have been an unfair implication in what I said," and assuring him "that there was nothing of the kind in my mind, for there is certainly nothing in my thought that would discriminate against Judaism. I find that one of the risks and penalties of extemporaneous speaking is that you do not stop to consider the whole field, but address yourself merely to the matter in hand." All of which may or may not have been satisfactory to the Jewish people.

With intent further to square himself, the President on the first convenient occasion went out one afternoon last week to the Washington Suburban Club, the Jewish country club of Washington, for a round of golf. He had never been there before, though the club, like all the others, had invited him. The President was playing a fast game, as he always does. As he approached the eighth hole two persons were on the green playing ahead of him. One of them was A. Brylawski, a young lawyer. The President drove toward them, and drove hard, and the ball whistled close to Brylawski's ear. Outraged by this apparent violation of golf etiquette, and not knowing who had done the deed, young Brylawski lifted up a stentorian voice in phrases more emphatic than elegant. It is said that no Jew is an expert in profanity; but Brylawski did his best within his limitations. He was going strong when the President, coming up to apologize, got close enough to be recognized. Then Brylawski, overwhelmed with chagrin, apologized and almost wept. The President made dignified apology, turned his back, and left the links. Brylawski, badly shaken, also quit the links. On getting to town Brylawski wrote an abject note to the President, who replied courteously, accepting the apology and dismissing the incident.

Dr. Grayson, who was playing with the President,

insists that there was no violation of etiquette. He says that Brylawski had lost a ball and so lost the right to hold back the players behind him. He says also that the President distinctly called "fore." Brylawski is too scared to say anything, for his club threatens to discipline him for cussing the President. But his friends declare that he had not lost a ball and that the President did not say "fore."

Ordinarily the President is a careful and considerate player. But he may have been spoiled by sixteen months of the kind of privilege which everybody yields to royalty. No matter where he plays, everybody defers to him, insisting on his "playing through" and the like, disregarding all rules in his favor. And perhaps he has grown to expect this. But however the case may be, the President's attempt, by use of the Washington Suburban Club's links, to condone the affront of his unfortunate speech at the dedication of the university was an unhappy failure.

There is more or less disturbance at Washington over the fact that the courts of the District of Columbia have overruled The Presidential Will in the case of Oliver P. Newman, one of Mr. Wilson's appointees as District Commissioner, who has been holding the position for about a year. It is declared by the decision that Newman is not qualified for the office, and that he has been sitting illegally. Newman and his friends are indignant, and the matter is to be carried up to the Supreme Court of the United States. The President is with them. He regards the attack on Newman's appointment as being directly personal against himself.

Newman is a newspaper writer of the near-Socialist school, and for years has been connected with the Scripps-McRae newspaper syndicate. Newman had been stationed by his employers in different parts of the country—at Washington, Chicago, and elsewhere, having been in Washington some months in 1910. During the presidential campaign he traveled the country over as a correspondent, his family in the meanwhile being domiciled at Chicago, from which city he registered on his travels. Now the law requires that a commissioner shall have been a bona fide resident of the district for at least three years prior to his appointment. But what is a little law like this between friends? The President, to pay his debt to the Scripps people, who had done much for him in the campaign, named Newman. The verdict implies that he violated the law.

Government of the district, under the commission of which Newman is a member, is conspicuously, not to say notoriously, inefficient. Newman has no special qualifications for his job. He is merely a theorist and a critic. He has long been active in the business of "uplift," and, like all of his kind, feels that he has a public job coming to him. The assumed justification for attempting to get into office as a resident of the district is that his intention was to make Washington his home. The jury thought this plea too far fetched.

The perennially vexed and vexing question of congressional mileage allowance has been more or less to the fore in recent weeks. There are two forms of adjusting this question, one by paying the actual traveling expenses incurred by representatives and immediate dependent members of their families going to and returning from each session of Congress. The other is a flat allowance of twenty cents per mile. The flat allowance is preferred by the average congressman for reasons not difficult to understand. Some have no families, others have small families, many do not bring their families at all. For all such the allowance of twenty cents per mile leaves a neat balance in pocket; and it is not observed that congressmen more than anybody else are lacking in the spirit of thrift. It is a curiously interesting fact that while most congressmen are anxious for the flat allowance of twenty cents per mile, few are willing that their votes shall be recorded in favor of this proposition. When the matter is considered in committee of the whole, of which no records are kept, there is a full vote in favor of the flat rate. But whenever it gets into shape where the vote goes on the record there is diligent shuffling to get the matter into some evasive form. This sort of thing, which in Washington is called four-flushing, has served mightily to disgust Representative Falconer of Washington. Falconer is a Bull-Mooser, and he is openly

for the largest allowance for himself and his associates that can be worked out of the treasury. What is more, he doesn't care who knows it. He cast an unrecorded vote in committee of the whole for the flat rate of twenty cents per mile, and again in open proceedings when the record was made. Others voted the same way in committee, but dodged the issue when it came to a record-making procedure. Disgusted at this inconsistent and cowardly course, Mr. Falconer broke loose the other day in a speech which fairly shook the cobwebs out of the rafters. "There never was," he said, "a more complete demonstration of political trimming by parliamentary chicanery." The House heard in surprise and with approval. None the less the juggling will go on and in the end the flat rate will rule. Nearly everybody is afraid of it as a political record, but they all want it.

One of Brother Josephus Daniels's projects for reform in navy practice is to open wider the doors of the naval academy to what is called naval apprentices, the idea being to introduce a more democratic spirit into a service to which the democratic idea is and always has been repugnant and impracticable. One of the first of the apprentices was M. P. Harris of Mississippi, who entered on the appointment of Senator John Sharp Williams a few weeks ago. After Harris entered it was found that he had not only passed the entrance examination for himself, but had been so generous as to substitute for a less qualified fellow enlisted man, one T. D. Longre, also of Mississippi. The fact that the examinations were held at different times and places and before different examiners made this feat possible. Midshipman Longre got wind of the fact that the fraud had been discovered and promptly left the academy on the run for parts unknown. Harris tried to follow suit, but was nabbed, and his offense proved upon him. Last week he was taken out of arrest, escorted by a guard to the academy gate, and there dishonorably and ceremoniously discharged from the service.

In civil service examinations substitution of one man for another is a felony. It was for this that one James M. Curley of Boston was sent to prison some years ago. But the Democracy of Boston, apparently regarding this crime as a mark of honorable distinction, subsequently elected Curley to Congress and not very long ago called him home to make him mayor of Boston.

Another of Secretary Daniels's innovations has looked to an economical stroke by bargaining to sell two of our out-dated battleships to the Greek government, the purpose of said government being to hold said ships in readiness against the aggressive and threatening Turks. Now Turkey is almost as unintelligent as President Huerta, who has never been able to understand our permitting the Constitutionalists to buy arms and ammunition in this country as a means of promoting the domestic tranquillity of Mexico. Arming Greece to lick Turkey may be very commendable from Brother Daniels's point of view, but it hardly conforms to recognized standards of international manners. Bad manners, whether between nations or individuals, never has been regarded as productive of peace. But Brother Josephus asserts that in this case it is all right, whether Turkey protests or not. Thus far Brother Daniels has not been strikingly successful in his reforms. He was not able to make the officers and jackies mess together in amiable and democratic brotherhood. He may or may not be able to make the navy "dry." He has failed completely if not abjectly in the matter of mixing up naval apprentices with the aristocratic appointees to Annapolis. But he is determined to make this trade with Greece in outworn battleships stick. It will be interesting to see how it works out.

The New Inquisition.

The income-tax returns have proved to be a severe disappointment to various busy people at Washington who guessed at the results and who are now determined that their dreams shall come true. A Washington dispatch tells us that there is to be an "investigation of the dodgers" and that \$500,000 has been voted for that purpose. On August 1st the grand inquisitors will get to work in every community throughout the country and an "investigation will be made of the incomes of all persons who are supposed to fall within the provisions of the law."

We know exactly what that means, and we can only hope that Americans will appreciate an experience that will at least have all the charms of novelty. It means the arrival on the field of hundreds of inspectors, financial sleuths whose business it will be to ferret out all those private affairs that henceforth will not be private but public. They will be armed with legal authority to compel answers to their questions and to verify those answers by compulsory examination of account books and the record of all financial transactions. Each of those inspectors will have his individual temperament, but one and all will be actuated by a consuming desire to "catch" some one or to "get" some one. They will be the recipients of innumerable anonymous letters and tips from malicious people with resentments to satisfy and vengeance to satiate, and these will be the basis for inquisitions that will wound the dignity and the self-respect of thousands everywhere. Indeed we are told that these anonymous letters and tips have already been received in enormous quantities, and we should know that it must be so even if we were not told so. Every inspector will be fully aware that his value to the department will be measured by the results that he secures, and such a realization will hardly conduce to suavity or courtesy. Moreover, every inspector will have absorbed enough of the Washington atmosphere to believe that to pry and to meddle are among the greatest of official virtues.

The income-tax law is probably the most unpopular measure that has ever been enacted in this country. It is unpopular because of its essential and inevitable defects. It will now become hateful under the tacit inference that those who paid nothing ought to have paid something and that those who paid something ought to have paid more—in fact that all men are liars.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

One Republican and His Platform.

SANTA CRUZ COUNTY, July 6, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I am a plain person who earnestly desires that The People shall rule. As one of The People I wish to do my part of the ruling if I could find a way to do it. In the wicked old times I could vote for a delegate to a convention or peradventure get elected myself, and in that forum, in person or by proxy, lift up my voice in the councils of my party. Under the present régime of perfect purity in public affairs the whole business seems to be done by some person to me unknown, and as bosses are now happily abolished I do not know who it can be. Being an old-fashioned person, and not caring a damn who gets the offices, I am interested to know what, as a Republican, I stand for. Having no other means of getting my views before my sisters and brothers of the Republican party, I am seeking to reach them through the medium of the press, which I have not thus far found sympathetic with my aspirations. So I am trying the *Argonaut*. I offer the following as the platform of the Republican party in California and move its adoption. I should be glad to hear a second. A BEFOGGED REPUBLICAN.

PROPOSED REPUBLICAN STATE PLATFORM.

(Note—The Fludub is intentionally omitted.)

INTERNATIONAL.

1. Mind our own business and let that of other countries alone.
2. No attempt to accomplish by the treaty-making power domestic purposes outside the jurisdiction of the Federal legislative power.

NATIONAL.

3. Protective duties on imports sufficient to assure to all American industries worthy of protection a substantial preponderance in American markets.
4. Enforcement of the Sherman anti-trust act as interpreted by the courts by civil suits, and a supplementary penal act explicitly defining all acts to be made criminal. No further Federal interference with business—big or little.
5. No attempt to use Federal control of the postal service, navigation, public domain, interstate commerce, or any other Federal function to affect matters constitutionally assigned or reserved to the states.

STATE.

6. Repeal of the direct primary law.
7. Repeal of the recall.
8. Modify initiative and referendum laws to require at least 25 per cent of the registered vote to invoke either, with constitutional prohibition of elections except at biennial periods.
9. A new constitution to contain no statutes in its bowels and transferring those in the present constitution to the statute book as ordinary laws.
10. The short ballot, making all state officers appointive except the governor, lieutenant-governor, legislature, and controller.
11. No person to be eligible to appointive office or employment, except under civil service rules, who as a member of a political committee, a campaign speaker, or a contributor to campaign funds in excess of \$100 has worked for the success of the candidate or party having the power of appointment.
12. A steadfast advance in all forms of desirable humanitarian legislation within reasonable limits of taxation, but only step by step and after due investigation.
13. No street, highway, or other public property to be occupied or used for any purpose whose object or probable effect is the injury of any individual or business except in pursuance and by process of law.
14. Resolute resistance by all lawful methods and mentalities to Federal encroachment on the constitutional power of the states.

THE PUBLISHER'S PLAINT.

Mr. Page, American ambassador to London, has a certain genial facility for saying things that make his countrymen angry. Or it may be that his countrymen have a certain tendency to become angry at the things Mr. Page says. In either case the net result is the same. A few weeks ago Mr. Page said something in a public speech and on a convivial occasion about the Panama Canal, and a lot of people were wroth about it. Of course Mr. Page should have made a preliminary statement that he was about to joke. He should have given warning, so to speak, like a clock before it strikes. And now here he is being funny once more, and as he has again neglected to label his product—and in England, too—we feel that we have a right to be annoyed.

Mr. Page was talking about books, and as he himself is a publisher we may believe that he spoke feelingly and that his careless smile hid an aching heart. There is probably some mixture of metaphors here, but it must be allowed to pass. American men, said Mr. Page, spend more money on neckties than they do on books, and American women are just as indiscriminating in the matter of buttons. The expenditure on neckties and buttons is greater than that on literature, and apparently Mr. Page thinks that we ought to writhe in humiliation as he points at us the stern finger of condemnation. But we are not so sure about that, although we should be more disposed to listen with a chastened heart but for the aforesaid fact that Mr. Page sells literature. Personally I think that Mr. Page has chosen his comparisons unwisely. For, after all, what are we to do? We must wear neckties unless we happen to have long beards, which of course make the necktie a superfluity. And as for buttons, we simply must have them, too. I do not know to what extent women are dependent upon buttons for the maintenance of the *status quo*. I am not informed upon that point, and I have no means of ascertaining short of the *protes verbalis*, which would certainly get me into trouble. But if women are compelled to rely upon buttons to the same extent that men are I can hardly wonder that these useful adjuncts should become a sort of first charge upon the estate. Why, a man will drop his book in a moment if he has the least suspicion that a button is growing weary in well-doing or losing its grip upon the situation. I understand that women have a sort of second line of defense in the shape of hooks and eyes, and also a tape system that must be a good deal of a nuisance. But the principle is the same. Decency comes first, and there have been occasions when we would cheerfully have sacrificed the Bodelian library in exchange for a button and solitude. Every one knows what it means when you are obviously unwilling to take your hands from your trousers pockets.

But to return to Mr. Page and his books. Any one would suppose that the reading of books—just books—was a sort of pious duty. I should think that a good deal depended on the kind of books that one is expected to read. It would be better not to read at all than to read much of the literature that is now being given to the public. A man who never read anything but the Bible and Shakespeare and the *Argonaut* might be infinitely better educated than his neighbor who owed his bookseller a bill of four figures for modern volumes. Now I must confess to being perplexed about this reading business. To me the problem is not why people do not read, but why they do read. Glancing casually at a shelf of new books behind me I see at least a dozen expensively prepared volumes that can hardly be supposed to interest any human being except the author and his wife. And yet they must interest some one. There is a volume of history, obviously skim milk, and watered at that. There is a book in which a young woman describes her feelings when confronted with nature. Her feelings do not amount to much and she might just as well have kept them to herself. Another young woman with the same lofty reflections and the same ardor to impart them to a shuddering world does so in verse. There are two descriptions of journeys that most people have taken over and over again and that is apparently made up of unedited letters from the author to his adoring family. There is a book of etiquette that tells you exactly what to do at christenings, weddings, and other tragedies of the kind, and that is full of advice that it would be well to disregard. A clergyman writes a ponderous tome to ask why people do not go to church and he carefully evades the one and only reason, which is that they do not want to go. There is another book by a young college professor intended to prove that we have no souls, but actually proving that the author has no mind. There is also a treatise on geology, but it costs \$4, or the price of eight ties and innumerable buttons. With the exception of the book on geology—and we can not be all geologists—there is hardly a volume in the list that could advantage any human being. And yet presumably some one reads them. Some one must read them, or at least buy them. And yet where are the people who deliberately produce \$1.50, or whatever the price may be, in order to possess one of these works. If the man from Mars were to appear among us today and look over our publishing lists he would certainly say that we were the most literary people that ever lived. And he would wonder what we did with the cargo that we seem to be loading into our mental holds day by day and year by year.

But perhaps Mr. Page is thinking about novels. Possibly he believes that we should forswear the necktie and the button in favor of current fiction, and so waste our substance in status romance. Well, my impression is that people do not read novels, but it is quite likely that they do not buy them. Perhaps they borrow them from the public library, and while they may be bad for the book trade we can hardly wonder at

the practice. Let Mr. Page lay his hand upon his heart, repress his fatal instinct for jocosity, and make oath as to the number of modern novels that the average God-fearing citizen is likely to wish to own. The aforesaid citizen may want to read that world-shaking romance (*vide publishers' note*) "The Eloping Angels," and even its sequel, "The Heavenly Twins," but does he want to possess them permanently? Of course he does not. However anxiously he may search the list of modern novels, there are very few among them that tempt him to a permanent investment. The average intelligent novel reader may not be able to put his convictions into words. He may not even know that he has convictions, but he has what the psychologist would call a subconscious realization that the literary product of today is not permanent, that its writers are not dealing with the eternal verities, that their novels are doomed to the death and damnation that await all unworthy things. He may be hypnotized by the hysteria of the moment, eugenism, white slavery, sex hygiene, or whatever the nasty thing may be, but not to the extent of \$1.50. He will read Hall Caine's last novel, and the more recent stories of H. G. Wells and John Galsworthy, and be even impressed by them, but it is very much the same kind of impression that is made by the pretentious "scientific" trash of the Sunday newspaper supplement. And in his heart of hearts he knows that it is trash, and dirty trash at that, no matter how fine the literary art. He knows that the authors are writing for a market, and that they are usually writing at top speed lest the market shall melt away. There are some few modern novels that have a permanent value, and I believe that people buy these novels and keep them. And these are often the novels that are hawked from publisher to publisher and from city to city before they can find any one to give them the dignity of print.

The novel market will improve as soon as the quality of the merchandise improves, and not before. And we may as well face the fact that the merchandise is nearly as bad as it can be, in spite of the great names upon the title-pages. Doubtless the publishers are almost irresistibly led to regard the cackle and scream of the sex maniacs as an indication of demand from the book-buying public. It is nothing of the sort. It indicates a demand from the book-borrowing public, not from the book-buying public. The white slavist and the eugenist do not buy books, nor do I believe that books of this kind have any real circulation at all in spite of the claims to the contrary. Mr. Frederick Stokes has effectively burst the bubble of the "best seller," which is often actually the worst seller. He tells us that when a book refuses to "go" the bookseller reports it as a best seller in order to stimulate the demand. Mr. Stokes is one of the few publishers who fully recognize the unreality of the modern novel and the injury that it reflects upon the book trade. "Representative American booksellers and publishers," he says, "constantly show their contempt for the mercenary motives of the pandering writer." Mr. Stokes finds no cause for congratulation in the fact that, in Mr. William Marion Reedy's words, it is "sex o'clock in American fiction." It means the demoralization of the public and the ruin of the publisher.

Mr. Chester S. Lord, for many years editor of the New York Sun, is inclined to apportion the blame between the publisher and the public. "Nine-tenths of the novels now written," he says, "are so-called sex novels, in which sex relations are described and discussed with a freedom that could not have been tolerated fifty years ago and that must have excluded them from libraries and from homes." But he says that the public demand this sort of thing, and this of course may be quite true without invalidating my contention that the public does not buy them. The public reads them in magazine form and it borrows them in volume form from the libraries, but it does not buy them. It does not want these novels on its shelves. And then Mr. Lord refers to his newspaper experience. He says: "Every editor knows that the more details of sin, vice, and crime you cram into a newspaper the more copies of that newspaper will be sold, and every editor knows that the most subtle temptation that ever besets him is the temptation to print the things that should not be printed, and that temptation is more acute because he knows the people want to read them. Ay! there's the rub! The people want the sensational stuff." Mr. Lord speaks from a vast newspaper experience, and he speaks the exact truth. The "largest circulation" in the newspaper trade is the reward of prurience and villainy, but then the newspaper costs a cent and is thrown away before its ink is dry. The public wants novels of the same kind, but it will not buy them. And we find the proof of this in the fact that there are some publishers that would not touch the ordinary sex novel with a manure fork and that it is just these publishers that are to be found in the front rank both ethically and financially.

Of course the tide will turn. All tides turn. The time will come when the novelist who can be described as "essentially modern" will feel that he has been condemned. The only novel worth buying is the novel that seems to have been written from an experience of thousands of years, an experience that is able to discriminate between the eternal and the transitory and so to choose between the things that will live and the things that will die and that ought to die. The desire for the kind of novel that is described as "modern" evidences a mental obliquity that is almost unbelievable, for who would think of commending a statue because it was "modern," or a picture, or a virtue. The novel that is not a work of art has no right to live, and while art may and must use the materials of the moment and the day its essential nature can neither be young nor old, but eternal.

SIDNEY CORYN.

THE DRAGON OF OLDENBURG.

The Knight Who Refused the Evil One.

In the great ducal palace of the Oldenburgs there hangs an old drinking-horn, guarded as a most precious relic by that ancient family. It is a stag's horn, curiously carved over the surface into dragons and fairies, tipped at the bottom with pearl, and lined with pure gold. And that it came into their possession in this wise is firmly believed by every good Oldenburger:

It seems that many centuries ago, when things were different from what they are now, and men were tempted by Satan in the shape of goblins and elves, as they are tempted now by him in the shape of men and women, there lived a pious and brave Baron of Oldenburg, Hilderick by name, who was kind to his vassals and said his prayers, in spite of all the devil could do. Hilderick had gone out one day to hunt, and, excited by the chase, had ridden away from his companions and lost himself in the forest. For hours he rode on, not knowing which way he was going. At length, when he was nearly exhausted by fatigue and thirst, he espied through an opening in the trees a tall hill.

He spurred his jaded horse toward the eminence, thinking that possibly he might see from the top either the turrets of his castle or some sign of his comrades.

But he was doomed to be disappointed. He could see from the top neither turret nor horsemen, and heard only the wind rushing through the openings of the forest, or the howl of a bear from some dark thicket.

The baron was near falling from his horse, exhausted by hard riding and a raging thirst, when suddenly there appeared behind him, as if she had come up the other side of the mountain, a beautiful damsel in white, bearing a drinking-horn full of sparkling liquor. Softly she approached the baron and put the horn in his hand. Hilderick murmured a word of thanks—his fatigue would allow him to do no more—and put the rim of the horn to his lips, when suddenly he remembered that he had been warned in a dream against a strange lady, who should come to him with a goblet of wine.

His thirst was raging, but he implored the aid of his patron saint, and dashed the liquor behind him. His horse reared and plunged, for where so much as a drop had touched his flank the skin was raw and bloody.

The eyes of the strange lady shot out glances of fire. She demanded the horn of the baron, but he refused to give it her.

Hilderick's eyes started in fright and his frame shook, for the eyes of the woman changed to the red eyes of a dragon, and her hair grew coarse and stiff, and her fair bosom became coated with ugly scales, and her arms became sharp claws.

The horse of Hilderick bounded down the mountain, the baron clutching his trophy, and hearing with dread the bushes crackling behind him under the tread of the great she-dragon.

On and on, straight as an arrow, flew the horse of Hilderick, his flanks all bloody, his nostrils panting with rage. And on as fast, through the terrible forest, came the roaring paces of the maddened dragon.

The baron saw at length that he was approaching the bounds of his kingdom, but his foe was near upon him, and he felt her hot breath like the blast of a furnace.

At length the horse of Hilderick fell exhausted. The knight uttered a prayer, and looking around saw that he was within the bounds of his own kingdom, and that the dragon had vanished.

When the horse of Hilderick had recovered himself, the baron rode home to his castle and ordered prayers to be said for his deliverance. His people rejoiced as much as he, for he was kind to his vassals. It was without doubt, they said, an attempt on the part of Satan to buy the allegiance of the baron. And it was a boast with them in years after—the good knight Hilderick, who, though dying with thirst, would not take drink from the Evil One.

The proof of the story is that there is still a race of horses in the neighborhood with white spots on their flank, called the breed of the Dragon. And what is still stronger, indeed irrefragable, is the fact that the drinking-horn is still hanging in an old cabinet of the Palace of Oldenburg.

Real progress in the preservation of timber in the United States dates from 1832, when the Kyanizing process, using bichloride of mercury, was developed. In 1837 two other processes were introduced: the Burnett process, using zinc chloride, and the Bethell process, using coal tar creosote. These last processes are very largely in use today. In Great Britain and most of the European countries practically every wooden cross-tie and telephone or telegraph pole receives preservative treatment. In the United States less than 30 per cent of the 135,000,000 cross-ties annually consumed are treated.

Within six years the American Red Cross has expended approximately \$730,000, including the value of donated supplies, in trying to afford some measure of relief for hundreds of thousands of inhabitants of the famine region of central China.

HIS MASTER'S WIFE.

The Man Who Put Temptation Behind Him.

For two hours the battle had been waging. It was an autumn afternoon, obscured by fog; Poles and Muslims had hurled themselves upon one another with furious shock, and now men and horses were hid in clouds of mist, and dust, and smoke. The shrill neighing of the horses and the thunder of their hoofs mingled with the cries of the combatants, the rattling of the fusillade, and the ringing clash of lance and sword.

Vainly the general, stationed on a green hill, on which he had planted his standard, tried to follow the combat. All that could give him a clew of the state of affairs was the continued flashes of the batteries of guns.

Nothing was to be seen in the whole expanse of the plain but one great red blur, illuminating with its fires the murky heavens, with here and there a riderless horse or a wounded man. The troops had scattered in isolated combats: friends and enemies, Poles, Cossacks, Turks, and Tartars, were mingled, as if themselves blown about by the tempest wind that sweeps down from the Ural across the Sarmatian plain and makes the many-colored leaves dance about in a mad saraband.

The fog favored the resistance of the Poles; without its veil they would soon have seen that they were fighting ten to one. Savage cries of "Allah!" rose now and then above the roar of the guns; arrows fell thick as hail, lances clashed against other lances, yataghans were crossed with other menacing curved blades. Often the adversaries went at it with their hands, knifing one another with short blows; even the horses bit one another in the fury of the combat. Here a trunkless head bounded into the air, and the horse dashed away in the fog, still bearing a decapitated torso; there, a soldier, pinned to the ground by a lance, clutched desperately at the empty air.

All at once a savage hurrah sounded on the flanks and rear of the Polish army. A horde of Turks burst at a mad gallop from the forest and threw themselves between the Poles and the river. The general did not detect the danger until it was too late. On all sides rose the cry of "Treachery! Treachery!" and each turned to flee for his life, trying to gain the bridge across the river. Before engaging in battle, the Staroste Tarnowski had proposed in the council of war not to attack the Turks until they had crossed the river. The fate that the Poles had reserved for the enemy became their own portion by a sudden turn of fortune.

Almost stunned by this brusque reverse, but in nowise losing his courage, the intrepid commander of the cavalry forced his scattered troops to turn back. He threw himself before the flying horsemen, stopping them with gestures and cries, and finally succeeded in rallying some hundreds of fugitives, with whom he hurled himself upon the Turks.

It was in vain. The field-pieces of the Poles had already been taken, and all at once an immense fire flamed up behind the conquered army. The camp-followers had set fire to the bridge. At sight of this the bravest gave up the struggle; each thought only of saving himself, and those who fell into the hands of the enemy let themselves be massacred without resistance. The general had perished in the mêlée, and soon his skin, stretched and dried, covered the head of a drum offered as a trophy to the Sultan.

Thousands of men had been massacred and mangled by the hoofs of horses; thousands of soldiers, made prisoners, were tied to the tails of horses and led away to slavery. Of those who succeeded in gaining the river, the greater part were drowned; some, a mere handful—composed for the most part of Cossacks—reached the further bank, thanks to the vigor of their horses, and found themselves for the time being in safety.

Two lance-thrusts had wounded the Staroste Tarnowski. Just then a stray bullet struck him, and he sank down upon his horse's neck like a marionette when the string that sustains it is broken. There was nobody to assist him except Godomine, his young Cossack servant. The latter, who had many times given his master proof of his fidelity and devotion, sought once more to save him.

A pasha in a flowing robe of blood-red velvet, bordered with sable, bore down with flapping rein upon the wounded man. With incomparable skill he threw toward the Staroste the noose of his lasso, which instantly enfolded the neck of the Pole. He was about to choke him, and was already rejoicing in the conquest of so noble a slave, when the Cossack severed the cord with a stroke of his knife and disappeared with his master into the mists that rolled through the valley.

All at once the Staroste's horse staggered and fell. The Cossack caught his master, threw him across his own saddle, and resumed his wild dash for the river.

They had already reached, in their headlong course, the edge of the willows that lined the river, when the Staroste signified a desire to leave the horse. He could go no further; he felt that the end was approaching.

The Cossack dismounted, took his well-beloved master in his arms, and bore him to the nearest tree; there he unfastened his tunic and tried to stanch the blood that trickled from his bared chest.

"Do not take so much trouble," said Tarnowski; "God is calling me."

"May His will be done!" murmured the Cossack; "but if that is the case, I will accompany you, my master, to Paradise."

"No, no!" said the Staroste with an effort, for his voice was beginning to fail him. "My wife—shall it be her fate to end her days in the seraglio of the Sultan? No, no!"

He took breath, spat out the blood that choked him, and looked long at the Cossack, as if he would read his very soul.

Two riderless horses passed in their neighborhood; one of them approached the dying man, neighed wistfully, and then, frightened, galloped away.

"Save yourself," continued the Staroste; "you alone of all my servants I can trust as I would myself. Hasten home to Horgg; there, with your own hands, strangle my wife—'twere better so than that she become the prey of the Turks, 'twere better than to think that she will belong to another—so, no one shall have her."

Godomine looked at his master in awed astonishment.

"Do you comprehend?"

The Cossack made an affirmative sign with his head.

"You will carry out my command?"

Godomine nodded his head for the second time.

"Swear it to me."

The Cossack raised his hand and took the required oath.

"Good. Now I can die in peace, and you—go, and may God protect you!"

The Staroste fell back, and from his lips came a last orison. Then his eyes turned toward the north, like those of a man who, as he embarks upon a long voyage, casts a last look up his native land.

When the Pole had breathed his last, Godomine leaped into the saddle and urged his horse fiercely across the stream. A troop of Turks, coming up at full gallop, sent after the fleeing man a cloud of arrows, but none of them reached Godomine. He only turned his head disdainfully and spat toward them. When his horse had climbed the opposite bank, the animal, as if sharing his master's sentiment, shook his waving mane and neighed joyfully. The Cossack threw his animal into a gallop, and presently the field of battle and the torrent of fugitives disappeared, lost in the violet shadows.

A sparsely wooded country spread itself out before the Cossack. He made his way over the carpet of velvety green moss that lay beneath the beeches, oaks, and birches, which, growing at generous intervals, were aligned in long avenues, spreading their branches in all directions. The tops of these forest giants were so bushy that they hid the sky from sight, and only a few isolated rays of the sun filtered furtively through their foliage.

After having journeyed long under the fluttering leaves in the midst of the thousand noises of the forest, he slackened the pace of his foam-flecked horse. In this solitude the clamor of conflict could no longer be heard; one might almost have thought that there were no men upon the earth. The dry taps of the woodpecker, drilling with its beak the bark of the oak, or the cry of the vulture, alone was heard in that realm of peace.

It was night when Godomine, leaving behind him the wooded country, found himself amid the great marshes and pools of water, in whose calm surface was mirrored the pale light of the stars—little seas and lakes bordered with waving reeds. The intelligent Cossack horse advanced with much caution, now and then sounding with his hoof the treacherous soil. A pale mist rose in light clouds from beneath the earth, and about the horseman began the dance of the false fires of the marsh lights. The Cossack almost thought himself flying, like the Czarowitch in the story, on the back of a winged wolf across the heavenly vault; above him floated the clouds, and all about twinkled the reflections of the stars.

It was not until the morning, on his arrival at a miserable village, that Godomine resolved to take a little rest. A dog greeted the unknown horseman with savage barking; a young girl in a short garment of sheepskin ran out, barefooted and with unbound hair, bearing upon her shoulders a yoke from which hung two buckets.

The Cossack helped her draw the water, and in turn she let him drink, and his horse as well. After that the young girl pastured her goats, and as to appease his hunger he plucked and ate the berries that grew everywhere among the hedges, Godomine recounted to the frightened peasants all that had happened.

After a little he set out again, traversing fields and pastures, passing by villages and manors, saluted here by the peal of bells and there by the croaking of ravens that dotted the freshly harvested fields. And so he went on, hour after hour, across field and forest, moor and upland, never letting his horse rest an instant except at a spring or at the edge of a grain-field.

Day was falling as he reached the sandy steppe on

which was situated the estate of Horgg. The green and sombre avenues of pines reached out to the horizon, monotonous and sad, in majestic silence. Suddenly a flight of ravens rose behind him and passed silently over his head, advancing before him like a black army bearing a lugubrious message, and was lost in the distance, among the ruddy mists of the morning.

Already the château, locked in its belt of gray, moss-covered walls, rose before him on a gently inclined hill. At the side of the road stood a cross, presenting to the passer-by the image of the dying Saviour. The windows of the castle gleamed in the first rays of the sun, and when Godomine arrived at the court the rooks greeted him from the height of the belfry with a discordant clamor.

The Cossack tied his horse in the court, mounted the narrow servants' stair, passed unnoticed through the anteroom, and heaved a profound sigh as he stopped before the door of the bedchamber.

When he entered, a sort of rosy twilight flooded the great room. The sunlight came in, tempered by the curtains of the windows and of the bed that stood in the midst of the room; and on the Persian carpet which covered the floor, and on the bear-skins of the bed, it made shifting golden circles.

On the bed, half hidden amid its snowy pillows and soft furs, lay a golden-haired woman of marvelous beauty.

The Cossack stopped before her, gazing on her with dumb emotion. One of the great blonde tresses of the Starostin flowed over her breast, uncoiled like a golden serpent guarding an enchanting treasure; her gracious head, with its crimson, half-opened lips, rested upon one of her arms; she breathed tranquilly, regularly, like a sleeping child, and the dazzling ermine on her gown, made of some soft stuff worked with gold, gently rose and fell in the even rhythm of her respiration. He felt pity for this beautiful young creature who slept so free from care, and it seemed to Godomine as if he felt the quickening of some new and unknown feeling, compassion or love, that had just been born within his breast.

But his oath!—he had sworn to make the wife follow her husband into the other world. Should he kill her in her sleep? Could he do it when she had opened her eyes? Ought she to pass away from life without a prayer?

No. He approached her slowly, nearer still, and pronounced her name aloud.

She sighed deeply and turned on her couch.

"My gracious lady."

She made another movement, and, lying on her back, she slowly opened her blue eyes wider and wider.

Godomine felt his heart beating like a drum.

"Oh, it is you," she murmured, and she quickly drew the coverings about her; "what is it? What has happened? Whence come you?"

"From the field of battle, madame."

"Where is the Staroste, my husband?"

"Dead, madame, dead; but, God be praised, madame, he perished like a hero."

The shocked Starostin stared fixedly at this bearer of evil tidings, but she did not weep.

"Dead," she murmured, slowly.

"We lost the day," continued the Cossack, "and the conquering infidels are pursuing us—are at our heels now. You can not, you must not, madame, be their prey."

"Well, let us fly!" cried the beautiful widow.

"The last wish of my master," continued Godomine, "was that I save you from shame, and he enjoined me to—"

"To accompany me."

"No, madame, no—"

"What, then?"

"To kill you."

The Starostin stared at Godomine with terror; then she set to rubbing her eyes.

"No; I am not dreaming, I am awake. But you—you are mad!"

"No, madame; but I must obey, as becomes a faithful servant."

"You will never execute such a command!"

"I have sworn a sacred oath to the dying Staroste. Pray, madame, for you are about to die."

"To die!" She drew herself up, and proudly lifting her beautiful head, she said: "Am I then so powerless? Go, miserable varlet, or I—"

She was about to pull the bell-rope to summon help, when Godomine swiftly drew the poniard from his belt and severed the cord with a single stroke.

"Pray before it is too late," said the Cossack slowly.

"But I do not wish to die!" she moaned.

"Pray!"

"I do not wish to!"

"Then may God pardon me!"

And Godomine took in his arms the beautiful widow, who shuddered through all her body and menaced him with her eyes; in the right hand of the servant the steel of the poniard gleamed ominously.

"Pity!" cried the Starostin.

The Cossack stopped.

"Pardon me what I have said in this mortal moment."

she continued: "I was mad! You are not cruel, your heart is good, you will have pity on me."

"Pray!"

"My God! my God! Must such a command be executed?"

She began to weep and pray. A burning tear fell upon the bronzed hand of the Cossack. He shivered, and released his victim.

"Take all that I possess," said the Starostin, suddenly; "take this necklace—"

"You are very generous, madame," responded Godomine; "but I will not betray my master for no matter what treasure. I come not of a race of traitors—"

"What do you wish, then?" stammered the Starostin. "You wish my blood? Why? Rather take me living, body and soul—take me. I belong to you—"

"Fear God, madame!" cried the startled peasant.

"Ah, my soul, my treasure!" continued the beautiful siren, and she threw herself upon Godomine's breast, making of her arms a lasso like that which the Tartars throw in battle, the noose of which paralyzes its victim and makes of him a slave. Godomine fell on his knees and hid his face in the soft white billows of the fur that undulated about the Starostin's divine form.

"You are so strong, so handsome!" she murmured; "I have always preferred you to my husband, and you—have not I in my turn pleased you?" She laughed softly. "Oh, I knew it, too—deny it if you dare."

Slowly she drew to her the Cossack's face and kissed him full upon the lips.

"Have pity on me!" murmured the unhappy man.

For all response the Starostin pressed him more closely to her and covered his face with fiery kisses.

"Unloose me, madame!" cried Godomine; "let me go! I have not the blood of Judas in my veins!"

"Life is just beginning for us," continued the snarer of souls; "for us the future is all rose-color—for the dead, ashes and silence. Is it not good to live and love?"

"I do not wish to," said the Cossack; "I have given my oath."

"And what is an oath, what is fidelity?" replied the Starostin, with a delicious laugh.

Again she sought to draw the Cossack toward her. But her very abandon finally capped the climax of Godomine's indignation and gave him back his strength.

"Unloose me, woman!" he cried. "Demon, tempt me no further!"

And winding her golden tresses about his hand, he thrust his poniard into the Starostin's heart. She gave one cry, a convulsive tremor shook her beautiful form, and with a rattle in her throat she sank down, dead.

The Cossack knelt down by her bed and prayed in silence.

When he had made the sign of the cross he arose. The oath to his master was accomplished, his wife was dead. Ah, but she was beautiful, even in death, stretched upon the billows of blood-dyed ermine and half-covered by her heavy golden locks!

The Cossack made upon her the sign of the cross. Then he left the chamber of death, hastened down the narrow stair, and leaped into his saddle, with a cry to those who gathered about him, "Our master is dead! The infidels are upon us! Save yourselves who can!"

Indescribable confusion followed this announcement.

But the Cossack had passed the portals and was off at a mad gallop, across fields and prairies, ditches and streams, his horse clearing all obstacles with mighty leaps. To see his wild career, one might have thought that the dead beauty rode behind him on the horse, lashing both horse and rider with her golden tresses.

Arrived on the steppes, surrounded by a green and undulating sea of flower-dotted grasses on whose slender fronds the sunlight danced, the Cossack curbed his smoking horse to a walk.

Then he cast a profound sigh, and, lifting his head, gazed long into the face of the heavens, like one who, fearless of reproach, looks straight into the eye of God himself.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Sacher-Masoch.*

Tripoli in Syria has seen her manufactories steadily dwindle. Thirty years ago that district imported no foodstuffs and the importation of manufactured products was only about sixty per cent of the total annual consumption. Since then imports have gradually increased, owing to lack of suitable labor, to the cheaper freight rates, and better transportation facilities. Local firms have found it cheaper and more practicable to import from abroad than to patronize home industries. The output of the large cotton and silk factories at Homs and Hama has been greatly reduced during the last five years, as the entry of cheaper foreign goods has made it impossible to make a profit. So the looms have been gradually abandoned, and the weavers emigrating, abroad have at once obtained good situations in the foreign cotton and silk mills.

Not since 1898 has the Newfoundland sealing fleet suffered such a disaster as befell it this spring, when seventy-seven lives were lost. The crew of the sealing vessel *Newfoundland* was caught in a blizzard while the ice-floes three or four miles from the ship. The ship carried a crew of 189 men.

THE POLO CUP.

The British Team Recaptures the Trophy in One of the Best Games Ever Played.

There is no need to announce that England has won back the international polo cup. Within ten minutes of the conclusion of the game the news had been flashed all over the world and to every one suspected of having any kind of interest in the event. Telegrams were sent to the King of Spain and to the German Emperor, while the messages to England were almost innumerable. The burden of all of them was that the cup was about to travel across the Atlantic to the place of its origin.

It was a thoroughly satisfactory match. It was a victory of skill and daring over a skill and daring that were almost, although not quite, as great. Beyond the legitimate regrets for a lost fight there is nothing but mutual admiration and applause. Both Britishers and Americans say that it was the game of their lives, a red-letter day in international athletics, a struggle that has left nothing behind it except hearty good-will.

Thirty-seven thousand spectators were on the field, and not one among them but had words of praise for each member of the American team. They did everything that could be done, but they were overborne, not so much by the greater individual skill of their adversaries, but by a team work that was irresistible. Experts said that they had never before seen a polo team that acted so entirely as one man and that seemed to set at defiance the individual skill that was opposed to it. Without question the star of the Americans was Devereux Milburn. He did all kinds of impossible things, and he did them over and over again. Four times he snatched the ball from under the mallets of Barrett and Cheape, and more than once it seemed as though he would confound the extraordinary unity of the Britishers. Perhaps the other Americans were equally good in their way, but they were too individualistic. Their team play was sometimes uncertain and they got in each other's way, a thing the Englishmen never did once. They had not quite the Englishmen's facility for being always in the right place at the right moment and doing the right thing in the right way. If it is necessary or possible to designate the cause for the American defeat it is to be found here. Individually the men were all that they could or should be, but they did not always play as a unit.

No descriptive pen could do justice to the scene as the British players swung themselves from their horses when the last whistle sounded. They were surrounded by thousands of their countrymen, who seemed to be almost delirious with joy. They did their best to escape, but escape was impossible. They asked for cigarettes and the cigarettes forced upon them would have stocked a good-sized store. Those who could not contribute cigarettes did their best to contribute matches. Then the players were swung to the shoulders of their admirers and there was a sort of triumphal grand march. Lord Wimborne, descending from the grandstand to greet his men narrowly escaped a similar fate. But for his precipitate flight to the protection of Lady Wimborne he would have been borne aloft, but he wandered from shelter a few minutes later, and then he, too, was caught and carried in the procession to the crowded clubhouse. Here for ten minutes the captives were securely held by their stalwart admirers amid frenzied demands for speeches. Captain Lockett explained with difficulty that they might be pretty fair polo players, but that to a man they were rotten speakers and they would all like to get down to terra firma. Then the cup was produced, and it was brimful of a certain liquid much in vogue for ceremonial purposes and well calculated to bring balm to the heart of the weary polo player. The cup was offered to Lady Wimborne in order that she might be the first to drink from it. She did her best to lift it, but it was not made for such arms as hers and she might as well have tried to lift one of the horses. Lockett sprang forward, equal as always to the occasion, and swung the cup from the ground to her lips, and the ceremonial was duly performed with a bow first to the victors and then to the vanquished. Then it was Lord Wimborne's turn, but he refused to drink before the players, so Barrett seized it, and it may be said that Barrett's libation was not exactly of the ceremonial kind. He was evidently thirsty and he acted accordingly, but the cup was of generous dimensions and there was no need to economize. Lord Wimborne's speech of thanks was exactly what it should be. He said: "I haven't a great deal to say. I have never had a happier day in my life than this. All of us have seen today the finest exhibition of polo it was possible to see. I want to say that we have enjoyed every hour of our visit. Over here we have met some of the finest sportsmen in the world and we are very happy now that we are going home with the cup. I want to say that all of us in England will be greatly disappointed if we don't see an American challenging team on our side of the water next year, and if you do come over you and your men will be as sure of the same welcome and the same cordial greeting that we have had in America." And the cheers that greeted Lord Wimborne's speech were spontaneous enough to show that while there must be disappointment at the

result there was no disappointment at the game itself, and that it was indeed the finest piece of polo play that had ever been seen. There had not been a single incident to discount the skill of the men. Men and horses alike were in the pink of condition, and the ground was almost ideal after the rain of the preceding night.

It is indeed quite certain that an attempt will be made next year to bring back the cup to America. It is equally certain that a place in the team will be found for Devereux Milburn, whose play was probably more brilliant and more spectacular than that of any other man.

Certainly this seems to be England's year in the field of athletics. First came golf and now comes polo, and it may be said that the superstitious are already drawing auguries favorable to Sir Thomas Lipton in the yacht race.

Perhaps it would be proper to say a word in conclusion concerning the reflections that have been made on the propriety of including the Waterburys in the American team. Mr. Foxhall P. Keene has been quoted extensively as saying that the Waterburys owed their position to the manoeuvres of a little clique of men "who have now about enough rope on their necks to hang themselves." Mr. Keene did undoubtedly say this, and it occasioned a good deal of pained surprise. It may therefore be added that Mr. Keene has now apologized for his "ill-timed and undeserved criticism" and he admits that his remarks were "unkind and unwarranted." Certainly the game itself showed the Waterburys to be gallant players and well worthy of the position assigned to them in defense of the polo cup.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, June 20, 1914.

The Aztecs of Mexico are said to have been the first gum-chewers known on this, or for that matter any other, continent. The followers of Cortez reported that the Indians chewed a gum to quench thirst and relieve exhaustion. They obtained it from the sapote tree by tapping, and today the manner of gathering the sap is in close analogy to the process of gathering maple sugar in New England. The tree is indigenous to the northern countries of South America, Central America, and especially in Mexico, the last-named furnishing about six-sevenths of the entire supply consumed annually in the United States. The sapote tree is usually found in groups, frequently grows to a height of forty to fifty feet, is generally very straight, and has a long, clear length which makes it most desirable for timber. The wood is of a reddish mahogany color, is quite hard, heavy, compact in texture, and fine grained. Door-sills and frames of this remarkable wood have been unearthed in the prehistoric ruins of Uxmal and found to be in an excellent state of preservation. The wood is in demand today by cabinetmakers, who employ it in the manufacture of high-grade furniture and household fittings. The fruit, the sapodilla pear, was once very popular in Latin-American markets, but the constant demand for the gum and the consequent tapping so reduced the size and quantity of the fruit that it has become almost a negligible product. Throughout the rainy season, while the sap is up, the tapping is done by the "chicleros," whose only implements are a machete and a piece of rope. The rope is fastened about the waist and slipped around a tree, leaving the chiclero's hands free to make the V-shaped incisions spirally all around the tree. The sap runs along the incisions and is collected in cups at the base. It looks like milk at first, but soon turns to a yellowish color and thickens to the consistency of treacle. It is collected and boiled in a rather primitive manner in large kettles, and when it has reached the proper consistency it is kneaded and the surplus moisture expressed. It is then molded into large loaves and is ready for shipment.

Scientific investigation is being made of a newly discovered oil-bearing seed found abundantly on the Island of Catanduanes, in the Philippines. It grows on a large tree and comes from a brown pear-shaped fruit that opens not unlike a cotton boll when ripe and emits the seeds. The seeds are rough of surface and of a dark brownish color, about the size of a large dried prune and slightly kidney shaped. The tree has not yet been fully identified, but is thought to belong to the genus *Amoora* or *Dysoxylum*. Tradition shows that before the advent of petroleum the inhabitants of Catanduanes Island used the oil from this seed as a luminant.

The ancient vegetation which grew in South Carolina and Georgia during Upper Cretaceous and Eocene time—or, as geologists state, at least several million years ago—included the sequoia or "big tree," now confined to the Pacific Coast. Also there were three kinds of araucarias or Norfolk Island pines, which at the present time live only in South America and Australia; a pine with the leaves in clusters of three as in the living pitch pine, and a number of cypress-like trees which were once widely spread over the world but are now extinct.

Florida and Georgia together contributed over 97 per cent of the quantity and value of the fuller's earth marketed in 1913.

THE ASCENT OF DENALI.

Dr. Hudson Stuck Describes a Great Mountaineering Feat and Gives His Reasons for Renaming Mount McKinley.

A glance at Dr. Hudson Stuck's new book on mountain adventure leads to a momentary bewilderment as to the identity of Mount Denali. The author tells us that in the course of his many wanderings he caught occasional glimpses of "the greatest mountain in North America," and that he said once that he would rather climb that mountain than discover the richest gold mine in Alaska. Now it is obvious that there is only one "greatest mountain in North America," and so we perceive at once that we are dealing with Mount McKinley. It seems that the mountain received its modern name from a prospector some seventeen years ago, and that its sister mountain was called Mount Foraker by an army officer, "so there they stand upon the maps, side by side, the two greatest peaks of the Alaskan range, 'Mount McKinley' and 'Mount Foraker.' And there they should stand no longer, since, if there be right and reason in these matters, they should not have been placed there at all." The native names are "Denali" and "Denali's Wife," and "Denali" means "the great one," a name so appropriate that it should commend itself alike to sentiment and to sense.

Dr. Stuck tells us that he expected to return to his base in two weeks. Actually the expedition was away for thirty-one days. Storms delayed the departure, but the time was well spent in overhauling the supplies to see that all was properly packed and in due proportion:

As one handled the packages and read and re-read the labels, one was struck by the meagre English of merchandizers and the poor verbal resources of commerce generally. A while ago business dealt hardly with the word "proposition." It was the universal noun. Everything that business touched, however remotely, was a "proposition." When last he was "outside" the writer heard the Nicene creed described as a "tough proposition"; the Vice-President of the United States as a "cold-blooded proposition," and missionaries in Alaska generally as "queer propositions." Now commerce has discovered and appropriated the word "product" and is working it for all it is worth. The coffee in the can calls itself a product. The compressed medicine from London direct you to "dissolve one product" in so much water, and the vacuum bottles inform you that since they are a "glass product" they will not guarantee themselves against breakage; the tea tablets and the condensed pea soup affirm the purity of "these products"; the powdered milk is a little more explicit and calls itself a "food product." One feels disposed to agree with Humpty Dumpty, in "Through the Looking-Glass," that when a word is worked as hard as this it ought to be paid extra. One feels that "product" ought to be coming round on Saturday night to collect its overtime. The zwieback amuses one; it is a West-coast "product," and apparently "product" has not yet reached the West coast—it does not so dignify itself. But it urges one, in great letters on every package, to "save the end seals; they are valuable!" Walter finds that by gathering one thousand two hundred of these seals he would be entitled to a "rolled-gold" watch absolutely free!

Dr. Stuck has a good deal to say about his food supplies, the long delay giving opportunities for ruminations. He asks why in the name of an adulterous and adulterating generation should the rice be "coated with talcum and glucose," as the sack unblushingly confessed. It was all very well to add "remove by washing," but how could it be removed by washing when water itself was unobtainable except by melting snow?

It was during this period of hope deferred that we began to be entirely without sugar. Perhaps by the ordinary man anywhere, certainly by the ordinary man in Alaska, where it is the rule to include as much sugar as flour in an outfit, deprivation of sugar is felt more keenly than deprivation of any other article of food. We watched the gradual dwindling of our little sack, replenished from the base camp with the few pounds we had reserved for our return journey, with sinking hearts. It was kept solely for tea and coffee. We put no more in the sour dough for hot cakes; we ceased its use on our rice for breakfast; we gave up all sweet messes. Tatum attempted a pudding without sugar, putting vanilla and cinnamon and one knows not what other flavorings in it, in the hope of disguising the absence of sweetness, but no one could eat it and there was much jeering at the cook. Still it dwindled and dwindled. Two spoonfuls to a cup were reduced by common consent to one, and still it went, until at last the day came when there was no more. Our cocoa became useless—we could not drink it without sugar; our consumption of tea and coffee diminished—there was little demand for the second cup. And we all began to long for sweet things. We tried to make a palatable potation from some of our milk chocolate, reserved for the higher work and labeled, "For eating only." The label was accurate; it made a miserable drink, the milk taste entirely lacking, the sweetness almost gone. We speculated how our ancestors got on without sugar when it was a high-priced luxury brought painfully in small quantities from the Orient, and assured one another that it was not a necessary article of diet. At last we all agreed to Karstens's laconic advice, "Forget it!" and we spoke of sugar no more. When we got on the ridge the chocolate satisfied to some extent the craving for sweetness, but we all missed the sugar sorely and continued to miss it to the end, Karstens as much as anybody else.

Of the perils of the actual ascent the author gives a vivid account which makes the layman wonder why any one should ever want to ascend a mountain when it is so much easier not to. We are told, for example, of an enormous mass of ice detached from the cleavage wall and connected by an exceedingly sharp angle with a slope of soft, smooth snow. The traverse was so long that with both ropes joined it was still necessary for three of the four members of the party to be on the snow slope at once, two men out of sight of the others:

Any one familiar with Alpine work will realize immediately the great danger of such a traverse. There was, however, no avoiding it, or, at whatever cost, we should have done so. Twice already the passage had been made by Karstens and Walter, but not with heavy packs, and one man was always on ice while the other was on snow. This time all four must

pass, bearing all that men could bear. Cautiously the first man ventured out, setting foot exactly where foot had been set before, the three others solidly anchored on the ice, paying out the rope and keeping it taut. When all the first section of rope was gone, the second man started, and when in turn, his rope was paid out, the third man started, leaving the last man on the ice holding to the rope. This, of course, was the most dangerous part of this passage. If one of the three had slipped it would have been almost impossible for the others to hold him, and if he had pulled the others down, it would have been quite impossible for the solitary man on the ice to have withstood the strain. When the first man reached solid ice again there was another equally dangerous minute or two, for then all three behind him were on the snow slope. The heeling cliff, where the trail turned at right angles, was the acutely dangerous spot. With heavy and hulky packs it was exceedingly difficult to squeeze past this projection. Ice gives no such entrance to the point of the axe as hard snow does, yet the only aid in steadying the climber, and in somewhat relieving his weight on the loose snow, was afforded by such purchase upon the ice-wall, shoulder high, as that point could effect. Not a word was spoken by any one: all along the ice-wall rang in the writer's ears that preposterous line from "The Hunting of the Snark"—"Silence, not even a shriek!" It was with a deep and thankful relief that we found ourselves safely across, and when a few minutes later we had climbed the steep snow that lay against the cleavage wall and were at last upon the smooth, unbroken crest of the ridge, we realized that probably the worst place in the entire climb was behind us.

It was in the Grand Basin that the author began to be seriously affected by the altitude and to be disturbed by a shortness of breath that became acute. A redistribution of burdens became necessary, and while it was a mortification not to be able to do one's share there was no help for it, "and the other shoulders were young and strong and kindly":

With some hopes of improving his wind, the writer had reduced his smoking to two pipes a day so soon as the head of the glacier had been reached, and had abandoned tobacco altogether when camp was first made on the ridge; but it is questionable if smoking in moderation has much or any effect. Karstens, who smoked continually, and Walter, who had never smoked in his life, had the best wind of the party. It is probably much more a matter of age. Karstens was a man of thirty-two years, and the two boys were just twenty-one, while the writer approached fifty. None of us slept as well as usual except Walter—and nothing ever interferes with his sleep—but, although our slumbers were short and broken, they seemed to bring recuperation just as though they had been sound. We arose fresh in the morning though we had slept little and light.

Dr. Stuck tells us that his party found positive proofs that the North Peak of the mountain had actually been ascended by pioneer climbers, a matter that had occasioned some incredulity in Alaskan circles:

While we sat resting awhile on our way to this camp, gazing at these pinnacles of the North Peak, we fell to talking about the pioneer climbers of this mountain who claimed to have set a flagstaff near the summit of the North Peak—as to which feat a great deal of incredulity existed in Alaska for several reasons—and we renewed our determination that, if the weather permitted when we had reached our goal and ascended the South Peak, we would climb the North Peak also to seek for traces of this earliest exploit on Denali, which is dealt with at length in another place in this book. All at once Walter cried out: "I see the flagstaff!" Eagerly pointing to the rocky prominence nearest the summit—the summit itself is covered with snow—he added: "I see it plainly!" Karstens, looking where he pointed, saw it also, and, whipping out the field-glasses, one by one we all looked, and saw it distinctly standing out against the sky. With the naked eye I was never able to see it unmistakably, but through the glasses it stood out, sturdy and strong, one side covered with crusted snow. We were greatly rejoiced that we could carry down positive confirmation of this matter. It was no longer necessary for us to ascend the North Peak.

On Friday, June 6, the party camped at a height of eighteen thousand feet, the highest camp ever made in North America. Rice took an hour to boil, as reliable an altitude gauge, says the author, as a barometer. The mercurial barometer stood at 15.061 when corrected for its own temperature. They had now been above the perpetual snowline for forty-eight days:

We were now within about two thousand five hundred feet of the summit and had two weeks' full supply of food and fuel, which, at a pinch, could be stretched to three weeks. Certain things were short: the chocolate and figs and raisins and salt were low; of the zwieback there remained but two and one-half packages, reserved against lunch when we attacked the summit. But the meat-balls, the ebswurst, the caribou jelly, the rice, and the tea—our staples—were abundant for two weeks, with four gallons of coal-oil and a gallon of alcohol. The end of our painful transportation hither was accomplished; we were within one day's climb of the summit with supplies to besiege. If the weather should prove persistently bad we could wait; we could advance our parallels; could put another camp on the ridge itself at nineteen thousand feet, and yet another half-way up the dome. If we had to fight our way step by step and could advance but a couple of hundred feet a day, we were still confident that, barring unforeseeable misfortunes, we could reach the top. But we wanted a clear day on top, that the observations we designed to make could be made; it would be a poor success that did but set our feet on the highest point. And we felt sure that, prepared as we were to wait, the clear day would come.

At this point a single lucky day would mean success, and here the author tells us that he began to have fears of a personal failure. On that night of June 6 the party lay down for a few hours, resolving to rise at three in the morning for the attempt upon the summit of Denali:

At supper Walter had made a desperate effort to use some of our ten pounds of flour in the manufacture of "noodles" with which to thicken the stew. We had continued to pack that flour and had made effort after effort to cook it in some eatable way, but without success. The sour dough would not ferment, and we had no baking-powder. Is there any way to cook flour under such circumstances? But he made the noodles too large and did not cook them enough, and they wrought internal havoc upon those who partook of them. Three of the four of us were unwell all night. The digestion is certainly more delicate and more easily disturbed at great altitudes than at the lower levels. While Karstens and Tatum were

tossing uneasily in the bed-clothes, the writer sat up with a blanket around his shoulders, crouching over the primus stove, with the thermometer at —21 degrees Fahrenheit outdoors. Walter alone was at ease, with digestive and somnolent capabilities proof against any invasion. It was, of course, broad daylight all night. At three the company was aroused, and, after partaking of a very light breakfast indeed, we sallied forth into the brilliant, clear morning with not a cloud in the sky. The only packs we carried that day were the instruments and the lunch. The sun was shining, but a keen north wind was blowing and the thermometer stood at —4 degrees Fahrenheit. We were rather a sorry company. Karstens still had internal pains; Tatum and I had severe headaches. Walter was the only one feeling entirely himself, so Walter was put in the lead and in the lead he remained all day.

At eleven o'clock the explorers had been climbing for six hours, but there were grave doubts if the cold would not prove a fatal obstacle. A hint of freezing feet would have sent the party back, but when there is no sensation at all left in the feet it is hard to know if they are freezing or not:

Not until we had stopped for lunch and had drunk the scalding tea from the thermos bottles did we all begin to have confidence that this day would see the completion of the ascent. But the writer's shortness of breath became more and more distressing as he rose. The familiar fits of panting took a more acute form; at such times everything would turn black before his eyes and he would choke and gasp and seem unable to get breath at all. Yet a few moments' rest restored him completely, to struggle on another twenty or thirty paces and to sink gasping upon the snow again. All were more affected in the breathing than they had been at any time before—it was curious to see every man's mouth open for breathing—but none of the others in this distressing way. Before the traverse around the peak just mentioned, Walter had noticed the writer's growing discomfort and had insisted upon assuming the mercurial barometer. The boy's eager kindness was gladly accepted and the instrument was surrendered. So it did not fall to the writer's credit to carry the thing to the top as he had wished.

At last the crest of the ridge was reached and the climbers stood well above the two peaks that mark the ends of the horseshoe. Also it was evident that they were well above the great North Peak across the Grand Basin:

But still there stretched ahead of us, and perhaps one hundred feet above us, another small ridge with a north and south pair of little haycock summits. This is the real top of Denali. From below this ultimate ridge merges indistinguishably with the crest of the horseshoe ridge, but it is not a part of it but a culminating ridge beyond it. With keen excitement we pushed on. Walter, who had been in the lead all day, was the first to scramble up; a native Alaskan, he is the first human being to set foot upon the top of Alaska's great mountain, and he had well earned the lifelong distinction. Karstens and Tatum were hard upon his heels, but the last man on the rope, in his enthusiasm and excitement somewhat overpassing his narrow wind margin, had almost to be hauled up the last few feet, and fell unconscious for a moment upon the floor of the little snow basin that occupies the top of the mountain. This, then, is the actual summit, a little crater-like snow basin, sixty or sixty-five feet long and twenty to twenty-five feet wide, with a haycock of snow at either end—the south one a little higher than the north. On the southwest this little basin is much corniced, and the whole thing looked as though every severe storm might somewhat change its shape.

Dr. Stuck tells us that he felt no pride of conquest—the majesty of the mountain was too great for that. Scientific apparatus, columns of mercury that slide up and down, hammers that chip the rocks, and compasses that take the bearings became insignificant before the thing itself. It was an occasion rather for awe than for thought, and so the author is led to discourse a little on the ignorances of the scientist, whose dogmatism surpasses that of the theologian. He tells us that he knew a Ph. D. of a great university who had never heard of certain immortal characters of Dickens whose names are household words, and he thinks it is time that some one started a movement for suppressing illiterate Ph. D.'s:

Of this class, one feels sure, are the scientific heroes of the sensational articles in the monthly magazines of the baser sort, of which we picked up a number in the Kantishna on our way to the mountain. Here, in a picture that seems to have obtruded itself bodily into a page of letterpress, or else to have suffered the accidental irruption of a page of letterpress all around it, you shall see a grave scientist looking anxiously down a very large microscope, and shall read that he has transferred a kidney from a cat to a dog, and therefore we can no longer believe in the immortality of the soul; or else that he has succeeded in artificially fertilizing the ova of a starfish—or was it a jellyfish?—and therefore there is no God; not just in so many half words, of course, but in unmistakable import. Or it may be—so commonly does the crassest credulity go hand in hand with the blankest skepticism—he has discovered the germ of old age and is hot upon the track of another germ that shall destroy it, so that we may all live virtually as long as we like; which, of course, disposes once for all of a world to come. The Psalmist was not always complaisant or even temperate in his language, but he lived a long time ago and must be pardoned; his curt summary stands: "Dixit insipiens!" But the writer vows that if he were addicted to the pursuit of any branch of physical knowledge he would insist upon being called by the name of that branch. He would be a physiologist or a biologist or an anatomist, or even a herpetologist, but none should call him "scientist." As Doll Tearnsheet says in the second part of "King Henry IV": "These villains will make the word as odious as the word 'occupy'; which was an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted." If Dr. Johnson were compiling an English dictionary today he would define "scientist" something thus: "A cant name for an experimenter in some department of physical knowledge, commonly furnished with arrogance and dogmatism, but devoid of real learning."

Certainly the ascent of Denali was a great achievement, and the feat loses nothing of its magnitude from the modest and unassuming way in which the story is told and the readiness with which Dr. Stuck hastens to give credit wherever credit is due.

THE ASCENT OF DENALI. By Hudson Stuck. D. C. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.75 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Youngest World.

This novel is not particularly well written nor particularly well conceived, but it has energy and red blood and it tells us something about Alaska that it is not easy to find elsewhere. Gail Thain and his wife were students in Seattle University and imprudently married. Poverty and drudgery have dispelled the romance, and now they are so close to mutual hate that they separate. Gail goes to Alaska and is persuaded by a mountaineering enthusiast to accompany him in the ascent of Mount Lincoln. Here the author is at his best. He may not know much of human nature, but the story of the terrible climb is equal to anything of its kind. Then we find Gail enlisted in the war against the Alaska land corporations. There is more adventure and quite a little shooting, and through it all runs the thread—quite a tangled one—of the hero's love experiences. There was Martha in the early days, and he treated Martha quite badly and was never able to make amends, although wishful. And then came Arlene his lawful wife, whom he deserted, and now we have another hearty, whom he meets on the Alaskan steamer and who seems to be allotted to him by fate. We leave every one in a state of ecstatic satisfaction in the last chapter, and we can only hope that Gail has at last learned constancy. In spite of its faults the story is of exceptional interest. We feel that the author wanted to tell it, and there are no signs that he ever stopped to wonder what he should say next.

THE YOUNGEST WORLD. By Robert Dunn. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.40 net.

The China Year Book.

The China Year Book makes its third appearance under the competent direction of H. G. W. Woodhead, M. J. L., and H. T. Montague Bell, B. A. The work of the authors, so far as political conditions are concerned, was certainly a difficult one. China is in the now familiar "period of transition," and her internal movements are so rapid as to make the task of record a difficult one. But perhaps this does not matter much except to the political student. For the more usual purposes this substantial volume is as good as its predecessors, which is saying much. The general conditions of the country are admirably dealt with, and it may be said that its nearly eight hundred pages seem to omit nothing that the merchant or the traveler or the general student is likely to want. There are few more competent pieces of work than this.

THE CHINA YEAR BOOK, 1914. By H. G. W. Woodhead, M. J. L., and H. T. Montague Bell, B. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50 net.

When William Came.

This is not exactly a novel, although it contains a good many characters who act in what may be called a novel way. We are asked to suppose that Germany has conquered England and then to reflect upon the causes of such a disaster. Chief among these seems to be the lack of military conscription, a remedy, as some may think, rather worse than the disease. Then comes what may be called modernism, or a certain degenerate intellectualism that sees in every fad and fancy the dawn of a new age for humanity. With this breed we are well acquainted in America, although here we regard it as comedy rather than tragedy. But we may doubt if the author has really penetrated to the true causes of national degeneracy, although he writes pungently and humorously.

WHEN WILLIAM CAME. By H. H. Munro ("Saki"). New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

The Pillar of Sand.

If Boston were concerned for her reputation she would muzzle the novelists who exploit her supposed peculiarities. For are there actually people in Boston like Hugh Brandon and his friends, who drive their way through life with a constitutional incapacity to see that there are actually problems of existence higher than the precise caste that must be assigned to some particular individual? Hugh Brandon, who seems to be hardly a human being, is accused of stealing and goes to jail, which is quite a suitable

sort of place for him to be, although innocent of the crime. Eventually he is proved innocent by a series of impossible events, and so is once more inflicted with a crown of martyrdom upon a world that has no use for him. There may be useless people of this sort, but why write novels about them? They make us contemptuous and indignant.

THE PILLAR OF SAND. By William R. Castle, Jr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The Putnams have just published a new volume by Arthur Christopher Benson entitled "Where No Fear Was." The guises and shapes of fear, which is woven deep into the texture of things, are legion, embracing such different mental states as anxiety, timidity, and moral cowardice. Mr. Benson takes the reader on a journey through life, expressed in terms of the fears that are the milestones of boyhood, youth, middle age, and senility.

The Century Company announces July 15 definitely as the issue date of "Juvenile Courts and Probation," which has the endorsement of, and is the report of, a special committee of the National Probation Association. The volume is written by Mr. Bernard Flexner and Mr. Roger N. Baldwin.

Doughleday, Page & Co. are preparing a booklet which will preserve some of the most interesting replies received by them from the surviving '49ers, to whom they sent Stewart Edward White's "Gold," a story of the gold rush. The pioneers showed their appreciation in many ways. One of the most interesting relics received by the publishers was the long huckled hag in which one of the '49ers carried his gold-dust. Pocket diaries, kept from day to day during the long journey to the mines, were sent in by some of the pioneers, who found in Mr. White's tale a vivid reminder of their own forgotten hardships and adventures.

Little, Brown & Co. announce a seventh printing of "Sunshine Jane," Anne Warner's joyous story, and a fifth printing of Bertrand W. Sinclair's novel of the Canadian Northwest, "North of Fifty-Three."

Doughleday, Page & Co. announce that "Emmy Lou," George Madden Martin's classic of American childhood, is being reset for a handsome holiday edition. The book has run through so many printings that the original plates are quite worn out.

Eden Phillpotts's new novel, "Faith Trevelyan," has just been published by the Macmillan Company. It is a story of swinging adventure, the scene of which is laid in a remote village of Cornwall in the nineteenth century, just before the fall of Napoleon. The promise of much healthy excitement which the early pages contain, is well borne out in the succeeding chapters. Mr. Phillpotts presents no problem; he argues for no school, but uses his skill for the fashioning of a romance the purpose of which shall be to entertain.

"Oh! James!" the story of a man who tried to prove the goodness of the world, is announced for publication by Little, Brown & Co. in August. The author is H. M. Edgington.

When Dr. S. Weir Mitchell was in New York last fall, on his way home from his summer at Bar Harbor, he arranged with his publishers, the Century Company, for a volume which should include all of his verse which he felt willing to have appear in this definitive form. These "Complete Poems" will appear this fall.

Who is "Martin Redfield"? This question, repeatedly asked at the time of the appearance of "My Love and I," is now answered in the surprising statement that it is Miss Alice Brown. All readers of "My Love and I" recognized that the name on the title-page was but a *nom de plume*, for Redfield is one of the characters in the book. It was credited to Miss E. B. Dewing, the author of "A Big Horse to Ride," to Arnold Bennett, to Jeffrey Farnold, and even by a few particularly discerning people to Miss Brown. The Macmillan Company is the publisher.

Roi Cooper Megrue's play, "Under Cover," which broke all Boston records with a twenty-seven weeks' run, has been novelized for book publication by Little, Brown & Co. It will be issued on the date of the opening of the production in New York and Chicago, late in August.

This is the time of year when authors and publishers are busy on the fall and early winter output of new books. The Century Company has in hand for early fall issue new novels by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, and Alice Hegan Rice.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company announce the seventh printing of "The Journal of a Recluse," by M. F., one of the most original novels of recent years. The same publishers announce the fourth printing of "God's Troubadour" (the story of St. Fran-

cis), by the late Professor Sophie Jewett, and the eighth printing of Marden's "Miracle of Right Thought."

New Books Received.

IDYLLS OF GREECE. By Howard V. Sutherland. New York: Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc.

A volume of verse. Third series.

THE PEOPLE'S LAW. By William Jennings Bryan. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; 30 cents net.

An address.

BEATING BACK. By Al Jennings and Will Irwin. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net. The confessions of a former outlaw who was caught and sentenced, served a prison term, and is now one of the country's most useful citizens.

WHITEHEAD'S CONVENTIONS OF AUCTION BRIDGE. By Wilbur C. Whitehead. Edited by R. F. Foster. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.25 net.

The latest developments of the principles of bidding and play, containing the authorized laws, nulls, high spade calls, and rules for tournament play.

THE OLD GAME. By Samuel G. Blythe. New York: George H. Doran Company; 50 cents net.

How do the boys and the boozing game look to a journalist who drank for twenty years and has been on the water wagon for four?

ROUGHING IT DE LUXE. By Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1 net.

The record of a tour through the Grand Cañon of Arizona and the Pacific Coast country—personally conducted by Irvin S. Cobb. Moving pictures by John T. McCutcheon.

I SHOULD SAY SO. By James Montgomery Flagg. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1 net.

Burlesques on all the fads and foibles of the day. Both text and drawings by the author.

EDUCATIONAL MISSIONS. By James L. Barton. New York: Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions.

A description of an aspect of missionary work.

THE CECIL FAMILY. By G. Ravenscroft Dennis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.50 net.

A historical sketch mainly devoted to Lord Burgley, Sir Robert Cecil, and the third Marquess of Salisbury.

THE RUSSIAN OPERA. By Rosa Newmarch. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.75 net.

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formance of Glinka's "A Life of the Czar," in 1836, to the production of Rimsky-Korsakov's opera, "The Tsar's Bride," in 1899.

THE SEYMOUR FAMILY. By A. Audrey Locke. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.50 net. The story of a great family.

AT THE BACK OF THE NORTH WIND. By George Macdonald. Simplified by Elizabeth Lewis. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; 50 cents net. Issued in George Macdonald's Stories for Little Folks.

THE STORY OF A THOUSAND-YEAR PINE. By Enos A. Mills. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 75 cents net. The history of a tree.

WHEN THOUGHTS WILL SOAR. By Baroness Bertha von Suttner. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50 net. A novel.

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What Will People Say?

Yes indeed, what will they say? But perhaps the tango will have stifled all probable protests against descriptions of the tango. If we are willing to dance the tango in its crudest forms there seems no good reason why the beautiful Persis should not say to her pupil and partner, "You must lock knees with me," nor why we should not be told that "they spun round and round with knees clamped together. So they seesawed with thighs crossed X-wise, all intermingled and merged together." And so on. And Persis was quite a nice sort of girl, too, as girls go nowadays. She does not mean any harm when she leans from her window in her nightgown and talks to Forhes, although "she had not paused even to throw on a shawl, and her nightgown was so vaporous and drapery that it hardly mattered where it clung or lapsed." No, it hardly mattered. Nothing matters.

Certainly they are a strange crowd that fill this stage, the kind of people that make us despair for the civilization that tolerates them. Forhes, when he gets used to the tango, says: "I reckon that twenty years from now old folks will be shaking their heads and telling how sweet and dignified the turkey trot was compared with the epileptic crawl and the hydrophobia skeddaddle they'll be doing then." Well, it may be so, but we are rather inclined to believe that there is an ultimate and basement even to hell.

WHAT WILL PEOPLE SAY? By Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.

Briefer Reviews.

Sherman, French & Co. have published "The Nomad of the Nine Lives," by A. Frances Friehe, with illustrations by Clara R. Atwood. The story is intended for children and is apparently intended to inculcate a love for animals—certainly a commendable intention and well sustained by a pleasant style. The price is \$1 net.

Among later additions to the Bohn Library is Goethe's "Faust," translated by Anna Swanwick, LL. D., and edited with introduction and bibliography by Karl Breul, Litt. D., Ph. D. Possibly Bohn's Library is yet to reach its full measure of popularity in this country, but it must suffice to say that it is a treasure house of literary masterpieces and with a mechanical setting that is extraordinarily good. The American publishers are the Macmillan Company, and the price per volume 35 cents net.

"Harper's Book for Young Gardeners," by A. Hyatt Verrill (Harper & Brothers; \$1.50 net), is a substantial volume freely illustrated and nicely calculated to tell the young gardener everything that he can possibly want to know within the limits of propriety about the cultivation of the land. It seems that it is not necessary to live in the country nor even to be a millionaire to have a garden. Almost any one can gratify his gardening instincts, and this book shows how it may be done economically and profitably.

Under the title of "The Soul of Paris" the John Lane Company has published a volume of essays by Verner Z. Reed (\$2.50 net). There are nine of these essays, devoted to various parts of the world, all of them finely and delicately written, but many of them marred by a certain recklessness of statement and intolerance of judgment that might easily have been avoided. How does the author know, for example, that the Pyramids were "monuments to human superstition and egotism"? How does he know that Egypt has always been "a land of slaves"?

The J. B. Lippincott Company has published a "History of the United States," by Matthew Page Andrews, M. A. In this volume the author makes use of the latest results of thought and research, and although this necessarily results in the discarding of some of the old stories it results also in an added accuracy and reliability. The book is well illustrated with many pictures and maps, while the reference data and suggestions for special study which are given at the end of each chapter add very much to the interest of the work. Nothing could be better for school use or for the reference shelf.

The topical novel must be somewhat spry on its feet nowadays or it may arrive on the stage after the audience has gone home. This will be the case with "Little Lost Sister," by Virginia Brooks (Gazzolo & Rickson, Chicago; \$1.35 net), the latest white slave production. Just at the moment the uplifters are not "doing" the white slave stunt, having switched to the drug habit or something of that kind, but no doubt white slavery will have its second innings in due time. Meanwhile we may note the publishers' assurance that "Little Lost Sister" is "told in Virginia Brooks's frank, blunt style." So it is.

Amy McLaren, author of "Bawbee Jock," has a new story, "Through Other Eyes," which has just been published by the Putnam.

OLD FAVORITES.

Israfel.

[And the angel Israfel, whose heartstrings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures.—Koran.]

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
Whose heartstrings are a lute;
None seem so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell),
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
In her highest noon,
The enamoured moon
Blushes with love,
While, to listen, the red levin
(With the rapid Pleiads, even,
Which were seven)
Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
And the other listening things)
That Israfel's fire
Is owing to that lyre
By which he sits and sings,
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty,
Where Love's a grown-up God,
Where the Houris glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.
Therefore thou art not wrong,
Israfeli, who despisest
An unimpassioned song;
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard because the wisest:
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit:
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervor of thy lute:
Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but hush!
Is a world of sweets and sour;
Our flowers are merely—flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

—Edgar Allan Poe.

Salve!

To live within a cave—it is most good;
But, if God make a day,
And some one come, and say,
"Lo! I have gathered fagots in the wood!"
E'en let him stay,
And light a fire, and fan a temporal mood!

So sit till morning! when the light is grown
That he the path can read,
Then bid the man God-speed!

His morning is not thine: yet must thou own
They have a cheerful warmth—those ashes on the
stone.

—Thomas Edward Brown.

Kubla Khan.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But O! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil
seething,
As if this Earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced,
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.

Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.

It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise!

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

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STATEMENT

of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities

— OF —

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

HIBERNIA BANK

DATED JUNE 30, 1914

ASSETS

1—BONDS OF THE UNITED STATES (\$5,575,000.00), of the State of California and Cities and Counties thereof (\$6,002,350.00), of the State of New York (\$1,899,000.00), the actual value of which is...\$13,988,091.11

2—CASH IN VAULT: U. S. Gold and Silver Coin.....\$2,493,021.32
Checks 51,375.25— 2,544,396.57

3—MISCELLANEOUS BONDS (\$4,856,000.00), the actual value of which is 4,719,743.91
\$21,252,231.59

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"San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$476,000.00), "Southern Pacific Company, San Francisco Terminal 4 per cent Bonds" (\$150,000.00), "Western Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$127,000.00), "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$30,000.00), "Northern California Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$83,000.00), "Market Street Railway Company First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds" (\$728,000.00), "Los Angeles Pacific Railroad Company of California Refunding 5 per cent Bonds" (\$400,000.00), "Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" (\$334,000.00), "The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$167,000.00), "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$150,000.00), "Gough Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$20,000.00), "San Francisco, Oakland and San Jose Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$5,000.00), "The Merchants' Exchange 7 per cent Bonds" (\$1,400,000.00), "San Francisco Gas & Electric Company 4½ per cent Bonds" (\$535,000.00), "Los Angeles Gas & Electric Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$100,000.00), "Spring Valley Water Company 4 per cent Bonds" (\$50,000.00), "German House Association 6 per cent Bonds" (\$101,000.00).

4—PROMISSORY NOTES and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is..... 34,194,150.94

The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister and Jones Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State and the States of Oregon and Nevada. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.

5—PROMISSORY NOTES and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is..... 508,330.00

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6—(a) REAL ESTATE situated in the City and County of San Francisco (\$1,902,634.55), and in the County of Santa Clara (\$1.00), in this State, the actual value of which is..... 1,902,635.55

(b) THE LAND AND BUILDING in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is..... 988,819.38

The condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive.

7—INTEREST ON LOANS AND BONDS—uncollected and accrued.... 174,989.15

TOTAL ASSETS\$59,021,156.61

LIABILITIES

1—SAID CORPORATION OWES DEPOSITS amounting to and the actual value of which is.....\$55,151,348.18
(Number of Depositors, 85,363;
Average Amount of Deposits, \$646.08).

2—CONTINGENT FUND—Accrued Interest on Loans and Bonds \$ 174,989.15

3—RESERVE FUND—Actual Value..... 3,694,819.28— 3,869,808.43

TOTAL LIABILITIES\$59,021,156.61

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By CHARLES MAYO, President.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, } ss.
City and County of San Francisco

CHARLES MAYO and R. M. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said CHARLES MAYO is President and that said R. M. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

CHARLES MAYO, President.
R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of July, 1914.
CHAS. T. STANLEY,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.



"TRIFLING WITH TOMORROW."

The Columbia Theatre was about sold out at the première on Monday night of Mr. Frank Mandel's new play, "Trifling with Tomorrow." On this occasion the saying that a prophet is without honor in his own country was disproved, for the play, quite aside from the presence of friends of the author in the audience, registered an indubitable success. It is, in the matter of construction, a compact, crisply sequential, well-written drama, possessing an interesting theme, which is closely interwoven with dramatic action. Its faults are the faults of youth, which, to be sure, are the best kind to have. Who would not exchange "the spoils of wrinkled age" for that ardent epoch when youth can

draw long dreams of beauty, love, and power, from fountains of hope that never will outrun.

Mr. Mandel is still at that age of generous enthusiasms, and in his play he feels himself occasionally obliged to tilt a lance against trusted conventionalities. "God does not need to speak through a paid interpreter," says the young doctor who carries his praying place within his own breast. Occasionally, as for example during Katherine's brief, half-dreamy talk with Ursula about the mating instinct, he departs a little from that strict rule that bids the playwright cause every speech in his dialogue either to advance the plot, depict character, or raise a laugh. Katherine, the head nurse, be wishes to paint as a fine, capable, strong, self-contained, but ardent woman, rather emancipated from the Philistines' ideas, although held down to strict conformation not only by the inexorable rules which govern a woman's actions, but by her fortunate possession of mental balance. The author has succeeded in his painting of her portrait, and Katherine, under Gladys Hanson's capable hands, easily becomes the interesting and attractive centre of the dramatic action.

The theme, however, is not concerned with the working out of the mating instinct, but, as with Edith Wharton's "Fruit of the Tree," it takes up that often-discussed fallacy concerning the right and duty of doctors and nurses to hasten the end of a tortured incurable. There is some discussion on the subject in the first act, which, by the way, is a very good instance of dramatic exposition, more particularly when we consider the youth and comparative inexperience of the author. A professional woman who does not accept made-to-order opinions concerning her occupation sometimes gets into trouble by expressing her own too freely. This happened to Katherine, who, being a hospital nurse, laid herself peculiarly liable to misconception, in case of accident or misadventure to the patients under her charge. Not to spoil the pleasure of any uninformed readers who mean to take in the play, I will only add that the sense of something ominous portending that strongly pervaded the first and second acts developed in an admirable third one, in which the discovery, the accusation, the defense, the conviction—all from the superintendent of the hospital—ran along in well-knit dramatic continuity to a swift, plausible, realistic, and very satisfying solution.

Although the dialogue is very good, it sometimes becomes a little too much like book-talk, and the author has not yet mastered the art of introducing casual comedy with an easy air, the part of the janitor serving somewhat too insufficiently in that capacity. But the merit of the play far outbalances its comparatively trifling faults. Mr. Mandel does not strike one as an imitator, but as an observer. He is shrewd enough to have divined that drama should find a congenial locale within the walls of a hospital where birth, and suffering, and death, and the fresh youth of women, and the trained abilities of men all pass in review within that scientifically ruled community life. The atmosphere of the hospital is there, but not the sick and suffering side. It is that life of friendly intercourse, and of the exchange of human sentiment that is snatched by doctors, nurses, and internes from the vortex of human suffering in which their lives are cast.

Only in the last act, in which the long-threatened catastrophe suddenly develops, do we see the nurse at the bedside of her charge, taking her written report, watching over her patient, and receiving the visits of the doctor in charge. And there, also, is suddenly

evolved the scene toward which all the threads of the action have been tending. It is a scene that is very taxing to the protagonist, for Nurse Katherine becomes at once grateful to Providence for her sudden freedom, solicitous over the transgression of her absent protégée, acutely involved in the necessary deception caused by her protection of the younger nurse, and horribly pained by the lack of faith of the hospital superintendent. Strange to say, the one bit of acting most open to criticism was done by Charles Richman, who, at the bedside of the suicide, departed from a physician's professional calm, and read his lines with the accent of melodrama; but I rather think that he realized his error the very moment he made it.

Miss Hanson made a very emphatic success in her rôle of Katherine, the chief character of the play. She has plenty of work marked out for her, as Katherine's troubles and concealments begin in the first act with the appearance of her husband, from whom she is separated, but not divorced, the English courts having shown their usual rigor in refusing that relief to suffering marital partners.

In the second act there is a brief love scene, in which the strong, self-controlled nature for one moment lets down its defenses, and surrenders to the human instinct, even while battling with rage against the follies of man's mistaken restrictions; a very well-played scene.

In the last act the long scene between the two suspicious doctors and the accused nurse leads to no emotional climax, the real climax of action finding the nurse exhausted and quiescent. I admired the quiet realism and conciseness of dialogue employed by Mr. Mandel in his finale, and equally the intelligent collaboration of Gladys Hanson. No other player has so important a rôle, Charles Cherry coming second in this respect in an excellent impersonation of Berwick Sayre, the derelict husband, who is a drunkard and a morphine fiend. As yet Charles Richman has not had a rôle fully commensurate with his abilities, that of John Worthing in "The Importance of Being Earnest," in spite of the completeness with which he conveyed its playful satire, not being entirely in his line. In "Trifling with Tomorrow" he impersonates likably and agreeably the very likable, agreeable, and quite medical Dr. Manning. Carroll McComas always fits into the rôle of a sweet, youthful ingénue as she fits into her own skin, and George Stuart Christie is again an attractive juvenile. Frank Kingdon has a new make-up as the superintendent of the hospital, along with a very successful professional manner. Robert Newcomb shows us a neat brogue as Mack the janitor, which completes the seven rôles of the play, and I think that Mr. Mandel and his friends and family may be congratulated on his good luck in seeing his play presented under such very favorable auspices. There is, no doubt, in the arrangement of the events of the play a certain lack of that sense of inevitability which the finished masters of the craft know so well how to convey; but one feels confidence that with more experience Mr. Mandel will acquire the art of concealing art.

The whole occasion was a very pleasant one. It was gratifying, in the height of the summer season, to see the theatre practically sold out, it was very pleasant to see a fellow-townsmen win success, and it was comforting to see such a very large assemblage of people discover what an excellent company we are having, for the next few weeks, in our midst. Of course the young author, to the tune of plaudits from the audience, was dragged upon the stage by the company; he gave a bow, took one look, and promptly fled; was seized and dragged back again and forcibly held by Charles Richman while Gladys Hanson argued and coaxed fluently, and the audience, calling for a speech, grinned, expectant. And suddenly the happy author, who kept his head very well, plunged into a brief but fervent expression of thanks, which bore the marks of being uncalculated and sincere. A man near me declared it was prepared, so since to one of us it sounded made up in advance and to the other extempore and genuine, it may be said to be a success, although only an expression of thanks.

THE ORPHEUM.

Men are satiric in literature, but indulgent in life, to the vanities of womankind. You should see them at the Orpheum this week during the progress of "Beauty Is Only Skin Deep." No laughter so loud, no enjoyment so keen, as that of the men. But through all their enjoyment of the fun poked at woman and her little vanities one discerns a deep-rooted indulgence toward these pardonable foibles of what man regards as the parasitic sex; because, after all, man has his little vanities, too, and the most pampered, most swelling, and, truth to say, most justifiable of these is his accurate perception of the prestige he enjoys with women. Not all the militant suffragettes in the world, joined in

one consolidated army bent upon committing arson with love, love-letters, and lovers for kindling wood but would find the same old conflagration going on, mightily out-matching every other flame, physical or temperamental, that this old world offers.

And so the men look on indulgently at the assorted collection of maids, wives, and widows—or, no, they seem to be all married—who in Elizabeth Jordan's playlet are pursuing that desirable abstraction that is so falsely labeled as being only skin deep. The fact is beauty is flesh deep and bone deep. Don't you remember when Trilby in her mysterious decline was losing weight and still triumphantly retaining the grace of her lines Du Maurier's commenting upon how beautiful her skeleton must be? However, it is not for beauty doctors to recognize other material than flesh and hair to work on. And that's what they do in "Beauty Is Only Skin Deep."

The story relates the plight of a millionaire senator's wife, who, unable to keep pace socially with her more brilliant and adaptable spouse, resolves to try, with the aid of a beauty doctor, to win him back from the unprincipled woman who is taking possession of him. The action of the playlet transpires in the parlors of the beauty doctor, where we see some of the mysteries laid bare. Mrs. Joel Dixon, the beauty-pursuing wife, is represented as a simple, humble, illiterate, rather wistful woman who is past her first youth, but sufficiently well established in her second to repay the professional attentions of Mme. O'Reilly and her corps of expert assistants. While they curl and ruffle and puff her hair, and steam and cold-cream and powder and paint her skin, and finally endue her with pink satin and lace, and a transforming fillet around her fashionably coiffed head, the action of the play goes on. And how devoutly the women look and listen! They laugh, but rather abstractedly. It is the men who furnish the cannonades of laughter. The women are caught both on their sentimental and their practical side.

The story is truer than it seems, for there are some inevitable although slight banalities and exaggerations. It doesn't, indeed, pretend to be all realism, for the haughtiness of Mme. O'Reilly and her experts and the greenness of Mrs. Dixon are rather touched up so as to "go over" all the more swiftly. But all the same it is true, and tells in a different way a tale that we see worked out every day among the women we know.

Who has not seen, among congregations of club women, the natural dowd earnestly endeavoring to keep pace with her smarter mates? And do we not guess at the origin of that over-emphasized bloom on the cheek of forty-five, and divine the gray hairs lurking behind that rich brown transformer on the brow of fifty? And do not many possessors of a seemingly safe husband go in daily terror of That Woman—the ever-potential She who any day in the week may be coming around the corner to be his evil fate? And don't the men get inklings of these hopes and fears and strivings, even if they do not always guess that they are paying for rose-bloom and "Jones."

So men and women show themselves to be deeply absorbed in the revelations made in "Beauty Is Only Skin Deep," and I doubt not that our local Mme. O'Reilly's are gaining a few accessions to the ranks of their customers. To be sure the actress, Jane Adair, had something to build on. What she had to do as a foundation for the coveted beauty was to contribute good features and close-reffed blonde hair, and look profoundly unconscious and matter-of-fact, and sometimes uncomfortable, and at others apprehensive, while they poked, and stroked, and steamed, and painted, and built on puffs and braids, and tempted their squirming subject with gowns that subtly whispered of youth.

The sketch "goes over" very emphatically. It is the first vaudeville one, by the way, that the producer, William A. Brady, ever had a hand in. The parts are all suitably filled, the beauty-building very expertly accomplished, the stage appointments complete and realistic, and the public tickled to death; for, as I have hinted, the women are both practical and sympathetic in their interest and the men have a delighted conviction of having seen the inner mysteries laid bare.

Another playlet, "The Stranger," by Herbert Bashford, although scaling down a degree or so of merit below the other, wins plenty of laughter and interest, while Everett Shinn's travesty on melodrama, with the pregnant title, "Wronged from the Start," serves as a reminder that the old brand of genuine melodrama is indeed passing away. When it is reduced to a travesty to make a vaudeville holiday then, indeed, we realize that the public is growing wise and the old tricks work no more. Mr. Shinn has resurrected all the old ear-marks: a curly blonde-haired hero, a villain with a deadly black mustache and an air of cruel deliberation in disposing of a cigar, lachrymose and infirm parents, a mortgage, and so on. There are a few faint evi-

dences that the old cult still survives with a small minority of the audience, who struggled with bewilderment at seeing laughter reward actions that formerly produced an automatic reflex of sympathy and even tears. But the world moves, and since melodrama is travestied in a house of vaudeville then melodrama is indeed dead. Nobody, however, felt any difficulty in classifying the "op'ry house manager," who sits up aloft, surrounded with his tool-house of stage noise-makers, and delivers speeches between the acts. Charles Withers acted the part to a charm, giving the old remnant an innocent, rural expression and a back-to-the-farm accent that might have graced the pages of Oliver Wendell Holmes's novels.

There are a number of other entertaining things on the bill, among them the Gardiner Trio, who dance daintily and gracefully, if not at all wonderfully; the audience finding the "love waltz," with its pretty ceremonial of leave-taking, and the dainty coquetties of the "flirtation waltz" particularly to their taste.

Doris Wilson's act with the looking-glass duplication is very neatly and completely carried through, her two charming accomplices added to herself making a pleasing and graceful trio of family resemblances. Not the least entertaining part of this act is the dexterity with which Doris Wilson herself, in the most casual way in the world, gives us a panoramic view of a series of costume changes in full sight of the audience. Oh dress, dress, with what terrible tyranny do you dominate our interest! Yes, and I mean the men, too. I never see them yawning when a pretty woman bounds on the stage with nothing new to add to her act save a change of costume.

Yvette, "the whirlwind violinist," announces on the programme that she, too, has a treat in clothes for us, although I can not say that her Paul Poiret garments are very overwhelming. But she made a hit with herself, her caperings, her wild hair, her Futurist setting, and her songs, which, by the way, in spite of the announcement of her having come direct from Paris, were, together with the accent of the singer, as American as they make them. Can it be that Yvette has never been in Paris?

Kramer and Morton close the programme by giving humorous inanities in black-face, a brand of comedy that holds its own with a big proportion of vaudeville patrons, the majority of whom are perfectly awe-inspiring in the readiness and whole-souledness of their response to the cracklings of ephemeral jokes and the cuttings of the capers of commerce.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

In Stravinsky's opera, "Le Rossignol," there are parts for a real nightingale, sung by a soprano voice in the orchestra, and an artificial nightingale, which is represented by an artificial bird. In the plot the real nightingale is a wonderful bird commanded by the Emperor of China to appear at his court. The bird comes in due course, and enraptures to the point of imitation all who hear it by the beauty of its song. Meanwhile, the Emperor of Japan sends to his brother emperor an artificial nightingale, whose song is even of greater splendor than that of the real bird, and the real bird is driven away to its tree in the open country. Ultimately he returns, however, and by means of a bargain with Death he saves the Emperor of China's life.

A letter written by Rev. Samuel F. Smith, author of "America," giving the circumstances of the writing of that anthem, says that the work "was stimulated into being by a collection of German music books, brought to this country by Mr. Woodbridge and handed to me by Mr. Mason with the request that I would adapt any of the pieces that struck me as favorably to English words. It is not a translation, though in German the words were patriotic. It was first sung at a children's Fourth of July celebration in Park Street Church, Boston, in 1832 or 1833." Dr. Smith states that Lowell Mason was his chief encourager.

The receipts for the theatres and music halls of Paris have just been published. These statements are required by law, in view of the poor relief tax levied on these earnings. The figures (states the Paris correspondent of the London Times) have never been as high as they are for last year—nearly \$13,383,000; they exceed by \$583,000 the record established in 1912 and by \$1,946,000 the returns for 1911. The increase is due principally to the takings of cinematograph shows. These establishments in 1913 earned \$1,655,000, as compared with \$1,314,000 the year before.

The Bayreuth performances will open July 22 and run until August 20. During this time there will be seven performances of "Parsifal," five of "The Flying Dutchman," and two of the "Ring" cycle. The conductors will be Siegfried Wagner, Michael Balling, and Dr. Muck. Mme. Schumann-Heink and Margaret Brunsch, a California girl, are among those engaged.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Mimi Aguglia at Cort Theatre Monday.

Monday night's performance will usher in the much-discussed engagement of Mimi Aguglia, the celebrated Italian tragedienne, at the Cort Theatre. Interest in this season of Italian drama is being evidenced to a considerable degree among American theatre-goers, for the fame of the Latin star has traveled, and she is sure to be greeted with a large house on the occasion of her local debut.

Mme. Aguglia has been pronounced by Europeans writers and the leading critics of New York and Chicago as one of the most remarkable actresses of our time. She is supported by a large company of players, every member of which has been with her since the start of her present world tour, which began in Rome almost a year ago. The versatility of Aguglia is truly amazing. She has played the leading rôles in 200 plays, and the parts she will portray at the Cort have been selected with a view to showing the many sides of her art expression.

The opening bill Monday night will be "The Daughter of Jorio," a great tragedy from the pen of Gabrielle D'Annunzio. Sardou's "Fedora" is announced for Tuesday, and players goers will have an opportunity of comparing Aguglia's interpretation with that of Bernhardt. European reviewers have compared it, and distinctly to Aguglia's advantage, with

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Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays, 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

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"Trifling With Tomorrow"
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in "Never Say Die"

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MIMI AGUGLIA
With her own company of artists, presenting standard and classic plays in Italian
Repertoire—Mon. "The Daughter of Jorio"; Tues., "Fedora"; Wed. mat., "The Daughter of Jorio"; Wed. night, "Odette"; Thurs. "The Schemer's Supper"; Fri., "Camille"; Sat. mat., "The Schemer's Supper"; Sat. night, "Malia"; Sun. mat., "Camille"; Sun. night, "The Hidden Torch."

Nights, 25c to \$1.50; all mats., 25c to \$1.

PANTAGES MARKET STREET
Opposite Mason

LANDERS STEVENS, GEORGIA COOPER and Company in Willard Mack's startling one-act drama, "MY FRIEND"; LOS ANGELES AD CLUB QUARTET; TEDDY McNAMARA and Company of fifteen in "THE GUIDE TO MONTE CARLO"; ALLA ZANDOFF, Concert Violinist, assisted by HELEN Bradford; CHARLES KENNA, "The Street Fakir"; LEONA GUERNEY, "The Siberian Song Bird"; KALINOWSKI BROTHERS, European Acrobats; COMEDY MOTION PICTURES.

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Evenings at 8:15. Afternoons at 2:15.
Patrons urged to be seated at rise of curtain

those of Bernhardt, Réjane, and Dusé. Wednesday matinee will see a repetition of "The Daughter of Jorio," and "Odette" will be the offering Wednesday night.

"The Schemer's Supper," a tragedy, in four acts by Lem Benelli, will hold forth on Thursday night. "Camille," on Friday night, should prove popular. Saturday afternoon's performance will see a repetition of "The Schemer's Supper" and Luigi Capuana's tragedy, "Malia," is to be Saturday night's bill. "Camille" will be repeated at the Sunday matinee, with "The Hidden Torch" as the attraction Sunday night.

This is surely an ambitious programme for a single week and one that should prove very attractive to lovers of the drama.

Nat C. Goodwin in "Never Say Die" will be seen for the last time tonight.

A Great Spectacle at the Gaiety.

Every extravagant promise made by the management of the photo-spectacle "Cabiria," has been kept, and the most sanguine expectation, raised by reports on the production from Rome, Milan, London, New York, and Chicago, has been realized.

"Nothing like it was ever seen in the world." Such was the comment of the invited audience at the yesterday morning matinee at the Gaiety Theatre, and as the pictures and episodes of the great D'Annunzio's vision passed before the riveted vision of the great audience, signs of approbation and wonder were heard, while the music by the great orchestra and the choral offerings from the hidden singers back on the stage, completed an impression of coördinated beauty which will never be effaced from the memory.

"Cabiria" is the triumph of the art of motion picture making, and resembles the usual or even the extraordinary "movie" about as much as a small cast in light opera resembles a Metropolitan grand opera production with Caruso and Tetrazzini as stars.

More than 5000 people are assembled in some of the scenes of "Cabiria." Hannibal's hosts are seen crossing the Alps; Archimedes is seen striking with fire the sails of the great fleet of Roman ships in the Mediterranean; barbaric court scenes are disclosed and the rites of ceremonious and ancient religions are seen; a tender romance unfolds itself and finds its climax in the climactic scene wherein the Roman and Carthaginian arms are exhibited in the death struggle that ended in the downfall of Carthage.

Columbia Continues "Trifling With Tomorrow."

The original plans of the Columbia Theatre management to produce a new play every week during the current engagement of the all-star players will be disturbed in the instance of "Trifling with Tomorrow," which has scored such an unusual success that it will be retained for a second week, beginning Monday, July 13.

"Trifling with Tomorrow" is an entirely new work by Frank Mandel, a San Francisco playwright, and received its premiere presentation at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night. It proved an instant success. The members of the all-star company are given unusual opportunity to show their particular ability in the several important rôles of the Mandel play, and surely Gladys Hanson, Charles Richman, Charles Cherry, Carroll McComas, Frank Kingdom, and others have not appeared to better advantage.

Matinees are given on Wednesday and Saturday. The afternoon performances, likewise Sunday nights, are played at "pop" prices.

"Fine Feathers" is underlined to follow.

An Important Orpheum Announcement.

One of the most important announcements in the field of vaudeville is the initial appearance in this city at the Orpheum next Sunday matinee of Liane Carrera, the daughter of Anna Held. Miss Carrera will offer for her debut in this city a musical melange written especially for her by Irving Berlin, in which she will be assisted by Tyler Brooke and a chorus of six stunning showgirls. This pretentious offering of the two-day was staged by Mons. F. Stammers, who brought from Paris the scenic investiture of this miniature comic opera, which is of silks and satins, also the costumes worn by Miss Carrera and her chorus. Miss Carrera is only eighteen years of age and very beautiful. She looks just as her mother did when a girl, and her every look, gesture, and intonation is that of her mother, Anna Held; besides, she seems to have the same difficulty as her mother in "making her eyes behave."

M. and Mme. Corradini's Menagerie is composed of a group of trained animals, consisting of a pair of zebras, a two-ton elephant, a horse, and several dogs. Trained zebras are exceedingly rare. The independence of these striped animals taxes the ability of the most expert animal trainer, so that with few exceptions they have been given up by them as impossible. Corradini's zebras have not only

been taught obedience, but are made to do remarkable manoeuvres. His other charges, including the elephant, represent the very apex of animal development.

"A Ragtime Soldier" is the title of a droll skit of music and novelties offered by John and Mae Burke. Miss Burke is a handsome blonde who makes a striking picture in her black-and-white military uniform with its gold trimmings. The title of the sketch best describes John Burke, whose only purpose is to create laughter. In this he is successful.

Sammy Burns and Alice Fulton, a dainty and finished dancing couple, will present a series of tersichorean classics.

Britt Wood, who on account of his characterization has been frequently referred to as "The Boob," is one of the most original jesters of the period. Hardly more than a boy, Mr. Wood is justly entitled to his soubriquet, "The Juvenile Jester." Whether in story or song, the point is invariably forcibly made, while a magnetic personality immediately endears him to his audience.

Next week will be the last of Yvette, the Whirlwind Violinist; Kramer and Morton, and William A. Brady's "Beauty Is Only Skin Deep," which is a playful satire on the weakness of women for endeavoring to improve upon the work of their Creator.

The Pantages Theatre Offering.

Willard Mack, one of the most successful vaudeville writers in America, has written for Landers Stevens and Georgia Cooper a tense dramatic sketch, entitled "My Friend," which is billed as the headline attraction on the new bill which opens at the Pantages Sunday. The plot of "My Friend" is brimful of dramatic surprises and contains a climax that is undeniably one of the strongest in vaudeville. The playlet embraces all of the assorted "punches" which make Mack's sketches the most sought of by legitimate performers.

Teddy McNamara, for years the leading comedian with the Pollard Opera Company, heads a rollicking company of fifteen people in "The Guide to Monte Carlo," a breezy musical "tab" with a wealth of pretty girls, bright costumes, and special scenery.

The Los Angeles Ad Club Quartet, four young business hustlers who achieved a remarkable success at the Toronto Ad Convention, have been engaged for one week. The quartet, aside from their playing of stringed instruments, render a number of topical ballads boosting the big 1915 Fair.

Alla Zandoff, a talented young violinist, a protégée of Mrs. Alexander Pantages, has a repertory of classical selections.

Charlie Kenna, the inimitable "street fakir," returns with his laughable monologue.

"The Siberian Song Bird" is what Leona Guenry bills herself.

Daring acrobatics will be presented by the Kanowski Brothers.

The Scott Art Collection.

Now that a Paris and New York art firm, no other than Jacques Seligmann, has managed to purchase part of the late Sir John Murray Scott's art collection, it is deemed probable that a large part of it will be brought to this country. As a counter balance, however, it is regarded as highly probable that the J. Pierpont Morgan collection will be removed to Europe. The Scott collection figuring in this transaction consists of that part of the Wallace collection which remained in Paris, and is part of the fortune left to Lady Sackville-West by Sir John, whose action led to the remarkable legal contest in London last year in which she obtained a verdict against his heirs. By the verdict she entered into the possession not only of the collection just now sold, but also the great art collection valued at more than \$10,000,000 which is now at Knole Park, Sevenoaks, Kent, the country seat of Baron Sackville. Lady Sackville-West immediately made it plain that she had no intention of taking the collection in Paris to Knole Park.

The collection contains several truly important objects. The gem of it is said to be Houdon's bust of Sophie Arnould. Another Houdon marble of the first importance is his bust of the notorious Cagliostro. Among the paintings are two fine examples by Boucher and four by Lancret and a ceiling by Boucher. Among the furniture are several remarkable pieces by Riesener.

The collection was formed by Sir Richard Wallace, a member on the distaff side of the Hertford family. He gathered together what was undoubtedly the greatest private art collection in the world. When he died in 1890 he left his collections in England and in France to his widow, instructing her to transfer or bequeath them to the British nation. She was the daughter of a French officer, whom he wed in 1871. She did not wholly obey his instructions, and on her death left much of the Wallace fortune, including a great deal of the art collection, to Sir John Murray Scott, who had long been Sir Richard's confidential agent and companion. The

greatest part of the treasures, however, were kept together and now form the great Wallace collection in Hertford House, London, the property of the British nation.

Sir Richard spent the greater part of his life in Paris, and he held much property there, including a château at Bagatelle, near Longchamps. Here he housed art treasures as he bought them, and the collection never was shown to the public.

When the property passed into the possession of Sir John Murray Scott he sold the château to the city of Paris for \$1,200,000, and it was converted into a museum. Sir John had previously moved all the works of art to Wallace's house in the Rue Lafitte, where it was kept until his death.

Sarah Bernhardt will begin another "farewell" American tour in October. Among other things, she promises to appear as Shylock in the trial scene of "The Merchant of Venice." Her repertory will include "Jane Dore," "Lucretia Borgia," "Resurrection," "Phedre," "Camille," "Madame X," "Le Mort de Tintagile," "A Night Before Christmas," and "The Death of Cleopatra."

The Human Side of It

It's a fine thing to be able to cause two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, but it's a much finer and greater thing to cause a blade of grass to grow where none grew before. Whoever can transform the waste places into productive areas is a benefactor to the race. It is no great trick to so fertilize a piece of land which has already produced crops that the yield will be greatly increased, but it is a matter of justifiable pride to be able to bring water to the desert or to reclaim overflow land and add these lands to the rich, productive acres of the state.

To add new homes to the country, to induce settlers, through the opportunities opened up for small ranchers, to come in, thus increasing the community life and paving the way for schools, churches, social activities, many lines of business, to say nothing of adding to the wealth and prosperity of the country, is most desirable, and it is one side of the large corporation which the general public seldom thinks about, if it ever thinks about it at all. In its great work of spreading the gospel of hydro-electric commodities, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company has witnessed the development of many sections of the north-central section of California, and can take pardonable pride in the part which it has played in the transformation of valley and foothill. Wherever it has erected its wires, piped its gas, or carried its waters it has seen population increase, property grow in value, land become more productive because of attention, and the whole scheme of life made easier and more comfortable by the application of modern appliances.

"Pacific Service" has wrought wonders in many instances, and it is a pleasing thought that while the business has increased rapidly, it has been by fair and honorable means, and the service has been of inestimable benefit to the consumers. It has been profitable to the corporation, but it has also been profitable to the consumer, who has been enabled to accomplish that which he never could have accomplished under other conditions. Statistics show that for the past six years the number of gas consumers increased from 122,304 to 208,269, consumers of electricity increased from 55,704 to 132,355 in the same period, or a gain of 70 per cent and 138 per cent respectively by these two most important branches of the company's business. In the country districts the increase in use of electricity has been most marked, and especially as the agricultural field has branched out. The many uses to which this form of power can be put on the farm has opened the eyes of the old-time agriculturist who used to trust to luck or Providence, with the result that luck or Providence as often as not put a mortgage on his farm in the end. Water he couldn't get when he needed it most, and without it crops failed, much valuable land lay idle, and every manner of work meant extra help and great waste of muscular effort and direction. But since "Pacific Service" has been introduced to the agriculturist hundreds upon hundreds of electrically driven pumps are at work and the land-owner laughs at the long dry spells which formerly meant disaster. In fact, so rapidly has electric growth on the farm been attained that the Pacific Gas and Electric Company estimates that this branch of the company increased 114 per cent last year.

In Sutter County, for example, which is described as "one great orchard," nearly every rancher has his own individual pumping plant driven by electric power supplied by "Pacific Service." In the great Sutter Basin, where rice is a new industry, "Pacific Service" is the great factor in supplying power and light. New territory is constantly being developed, as the company is always in advance of the times, which measurably accounts for its growth and the fact that it now supplies two-thirds of the population of California.

VANITY FAIR.

Mrs. Robert J. Burdette of Pasadena seems to have cut something of a figure at the biennial convention of the general federation of women's clubs recently in session at Chicago. Mrs. Burdette talked about clothes, and of course this made her interesting, whereas other women talked about uplift and silly things of that sort, which made them uninteresting. Mrs. Burdette glanced over the sea of tossing plumes and sartorial eccentricities in front of her and said various scathing things about fashions, most of them things that were not so, and the women all applauded and thought of their acquaintances in the old home town who just needed to hear the very things that Mrs. Burdette was saying. The immodest hussies.

The woman who does not want to wear immoral clothes, said Mrs. Burdette, must design her costumes for herself. The fashions are no longer designed for good women. For the most part they are made in Paris and they are intended for the demimonde. Then they are sent over here and they are bought eagerly by the "cockatoos" of fashion. American women, said Mrs. Burdette, are dress mad.

Now it is to be feared that Mrs. Burdette has been keeping had company. We know quite a number of nice women who are not immorally dressed and who certainly do not design their own costumes. The women of whom Mrs. Burdette speaks and who expose "the neck nearly to the waist line and the limbs nearly half way to the knees" are quite few and far between. Anatomically speaking, we were not aware that the neck ever extended to the waist line. We were under the impression that there was always some intervening territory, what the diplomats call a huffer state, between neck and waist, but perhaps we are hypercritical, and in any case Mrs. Burdette has opportunities to observe such matters that are denied to us.

Now when Mrs. Burdette talks about American women who are doing this or that we wonder that she does not get a little statistical information. Let her observe the ordinarily well-dressed women whom she meets in the street and ascertain just what proportion of them are dressed immorally. Does she think that ten per cent are dressed immorally? Or five per cent? Or two per cent? Well, possibly there may be two per cent, but not more. And yet she talks about the "women of America." Why, bless your heart, Mrs. Burdette, these are not the women of America, these strange and mindless beings rubbing to and fro, mere moving hodies without trace or sign of intelligence. These are not our mothers and our sisters and our aunts. They are freaks and monstrosities, these weird and subhuman creatures who scramble for the costumes designed primarily for the Paris demimonde.

And so it is a relief to turn to the observer who talks about American women, and who means just the everyday, common or garden species, and not merely a few degenerates whose one passion it is to be as naked as the police will permit. Here is Mr. Francis Toye, special correspondent of the *Bystander*, who has been taking notes in New York. He dismisses the upper-class American woman with an airy wave of the hand, not because he does not admire her in a way, but because he admires her plebeian sister so much more. He says she is incomparably the smartest, most elegant and beautiful thing that exists under heaven. You may talk of the pretty faces of English girls, the distinction of Parisian mid-nettes, the dash of Slavonic women—"why, the American girl combines all these qualities, and improves on them, too. If she has not always a good complexion she at least knows how to make the best possible imitation. Her clothes are so smart that you wonder how on earth she can afford to buy them till you remember that New York (and America generally) is famous for the excellence of its ready-made costumes. Her house is always spotlessly clean, her hair effectively dressed. And the figures of American women are acknowledged to be the finest in the world. In short, if you are a young man of susceptible tendencies you had better give New York the go-by or insure heavily against matrimony. . . . It is the ordinary, everyday go-to-work girl, who takes her lunch at Child's, runs to catch a trolley car, jostles in the subway, and patronizes the movies. It is, in fact, the goddess of the typewriter, the fairy of the newspaper office, the grace of the telephone, that I sing. Every time I see her I am more and more amazed at her average loveliness."

It is to be noticed that Mr. Toye emphasizes the clothing of these women. He says that they wear ready-made costumes that are clean, effective, and neat. These are the real American women, and they are to be found by millions, women who are not immorally dressed and who do not have to design their own costumes to avoid being immorally dressed.

What curious things they talk about in

women's clubs. A report from Cincinnati tells us of a recent debate in the Twentieth Century Club on the advisability of inaugurating a national "fathers' day" to correspond with the egregious "mothers' day" that so many mushy-gushy people have been vamping about. On so momentous a question it was natural that an appeal for guidance should be made to the president of the club, and fathers all over the world will be filled with gloom and foreboding at the news that the verdict of this great woman was adverse. Fathers, she said, do not stand on the same level as mothers. In point of fact they are sadly defective. They will have to reform radically and in unspecified ways before they can be allowed to have a "day" all to themselves. And so the proposal was voted down unanimously.

We may well wonder if the publicity that is given to drivel of this kind is taken in a complimentary sense by the extraordinary and half-witted women who are responsible for it. Are they aware that the average reader feels the same sense of entertainment as is afforded him by a glance into the monkey cage at the zoo?

For work in the home, it is plain degradation; But work in the office is work for the nation. "The creche for the babies, and canned food your ration," says the suffragette girl.

The boundary line between lawful and unlawful kissing is laid down by the imperial court at Leipzig, Germany: "A kiss is an operation on the body of another which always requires the permission of the person kissed. Kisses may only be given without special permission when the tacit consent of the other is certain—that is to say, in the case of close relatives, parents, children, and lovers. If, on the other hand, the other not merely affects coyness, but offers serious resistance, it is to be assumed that the kiss is regarded as an illegal interference with personal rights and an impairment of honor. Whoever, under such circumstances, imposes a kiss on another renders himself, therefore, guilty of an insult by the act. For the fulfillment of these conditions it suffices that the kiss is given against the will of the other. It is not necessary that he himself feels the kiss to be insulting."

Commenting on the German ruling *Law Notes* refers to a decision by the highest court of Texas in *Fuller vs. State*, in which the court held that if a man merely puckered up his lips at a woman and smacked them without showing intent to kiss her against her wishes he was not guilty of an assault, although it may have been improper for him to suggest that he would like to kiss her. The record shows that after the defendant had repeated his osculatory demonstrations the woman said: "If that is the best you can do you had better go home." *Law Notes* says: "Here lies a plausible explanation for the defendant's being haled to court. May not the prosecutrix have been actuated by pique and resentment over the extraordinary ineptitude of the defendant in the premises?"

The French government has just conferred the high distinction of "Les Palmes d'Officier d'Académie" on Mme. Regina de Sales, the American teacher of singing. Mme. de Sales made her debut in London at one of the symphony concerts at Queen's Hall. She followed her success on that occasion with two seasons at Covent Garden, where she made a deep impression in Wagnerian rôles. She has since then appeared in most of the principal European cities.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Eb Chalmers, a Newberry clerk of court, was once approached by a politician who had managed to get himself appointed to a public position. "Eb," he said, "I want you to qualify me for office." The plain-spoken old Covenanter replied, "I can swear you, but all hell couldn't qualify you."

He found his own front porch with wonderful accuracy, navigated the steps with precision, and discovered the keyhole by instinct. Once in the dimly lighted hall, there was an ominous silence followed by a tremendous crash. "Why, what has happened, Henry?" came a voice from above. "'S'all ri', Mary, hut I'll—I'll learn those—hic—goldfish to snap at me!"

A minister was addressing a school class recently and was trying to enforce the doctrine that the hearts of the little ones were sinful and needed regulating. Taking out his watch and holding it up, he said: "Now, here is my watch; suppose it doesn't keep good time—now goes too fast, and now too slow. What shall I do with it?" "Sell it!" shouted the class in unison.

On a certain road a commuter had a row with the conductor. At the end of the row the commuter turned to a friend and said: "Well, the P. D. R. will never see another cent of my money after this." The conductor, who was departing, looked back and snarled: "What'll you do? Walk?" "Oh, no," said the commuter, sweetly, "I'll stop buying tickets and pay my fare to you."

A prominent Virginian had died, and his daughter in arranging the house for the funeral had gone almost to an extreme in placing palms and ferns and plants in the drawing-room—in fact, it had more the appearance of a wedding than a funeral. One of the old darkies came to pay his last respects. "Miss Mae," he said, "dis surely is fine, all dese here trees, hut, Miss Mae, where is you going to put your pa?"

It happened on a three-cent car line. The car was crowded. A German got on. He bought a quarter's worth of tickets (eight). The conductor took one and handed him the others. "Tickets," called the conductor as he came around for fares again. The unsophisticated one gave him another. Other calls, and finally the German handed over his last ticket, saying: "Py himmel, I pay no more tickets! I walk!" And he got off and walked.

It was the custom of one of the managers to criticize every individual performance at each new town the company visited after the fall of the curtain on the stage. One night he did not say anything to young Loraine. He reminded the manager of his omission by saying, "As you did not say anything about my performance, I take it it was all right." Then came the icy reply, "I did not say anything about your show, because what I have to say to you I must say in private."

Bishop Boyd Carpenter, formerly of Ripon, and now Canon of Westminster, on one occasion was to officiate at a fashionable West End wedding. As usual, a great crowd of people stood outside the church doors. Magnificent carriages and motor-cars rushed up with the splendidly dressed guests, and at the end of a long string of fine equipages came a ramshackle old four-wheeler. A couple of policemen dashed at the cahhy. "Here, hi!" they shouted, "you can't stop here. The bishop's just coming." "Keep your 'air on," retorted cahhy; "I've got the old huffer inside."

The secret of a good head of hair is still unknown. The number of bald-headed harbers one sees is proof of this, because a bald head is a serious drawback to a harber's trade. It was into a shop where the harber nearest the door was bald that a traveler went. On being offered a bottle of tonic he exclaimed: "What a nerve you have; so bald yourself, yet recommending a hair tonic!" "Ah!" the harber replied; "it is on my assistant, whose fine head of hair you see, that we use the hair tonic. I, on the other hand, am experimenting with a new depilatory cream—just look at my skull—smooth as a hilliard-hall."

The Rev. Bascom Anthony, a presiding elder of the Methodist church in Southern Georgia, tells a story of a negro pastor down his way who failed to give satisfaction to his flock. A committee from the congregation waited on him to request his resignation. "Look here!" demanded the preacher. "What's de trouble wid mah preachin'? Don't I argufy?" "You sho does, eldah," agreed the spokesman. "Don't I 'sputify con-

cernin' de Scriptures?" "You suttinly does," admitted the other. "Den what's wrong?" "Well, eldah," stated the head of the committee, "hit's dis way: You argufies and you 'sputifies, but you don't show wherein."

King Alfonso at one time was fond of taking motor trips incog. He motored through a wild region of Castile and put up with his modest entourage at a more than modest inn. "I am sure," he said, "that they won't know me here." Well, they did not know him. They treated him like an ordinary traveler. So much so, in fact, that when he went to shave the next morning he found there was no mirror in his room. So he went down into the inn yard in his shirt-sleeves, and there a pretty chambermaid brought him a broken piece of mirror, which he set up beside the well, and proceeded to lather cheeks and chin. The girl stood chatting with him. Finally she said in an odd voice: "You are not just an ordinary traveler, are you?" "Why do you ask me that?" asked the king. "I don't know," said the maid, "hut there's something about you—perhaps you belong to the royal court in Madrid?" "Yes, I do," he answered. "Perhaps you work for the king himself?" "I do." "And what do you do for him?" asked the pretty chambermaid. "Oh, lots of things," the king replied. "I'm shaving him just now."

THE MERRY MUZE.

Omar at Newport.

A cottage by the sapphire sea
(Some forty rooms will do),
A yacht done up in teak and brass
To sail the briny blue,
A stone garage, a limousine,
A runabout or two,
Some thoroughbreds for saddle use,
An aeroplane, and you.

A valet, and a dozen maids,
A chef to hake and brew,
A bowling-alley, tennis-court,
And first-class ocean view,
A greenhouse several acres long
For orchids rare and new,
A kennel full of fancy pups,
Ten million cash, and you.

—Minna Irving, in Life.

Elusive.

Some things on earth are very strange;
The mysteries thereof are many.
They say this is a world of change,
And yet I can not horror any!—Judge.

Two Kinds.

Two kinds of chickens there are,
Which all of us meet more or less:
The kind that is dressed to kill,
And the kind that is killed to dress.

—Topeka Journal.

The Antique—Up to Date.

She gazed at the tall old clock on the stair,
"Twas a relic of days long fled;
A costly timepiece, a treasure rare,
But lately purchased and placed up there,
"A quaint old gem!" she said.

"Did you stand in some old manor hall,
Where the firelight flickered red
On polished floor and on carven wall,
Where fell the shadows of ladies tall
And straightly stiff?" she said.

"Did you look, perchance, on a winsome maid—
Alas, a century dead,
Softly demure and sweetly staid,
In a tortoise-shell comb and a gay brocade
With a very short waist?" she said.

"Did you see her lover, a comely swain,
A-bending his stately head
To touch her lips and to touch again
Till her fair cheek warmed with a crimson stain?
O, quaint old gem!" she said.

"Ah, the wondrous pictures seen by you
In the days so long since fled!
But the tall old clock fetched a grin to view;
"I wonder what she would say if she knew
I was made last week?" it said.

—London Globe.

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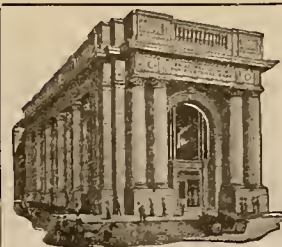
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Richmond District Branch, S. W. cor. Clement and 7th Ave.
Haight Street Branch, S. W. cor. Haight and Belvedere

JUNE 30th, 1914:

Assets.....\$8,656,635.13
Capital actually paid up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,857,717.65
Employees' Pension Fund..... 177,868.71
Number of Depositors..... 66,367
For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1914, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared.
Open Saturday Evenings 6 to 8.

CLUBBING LIST

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concession in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes:

American Boy and Argonaut.....\$4.30
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Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut... 6.45
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Littell's Living Age and Argonaut..... 9.10
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Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut..... 4.30
Weekly New York Tribune Farmer and Argonaut..... 4.25
Woman's Home Companion and Argonaut 4.75
Youth's Companion and Argonaut..... 5.50

DIVIDEND NOTICES

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street; Mission Branch, corner Mission and Twenty-First Streets; Richmond District Branch, corner Clement Street and Seventh Avenue; Haight Street Branch, corner Haight and Belvedere Streets.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1914, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1914. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from July 1, 1914.
GEORGE TOURNY, Manager.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market Street, near Fourth.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1914, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1914. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1914.
H. C. KLEVESAH, Cashier.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, corner Market, McAllister and Jones Streets.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1914, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1914. Dividends not drawn will be added to depositors' accounts, become a part thereof and will earn dividend from July 1, 1914. Deposits made on or before July 10, 1914, draw interest from July 1, 1914.
R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Dr. and Mrs. Kaspar Pischel announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Inez Pischel, to Mr. Harold Augustus Fletcher, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred N. Fletcher of Reno, Nevada.

Mrs. Thomas J. Geary of Santa Rosa has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Jean Geary, to Mr. Ralph Bundschu of this city.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Tremper Kelly and Mr. John Cassell of this city took place Monday, June 27, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Kelly, in Summerville, Massachusetts. Mr. Cassell is a brother of Mr. Andrew Cassell. Mr. and Mrs. Cassell will reside in Montreal, Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wallace Orr have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Florence Jennings Orr, and Mr. Virgil Williams Jorgensen, Wednesday evening, July 22, at half after eight o'clock, in the First Unitarian Church.

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Katherine Fries and Mr. Jesse W. Lilienthal, Jr., took place Tuesday evening at seven o'clock, at the Fairmont Hotel. The bride was unattended. Her brother, Mr. Frank Fries, was Mr. Lilienthal's best man. A reception was given at the Fairmont Hotel by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William C. Fries. Mr. Lilienthal is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse W. Lilienthal.

Miss Helen Ashton entertained a number of friends at an informal tea at her home on Second Avenue complimentary to her sister, Mrs. John Piggott, of Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mailliard and Mrs. Bowie-Dietrick entertained a number of the young people at a moonlight picnic Sunday evening at Belvedere.

Dr. James Edwards and Mrs. Edwards gave a dinner-dance Saturday evening at their home in Belvedere in honor of their niece, Miss Frances Beveridge.

Miss Miriam Beaver was hostess at an informal dinner last week at the home in San Rafael of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver.

Miss Enid Foster entertained a coterie of friends Wednesday at a luncheon at her home in Ross complimentary to Miss Jean Boyd and Miss Alice Keeler.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Schmiedell gave a dance at the Lagunitas Club in Ross and entertained the young friends of their daughters, the Misses Doris and Betty Schmiedell, and their son, Master Edward G. Schmiedell, Jr.

Mrs. William Plummer was hostess at a luncheon last week at her home on Devisadero Street in honor of her house guest, Miss Lillian Van Dyke of Los Angeles, and Miss Doris Willsbire, whose engagement to Mr. Harold Plummer has recently been announced.

Mrs. Gardiner Hammond of Santa Barbara entertained a large number of guests at a tea complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood and Miss Cora Jane Flood. A number of young people who were asked to meet the Misses Mary Emma Flood, Mary and Barbara Donohoe enjoyed a bowling contest, which was followed by a swim in the surf.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl gave a dance at their home, Idlewild, at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Walker Coleman Graves was hostess at a reception at her home on Scott Street in honor of Mrs. William Gordoo of Fresno, who celebrated her eightieth birthday.

The Misses Marian and Kate Crocker entertained twenty friends Wednesday evening at a theatre party, which was followed by a supper and dance at their home on Laguna Street.

Mrs. Walter D. K. Gibson was hostess recently at a bridge-luncheon in Coronado.

General and Mrs. Henry E. Noyes celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary on July 2 at their home in Berkeley. General and Mrs. Noyes reside on Spruce Street.

The departure of Colonel Richmond Pierson Davis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Davis was the occasion for several entertainments given by their friends at the army posts. Lieutenant-Colonel John P. Haines, U. S. A., gave a dinner in honor of Colonel and Mrs. Davis, and Mrs. Louis Chapalear entertained a large number of friends from Fort Scott and the Presidio at a bridge-tea which she gave at her home in Fort Miley complimentary to Mrs. Davis.

General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray gave a reception at Fort Mason Thursday, when they entertained the members of the Missouri Society of California.

Mrs. J. C. Johnson, wife of Major Johnson, U. S. A., was hostess at a dinner Thursday evening.

Mrs. P. E. Marquardt was hostess at a bridge-luncheon at her home in the Presidio complimentary to Mrs. Joseph Janda, wife of Captain Janda, U. S. A., who is stationed in Honolulu.

Captain Allen Greer, U. S. A., and Mrs. Greer gave a dinner in honor of Miss Helen Goodier, daughter of Major Lewis Goodier, U. S. A., and Mrs. Goodier, who has recently been their house guest.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker returned last week from New York, where they made a brief visit en route home from Europe. They were accompanied by Mr. Malcolm Douglas Whitman, who has joined his family in Burlingame, and by Mr. Stuart Lowery, who has been visiting relatives in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott have returned from an automobile trip to Scotia, stopping en route at Castle Crag and Shasta Springs. In

their party were Major Sidney A. Cloman, U. S. A., Mrs. Cloman, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Pennoyer, Mrs. J. E. Crockett, and Mr. E. W. Hopkins.

Miss Gertrude Hopkins has been spending the past week with Miss Leslie Miller at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Mary Bates has returned from Monterey, where she has been visiting Mrs. M. P. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler and the Misses Lillias, Olive, Jean, and Elizabeth Wheeler, Mr. Charles L. Wheeler, Jr., and their house guest, Miss Frances Jewell of Kentucky, are established at The Bend, the country home on the McCloud River of Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McGee and their son, Master John McGee, are at Castle Crag for the summer.

Mrs. George H. Howard and her son, Master Henry Howard, have joined Mrs. Henry Schmiedell at the Hotel Potter in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hanchett and their children have gone to their country home in Capitola to remain through August. They have been spending a few days in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel, Miss Lupita Borel, and Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Bovet left yesterday for Europe, where they will remain a year.

Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury, with her daughter, Miss Olivia Pillsbury, and her two little sons, will leave today for the East to spend the summer with her parents, General Charles Taylor and Mrs. Taylor, in their country home at Buzzard's Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gayle Anderton are occupying Grove Acres, the home in Pacific Grove of Mr. and Mrs. Warner.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard W. Davis and their little daughter have gone to Monterey for a two weeks' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bliss are established in their new home, which has recently been completed, in Piedmont.

Mrs. Alice Ames Robbins has arrived from the East and is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pelham Ames, at their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Deering and their little daughter will spend the next few weeks in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Duncan have returned from a visit to the Grand Cañon.

Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt and her little daughter have returned to their home in Tucson, Arizona, after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Pickering. En route home they spent a few days in Santa Cruz as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto have gone to Miramar to remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Jules Guerin arrived a few days ago from Europe and are residing at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Clark, Miss Helen Clark, and Master Edward Clark have come from their home in New York to spend the summer in California. They will spend several weeks with Mrs. Hearst at her homes in Pleasanton and on the McCloud River.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and Miss Phyllis de Young have returned from New York, where they have been spending the past three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fennimore have returned from the Russian River country, where they spent several days with Mr. and Mrs. Egbert B. Stone and the Misses Harriet, Marian, and Helen Stone, who entertained a house party of young friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hooper spent the Fourth of July holidays in Woodside with Mr. Hooper's father, Mr. John Hooper.

Mr. Charles N. Black, Miss Marie Louise Black, and Miss Helen Garritt spent the week-end in Marin County. Miss Black has recently been the guest of Miss Natalie Campbell in Burlingame.

The Misses Helen Hamilton, Eugenia Masten, and Dorothy Danforth are the guests of Miss Linda Bryan at her country home in Shasta County.

Mrs. Alpheus Bull and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Bull, have returned from a visit with friends in Mill Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hough have returned from a visit at Byron Springs.

Miss Maud O'Connor left last week on the yacht of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels for Coronado, where she will spend several weeks as their guest.

Mrs. J. R. Laine and her daughter, Miss Otilia Laine, spent the week-end in Monterey. They are planning to spend the month of August at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. McGregor and Miss Kathleen McGregor will soon be established in their new home, which they have recently bought from Mr. Herman Shainwald.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Hogan and Miss Dorothy Hogan are spending the summer in San Mateo. They will return to town for the winter.

Mrs. Ernest Miere and her daughters, the Misses Hildreth and Lloyd Miere, left last week for a visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. John Scott Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Greer are established in Concord for the summer.

Miss Virginia Jolliffe spent the week-end in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson and left Thursday with her sister, Mrs. Herbert C. Moffitt, for Lake Tahoe, where Mrs. Moffitt and her children will remain during the season.

Mrs. Alexander Gareau has recently been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin at their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. John Piggott and their little daughter, Elizabeth Raymond Piggott, have returned to Sacramento after a week's visit with Mrs. Piggott's mother and sister, Mrs. George F. Ashton and Miss Helen Ashton.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Dean and Miss Helen Dean are established at the Tahoe Tavern. It is hoped the change of climate may benefit the health of Mrs. Dean, who has not been well for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bowers Bourn left last Thursday for a visit to their home in Grass Valley.

Mrs. William Boericke left recently for a visit at Fallen Leaf Lake. She was accompanied by

her sons, the Messrs. Charles and Arthur Boericke, and Russell Gunn of San Rafael.

Mr. William Coleman has returned to Monrovia after a few days' visit in Burlingame with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman.

Mrs. James Lowe Hall and her little daughter have come from Portland to visit Mr. and Mrs. A. Stewart Baldwin at their home in Presidio Terrace.

Miss Beatrice Nickel will spend the next two weeks with friends in Portland, Oregon.

Miss Laura Bates has returned to her home in San Rafael after a visit with Miss Jennie Hooker.

Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali and their two little daughters are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn in Woodside.

Major Harry Hirsch, U. S. A., formerly of the Sixteenth Infantry, has taken over the command of the quartermaster's office at the Presidio, succeeding Major George D. Guyer, U. S. A., who will return to duty with the Sixteenth Infantry.

Major Henry S. Greenleaf, Medical Corps, with station at the Pacific Branch Military Prison, Alcatraz Island, Major Robert B. Grubbs, Medical Corps, Fort Baker, and Lieutenant L. O. Tarleton, Medical Corps, Eighth Brigade, have been ordered to sail for duty in the Philippines.

Miss Grace Kinnison has returned from Corvallis, Oregon, where she has completed a course in the Agricultural College, and has joined her parents, Captain H. L. Kinnison, U. S. A., and Mrs. Kinnison, at their home in the Presidio. Miss Gladys Bowen has come from Yountville to visit Miss Kinnison.

Colonel Richmond Pierson Davis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Davis departed last Thursday for their new station in Washington, D. C.

Major J. J. Morrow, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in this city and ordered to Portland, Oregon, to relieve Lieutenant-Colonel Charles H. McKinstry, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A.

Captain Samuel J. Morris, Medical Corps, adjutant at the Letterman General Hospital at the Presidio, has returned from Washington, D. C.

Colonel George K. McGunagle, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to command at Fort McDowell, relieving Colonel William Lassiter, U. S. A., who will command the Twenty-First Infantry in Vancouver.

Colonel Hamilton Stone Wallace, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wallace have returned from an automobile trip to the Yosemite Valley. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard.

Major William H. Bertsch, U. S. A., Mrs. Bertsch, and their children will arrive September 1 and will be stationed at Fort Mason. Major Bertsch has been ordered here as quartermaster.

Lieutenant-Commander Franklin D. Karns, U. S. N., has gone to Bremerton for temporary duty in connection with the survey of the battleship Oregon, preparatory to her departure for the Atlantic coast, where she will join the battleship fleet which she is to lead through the Canal in 1915.

Naval Constructor Henry M. Gleeson, U. S. N., who was to have gone north to attend the session of the board last Wednesday, was delayed owing to the launching today of the oil tanker, *Kanatcha*.

Mrs. Harold Pratt left Mare Island Tuesday for Cambridge, Massachusetts, where she will visit her family until the return from Mexico of her husband, Lieutenant Pratt, U. S. N., who is attached to the U. S. S. *West Virginia*.

Rear-Admiral George C. Reiter, U. S. N. (retired), has arrived from New York and is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Ensign Trench Volte, U. S. M. C., arrived last week from Mazatlan for a brief visit with his fiancée, Miss Edith Peakes.

Lieutenant Joseph Leroy Neilson, U. S. N., and Mrs. Neilson (formerly Miss Helen Nicol) are visiting the former's family in Idaho.

Lieutenant Richard T. Kiernan, U. S. N., and Mrs. Kiernan returned from their wedding trip in the Yosemite Valley and left immediately for a motor trip through Lake County.

Paymaster George C. Schafer, U. S. N., has arrived from the navy yard in Norfolk, Virginia, and has reported for duty at Mare Island.

Paymaster John F. Hatch, U. S. N., has been transferred from Washington, D. C., to the New York Navy Yard.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Julian Kinsey has been brightened by the advent of a son.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Casey has been brightened by the advent of a son.

College student wants position as tutor or companion to children, or as companion to elderly lady during latter part of July and all of August. Address Box 176, Redwood City, Cal. Phone 285 R.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Augustus Thomas, the playwright, has been honored by Williams College, which recently conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts.

J. Swinnerton Phillimore, who has accepted the chair of Sather professor of classical literature for the coming semester at the University of California, is professor of Greek at the University of Glasgow.

Professor David T. Day, on whom Groningen University, Amsterdam, has just conferred the degree of Doctor of Geology, is a member of the geologic branch of Washington University. He is a native of Ohio, and since 1907 has been in charge of the petroleum investigations of the United States Geologic Survey.

Dudley Avery, after fifty-three years, has received his degree of Bachelor of Arts from Princeton University. He was a senior at the university in 1861, when he relinquished his promise of a degree to serve in the Southern army. By special dispensation of the Princeton faculty he has been awarded the long-deferred honor.

William Graves Sharp, appointed by President Wilson as ambassador to France, succeeding Myron T. Herrick, is a congressman from the fourteenth Ohio district. He is extensively engaged in the manufacture of charcoal, pig iron, and chemicals. At one time he was prosecuting attorney of Lorain County, and practiced law at Elyria. He is prominent in fraternal circles.

Isaac Stephenson, who celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday a few days ago, is the oldest member of the United States Senate. He was a farm hand in his youth, and later purchased a schooner, which he sailed between Milwaukee and Escanaba. His savings were invested in timber lands and he is now controlling owner in different business concerns, including the Stephenson National Bank at Marinette, Wisconsin.

Professor Sidney L. Gulick, who is touring this country in an effort to promote more friendly relations between America and the Orient, representing the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, including thirty Protestant denominations, spent twenty-six years in Japan. For years he was a professor in Doshisha University, and was special lecturer for the Imperial University at Kyoto. He is considered the greatest living authority on Asiatic problems, and has written a dozen volumes in Japanese and English.

Kenechi Nakamura, who has come to this country to study the methods employed in railroad construction and bridge-building, is chief civil engineer of maintenance of the

Japanese Imperial Railways. The Japanese government is defraying his expenses, and he has been granted permission by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to work on its double-track bridge, now being built across the Monongahela River at Glenwood, Pennsylvania.

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

The first shipment of four cars for the municipal railway has been made by the Jewett Car Company of Newark, Ohio, and six more will be sent this week. Another fifteen are to be put on board the cars before July 15.

The petition of Grace Copeland Arnold for a family allowance of \$60 a month from the \$50,000 estate of the late Noah Arnold was denied by Judge Hunt on Tuesday. Mrs. Arnold claims to be the legal wife of the decedent, who died last January at the age of eighty-five. The Arnold children claim that her marriage in San Rafael to their father two years ago was illegal.

George McMahon, former detective sergeant, who was reinstated by the police commissioners Monday night, has been assigned to the general office. McMahon will have charge of the work of locating lost and missing people.

Maryland dedicated its pavilion at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition on Wednesday. The deed of site was received by R. A. McCormick, chairman of the Maryland delegation.

The founding of the First Baptist church in this state was commemorated at the meeting of the San Francisco Baptist Church Extension Society in quarterly session Monday night. Rev. George E. Burlingame, W. C. Spencer, and State Superintendent Grinstead told of the growth of the church.

Five San Francisco men were seriously injured in an automobile accident Sunday afternoon about three miles north of San Rafael. The injured men are: Alfred W. Hobro, chief deputy county treasurer of San Francisco; Allerton Hewlett, clerk in the county treasurer's office; Dr. H. G. Ryan, Hamilton S. Elliott, and James L. Hildreth.

John Bogden, one of the most notorious criminals on the Coast, who escaped from a Federal cell in the San Francisco Postoffice building a year ago, and who has since figured in several arrests and jailbreaks, has again been captured, this time in Eugene, Oregon. He will be returned here for trial.

Application has been made by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company to the Federal



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court for a restraining order to prevent the enforcement of the 75-cent gas rate fixed by the supervisors for the new fiscal year.

United States Attorney John W. Preston has filed a suit in the United States District Court with the government as plaintiff and the Western Fuel Company as defendant. The sum of \$861,576.95, which the government contends is the value of imported coal fraudulently weighed between July, 1911, and August, 1912, is demanded under the provisions of the general customs law of forfeiture.

The will of the late Max Popper has been filed for probate, the Union Trust Company petitioning the court for letters of administration. The will disposes of an estate worth approximately \$25,000. After bequeathing \$1000 apiece to the Catholic, Protestant, and Hebrew orphan asylums, the decedent divided the remainder of his estate between his sisters—Mrs. Emma Everett of Nice, France, and Mrs. Felix Hadley of Conway, North Wales.

The suit of Jaques de la Montanya to recover \$300,000 from the estate of his father, the late Marquis James de la Montanya, Jr., will be dismissed in the United States District Court, according to an announcement by Attorney Charles J. Heggerty on Monday. The attorney says Jacques, or James Francis, as he is sometimes called, has decided that all the allegations in the complaint can not be proved.

Deciding there was "reasonable doubt" as to guilty connection of Attorneys Norman D. Cook and W. A. S. Nicholson of this city with the alleged Oregon land fraud conspiracy, United States Commissioner Frank Krull on Monday ordered their discharge.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Ward Mailliard, Jr., was brightened on July 4 by the advent of a son. Mrs. Mailliard was formerly Miss Kate Peterson of Belvedere.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Temple Bridgman (formerly Miss Anita Mailliard) has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Scott Hendricks has been brightened by the advent of a son.

In the heart of the city of Lima, Peru, stands the Cathedral of Pizarro, wherein lies the bones of the explorer whose name it bears. The cathedral is said to be the finest structure of the kind in South America. The visitor is shown the marble coffin with glass sides and top, which contains the skeleton of Pizarro.

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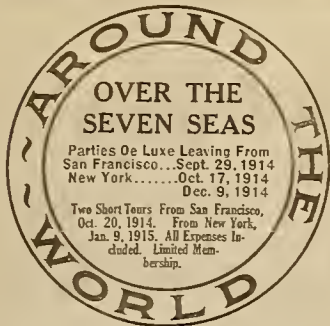
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Wiggs—What causes divorce? Wagg—
Men, women—and marriage.—The Club Fel-
low.

"Your husband, madam, is suffering from
voluntary inertia." "Poor fellow! And here
I've been telling him he's just lazy."—Bolti-
more American.

"Are you going to take a vacation this
year?" "No; I've got to spend two weeks at
Atlantic City with my wife," said Binks.—
Philadelphia Ledger.

"Is your wife so very economical then?"
"Oh, yes, very. Why my wife can take an
old worn-out \$10 hat, spend \$15 on it, and
make it look almost as good as new."—Puck.

"Are you the same man who ate my mince-
pie last week?" inquired the woman. "No,
mum," mournfully responded the tramp; "I'll
never be the same man again."—Lippincott's
Magazine.

"Success brings out a man's friends."
"Yes, but if you want to know your real
friends count the few who support you when
you don't seem to have a chance to win."—
Detroit Free Press.

She—Superstitious after all these years!
Don't you remember on the evening we first
met how a black cat ran across our path and
you swore some misfortune would happen to
you? He—Well?—Houston Post.

"He who puts his hand to the plow,"
screamed the cross-roads orator, "must not
turn back!" "What is he to do when he gets
to the end of a furrer?" asked the auditor in
the blue jean overalls.—Christian Register.

"Didn't you see that sign, 'Fresh Paint'?"
asked the grocer. "Of course I did," snapped
the customer, "but I've seen so many signs
hung up here announcing something fresh that
wasn't that I didn't believe it."—Boston Tran-
script.

Silas (the hired man)—Gosh, hoss! It's
not much fun workin' with the thermometer
one hundred and two in the shade! Former
Hoystock—Waal, yer dern fool! What's that
to you? You're not goin' to work in the
shade!—Life.

Hokus—Fluhduh seems to have a wonder-
ful opinion of his knowledge. Pokus—I
should say he has. Why, I have actually
heard him attempt to argue with his son, who
is in his freshman year at college.—Birming-
ham Age-Herald.

Dr. A—Why do you always make such par-
ticular inquiries as to what your patients eat?
Does that assist you in your diagnosis? Dr.
B—Not that, but it enables me to ascertain
their social position and arrange my fees ac-
cordingly.—Topeka Journal.

Notive—Yes, I says the squire he praised.
He give us that hootiful free library. Tourist
—I'm glad you appreciate it; but you don't
look like a reading man, either. Notive—No,
sur; I don't use the library, but my old
'ooman she do get the joh o' cleanin' it out.
—Punch.

"Hurray!" yelled father. "Hurray a couple
of times!" "What in the world is the mat-
ter?" asked mother. "I've just discovered a
wonderful thing," father replied. "Here's
one town in Mexico with a name that is pro-
nounced exactly like it is spelled!"—Topeka
Journal.

Housewife (to new domestic)—There is
one thing I wish to say to you. The last girl
had a habit of coming into the parlor and
playing the piano occasionally. You never
play the piano, do you? New Domestic—Yis,
mum, I play; but I'll hev to charge yer half
a crown a week extry if I am to furnish music
for the family.—Liverpool Mercury.

"My friend," said the solemn man, "have
you ever done aught to make the community
in which you live the better for your living
in it?" "I have done much, sir," replied the
other, humbly, "to purify the homes of my
fellow-beings." "Ah," continued the solemn
man with a pleased air, "you distribute
tracts?" "No; I clean carpets."—Dallas
News.



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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Issue at Stockton.

In spite of the suppressions of our newspapers, shivering with dread lest they shall lose a labor-union nickel, it is now evident that Stockton is at the beginning of a straight-out fight between the employers and the labor organizations. The exact and immediate cause of the quarrel is obscure, thanks to the aforesaid newspaper policy of concealing the facts instead of revealing them. But perhaps the exact and immediate causes do not matter very much. When a broad issue has once been drawn such as that of the open and closed shop there can be no lack of final reasons for a clash, and that is exactly the situation at Stockton. The present paralysis of the city's industry, with its state-wide results upon trade, with its mutual hatreds and the inevitable turmoil and violence, has been invoked, not to settle some dispute as to wages and hours, but to determine whether Stockton shall be a free city or one that is shackled by the most cruel, the most vindictive, and the meanest of all social castes. And it

may be said that the war upon which Stockton has now entered is one that must eventually be waged and won in every city in California.

And because this is a war for industrial freedom and for elementary human rights there ought to be some practical response from the collective civic decencies of the state. It means the difference between industrial prosperity and industrial ruin. Morally it means something far more than this. The closed shop means a reign of terror by the few over the many. It means the driving of the dispossessed into the highways and byways as hobos and criminals. It means the denial of opportunity to youth, and an unending stream of recruits for the jail and the reform school and the poorhouse. It means the prostitution of the police and the corruption of the bench. We have seen all these things in San Francisco again and again. Within the past year we have seen a hundred devilish outrages committed in the streets of this city and in connection with one small and trivial strike, and we have seen police and magistrates join hands with criminals for the persecution of innocent and helpless men and girls while our newspapers kept a concerted silence so that the bad work might go on unchecked. These are among the invariable fruits of the closed shop—the open and obvious fruits. The less visible fruits are the shrinking of the city's trade and the tacit warning given to enterprise to keep at arm's length from San Francisco under pain of ruin. Stockton is now to determine whether this cancerous growth is to obtain a permanent and fatal hold upon her or whether she shall shake it off while it is still possible to do so.

The whole country now knows the deadly meaning of the closed shop. It means that no man shall work or live except by permission of a trade organization. It means a practical sentence of death or banishment upon all who elect to remain outside of that organization or who are deliberately excluded in order to produce an artificial demand that shall result in inflated wages and a monopolistic power for the few. At this moment there are hundreds, possibly thousands, of trained and competent men in San Francisco unable to work at their trade either because they do not wish to surrender their liberties or because they are without the necessary "pull" or the necessary fees to secure their admission to a union. There are unions that admit none but the relations of members, and not many of them. There are other unions that enforce and compel the dishonesty of their members by idling, loitering, and destructiveness. And there are still others, perhaps the majority, who are ready tacitly to condone the worst forms of crime and to subscribe their money for the purchase and defense of crime. It is against ahominations such as these that Stockton has arrayed her forces, and she ought to have the support and encouragement of every sentiment of decency and of liberty throughout the state.

The advocates of the open shop make no unreasonable demand. They ask no more than that the commonplaces of the old Americanism shall be preserved and that every man in every condition of life shall be at liberty to work or not to work as he please, and that he shall be free to sell his labor on his own terms and without let or hindrance. That it should be necessary to re-state this principle, that it should be necessary to fight for it, is evidence of a descent that has yet to be measured in terms of moral and financial loss. At least it is worth asserting and worth fighting for.

The President, the Senate, and Mr. Warburg.

In sober reality, regarded apart from matters at issue between the President and the Senate, there is no sort of objection to Mr. Paul M. Warburg, who has been nominated a member of the Reserve Bank Board. Mr. Warburg is a man of large experience in financial

affairs at home and abroad—one of the few American bankers whose operations have extended into the realm of world finance. In New York City his standing is relatively that of Mr. Crocker, Mr. Hellman, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Fleishacker in San Francisco. Mr. Warburg is something more than a money man. He is that *rara avis* in these days of universal selfishness, a man of high public spirit. Whatever cause makes demand upon patriotic citizenship finds in Mr. Warburg intelligent and ready coöperation. That in the face of these facts there is now question as to Mr. Warburg's confirmation is due to a sudden stiffening of the senatorial backbone as to the authority and rights of the Senate in the matter of Federal appointments.

By the terms of the act creating the Federal Reserve system certain members of the Board are to be nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate. Of late the tendency has been to reduce the function of the Senate in the matter of presidential nominations to a species of "rubber stamp" practice. That body has been expected to approve appointments as a matter of course. Any disposition on the part of the Senate to take seriously its confirming powers has been resented as a reflection upon the President—as an act bordering upon *lèse majesté*. Senators, scrupulous upon the point of senatorial prestige and dignity, have writhed under this practical curtailment of their authority, and some of them have come at last to the point of open protest. In the matter of the appointees to the Reserve Board, the Senate Banking and Currency Committee has made it a point to look closely into the qualifications of the nominees. In the case of Professor Adolph Miller of California, against whom not a word of protest was made from any quarter, the inquisition was so scrupulous as to require copies of the nominee's correspondence relative to public questions so far back as the controversy over silver twenty years ago. Two of the nominees, Messrs. Jones of Chicago and Warburg of New York, were asked to appear before the Senate committee for interrogation as to their affiliations, connections, etc. Mr. Jones did so appear, and made answer to certain very direct questions that were put to him. But Mr. Warburg took the ground that personal examination at the hands of the committee would involve an infringement of his personal dignity. Answering the invitation of the committee, he said:

I can not comply with this request, because, feeling that the action of the committee last Thursday in withholding action regarding my name, while favorably reporting the names of three nominees, created a situation which might impair my usefulness as a member of the Federal Reserve Board. I wrote the President on Friday, respectfully requesting the withdrawal of my nomination. Furthermore, while I should have been glad to appear before your committee if it had deemed a conference with all of the nominees necessary to guide its action, I feel that I should not do so after one other nominee and myself have been singled out for examination.

While it is easy to sympathize with Mr. Warburg's irritation upon being asked to submit to an unusual inquiry, it is not to the credit of his self-poise that he has resented it as a reflection upon himself. He ought to have understood it to be what it really was, an issue between the President and the Senate upon a point of constitutional practice. He ought further to have recognized this fact, namely, that however unpleasant the demand put upon him by the Senate, it came none the less within the right of the Senate to make it. Since it is part of the Senate's duty to consider presidential appointments under its constitutional commission to confirm or reject, it certainly has the right to make such investigations as will tend to intelligent judgment. It is the custom of Presidents—Mr. Wilson like the rest—to invite men in view for high posts to personal conference before appointments

made. Propriety and precedent alike warrant the practice; nobody regards it as involving violence to anybody's personal dignity; nobody has ever looked upon a summons to the White House as a personal reflection—as other, indeed, than a gratifying compliment. If there be any essential difference between such a summons from the appointing power (the President) and one from the confirming power (the Senate) we fail to see it. Surely the Senate is entitled to any and every form of knowledge respecting any man whose name is before it as a nominee for public office. And if for any reason it has doubts in a particular case, it is not only its right but its duty to make the fullest inquiry.

Admitting that the predicament was a bit unpleasant for Mr. Warburg, the fact remains that the Senate was clearly within its rights in asking him to appear before its Committee on Banking and Currency. His dignities, we think, would better have been served by courteous compliance. Apparently Mr. Warburg forgot that one's personal dignities suffer by what he does himself rather than by what may be done by somebody else. Having permitted his name to go before the Senate as a candidate, he should not have insisted upon confirmation on the basis of his general repute, high though it be. Prompt response to the summons of the Banking and Currency Committee would have been far more dignified than an exhibition of wounded feeling.

It is understood at Washington that the President will decline to withdraw Mr. Warburg's nomination and will insist upon his confirmation, in spite of what has happened, and the common belief is that his influence will be sufficiently strong to bring the Senate to acquiescence. But success under the circumstances would be costly, since it can only be gained by exercise of an authority which is not strictly legitimate. The Senate has a right to be respected by the President in its constitutional powers, and there is more to be lost than gained in forcing it to a course in contempt of these powers. Furthermore, the President's own dignities are involved in the issue. Even assuming that he may be able to do it, the President has nothing to gain by forcing the Senate to swallow what many, perhaps most, of its members regard as an affront. Mr. Wilson would better reserve the practical powers which his office gives him over the Senate for more serious occasions.

Mr. Jones, the Harvester Trust, and the President.

Among the names submitted by the President for membership in the Federal Reserve Board was that of an old Princeton friend (the phrase is pleasantly familiar). Thomas D. Jones of Chicago. Mr. Jones, among many other activities of a business kind, is a director of the Harvester Trust, that highly-sanctioned exemplar of "centralized business" of which Mr. George W. Perkins is the directing head and of which Colonel Roosevelt in times past has been more or less a beneficiary. The connection between Mr. Jones and this eminently worthy exemplar of business virtuosity was remarked upon in the Senate by Mr. Owen of Oklahoma, with the effect of bringing down upon his offending head the imperial wrath in the form of a personal letter signed Woodrow Wilson—which letter, through somebody's carelessness, of course, got to the public. Mr. Jones, the President declared, had practically no financial interest in the Harvester Trust. Under the inspirations of moral duty, he had acquired a few shares of trust stock to qualify himself as a director, his animating purpose being a fine enthusiasm for the public good.

This explanation no doubt appeared to the maker of it a conclusive statement, a regular sledge-hammer rebuttal, but it was read with a reserved approval by Mr. Perkins, who promptly and with some emphasis remarked that the President's explanation of Mr. Jones's relation to the Harvester Trust was a bit of poppycock. Jones, according to Perkins, in his relations to the Harvester Trust was no fire-eyed moral crusader, but strictly a man of business. Mr. Cyrus M. McCormick, a large owner of Harvester Trust stock, had put Mr. Jones into the board, not to reform anything or anybody, but to lend a hand in making the business pay.

Then Mr. Jones himself piped up, disclaiming the rôle of moral guide in his relations to the Harvester Trust. Answering inquiries put to him by the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency, Mr. Jones said

that he went on the board to oblige his old friend McCormick, and that he was in entire sympathy with the acts of the company since he became a director in 1909. The idea of improving the morals of the Harvester Trust had never entered his head.

Now if the President were a coarse, old-school politician, uninspired by the New Freedom, unwedded to the uplift, there would be those to note the discrepancy between the President's letter to Senator Owen and Mr. Jones's interpretation of his own purpose and function as a director of the Harvester Trust—in other words that the President, to substitute an extended and gracious phrase for a short and ugly word, had mis-conceived and misinterpreted Mr. Jones's position.

An incidental and not unamusing phase of the matter is the fact that Mr. Jones while in Washington to wait upon the Senate committee was President Wilson's guest; and immediately after giving the testimony so strikingly different from the President's letter to Senator Owen he returned directly to the White House. It is impossible not to wonder how the President received a guest who thirty minutes before had characterized the President's statement to Senator Owen as shy at the point of truth and veracity.

Retirement of the "Contributing Editor."

The retirement of Mr. Roosevelt from the *Outlook* had become a necessity in view of things long a-stewing, and which recently came to a boil. Mr. Roosevelt opposed the Panama tolls repeal, and the *Outlook* warmly supported it. In its issue of May 23d the *Outlook* emphasized this discrepancy by the remark that "the position taken by the *Outlook* in this matter differs from that of Mr. Roosevelt." In other matters equally important the *Outlook* has in recent months exhibited a spirit of friendliness to the Wilson administration. The Currency Bill is a case in point. Speaking of this measure in its issue of January 3d, the *Outlook* remarked editorially: "We do not wonder that President Wilson, who signed the bill on the night of December 23d, expressed a deep gratification at being able to sign it. He was entirely justified by the provisions of the bill, by its history, and by the spirit with which both houses of Congress have treated it, in calling it a great constructive measure." In its review of the President's first year, on March 7th, the *Outlook* said: "The President's attitude towards public questions, whether foreign or domestic, has in general been broad-gauge. To the solution of every problem he has brought to bear a strong, intellectual, incisive personality and a spirit of calm comprehensiveness, even where he has not, according to some critics, shown a sweet reasonableness." Likewise the *Outlook* has had kind things to say of the President's anti-trust programme, and of various other acts and utterances.

But nobody has heard Mr. Roosevelt in words or suggestions approve anything done by the Wilson administration. Anybody who will take the pains to match up his Pittsburgh speech with Brother Abbott's editorials will note at a quick glance irreconcilable differences both of judgment and feeling. Under the circumstances it is of course impossible that Abbott and Roosevelt should continue to trot along in double harness.

It would be presumptuous to assume that the recent course of the *Outlook* has been artfully calculated to develop a situation leading to Mr. Roosevelt's retirement. Yet there are those who will think so; and there are reasons why. In many ways the connection of the contributing editor has been an embarrassment. It has tended to make the *Outlook* a partisan journal, at the same time requiring of it certain lightning changes very difficult to make by anybody less adroit or more definitely consistent and responsible than the agile Colonel. Then the connection has been a distinct embarrassment to Brother Abbott's advertising department. Dislike of Mr. Roosevelt has pretty generally dominated the business world in recent years, and has had its effect in closing a good many doors to the *Outlook's* active young business agents. It has been understood for some time in inside circles that the *Outlook* was seeking a way to "chuck" the Colonel. The easiest way, of course, was to demonstrate to him that his influence in shaping the editorial policy was nil, so creating a situation in which common self-respect on his part should call for a "get-away."

The connection of Mr. Roosevelt with the *Outlook* from the beginning was a mistake. It gained a good

many readers at the start; likewise it lost a good many. When the Colonel went Bull-Moosing in 1912, carrying the *Outlook* with him, there was still further loss. Inevitably the boisterous Colonel created an atmosphere out of harmony with the religious traditions, the goody-goody pretensions, and the old-time affectations of sanctimony and dignity associated with the name and fame of the *Outlook*. And perhaps there went with the whole business an element of wounded vanity, since it could hardly have been pleasant for Brother Abbott, so long a first fiddler within his particular sphere of journalism, to be crowded over into the second fiddler's place.

Abnormal, illogical, and incongruous relationships, like that of Mr. Roosevelt with the *Outlook*, never work out in successful practice. Mr. Roosevelt never is and never can be a journalist. He lacks both temperament and training; he is too "sot" to change, he is too old and too cocksure to learn. His position in the *Outlook* office was precisely like that of John L. Sullivan in a dramatic company. He was brought into it merely as a drawing card, not for the legitimate purposes of aiding the activities and promoting the real welfare of the magazine. The experiment has cost the *Outlook* heavily both in money and in loss of prestige. The mistake has not only been fatal, but permanent in its effects, for the *Outlook* can never regain the position which it sacrificed in becoming the subservient organ of a man whose first purposes are and must always be personal and political.

Exit Huerta.

History will adjudge President Huerta by the standards of his country and his times. Under these standards the crimes of his régime, in so far as he may be personally responsible for them, will be cancelled. Judgment of the man will take stock of his individual courage, the fortitude with which he has faced colossal difficulties, the poise with which he has met an aggressive and overwhelming enmity.

The retirement of Huerta involves a change of deal, but it does not modify the game. There remain the old contentions, the fixed hatreds, the utter selfishness, and the gross savagery precisely as in the past. Huerta's going tends not in the slightest measure to pacification of the country; it leaves the situation in no sense better than it was.

The failure of Huerta has not been brought about by forces within the country. It is a direct effect of the policy of the United States government. The moral, financial, and the military powers of this country have now for a full year been cooperating with the insurgents. We and not they have won their fight, in so far as it has been won. In the last analysis we and not they are logically and morally responsible for the consequences.

Professedly we have no quarrel with Mexico. We claim to have no part in, we admit no responsibility for, the terrible doings of the past year. Yet American influence tied the hands of Huerta, American authority held him impotent and helpless before his enemies. At the same time American official sympathy gave comfort and encouragement to rebellion, and a calculated American policy provided the agents of insurrection with the means of carrying forward the conflict.

Now we are to see a new development in American policy towards Mexico. The government at Washington ought to profit by its mistakes. It ought, regarding the old slate as wiped clean, to start afresh and without prejudice. That it will do this, we say it regretfully, we have no faith or hope. We fear that there will be neither the practical intelligence nor the strong-handed resolution to do what ought to be done—what must in the end be done. We foresee an era further extended of turmoil and chaos under the whimsical notion that in some miraculous way ignorant, besotted, savage Mexico may come to the standards of an advanced civilization and conform in orderly and patriotic spirit to the elevated maxims of her borrowed constitution.

The immediate situation is desperate. An exhilarated and bloodthirsty horde is marching upon the capital. Unless it be restrained, unspeakable horrors and cruelties will mark its possession of that beautiful city. There is but one force in the world that can stay its hand. The government at Washington may, if it have the judgment and the nerve to act, command Villa to halt. It ought to act, and the method of its action

should be the immediate placement of the force now at Vera Cruz in the City of Mexico.

Washington Topics.

The demonstration at the White House on Tuesday of last week, planned to concentrate sentiment and put "go" into the movement for constitutional suffrage, has had a quite contrariwise effect. It has increased differences, widened the old breach between the ultras and the moderates, and discouraged the effort to inaugurate a nation-wide campaign. The demonstration was engineered by an organization which styles itself the Congressional Union for Woman Suffrage, and which, in so far as militantism exists in this country, is a militant body. It is clamoring for passage by Congress of the Bristow-Mondell resolution submitting a suffrage constitutional amendment. When the President declined to be cross-examined by his visitors and abruptly left them, after saying that the subject was one for state and not national action, the Congressional Union promptly came out with a denunciation of the Democratic party and the President. We say promptly, because as a matter of fact the resolutions of denunciation, having been prepared and duly printed in advance, were distributed upon the street before the tail end of the procession had gotten fairly out of the White House. Now in disapproval of the extreme demands and of the general precipitancy of the Congressional Union comes the more or less reserved Anna Howard Shaw, president of the National Woman Suffrage Association, the rival organization, to the defense of the President. Defense of anybody or anything is a new rôle for the Reverend Anna, who in character, temperament, and personal style is the counterpart in petticoats of Brother William Jennings Bryan. Miss Shaw disavows the performance of the Congressional Union suffragists, and talks of tolerance and non-militancy. The Congressional Union advises its sympathizers in every suffrage state to vote against the Democrats; the Woman Suffrage Association advises its supporters to pick out individuals to vote for or against, and not to permit partisanship to control their action.

Meanwhile the Congressional Union is busy with its militant campaign. A small, red-headed, and dynamic personality, Miss Mary Brennan, who has more or less sky-rocketed over the Pacific Coast in recent years, is the most active of a group of hysterical workers for the Union. Miss Brennan's specialty is public agitation. And by way of an engaging novelty she has set up a huge and highly-colored umbrella as big as a circus tent on the beach at Atlantic City, where she is conducting a continuous performance of what she calls "bathing suit rallies." This designation, regarded from this distance, is a bit vague, but recalling one fleeting view of the bathing beach at Atlantic City, we suspect that it will be a taking card with the bald-heads. As a side issue, Miss Brennan has a scheme for organizing a corps of athletic female life-savers for beach service. God help any anti-suffrage congressman, or even any anti-suffrage editor, who may chance to get a cramp in the stretch of beach patrolled by Miss Brennan's volunteers!

If it be true that the angels look down with consciousness and understanding upon what goes on in this old world, there must these days be some quiet chuckling in heaven when the shade of Thomas B. Reed, once of Maine, observes current developments in parliamentary practice. It seems only the other day when Mr. Reed, very much in the flesh, roused to fierce rage the spirit of Democracy by "counting a quorum" in the House of Representatives. He was dubbed "Czar," and wherever two or three Democrats were gathered together, from one side of the continent to the other, was called all the bad names in the calendar. He was stigmatized as a breaker-down of our liberties—a very Atilla of iconoclastic innovation. Who does not recall how Representative "Buck" Kilgore of Texas nearly burst all his blood-vessels in virtuous rage when ordered to stay in and be counted, when he wanted not to be counted, and kicked his way out of the locked door of the House of Representatives.

Then it will be recalled that when the Democracy came into control of the House it wavered a bit, but finally with a shamed face adopted and enforced the

obnoxious Reed rules, slightly modified by a skillful juggling of language to preserve a semblance of consistency. It is not forgotten that when Uncle Joe Cannon, representing a rude Republicanism, became Speaker, and reestablished the Reed rules in their bare verity, Democracy returned to its ground of protest, and railed some more against "Cesarism," "Czarism," and all the rest of it.

During the period of these doings in the House, the Senate held strictly to the old procedure, which permitted unlimited freedom of debate, or of what was called by that name. The Republican party, for all its hard riding in the House, dared not adventure so far as to enforce cloture in the Senate. When the Democracy came into authority unlimited privilege of debate was still the rule in the Senate.

But this rule has its discomforts. It interferes with the prompt and automatic action which the controlling powers would like to enforce. A Democratic Vice-President and a Democratic majority want to run things their own way, and they are annoyed by the delays and confusions permissible to the opposition under the rule of free discussion. The rights of the minority make a fine theme for academic talk, but when the Democracy is in the majority it wants all the advantages attaching to that status. So we come to Vice-President Marshall, driven by his desire to expedite business, hampered on the one hand by Democratic absenteeism and on the other by filibustering opposition, counting a quorum in the Senate precisely as Tom Reed did in the House. "The chair is about to make a ruling," sharply remarked the Vice-President in open session on July 3d. "On the roll-call there are thirty-four yeas and fourteen nays. There are three senators in the Senate chamber who have announced their pairs. With the vote and the announced pairs there is a quorum present. If those who announced their pairs should vote in the negative the motion would still prevail. In order that the question may be definitely settled, the chair rules that the motion does prevail." And, strange to tell—or is it strange to tell?—the chair was duly sustained. It is all very interesting and very human. And right here is where the ghost of Tom Reed shakes its—let us hope—still fat if angelic sides!

And speaking of human things, a remark made by President Wilson in his Fourth of July talk at Philadelphia merits attention. "There are some gentlemen in Washington," said the President, "who are showing themselves to be patriotic in a way that does not attract very much attention. The members of the House and Senate, who stay in hot Washington to maintain a quorum and transact public business are performing an act of patriotism. I honor them for it, and I am mightily glad to stick by them until it is over." Now the joker in this naïve remark is that there is not one man in Congress, not one man in or out of the administration save President Wilson himself, who is eager to have Congress stick on the job. The President wants Congress to stay in session. Reluctant and protesting, it stays in session. Hence it is patriotic.

What I want is patriotic. What you want is unpatriotic. It is perfectly clear. So operates the school-master mind.

The progress of the Trade Commission bill in the Senate, where as many as twelve senators—no more—are giving it serious attention, is indicating very clearly the real as distinct from the artificial line of cleavage in the Senate. It is a line which runs horizontally through both old parties, setting the radicals on one side and the conservatives on the other. Thus we have Senator Cummins advocating the bill, which is quite in line with the New Nationalism and the substitution of government by commission and executive edict for government by law, on one side of the line; on the other we have Senator Borah, liberal Republican, but no radical, holding up a warning hand. We see the radical Democrats lining up with Cummins and we see the conservative Democrats lining up with Borah. Cummins wants the bill more radical and stronger than it is. Borah regards it as leading to a further development of bureaucracy, and does not hesitate to say that in his opinion it would be used as a buffer against the Sherman law. Quite confidentially it is whispered about Washington that the private opinion of Attorney-General McReynolds coincides with the expressed views of Mr. Borah. But of course Mr. McReynolds

as a member of the President's cabinet is bound to a discreet silence. Nothing puts so firm a clamp on the mouth of a statesman as a cabinet post.

Editorial Notes.

The whole country we believe, outside the narrow sphere of intense Democratic partisanship, would be gratified by the appointment of ex-President Taft to the Associate Justiceship of the Supreme Court, made vacant by the death of Justice Lurton. Yet it is not likely to be done. Partisan pressure will be too great. Perhaps the President is lacking in the breadth and generosity required for so signal an act. Among those declared by gossip to be in line for the appointment we note with interest that of our own Lane. In many ways the appointment of Mr. Lane would be personally and widely gratifying. None the less, candor requires it to be said that Mr. Lane's strictly technical qualifications—that is to say his training, experience, and standing as a lawyer—are hardly such as would justify his appointment to the Supreme Bench of the United States. There is plenty of work for Mr. Lane within the limits of his equipment—work very important. But he ought not to be placed in a position for which he has had no adequate preparation.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Faith and Practice of Christian Science.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 13, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: The *Argonaut* contains an article on the "Go-to-Church Movement," in which you account for the wonderful prosperity and growth of Christian Science by saying: "Christian Science * * * requires of its communicants no adhesion to outworn creeds. The Christian Scientist may believe what he likes."

Now, while we appreciate the spirit with which this writer handles the subject, giving Christian Science credit for accomplishing much good by giving, as he puts it, a "certain spiritual and moral uplift" to the individual, still it is quite misleading to state "the Christian Scientist may believe what he likes." While it may be said that Christian Scientists have no "doctrinal beliefs" (see page 496, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy), but in order to join the Christian Science church one has to subscribe to the tenets as given in the Church Manual, and in "Science and Health," page 497. The first tenet reads as follows: "As adherents of Truth, we take the inspired Word of the Bible as our sufficient guide to eternal Life." The second tenet, an outgrowth of the first, reads: "We acknowledge and adore one supreme and infinite God. We acknowledge His Son, one Christ; the Holy Ghost or divine Comforter; and man in God's image and likeness." And the sixth is as follows: "And we solemnly promise to watch, and pray for that Mind to be in us which was also in Christ Jesus; to do unto others as we would have them do unto us; and to be merciful, just, and pure."

The Christian Scientist is expected to live his religion, thus proving his words by his works. Nevertheless, as long as the Christian Scientist has to eat and pay rent as do others, he will have to be paid for his services as are other people, if this is the point which our friend refers to when he accuses Christian Scientists of having "too close an alliance with the rules of thrift," and also charges them with turning out too many "eagerly thrifty practitioners." It may be stated that the Christian Science practitioners have all done much of charity work among those who have no means. The Bible says, "The laborer is worthy of his hire." In Jeremiah, 22:13, we read: "Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong; that useth his neighbor's service without wages, and giveth him not for his work."

As to the "overpriced books," the fact is that no one is ever solicited to buy the Bible or a copy of "Science and Health" (the Christian Science text-book). There are Christian Science Free Reading Rooms in nearly every city, where Christian Science literature may be read or borrowed, free of charge. Most of our public libraries are also supplied with these books.

Yours truly, THOMAS F. WATSON,
Christian Science Committee on Publication.

The settlement and development of the West does not appear to have greatly reduced the number of animals which prey upon domestic live-stock, and the loss from that source alone runs into the millions of dollars each year. Within the forests, however, the number of domestic animals killed has been appreciably reduced by the campaign against wild animals waged by the officers of the forest service. During the past eight years forest officers have killed over thirty-five thousand predatory animals, consisting of coyotes, wolves, bear, mountain lion, wildcats, and lynx, to say nothing of many other beasts.

No more novel method of gold "mining" has ever come to light than at a deserted mining camp near Wickes, Montana. To be exact, it is the remains of what was once a thriving village at the Gregory mine. It has developed that the sand used in plastering the houses came from tailings ponds rich in gold. Now that the camp is falling to decay, the old cottages are being torn down and the plaster carefully saved and shipped to the East Helena smelter.

Flumes of the V-type are extensively used in California, transporting annually about 110,000,000 feet of lumber from the mountains to the valley. Some of those in the Southern Sierras are sixty miles in length. Such flumes are said to cost between \$4000 and \$5000 per mile.

THE MORGANATIC MARRIAGE.

Every now and then the American public is reminded of the existence of that curious institution known as the morganatic marriage, and then there is usually an explosion of indignation at what is called, for some curious reason, an insult to womanhood. The explosion has been particularly loud upon those few occasions wherein an American woman has been concerned. As the morganatic marriage is to be found only in monarchical countries, we doubtless believe ourselves to be denouncing an effete social system, and it need hardly be said that all social systems that are not exactly like ours are effete and suitable for denunciation. But the morganatic marriage is actually no more than a union to which the government refuses to give its sanction or recognition, and while we may hold very strong opinions as to the reasons for such a refusal we certainly have no right to object to the fact of the refusal as such. There are now various states in the Union that refuse to assent to certain marriages on the ground of an adverse heredity, and even do all that they can to prevent them. In a few years' time it will probably be impossible to get married at all—or indeed to do anything else—without the assent of the Young Ladies' Eugenist Society of Little Mudville, and so we have here all the essential principles of the morganatic marriage. In Wisconsin you can not get married at all until the doctors have taken a sample of your brains, if you have any, or your spinal cord. The apparent and eminently proper reason for this procedure is to prevent any more of the present brand of Wisconsinites from being born, but it will be seen that the principle upon which the law is based is the theory of heredity. That is precisely the principle upon which the morganatic marriage is based, but in Europe the principle is applied to the royal family only, and in Wisconsin it is applied to every one. There may be naughty people in Wisconsin who will observe the essentials of matrimony while compulsorily neglecting its formalities, and as a result they may have babies. Such things have been heard of, even in Wisconsin. The law will then refuse to regard those babies as legitimate, and so there we shall have the morganatic marriage in all its glories. And such "marriages" will probably be numerous. America, under the fostering care of the reformer, will soon be the home of the morganatic marriage, just as it is now the home of the trial marriage.

The late Crown Prince of Austria—he who was murdered a week or so ago—was married morganatically. His wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, had been a maid of honor in the imperial family, and when the prince was observed to be casting interested eyes in her direction, as even princes will do, she was summarily turned out of doors. But the prince insisted upon having his own way, and so he went through the ceremony of marriage with the lady, but the bride herself was deserted by her own family and she stood at the altar practically alone. Moreover, Prince Ferdinand had to take an oath to the effect that the children of the marriage "can never be regarded as legitimate children." They could never claim the throne. They were to be as far beyond the law as if their parents had been united in Wisconsin without having their alleged brains tested. But they were rather more lenient in Austria than in Wisconsin. In Austria they were allowed the usual religious ceremony. In Wisconsin it would have been forbidden them, and if they had merely disregarded the ceremony they might have been arrested by the police as white-slavers or something of that kind. Prince Ferdinand seems to have been a good deal of a man, for he compelled his family to receive his wife, and eventually she was given a precedence nearly equal to that of a grand duchess. There was never any scandal, never any ugly happening or rudeness, but certainly there would have been if the ladies of the court had not had some substantial reasons to hold the prince in awe.

There was another morganatic marriage that did result in a decidedly ugly scandal. When Ferdinand de Saxe Coburg, grandfather of the late Dom Carlos, married Miss Elise Frederica Hensler, the opera singer, his royal relatives were up in arms and vowed that the lady should be taught her proper place, a piece of instruction that they were well qualified to impart. There was nothing to be said against the lady herself. She was not only virtuous, but she could make admirable cakes, and it may be noted in the lady's praise that while we can all be virtuous we can not all make cakes. That her cakes were all that cakes ought to be is proved by the testimony of Mrs. Grant, who ate some of them, or said she did, and approved of them highly. But her excellence in the culinary art did not save her from the furies of the court of Portugal. Queen Maria Pia referred to her habitually as "that person," and we all know the concentrated venom that can be put into that phrase by the feminine tongue. Queen Maria Pia pointedly turned her back upon the poor parvenu, and of course the lackeys of the court did the same thing. Upon one occasion the unfortunate lady found herself without an escort in the anteroom of a royal reception, and she was allowed to taste the full bitterness of her splendid isolation. Then the Spanish ambassador took pity upon her and offered his arm, but on reaching the hall it was found that there was no vacant place for her, and all the men were just as oblivious of her plight as though they had been in a San Francisco street-car and she had been hanging to a strap. Queen Maria Pia had seen to it that there should be no vacant chair, and the situation was fast becoming a tragedy when the wife of the Spanish ambassador vacated her seat and gave it to the victim of royal and feminine spite. Then all the men at once rose and offered their chairs to the Spanish lady and so emphasized the original insult.

And now it seems that Europe is to have another morganatic marriage. Prince Oscar of Germany is determined to marry Fraulein von Bassewitz-Levitow, but as Prince Oscar is not likely to become heir to the throne the event is not a very important one. But the lady must be content to be a wife and no more. She will not be a princess. No rank whatever will come to her with her marriage, although it is nearly certain that some rank will be conferred upon her. She will have no status whatsoever in royal gatherings except such status as may accompany the title that will be given to her. Her position will always be a difficult one, and of course her husband's position will be equally difficult, since etiquette will not allow him to stand by his wife's side, and will not allow her to stand by his side. Doubtless the young couple will see to it that they do not come within the radius wherein etiquette rules. Away from the royal court they can cut quite a swathe in some provincial city on the general principle that among the blind the one-eyed man is king.

There are no morganatic marriages in England. Royalty in Great Britain is either married or it is not married. There is no half-way house and no compromises. But royalty must not marry without the consent of the sovereign, and no ceremony whatsoever is considered to be a marriage without that consent. The Royal Marriage Act of 1772 provides that no member of the royal family shall marry "without the previous consent of his majesty, his heirs or successors, signified under the great seal and declared in council." Lacking this consent any and every marriage is null and void and as though it had never been celebrated. The late Duke of Cambridge is usually supposed to have been morganatically married to Miss Fairbrother, but as a matter of fact he was not married to her at all. He merely lived with her. He could have sent her away at any moment and she would have had no redress. Doubtless they considered that they were married, and if we may express a personal opinion on so momentous a topic as the marriage of royalties it would be to the effect that the recording angel also considered that they were married, and therefore failed to make any of the usual debit entries in his ledger—if indeed the recording angel is in the least interested in marriage ceremonies, which we may be pardoned for doubting.

Now all this sounds very crude, and perhaps even very cruel, until we remember that we are doing very much the same kind of thing ourselves, but on a much wider scale and much more barbarously. We seem all to have decided that it is possible to prevent certain kinds of people from being born, although whether we can actually do so or not may still be in doubt by the few who have preserved some rudimentary powers of thought. The royal families of Europe do not go quite so far as we do. They do not say that these undesirable persons shall not be born at all. They only say that they shall not be born in the royal families. They do not wish to have the blood of tinkers and tailors in those select veins, and so they take the obvious way to prevent it. Our own particular antipathies are directed toward persons who may have tuberculosis, or glanders, or foot and mouth disease, or a tendency to break the Sabbath, and we, too, take the obvious ways to prevent their birth. But we do very much more than this. In at least one state it is the law that any one who has twice been convicted of a crime shall be placed by surgical means beyond the possibilities of marriage and parentage, in other words that they shall be mutilated. Now in that particular state it is a crime within the meaning of the act to harness your horse insufficiently, and to do a variety of other things that the recording angel—already cited in this case—is quite indifferent to. So that in our anxiety to prevent the birth of persons who may inherit undesirable traits it has actually been enacted that a person who upon two occasions is careless about the harness of his horse shall be rendered by surgical means incapable of being a father, presumably for fear that carelessness in harnessing a horse may prove to be a transmissible trait. Obviously, then, we can not afford to throw stones at the morganatic marriage, which is based upon a certain belief in the power of heredity which, among ourselves, is not merely a belief, but is rapidly becoming a mania. The royal families of Europe may show a lamentable lack of taste in wishing to exclude the blood of tinkers and tailors from their veins, but at least they have a right to do what they wish in this matter. Probably they would hold up their hands in horror at the ideas that have gotten themselves made into laws in Wisconsin and other aboriginal states. They might laugh at the idea that harnessing a horse is a transmissible trait that should be extirpated by the surgeon's knife, and they would certainly be vastly amused at the thought of extracting a sample of a man's spinal cord before allowing him to marry. But it is evident that the same ideas that mark an effete state of civilization in one place may easily become the marks of an enlightened and scientific progress in another.

SIDNEY CORYN.

The production of manganese ores in the United States during 1913, wholly in Virginia, was only 4048 tons. Though this was the largest output since 1908, the domestic production has for twenty years been negligible compared with the imports, which amounted to 345,090 tons in 1913. India, Russia, and Brazil, in the order named, supply practically the entire amount of these ores needed by the industries of the United States. These three countries produce, in fact, about ninety per cent of the world's supply. It is a curious fact that the United States, with enormous deposits of iron ore, depends on deposits in foreign countries for most of its supply of metals used as certain alloys.

A MODEL CASHIER.

M. Navet's Vacation Has Unusual Consequences.

After the disagreeable summer of that rainy year of our Lord 1891, Parisians generally, and the residents upon the Rue des Archives in particular, were disposed to make the most of the sunny days of a charming autumn. Accordingly, M. Auguste Navet decided to improve a few of the fine days by accepting the invitation of an old army comrade living near Dijon.

It was, no doubt, hard for him to tear himself away from the cares of a prosperous business (buttons wholesale, patented at home and abroad); but he really needed a vacation, and then Jules Caniveau would be in charge during his absence. Jules was a model cashier, and the confidential clerk of Navet, who was very proud of him. With him at the head of affairs, there was nothing to fear. Mme. Navet, who lived in the building in which the shop was located, would visit it regularly. The eye of the master would be replaced by that of the mistress.

Early in October, M. Navet bought a complete hunting outfit, and on a Saturday made his adieux to his wife. The parting was not particularly affecting. There had been a coldness between monsieur and madame for a long time. Mme. Olympe Navet, née Lafleur, was of a dreamy and romantic nature, and had hardly been able to endure life with her husband, a man entirely practical and commonplace. She was neither sorry nor glad when her husband left her, yet she seemed to feel a sense of relief.

The next day she descended to the shop to help pass away the time, and also to comply with her husband's request. Jules Caniveau gave her the details of the business, and inquired about her health with an appearance of much interest. Jules was a charming fellow, hardly thirty-five years old, with a black mustache and a pair of brilliant eyes behind elegant eyeglasses. His manners were easy and agreeable. Olympe had always thought him fine-looking, but as she had never had any lengthy conversation with him, she had not fully appreciated his amiable qualities. Two days were sufficient for this study.

Meanwhile, Auguste and his friend traversed hill and dale, did a little shooting, ate a good deal, and drank still more. The pure air, the sun, and the good wine worked wonders on the honest button merchant, who had never felt so happy in his life.

When, at the end of a week, the voice of duty made itself heard, it was not without a struggle that he listened to its promptings. He notified his wife by telegraph of his return, and sadly started for Paris, cursing, for the first time in his life, the button trade, matrimony, and the Rue des Archives.

It was six o'clock in the evening when he arrived at his shop, which he was surprised to find already closed. Having a key to a rear door, he entered that way, without disturbing the *cancierge*. Nothing unusual appeared at first sight, except a large envelope exposed on the desk of Jules Caniveau, which he immediately opened, as it bore this superscription:

To M. Auguste Navet, Paris.

It contained the following letter:

MONSIEUR: Madame your wife desires me to notify you herewith that she has decided to leave you. As she has persuaded me to accompany her, and as I do not consider it my duty to decline the great inducements that she has offered me, I beg leave to request that you will regard us both as no longer connected with your honorable house.

I have collected notes and accounts, as per memoranda Nos. 7 and 8, bills receivable book, amounting to.....fr. 58,591.75
Add receipts for last eight days.....3,997.25
" cash balance per cash book.....827.30

Making a total of.....fr. 63,416.30
From this amount it will be proper to deduct:
1. The dowry of madame your wife, resumed by her, say.....fr. 50,000.00
2. My guarantee deposit.....10,000.00
3. Seventeen days' salary to date at 500 francs per month.....283.22
4. Six months pay as indemnity on account of irresistible influence exercised by a person for whose acts you are legally responsible.....3,000.00
fr. 63,283.22

You will find inclosed the difference in your favor, amounting to 133.08 francs, with which you will please credit me to balance the account.

I leave the books posted up to date and correct, according to my invariable custom, and beg you, monsieur, to accept our warmest regards.

Signed: JULES CANIVEAU.

Read and approved.

Signed: OLYMPE NAVET, née Lafleur.

P. S. We are going abroad (*poste restante*).

Auguste Navet believed at first that he would have a fit of illness. But, after a little reflection, he saw that his having a fever would not help matters in the least, and he applied himself to his business with renewed vigor.

"After all," said he the other day to a friend at the Café de la Terrasse, "what troubles me is not that wretched Jules carrying off my wife. In that he did me a service."

"Well, then," said one of the party, "what are you angry about?"

"It is with her! To rob me of a cashier so scrupulous, so exact! Never will I be able to find his equal!"
—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Maurice Dancourt.

JEAN LACOSTE'S WIFE.

Her Hatred Vents Itself on Celeste's Birthday.

Jean Lacoste's wife came suddenly upon the three cypress trees that marked the road to Moss Beach, and she sat down. She was very tired. But Jean Lacoste's wife could not remember when she had been anything but tired. Life, to her, seemed just one long, unfinished task, a succession of days that came and went with dull regularity—days of toils, days of sickness, days of fast.

Years ago, in her own country, she had experienced an occasional feast day. When she was confirmed there had been feasting and much wine; when she was married there had been feasting and much wine; and when her child was christened—yes, there had been feasting and much wine again. The thought of her child brought her to her feet. Jean Lacoste's wife shook bits of dead cypress from her skirt and started once more toward the village.

From the three cypress trees the road dipped, running thread-like along the deep-bosomed California hills, naked, unashamed hills, that rolled treeless to the sandy flats below. A June trade-wind ruffled the sea, and ran gayly through the uncultivated fields. Jean Lacoste's wife held her hat in place and dragged herself wearily down-hill.

By the time she reached Moss Beach she was fagged, but the thought of her child gave zest to her errand. She passed the church and, halting a moment before the general store, crossed the street and opened the bakery door. A pleasant smell of fresh bread enveloped her. Jean Lacoste's wife sank upon a bench by the counter.

A German came out and stared at her; she rose. "Please," she faltered, "I wish to buy a cake." The man coughed. "A cake? Well, here they are." She went closer to inspect the assortment. The cakes were all small—pitifully small.

"They—you have no more?" The German motioned her to the other side of the shop. She followed dumbly. He reached up on a shelf, brought down a box, opened it with a flourish. A cake came into view—a round, white cake, with little silver sweetmeats scattered upon it. Jean Lacoste's wife clasped her hands.

"It—it is very beautiful," she said fearfully, almost hopelessly, and put 50 cents on the counter.

The German sniffed scornfully. "Fifty cents! I am not crazy!" He began to set the cake back upon the shelf.

Her despair made her suddenly bold. "But you do not understand, monsieur," she began pitifully. "I have only 50 cents, and tomorrow is my child's birthday—she will be five years old. And I have walked from Jean Lacoste's ranch just for a cake—a white cake like this one!"

Her voice startled him. "From Jean Lacoste's ranch? Are you—"

"Yes, I am Jean Lacoste's wife."

"Then why—"

She interrupted him with a gesture and began to speak rapidly, fearful that her halting English would suddenly fail.

"Because we are very poor, monsieur. Always there is something. Last winter we lost four cows. Then in the spring it rained and rained. We could not get milk to town. I made cheese, but nobody would buy. And I worked so hard, monsieur—so very hard! We have twelve cows, and my husband has no time. He must deliver the milk—and then he must be pleasant with his friends. So these twelve cows—I must milk them, and drive them out to pasture, and mix their bran. And then there is the housework. My husband is a man and must eat. And the child? No, the child is no trouble, monsieur. Only the cows and my husband!"

She stopped, terrified at her boldness. Two bright spots burned on her cheeks, and the sweat stood out upon her forehead. Slowly the German set the cake back upon the counter. Jean Lacoste's wife sat down.

The baker went over to a drawer and took out five white candles. Jean Lacoste's wife shuddered. To her candles were connected always with solemn things—baptism, confirmation, death! She watched him as he set each tiny candle into a red sugar rose, and each red sugar rose in turn upon the cake's glistening surface. Why had he chosen red roses, she wondered dully. They were so like the drops of blood that had stained a white pigeon Jean Lacoste shot last spring! The pigeon was the child's only pet, and the little one had cried bitterly while Jean Lacoste looked on and laughed. Yes, she had hated him from the moment he had mocked at her child's distress. Before, she had not thought one way or another. She was Jean Lacoste's wife, and drudgery, and famine, and tears—these were a wife's portion. But when he wounded her child—it was then that she had thought of the cake, and she remembered plainly her very words:

"When you are five, Celeste—just fancy! Something whiter even than the pigeon—oh, very much whiter! You can never imagine!"

But she had not counted on red sugar roses. . . . The German finished wrapping up the cake. Jean Lacoste's wife stood up and received it solemnly, while

two tears glistened in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

"Monsieur!" she said huskily. "Every day I shall pray for you—every day—every day!"

* * * * * As Jean Lacoste's wife trudged back the long, winding slope toward the three cypresses, her heart sang. Never had she been so happy. The wind had freshened and the sun was sinking like a squeezed ball into a line of westward fog. She gathered her shawl tightly about her hipless figure, hugging her treasure close.

She did not know why a birthday cake had suggested itself on that day when Jean Lacoste held up the fluttering pigeon bleeding at the breast. She did not even remember the precise place where she had first seen a birthday cake, but some stray wind of chance was responsible for the picture her mind had conjured up—the picture of a white, shining, spotless cake. As the day had drawn near, she felt a sick anxiety. Suppose such a cake did not exist? And if it did—suppose her pitiful hoard would not purchase such a treasure? Suppose her husband—

But now she possessed it, a reality more wonderful than the anticipation, a cake—all white and silver, like a helmeted knight she had once seen at a marionette show in San Francisco. And the five little candles—how they would gleam, like diamonds in a crown!

She halted at the three cypresses. In her own country such a spot would have harbored a shrine where she could have knelt and poured out her thankful heart. She bowed her head slightly. Tomorrow she would come down to the three cypresses, she and the child, and they would nail a little box against the centre trunk, and set her little image of the Virgin in it. Yes, tomorrow her child would be five years old, and they would do this very thing. She toiled on, a bent, shrunken figure, harassed by the wind.

She passed a long stretch of stubble, surprised a group of blackbirds into flight, and came upon her home. It was a faded habitation, gray and warped. As she swung open the tottering gate, a line of bedraggled ducks waddled expectantly toward her; a dog barked; the cows began to low.

She started to call eagerly, "Celeste! Celeste!"

A child appeared—a large-eyed, sorrowful apparition, that even the fresh evening breeze could not color. The child raised her pallid lips to receive a kiss, but did not speak. Jean Lacoste's wife went into the house.

She decided to hide the cake behind a platter in the kitchen cupboard, but a fright seized her. Suppose her husband were to see it? No, the attic—that was the only safe place; Jean Lacoste seldom went there.

She climbed the stairs to the attic, dusted a rude bench, and set the cake down. Even in the dimness the shining surface gleamed, and she threw a piece of white netting over it so that it looked for all the world like a bride, with cheeks blushing red as roses, she told herself as her eyes fell with some misgiving on the five red spots below the candles.

The child was waiting at the foot of the stairs. Jean Lacoste's wife caught her up eagerly.

"Celeste—Celeste, just think—tomorrow! And can you believe? Something whiter than the pigeon. Oh, yes, very much whiter!"

"White, all white, like the pigeon before—"

Jean Lacoste's wife stood back. "Oh, well, it is silver, too. White and silver. And red—red like roses. Celeste—like roses."

But the child shook her head. "I do not like red," she said mournfully.

"But not like the red upon the pigeon's breast, Celeste. Red, like roses, like roses. Oh, you shall see—tomorrow!"

* * * * *

Jean Lacoste came home at six o'clock. His wife heard him at the door and she trembled. When he entered the house his huge frame threw a shadow which darkened the room. He did not speak, but he rattled his plate and she brought food. She heaped his plate twice, three times, again. Still he ate, with noisy, animal enjoyment. She poured out wine; he drank it greedily. Once she overturned his cup and he swore at her. But she did not hear him; her thoughts were upon the joys of tomorrow—the joys of her child made glad, the hope of a smile from Celeste's prematurely sad lips.

Finally he shoved his plate and cup from him. His eyes were lit with ferocious good humor; he smiled.

"Now," he said gleefully, rubbing his hands together, "let us have the cake!"

She shrank into the shadows; her heart beat heavily. "Cake?" she echoed. "I do not know—"

He kicked back his chair. "What! You tell me a lie. You—"

She traced herself against the wall.

"I tell you no lie," she said distinctly, "I have no cake."

Jean Lacoste gave her a sidelong glance. "The baker said you come in today to buy a cake," he grumbled.

She covered her terror with a bold, defiant face. "I tell you I have no cake. The baker must be drunk. He lies!"

* * * * *

She woke shortly after midnight. When she turned, Jean Lacoste was not at her side. She stopped shivering and listened, Jean Lacoste was clattering about the kitchen. She rose and crawled upstairs. The attic door creaked on its hinges as she opened it and went in. A sense of disaster smote her even before she held up a spluttering match that disclosed the ugly fact—the birthday cake was gone! She felt smothered, as she had once, two years before, when Jean Lacoste had thrown a blanket over her head so he could laugh at her struggles. She drew herself up and beat upon her withered breasts. This physical action revived her.

Standing in the dark, empty room, she had an extraordinarily clear picture of that spring day when Jean Lacoste had shot Celeste's white pigeon. She could see the blue sky, the green fields, the swift, white flight of the pigeon, the child's joy at the spreading wings, circling above the dovescots in a wild spring frenzy. Even now, after all these weeks, she still could hear a sharp report from Jean Lacoste's rifle, mingled with the cruel yelp of his dog, and the long piercing cry of her child. Then followed visions of the wounded bird fluttering in the dust; Jean Lacoste holding it up by one pink leg; the silent tears streaming down the child's face; Jean Lacoste's white teeth, bared in a cruel flash of laughter.

"When you are five, Celeste, just fancy—something whiter even than a pigeon. Oh! very much whiter. You can never imagine!" She remembered the words perfectly.

Jean Lacoste's wife crept downstairs. Her heart had almost ceased to beat; her hands were cold. Her heart quickened. In the centre of the room upon the table stood the cake, white and resplendent, wreathed in its circle of sweetmeats, like a bride robbed of her filmy veil. And opposite stood Jean Lacoste, his lower lip distended, his stubby fingers crooked. Jean Lacoste's wife closed her eyes. . . .

When she opened her eyes again she saw four objects standing out with supernatural clearness—the kitchen table, Jean Lacoste, the birthday cake, and at its side a gleaming knife. No knife had ever gleamed so brightly, she thought, as she watched it catch and reflect the candle's rays, and no knife had ever seemed so sharp, or so cruel, or so perfect a plaything for a despairing woman. It was a knife for cutting a birthday cake, or a white pigeon's throat, or— She took a deep breath. . . .

The cake was no longer white, it seemed to her; all she could see were the five red roses, sprading, spreading, slowly over the cake's glistening surface, for all the world like blood upon a white pigeon's breast.

Jean Lacoste picked a silver sweetmeat between thumb and forefinger, cocked his head critically, while his jaws crunched. Jean Lacoste picked a second sweetmeat—a third. Jean Lacoste's wife crept closer. A fourth sweetmeat fell upon the floor. A fifth sweetmeat went into his mouth—a sixth. A cry broke from Jean Lacoste's wife, her hand shot out toward the gleaming knife. Jean Lacoste half turned, and he laughed.

She gave a scream and darted swiftly at him. The knife, gleaming in her hand, flashed above her head. There was a groan, a crash. Jean Lacoste lay face downward in a crimson pool.

She was recalled by the long, piercing wail of her child. She went upstairs. The child lay back upon her pillow gasping for breath.

"The pigeon," Celeste sobbed plaintively. "See—it flew in—there!"

She pointed her transparent fingers toward the doorway. Jean Lacoste's wife bent over to comfort.

"Hush! Just fancy—you are five years old. And downstairs— Oh, you can not imagine—something so white and beautiful!"

The child stopped crying. "Let me go downstairs," she said.

Jean Lacoste's wife shrank back. "No—no. Wait. I will go. I will get it."

She went into the kitchen again, with a light tread, stepping gingerly over Jean Lacoste's body. She took the five candles and the five red roses from the cake, set them into the soft redwood table-top, and, striking a match, watched them sputter into life.

Then she picked up the cake, stole out again, and locked the door.

CHARLES C. DOBIE.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1914.

In the Cape Verde Islands the Portuguese government is yearly adding to its large plantations of purgueira (the purging nut or *Jatropha curcas*), which have become an important source of revenue. In fact these islands furnish the world's chief supply of purgueira seeds, the annual exports of which from Cape Verde reach about \$100,000 in value. Curcas oil is obtained from the seeds by hot pressing, is classed as a semi-drying oil, and is used medicinally as a purgative.

With a production in 1913 exceeding for the first time in its history a total of 70,000,000 tons, West Virginia became firmly established as the second in rank among the coal-producing states.

Enrollment in the University of California has increased from 1500 in August, 1898, to 5000 in August, 1913—an increase of over two hundred per cent.

STARS IN THE SUNLIGHT.

London Actors Disport Themselves for Sweet Charity.

Actors' generosity is proverbial. And generally it is altruistic to a fault. A great catastrophe on land or sea, a fire at San Francisco or a wreck in the Atlantic, have immediate issue in countless "benefit performances" in which footlight favorites exert themselves to the utmost to swell the totals of relief funds. But player folk do not discriminate against their own community; on Broadway in New York or at "Poverty Corner" in London the actor who is "working" is ever ready to put his hand in his pocket for the less fortunate colleague who is "resting." And twice a year in John Bull's capital the "artists" of the music halls and the "stars" of the legitimate spend themselves to the last ounce of their reputations and gifts to raise funds for their own benevolent institutions. The music hall headliners offer an entertainment in keeping with the rough and tumble of their customary "turns"; it lacks something of the refinement affected by the "stars" of the legitimate, but it "gets there" all the same in financial results.

This year the "stars" were first in the field with their fête yesterday afternoon in the select locale of the Royal Botanic Garden designed to raise a record sum for the Actors' Orphanage. For many years Cyril Maude has superintended the arrangements for this popular function, but pressure of theatrical work has compelled him to abdicate in favor of Gerald du Maurier, who proved himself a worthy master of the ceremonies. It is a rule of the fête that tickets for admission purchased in advance can be secured for three shillings each as compared with the five shillings demanded at the gates, and Mr. du Maurier's jocular argument that two shillings saved daily would equal more than thirty-seven pounds in a year seems to have appealed to so many economists that some thirty thousand advance purchasers were forthcoming. Even with that record advance sale there were still countless other thousands who paid their full five shillings at the gates, thus insuring the financial success of the fête apart from the additional charges for the numerous side-shows.

And it was the universal opinion that the money's worth was forthcoming. Even the easily persuaded youth who was induced to purchase eleven half-crown tickets for afternoon tea got even with the management. Entering one of the tents reserved for that refreshing repast, he summoned a waiter, spread his eleven tickets on the table, and gave his order, "Waiter, eleven teas!" The eleven teapots, and plates of bread and butter and cake, were in due course arranged before him, in which situation he may be left pondering what he will do with the Dutch doll, the pound of Turkish delight, and the ticket for the hat-dressing competition which he had also been inveigled to purchase.

Those who were not young or easily persuaded had a severe ordeal to escape the seductive saleswomen who thronged the main avenue of the garden. The wares they offered were as diverse as their styles of beauty and their fashions in costume—buttonholes and bouquets, beribboned boxes of candy and tickets for strawberries and cream, programmes of the afternoon and options for shies at Aunt Sally. Shillings and half-crowns were in incessant demand; and if there was a brisk call for thirst-quenchers at a quarter a time the custodian of the tent where one could enjoy "six shots at Lloyd George for a shilling" was favored with still more generous patronage. Marie Lohr did a roaring trade in buttonholes, Adeline Genée was still busier selling chocolates from her French chalet, while the raids on the coster barrows of Weguelin and Evan Thomas and the Puck's Cottage of Renee Mayer were incessant.

Then there were the side-shows. Irene Vanbrugh presided at "Ye Olde Countrie Faire," the attractions of which comprised the exhilarating pastimes of coconut shies and Maypole dancing; "Sports Limited" was managed by Harry Tate, who gave exhibitions of golf "regardless of consequences"; Huntly Wright conducted a "Training Home for Domestic"; the "Café au Rendezvous des Amoureux" had a complacent though youthful chaperon in the person of Miss Ellis Jeffreys; and Phyllis Broughton and Lady Alexander superintended and adjudicated at the mammoth hat-trimming competition with as much zest as though they had spent all their days in the millinery business.

But the biggest crowd was that which surged before the doors of the Theatre Royal, alias the "Grand Giggle Theatre." There was no necessity for George Grossmith to smite his showman's drum such lusty blows, or for Robert Hale to blow such piercing blasts on his trumpet and second them with stentorian shouts of "Walk up! Walk up! ladies and gents! the show's just a-going to begin." For the problem was how to find room for all the "ladies and gents" who were struggling to see the quadruple bill of the "Grand Giggle Theatre." Four plays at one sitting, even though they were potted plays at that, were "draw" enough, but when those condensed dramas owned to the authorship of Dion Calthrop and Arnold Bennett and Alfred Sutro and Sir Arthur Pinero, and were to be acted by the most twinkling stars of the theatrical firmament, the explanation of the rush for seats was

obvious. In fact the five performances were too few to satisfy the demand.

Mr. Bennett's contribution, "The Alarm," was described as "a futurist play in one act and five minutes," and introduced a saintly archbishop as being arrested for maliciously sounding a fire alarm, whereas the real culprit was a militant suffragist. The Sutro playlet, "It Is Too Much," was obviously a skit on the prodigious mortality affected by some modern playwrights, for three of the characters were slain in about as many seconds. Equally topical was Sir Arthur Pinero's "The Bulkeley Peerage," for its hero, impersonated by Mr. du Maurier, illustrated noble ambition thwarted by the force of circumstances. Ponsonby Sweet, the hero in question, nurses an ambition to become a peer, and as merely an uncle and two nephews stand between him and a coronet he adopts the conventional device of removing them by poison. But there is to be no "happy ending," for on the very day when Ponsonby has eliminated the last of the obstacles to a seat in the House of Lords that body has unanimously decided upon its own abolition! Each playlet came under the Bennett category of "one act and five minutes," with the resultant of furious pace and hilarious fun.

Alluring, however, as were the varied attractions, the chief delight of the fête for the big majority was the golden opportunity it offered of seeing so many limelight favorites in the sunlight. If the gentler sex revelled in paying *matinée* idolatry at the shrine of Sir George Alexander and Cyril Maude, the "nuts" of the town were equally fervent in their adoration of such beauties of stageland as Phyllis Monkman, Renee Mayer, *et hoc*. To gaze upon these charmers in full sunlight was a welcome variant to wearisome waiting at stage doors and cheap at five shillings. If the nameless charms of some of the ladies were more decorously hidden than when in their footlight costumes, Miss Monkman made some amends by the divided skirt which revealed as much as tights. But it was all for sweet charity, and there is little a "star" will not endure in so sacred a cause. HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, June 25, 1914.

As a result of bounteous supply the shrimp canning industry was early developed in Louisiana. The first shrimp were packed about the year 1875, and practically all the shrimp canned in the United States since then have been the products of points in Louisiana and Mississippi. The output is not sufficient for the demand in this country and that from England, France, and other foreign countries has been almost entirely unfilled, only some small shipments being made to endeavor to keep customers in those countries familiar with the American brand. The first point at which shrimp were caught in large quantities seems to have been in Barataria Bay, a large body of shallow water south of New Orleans, and almost all canned shrimp are hence called Barataria shrimp. The shrimp are caught in waters not more than six feet deep, and it is necessary for the men drawing the seine to wade in water frequently up to their armpits. Fishing boats go out early in the morning and by throwing a cast net at frequent intervals locate a school, whereupon the larger nets are placed and hauled in. This is the only method which has been followed. A phase of the industry which may affect the supply is the drying of shrimp on Barataria Bay and also near Houma. This is done principally by Chinese. There are five drying establishments on Barataria Bay. There are large cypress floors or platforms, each about 250 by 300 feet and equipped with a boiler, in which the shrimp are cooked in salt water for one to three hours. They are then dried in the sun, the shells, legs, and heads are removed and the fish are packed in bags for shipment. These dried shrimp are shipped to the Chinese in Central and South America and San Francisco and various other parts of the United States.

An idealistic project on a vast scale has recently been launched by an international organization known as the World Conscience Society. The details and plan were conceived and perfected after ten years of altruistic labor and study on the part of Hendrik Christian Anderson, an American-Scandinavian sculptor residing in Rome, assisted by sculptors, artists, engineers, architects, and scientists, and has for its object the establishment of an ideal world city where all international activities are to have their home and inspiration. This proposed international city "is to be a city of light, health, wide avenues, parks, playgrounds, fountains, lagoons, and noble buildings. It is to be a city without slums, a city of efficiency, convenience, and beauty. Not only in structure, plan, and equipment will it be the ideal city, but it is intended to become the intellectual, artistic, and practical international capital of the world; a clearing-house for the various social, cultural, scientific, and political aspirations of humanity. As designed it will cover some ten square miles of ground." The estimated cost of creating such a city, according to the author of the plan, would not be over \$100,000,000. Numerous places have been mentioned for the site of such a city, such as the Dutch coast, near The Hague; the Riviera, near Cannes; Turvueren, near Brussels; St. Germain-on-Laye, near Paris; the Marmora coast, near Constantinople; the Isthmus of Panama; and recently the Island of Cuba.

OLD FAVORITES.

Rosalind's Madrigal.

Love in my bosom like a hee
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His head amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah, wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting:
Whist, wanton, still ye!

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And hind you, when you long to play,
For your offense.
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in;
I'll make you fast it for your sin;
I'll count your power not worth a pin.
—Alas! what hereby shall I win
If he gainsay me?

What if I heat the wanton hoy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee;
Then let thy hower my bosom he;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee;
O Cupid, so thou pity me,
Spare not, hut play thee!—Thomas Lodge.

The Vine.

The wine of Love is music,
And the feast of Love is song:
And when Love sits down to the banquet,
Love sits long.

Sits long and arises drunken,
But not with the feast and the wine;
He reeleth with his own heart,
That great, rich Vine. —James Thomson.

Song.

How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at Love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there's no untying!

Yet remember, 'midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but Love has ruin;
Other smiles may make you fickle,
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,
Just as fate or fancy carries;
Longest stays, when sorest chidden;
Laughs and flies, when pressed and hidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odor to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then hind Love to last forever!

Love's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh heat for its fuel;
Love's wing moults when caged and captured,
Only free, he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the hee from ranging,
Or the ringdove's neck from changing?
No! nor fettered Love from dying
In the knot there's no untying.
—Thomas Campbell.

A Woman's Shortcomings.

She has laughed as softly as if she sighed,
She has counted six, and over,
Of a purse well filled, and a heart well tried—
Oh, each a worthy lover!
They "give her time"; for her soul must slip
Where the world has set the grooving;
She will lie to none with her fair red lip:
But love seeks truer loving.

She trembles her fan in a sweetness dumb,
As her thoughts were beyond recalling;
With a glance for one, and a glance for some,
From her eyelids rising and falling;
Speaks common words with a hushful air,
Hears hold words, unrepining;
But her silence says—what she never will swear—
And love seeks better loving.

Go, lady! lean to the night-guitar,
And drop a smile to the hringer;
Then smile as sweetly, when he is far,
At the voice of an in-door singer.
Bask tenderly beneath tender eyes;
Glance lightly, on their removing;
And join new vows to old perjuries—
But dare not call it loving!

Unless you can think, when the song is done,
No other is soft in the rhythm;
Unless you can feel, when left by One,
That all men else go with him;
Unless you can know, when upraised by his breath,
That your hearty itself wants proving;
Unless you can swear "For life, for death!"—
Oh, fear to call it loving!

Unless you can muse in a crowd all day
On the absent face that fixed you;
Unless you can love, as the angels may,
With the breadth of heaven betwixt you;
Unless you can dream that his faith is fast,
Through heaving and unheaving;
Unless you can die when the dream is past—
Oh, never call it loving!
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

HAWTHORNE AND HIS PUBLISHER.

Caroline Ticknor Tells the Graphic Story of a Great Literary Friendship.

The tie between Nathaniel Hawthorne and his publisher, William D. Ticknor, was a very close and intimate one. Mr. Ticknor himself came to Boston early in the twenties with the resolution that his "imprint upon a title-page should be the guaranty of a good book." With so lofty an ambition to publish only good books it was natural that he should establish relations with good authors and that he should win their esteem and affection. And so we find that the "old corner bookstore" became a sort of literary club where Hawthorne, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Whittier, Emerson, Thoreau, and many others were familiar figures. Among the enduring friendships formed with the authors of that day the most notable was that existing between Ticknor and Hawthorne, and we are told of the shy and retiring author who grew to depend upon his alert and executive publisher for all manner of services until the affection of the two friends grew so interwoven that no account of either is half complete without the other. And it is for this reason that this new volume by Caroline Ticknor is as much about William D. Ticknor as about Nathaniel Hawthorne.

In 1845 Mr. Ticknor took into partnership James T. Fields, together with John Reid, Jr., but Reid withdrew after a few years and the firm then became Ticknor & Fields. Mr. Carter, writing of those early days, says that the Old Corner became the constant resort of wits, poets, scientists, and philosophers:

Here came Rufus Choate to explain the hieroglyphic memoranda in which he set down the names of the books he wanted to come by the next "boat," as he always called a steamship. Here came Holmes, to say how he loved to practice medicine and teach anatomy, and how his one difficulty was not to pour out from his stores of knowledge faster than his pupils could absorb. Here Thackeray towered above his admirers and told gayly of his American experiences and impressions, none the less amused because the point of his story made against his own simplicity or ignorance. Like Hawthorne, he was not fond of bookish topics, did not like to "talk shop," and was more interested in mere men and women than in authors, caring more for their humanity than their compositions.

Here Henry Giles scintillated with such brilliant epigram, and outlined his thoughts so incisively that his misshaped form was forgotten, and Whittier's "thee" and "thou" greeted his friends shyly and tenderly. Here were seen the hurly figure of bluff Henry Ward Beecher, and the slender form of his gentle-mannered sister, Mrs. Stowe, the sweet, kindly face of Lucy Loomis, the spiritual countenance of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and the round, rosy, headless, hoyish face of Thomas Starr King; and here were often to be met jovial John G. Saxe, the herculean, whose talent and touch assimilated him more nearly than any other American to Thomas Hood, in fun and fancy, and bright-eyed little "Tom Folio," with a bundle of hooks and papers clasped in his arms under his short cloak, and ever on the point of some fine literary discovery, of which too often some one with whom he had been over generously confidential gained ultimately the credit.

Hawthorne went to London in 1853, and of course Ticknor went with him, and we have many quotations from Ticknor's letters to America. He went to Paris and witnessed a Sunday parade in honor of the emperor, and wrote to his wife that "it seemed very little like the Sabbath":

In the course of the p. m. the emperor appeared in an open carriage drawn by four elegant horses, accompanied by the empress, and I was told, a son of Marshal Ney. They took a circuit around the entire field, and as they came up to the building where we were sitting, they halted and remained almost directly in front of us for some twenty minutes. So that I had an opportunity of looking upon Napoleon III to the full extent of my curiosity. He says he is a man of destiny, that he can't change his fate, and therefore he seems not alarmed at the attempts to take his life. He looks like a man regardless of consequences. At the time he was near me a person not of rank, standing near the carriage, was recognized by the emperor, who at once gave him his hand and entered into conversation with him. This little incident raised a tremendous shout among the crowd. He evidently understands where his safety lies.

A whole chapter is devoted to De Quincey. Ticknor was invited to visit the English author, who he says is "a noble old man and eloquent and wins hearts in personal intercourse." But his eccentricities were certainly many and extraordinary. We are told that his presence at home was the signal for a crowd of beggars, among whom borrowed babies and drunken old women were sure of the largest share of his sympathy:

De Quincey's greatest extravagance grew out of the morbid value he set upon his papers and their not being disturbed; he was in the habit of accumulating these until in his own words he was "snowed up," which meant that when matters reached such an extremity that there was not a square inch of room on the table to set a cup upon, and no possibility of making his bed for the weight of papers gathered there; no chair which could be used for its legitimate purpose, and the track from the door to the fireplace, always kept open until the last, was completely obliterated so that he had not even place in which to set his foot—then De Quincey locked the door upon his paper treasures and turned elsewhere. At his death there were at least a half-dozen such places "papered" by him and being maintained at no small expense.

Such a thing had been experienced as his actually "papering" his family out of a house, but in later years his daughters learned how to guard against such a contingency.

De Quincey usually spent the evenings with his family, who looked forward to these hours with much pleasure. Upon the arrival of the newspaper he would render the news in his own quaint manner, illuminating the various subjects touched upon with a wealth of memories and good stories:

He was not a tranquilizing companion for nervous persons

to live with, as those nights were the exceptions on which he did not set fire to something. It was a common occurrence for one of his daughters to look up from her work and to say casually, "Papa, your hair is on fire!" To which he would respond calmly, "Is it, my love?" and a hand rubbing out the blaze was all the notice taken.

On one occasion, when the maid rushed in to announce that Mr. De Quincey's room was on fire, he hastened to the rescue of his already "snowed-up" apartment, refusing all suggestions that water be poured upon his treasured papers. Armed with a heavy rug he disappeared into the burning room determined to conquer without water or perish in the attempt, while the members of his affrighted household trembled for his safety outside the door, locked to prevent the abhorred water from being poured in. Presently, after occasional bursts of smoke and a very strong smell of fire, all were assured that the danger was over; the victor emerged triumphantly from his fight with the flames, and the dreaded element having been subdued for the evening all retired in a state of thankfulness.

When Hawthorne was appointed to the Liverpool consularship he refused to go unless Ticknor would accompany him and start him upon the new enterprise. But later on we find him writing to Ticknor that he was sick and tired of the office, and that "what with brutal shipmasters, drunken sailors, vagrant Yankees, mad people, sick people, and dead people (for just now I have to attend to the removal of the bones of a man who has been dead these twenty years) it is full of damnable annoyances." But later on we have a letter in a different vein. Hawthorne writes:

Mr. Monckton Milnes wants me to send him half a dozen good Americans hooks, which he has never read or heard of before. For the honor of my country, I should like to do it, but can think of only three which would be likely to come under his description—viz., "Walden," "Passion Flowers," and "Up-Country Letters." Possibly Mrs. Mowatt's "Autobiography" might make a fourth; and Thoreau's former volume a fifth. You understand that these hooks must not be merely good, but must be original, with American characteristics, and not generally known in England. If you, or Fields, or anybody else, can produce any such, pray send them along. At any rate, send those I have mentioned; for my credit is pledged to supply the number Mr. Milnes asked for. Whittier's hook is poor stuff. I like the man, but have no high opinion either of his poetry or prose. Send Lowell's "Biglow Papers." He is very little known in England, and I take that to be the best thing he has written.

But soon we have once more the note of complaint. On May 27, 1855, Hawthorne writes that he intends to spend much of the summer away from Liverpool and that he thinks the work of the office will go on about the same whether he is there or not:

It is a very disagreeable office; but some amusing incidents happen occasionally;—for instance, I send home by this steamer a Doctor of Divinity who has been out here on a spree, and who was brought to my office, destitute, after a week's residence in a brothel! He shook in his shoes, I can tell you. Not knowing whether I should ever have another opportunity of preaching to a Doctor of Divinity (an Orthodox man, too), I laid it on without mercy; and he promised never to forget it. I don't think he ever will. You will probably see his name in the list of passengers,—but don't breathe a word about it.

I want some more postage stamps, but they will be of no use to me if Mr. Glyn declines to be the medium of conveying my letters. Our government grows more intolerable every day. I wish it might be changed to a monarchy.

A little later we find Hawthorne describing a visit that he paid to Leigh Hunt, regretting that he had won from his countrymen an insufficient appreciation of his merits. Hawthorne says:

A slatternly maid-servant (doubtless a relic of Mrs. Leigh Hunt's pitiful failure at housekeeping) opened the door, and as the guests entered they were immediately greeted by the presiding genius of this forlorn and untidy home. He himself stood in the entry, a beautiful and venerable old man, hunched to the chin in a black dress-coat, tall and slender, with a countenance quietly alive all over, and the gentlest and most naturally courteous manner. He ushered us into his little study, or parlor, or both, a very forlorn room, with poor paper, hangings and carpet, few hooks, no pictures that I remember, and an awful lack of upholstery. I touch distinctly upon these blemishes and this nudity of adornment, not that they would be worth mentioning in a sketch of other remarkable persons, but because Leigh Hunt was born with such a faculty for enjoying all beautiful things that it seemed as if Fortune did him as much wrong in not supplying them, as in withholding a sufficiency of vital breath from ordinary men. . . . I have said that he was a beautiful old man. In truth I never saw a finer countenance, either as to the mould of features or the expression, nor any that showed the play of feeling so perfectly without the slightest theatrical emphasis. It was like a child's face in this respect. . . . I have met no Englishman whose manners seemed to me so agreeable, soft rather than polished, wholly unconventional, the natural growth of a kindly and sensitive disposition without any reference to rule, or else obedient to some rule so subtle that the nicest observer could not detect the application of it.

Hawthorne complains bitterly of the demands made upon him by his impecunious countrymen, demands that he had either to reject or to satisfy out of his own pocket:

I wonder what will become of all these vagabonds when I quit the consulate! I doubt whether they will find so good a friend in my successor; and yet I have never relieved anybody except when it would have been harsh and inhuman not to do it. The United States ought to make some provision for the relief of these people, in view of the propensity of our countrymen to stay abroad without means.

The end of June, 1860, found Hawthorne once more in America. Two years later he went to Washington and was profoundly impressed by the evidence everywhere of warlike activity. Every stopping place was thronged with soldiers, and "it was not without sorrow that we saw the free circulation of a nation's life-blood (at the very heart, moreover) clogged with such strictures as these":

One terrible idea occurs in reference to this matter. Even supposing the war should end tomorrow, and the army melt

into the mass of the population within the year, the incalculable preponderance will there be of military men and pretensions for at least half a century to come! Every country neighborhood will have its general or two, its three or four colonels, half a dozen majors and captains without end—besides non-commissioned officers and privates, more than the recruiting officers ever knew of;—all with their campaign stories, which will become the staple of fireside talk forever more. Military merit, or rather, since that is not so readily estimated, military notoriety, will be the measure to all claims to civil distinction. One bullet-headed general will succeed another in the presidential chair; and veterans will hold the offices at home and abroad, and sit in Congress and state legislatures, and fill all the avenues of public life.

And yet I do not speak deprecatingly, since very likely, it may substitute something more real and genuine, instead of the many shams on which men have heretofore founded their claims to public regard; but it behooves civilians to consider their wretched prospects in the future, and assume the military button before it is too late.

Hawthorne formed part of a deputation to Lincoln, and he described the proceedings in the *Atlantic Monthly*, but the editor thought it well to rule out the most important passage, that in which Hawthorne sketched the personal appearance of the President. Nine years later this description was printed in the volume of reminiscences by Mr. Fields, and certainly no portrait painter has ever given a more striking picture of Lincoln:

He was dressed in a rusty black frock-coat and pantaloons, unbrushed, and worn so faithfully that the suit had adapted itself to the curves and angularities of his figure, and had grown to be an outer skin of the man. He had shabby slippers on his feet. His hair was black, still unmingled with gray, stiff, somewhat husky, and had apparently been acquainted with neither brush nor comb that morning, after the disarrangement of the pillow; and as to a nightcap, Uncle Abe probably knows nothing of such effeminacies. His complexion is dark and sallow, hothotting. I fear, an insalubrious atmosphere around the White House; he has thick black eyebrows and an impending brow; his nose is large, and the lines about his mouth are very strongly defined.

The whole physiognomy is as coarse as one as you would meet anywhere in the length and breadth of the States; but withal, it is redeemed, illumined, softened, and brightened by a kindly though serious look out of his eyes, and an expression of homely sagacity, that seems weighted with rich results of village experience. A great deal of native sense; no hookish cultivation, no refinement; honest at heart, and thoroughly so, and yet, in some sort, sly,—at least, endowed with a sort of tact and wisdom that are akin to craft, and would impel him, I think, to take an antagonist in flank, rather than to make a hull-run at him right in front. But, on the whole, I liked this sallow, queer, sagacious visage, with the homely human sympathies that warmed it; and, for my small share in the matter, would as lief have Uncle Abe for a ruler as any man whom it would have been practicable to put in his place.

The object of the deputation was to present the President with a whip, and also with an address closing with a hint that the gift was a suggestive and emblematic one and that the recipient would recognize the use to which such an instrument should be put:

This suggestion gave Uncle Abe rather a delicate task in his reply, because, slight as the matter seemed, it apparently called for some declaration, or intimation, or faint foreshadowing of policy in reference to the conduct of the war, and the final treatment of the Rebels. But the President's Yankee aptness and not-to-be-caughtness stood him in good stead, and he jerked or wriggled himself out of the dilemma with an uncouth dexterity that was entirely in character; although, without his gesticulation of eye and mouth,—and especially the flourish of the whip, with which he imagined himself touching up a pair of fat horses,—I doubt whether his words would be worth recording, even if I could remember them. The gist of the reply was, that he accepted the whip as an emblem of peace, not punishment; and, this great affair over, we retired out of the presence in high good-humor, only regretting that we could not have seen the President sit down and fold up his legs (which is said to be a most extraordinary spectacle), or have heard him tell one of those delectable stories for which he is so celebrated. A good many of them are afloat upon the common talk of Washington, and are certainly the aptest, pithiest, funniest little things imaginable; though, to be sure, they smack of the frontier freedom, and would not always bear repetition in a drawing-room, or the immaculate page of the *Atlantic*.

When Hawthorne seemed to be incurably ill he was visited by Dr. Holmes at the request of Mrs. Hawthorne, who wished a final diagnosis made by this well-known authority. An account of this visit, with the writer's impressions of the invalid, were later published in the pages of the *Atlantic*. In the course of his remarks Dr. Holmes said:

It was my fortune to be among the last of the friends who looked upon Hawthorne's living face. Late in the afternoon of the day before he left Boston on his last journey I called upon him at the hotel where he was staying. He had gone out but a moment before. Looking along the street, I saw a figure at some distance in advance which could only be his, but how changed his former port and figure! There was no mistaking the long iron-gray locks, the carriage of the head, and the general look of the native outlines and movement; but he seemed to have shrunk in all his dimensions, and faltered along with an uncertain, feeble step, as if every movement were an effort. I joined him, and we walked together for half an hour, during which time I learned so much of his state of mind and body as could be got at without worrying him with suggestive questions; my object being to form an opinion of his condition, as I had been requested to do, and to give him some hints that might be useful to him on his journey. . . . His aspect medically was very unfavorable. . . . He was very gentle, very willing to answer questions, very docile to such counsel as I offered him, but evidently he had no hope of recovering his health. He spoke as if his work were done, and he should work no more.

Hawthorne died in his sleep, and only about a month after the death of his friend Ticknor. "Hawthorne and his devoted friend and publisher had started out to 'meet the spring,' and lo! it had overtaken them in all its splendor."

HAWTHORNE AND HIS PUBLISHER. By Caroline Ticknor. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Intervening Lady.

Mr. Jepson has a certain genius for the depiction of nice little girls who do all the unexpected things that nice little girls are expected to do. In this case his heroine is Lady Noggs, who is the niece of the prime minister, a peeress in her own right, and with an income of forty thousand pounds a year. We are introduced to her at an early age, when her youth compels a resort to diplomacy for the attainment of her wishes. Lady Noggs is lovable, determined, relentless, and guileful. She is the enemy of pretense and the friend of the poor. Also a terror to evil-doers. We may doubt if adventures would fall quite so thick and fast, even to Lady Noggs, but the story-teller is entitled to latitude in this respect. Lady Noggs eventually grows up, or at least threatens to do so, and then her adventures change somewhat in their scope and direction, but she remains as charming and as unapproachable as ever. Mr. Jepson follows his vein with much success, and we are inclined to wonder if he would not be equally felicitous with something more substantial.

THE INTERVENING LADY. By Edgar Jepson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

Love and the Soul Maker.

Doubtless there will be many readers of Mary Austin's book who will regard it as an interpretation of marriage and love, whereas there can be no interpretation without adequate knowledge, and of adequate knowledge we have little or none. For example, the author tells us that it was a tremendous piece of knowledge when man discovered that by an act he could come into the world where no being was before. How does she know that this is so. If the quantities of matter and of energy are fixed—neither to be added to nor taken from—why may we not suppose that the quantity of life and of being is equally fixed. All that we know is that an act may cause the manifestation of life where before there was no manifestation. To speak of "makers of life" is unjustified and to talk of "soul makers" is absurd. Nothing can be added to the universe. And there is much more in the book that is equally unjustified.

But there is much that is admirably true. The marital instinct is a cosmic force that plays universally, and not merely in humanity. It is intended for cosmic purposes, and not for individual gratification. Human beings, says the author, are enormously over-sexed, but we sometimes forget that they have over-sexed themselves, and that the present chaotic tragedy has a moral basis not to be rectified in the least by laws or rearrangements. We may remember also that if humanity has made a hideous mess of its marriage customs and instincts it has made an equally hideous mess of all other institutions, and that in spite of avalanches of remedial laws and changes we are going steadily from bad to worse. The remedy is therefore a moral one, and there can be no other. The cure is not legislative, but ethical, and there can indeed be no cure at all without an increased recognition of the absolute need to serve others rather than to serve one's self. Instead of speaking about mismatched couples we should rather speak of couples who are so selfish as to make a communal life impossible. Miss Austin seems to sense this when she says: "The dividing line in sex behaviors is between selfish indulgence and self-realization. We've a right to as much love as we can work up into the stuff of a superior personality. Taking anything over what we can give back in some form or other to the social sum is my notion of sinning. I'd as soon think of anybody going about with a cripple love-life as with a maimed body or a depleted purse in the interest of my private gratification."

But since the divorce evil is a mere matter of the Ten Commandments, and nothing else, why should we talk so much about it or treat it as though it were distinctively different from all other problems? Actually humanity has only one problem in front of it, and that is the ethical one.

LOVE AND THE SOUL MAKER. By Mary Austin. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

What a Man Wants.

Mr. Charles Marriott is an extraordinarily good writer, but he reminds us once more that the better the writer the better should be the theme. In this case his hero is a portrait painter who makes heroic efforts to bring art within reach of the masses. It would seem more profitable to bring the masses within reach of art, but if the mountain will not go to Mohammed it is evident that Mohammed must go to the mountain. For this reason Sutherland avoids all extremism in art and falls into what may be called extremism in democracy. He thinks it better that every one should paint moderately well than that a few people should paint extraordinarily well, and so this end he recommends that the budding artist should take a course in house-painting. Of course there is a love story,

but speaking from a purely theoretical knowledge of the tender sentiment, it does not seem that the author has made the best possible use of his material or of his heroine. "The Catfish" was nearer to the ideal story than "What a Man Wants."

WHAT A MAN WANTS. By Charles Marriott. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.35 net.

Roman Imperialism.

Professor Tenney Frank of Bryn Mawr is to be congratulated on a piece of historical work that is not only well worth doing, but that has been performed with astonishing success. There have been many histories of Rome, but none among them that has so strikingly sketched the rise of the empire or analyzed with such keenness the causes of the expansive materialism that carried her to a world domination.

Roman imperialism, argues the author, was not due to economic necessity, nor to overcrowding, nor to saturation. In the third century, B. C., when imperialism may be said to have begun, there was no overcrowding. There was actually a lack of men to hold the frontier colonies. The fact is, says Professor Frank, "that the economist has overstepped his bounds in Roman history. The critic who tries to understand the growth of Rome from the point of view of material needs will never solve the problem. Primarily Rome did not expand because its citizens needed lands; it would be nearer the truth to say that the Romans became land-holders, an agricultural people, because they expanded and had to hold their frontiers."

It would be impossible here to attempt a résumé of the author's narrative, which extends from prehistoric times until the day of Julius Caesar with a rapid and concluding survey of the period ending with Trajan. He shows us the various stages of Roman expansion, the establishment of colonies, the taking of Sicily, the conquest of Greece, and the suzerainty of Egypt. He shows us that one of the great secrets of Roman success was a certain politic justice and an intention to establish contentment among the communities that were absorbed. The Romans understood home rule as perhaps it has never been understood since. They were eager to admit to full citizenship all those who were worthy of the status, and even the unworthy were encouraged to hope. They were imperialistic in the best sense of the word, looking always to the larger good and inculcating loyalty and devotion as virtues that were not to go unrewarded. The Romans were a war-like people, and as war makes better history than peace, it is sometimes forgotten that their policies preserved amicable relations with scores of neighbors and that she always preferred friends to enemies. Professor Frank seems to have written a history in the best sense of the word. He deals with the genius of Romans rather than with her great personalities. It is not a pageant that he shows us, but a steady expansive force that was overwhelming, but neither greedy nor cruel. And it may be said, moreover, that those who are fond of the historical parallel and who would seek from the past a guidance for the present will find a full satisfaction here.

ROMAN IMPERIALISM. By Tenney Frank. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

Bedesman 4.

What would you do if you were an honored guest at a country house and discovered that the parlor-maid was your own sister? If the discovery were made in a dark passage it would be possible to come to some understanding in the matter, but suppose it were actually made at table? Would you kiss her then and there and run the risk of her dropping a dish? This is the problem that confronts the hero of this story, who is the son of a stone-hewer, but who has raised himself in the social scale by diligent application to books and opportunities. Moreover, the scene of the story is England, where social usages are more rigid than here and where the salt casts a deeper shadow. But the story is thoroughly well told and enjoyable, and we are glad to know that David is a gentleman.

BEDESMAN 4. By Mary J. H. Skrine. New York: The Century Company; \$1 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

"The Home Life of the Ancient Greeks" is a most attractive volume of over five hundred pages, profusely illustrated, translated from the German of Professor H. Blumner by Alice Zimmern. It comprehends, in a continuous narrative, an astonishing array of facts deeply interesting about a people and a civilization of which every reading person should know more. It is from the press of the Funk & Wagnalls Company.

On July 8 Charles Egbert Cradock's "The Story of Duciehurst" was published. It recalls to mind the literary sensation that "Mr. Cradock's" first books made, which reached a climax in the disclosure that Mr. Cradock was not Mr. Cradock at all, but Miss Mary

Murfree of Murfreesboro, Tennessee. The years have proved that the early admirers of Miss Murfree were not misled in their estimate of her ability. One successful novel has followed another. The latest, "The Story of Duciehurst," is certain to meet with no less favor. It is a tale of the days following the Civil War told with all of Miss Murfree's accustomed skill. It is published by the Macmillan Company.

Miss Mary Averill, author of "Japanese Flower Arrangement," has sailed for Japan, where she will spend six or seven months working upon another book commissioned by her publishers, the John Lane Company. She will take a house, as she did when she lived in Japan before, and resume her study of the language.

Grace Fallow Norton, author of "Little Gray Songs from St. Joseph's," has gone abroad and expects to spend the summer in France. Miss Norton's new collection of poems, "The Sister of the Wind," is published this month by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

Robert Herrick will spend the summer as usual at York Harbor, Maine. In connection with Mr. Herrick's latest novel, "Clark's Field," there appears with the imprint of his publishers, the Houghton Mifflin Company, an interesting collection of critical opinions of his work by Mr. Howells, Frederic Taber Cooper, Harold Nielson, and Edwin Björkman.

Champlin's "Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Persons and Places" has had a sale almost equal to that of some of the "best sellers," and now, thirty-four years after its first publication, is still so much in demand that Henry Holt & Co. are having to print it for its thirty-third time.

"Sex," by J. Arthur Thomson and Patrick Geddes, will be the eighty-fifth volume of the Holt's Home University Library. Along with it, on July 9, was issued "Wars Between England and America," by Professor Theodore C. Smith, of Williams College. This volume completes the five-volume series on American History within the series. Other volumes in this group are: "Chaucer," by Grace E. Hadow; "William Morris and His Circle," by A. C. Brock; "The Growth of Europe," by Grenville Cole.

Familiarity with language breeds respect and wins admiration. This comment readily follows, when one has examined carefully "English Synonyms and Antonyms," in its new and enlarged edition, just put forth by the Funk & Wagnalls Company. There are over 8000 synonyms considered, and nearly 4000 antonyms; and the knowledge of words disclosed in these more than 700 handsome pages will afford such familiarity as has been suggested—will compel respect never before felt and win admiration almost without limit.

Dr. Richard Cabot, author of "What Men Live By," carries out his own theories of the value of play by getting away from the city in summer as much as possible. He and Mrs. Cabot, who as Ella Lyman Cabot is also well known as an author, have taken a cottage at Cohasset.

Stephen Leacock, author of "Nonsense Novels" and "Behind the Beyond," is writing a book on the idle rich, a happy subject for his lively brain. The volume will be published in the fall by the John Lane Company.

A very important addition has recently been made to the literature of heraldry by the publication of "Heraldry in Scotland," by J. H. Stevenson. The basis for this was Mr. George Seton's "The Law and Practice of Heraldry in Scotland." The table of contents of "Heraldry in Scotland" reads as follows: Armorial Bearings; Their Rise and Recognition in Law; The Officers of Arms; Jurisdic-

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tion of the Lord Lyon in Matters of Armorial Bearings; The Records of Early Practice; Procedure in the Office and Court of the Lord Lyon; The Achievement; The Classification of Coats of Arms; Methods of Differencing the Arms of Cadets; The Right to Bear Supporters; Succession to Arms; The Succession of Heirs of Entail to the Armorial Honors of a Family; The Assumption and Change of Surnames; The Royal Arms in Scotland; New Grants of Arms and Their Contents; and The Non-Armorial Functions of the Herald. The Macmillan Company is the publisher.

Said to be worthy to be ranked with "Robinson Crusoe" as a realistic piece of fiction, Gustav Frenssen's "Peter Moors Fahrt Nach Sudwest" has been assigned a prominent place in modern German literature. It is difficult for the reader to realize that the hero, a simple private of the German colonial forces, is not telling in his own rugged, direct way, the story of the campaign of 1904 against the rebellious natives of German Southwest Africa. The merits of the story are so many that Professor Herman Bahson of Purdue University has prepared a vocabulary edition for American students and this was published by Henry Holt & Co. on July 10.

Miss Winifred Holt, daughter of the publisher, Henry Holt, is the heroine of "People of the Night," a paper that appears in the July Century, telling about the splendid work that is being done by the New York Institution for the Blind, of which Miss Holt is the founder and guiding spirit.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The New Bank Act.

A work not to be overlooked by the banker and financier is this substantial volume by Thomas Conway, Jr., Ph. D., and Ernest Minor Patterson, Ph. D. The authors say that they would have willingly deferred comment upon a monumental piece of legislation until the experience of several years had illuminated the situation, but their purpose is to give whatever assistance may be possible in the formation of public opinion through the dissemination of such information as is now available. To this end they attempt an answer to such questions as the following: What are the advantages and disadvantages to each class of national banks in joining the system? Under what conditions is it expedient for state banks and trust companies to become members? What will be the effect upon the business of reserve city banks? What changes will the law make in the methods commonly employed by business men in financing their businesses? Will it be good business to rediscount? Effect of the new reserve requirements on the savings department? What effect will the new regulations concerning the clearing of checks and drafts have upon the profits and the methods of the banks in handling this business?

The work is obviously one for the judgment of the expert, and perhaps the highest praise that can be given to it by the non-expert is to say that it is comprehensible even to his intelligence and that it is written not only clearly, but interestingly.

OPERATION OF THE NEW BANK ACT. By Thomas Conway, Jr., Ph. D., and Ernest Minor Patterson, Ph. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2 net.

Briefier Reviews.

An exceptional book for children is "Nancy in the Wood," by Marion Bryce, published by the John Lane Company (\$1 net). Its eight chapters are devoted to nature topics and animal life. It has fine illustrations in line upon every page and its colored plates by K. Klausen are works of art.

Uncle Sam's Service Series, now in course of publication by Sully & Kleinteich, New York, contains two good stories for boys—"Bobby Spencer, the Life-Saver," and "Dave Spencer on Secret Service." They are full of wholesome adventure and fairly well written. Price, \$1 net each.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company has published "Whitehead's Conventions of Auction Bridge," with diagrams in two colors (\$1.25 net). A moment's reference to this book, says the publisher, will give the reader exact and correct instructions about any possible situation that might arise in the course of bidding or play.

It would be hard to speak too highly in praise of "The Essence of Astronomy," by Edward W. Price (G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1 net). The author sub-titles his book, "Things Every One Should Know About the Sun, Moon, and Stars," and it is a sub-title well chosen. Its subject-matter is admirably arranged, the information is clear and concise, and the illustrations are numerous and of exceptional value.

The Stafford Little Lectures for 1914 were delivered by Jacob Gould Schurman on "The Balkan Wars, 1912-1913," and these have now been published in volume form by the Princeton University Press (\$1 net). Mr. Schurman gives us a competent historical survey of the causes that led to the great struggle and of the present situation as regards Albania, of whose status he does not seem to be very hopeful. The author's sympathies are strongly pro-Balkan.

"The Message of New Thought," by Abel Leighton Allen (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.25 net), is a restatement of ideas that have now been before the world at large for many years. It is admirably written and with many of the graces usually contributed by enthusiasm, but we still wonder at so curious misnomer of a philosophy that is just about as old as humanity itself. There is not a single idea in Mr. Allen's book, not a vestige of a theory, that is not to be found, for example, in the writings of Paracelsus, and there elaborated with a detail and a knowledge which the modern philosophy-monger might well emulate.

It seems customary to write the book on etiquette from the assumption that its readers are presumably savages who must be exhorted to repress their cruder barbarisms. Florence Howe Hall, author of "Good Form for All Occasions" (Harper & Brothers; \$1 net), is somewhat inclined to write from this point of view, although she says much that it is good to hear. But sometimes she lapses into barbarisms herself, as, for example, where she says that for a ball "married ladies adorn themselves with a profusion of jewels." Some married ladies may commit this offense, but those who know how to behave themselves do not wear a profusion of anything.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Winding Lane.

The wood-light grows more mellow-dim,
The leaves dance happily,
The russet path glows deeper hued
To greet her worthily,
And all the birds in chorus sweet
Sing, rapturous, insane,
When lassie comes to meet me
Adown the winding lane.

She's sweet as little roses are,
As quaint as mignonette,
And shy as modest pansy-buds,
With shower-jewels set,
She's Happiness! And from this world
I've nothing more to gain
When lassie comes to meet me
Adown the winding lane!

This earth would be a kinder place,
If every man could know
The fragrance of a shady path
Where cool, green grasses grow,
Where, when the sunset hour came by,
And life was sweet and sane,
His singing lassie turned the stile
Adown the winding lane.

—Ethel Hallett Porter, in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

The Legend of the Coyote.

[And one day the sky stooped down to meet the earth, and from the meeting place the coyote leaped forth.—*Navajo Legend*.]

The lodge fire gleams on tepee walls,
And on the story-teller's face;
Upon his feathered dress it falls,
And on his gesturing hands of grace.

Those gathered in the flickering light
Have heard the tale told oft before,
Yet, children in their keen delight,
They ask to hear it just once more.

"And thus our brother came to be,"
He says, "born of the earth and sky;
'Tis there, as any one may see,
He lingers as the years go by."

And when the tribal seer has told
The story red men love the best,
The lodge-fire flickers and grows cold—
The camp has sunk unto its rest.

But when his hearers turn away
They catch afar a vision fleet;
"Coyote lingers now," they say,
"Where stooping sky and earth still meet."
—Arthur Chapman, in *Denver Republican*.

The Road to Vagabondia.

'E was sittin' on a doorstep,
As I went strollin' by;
A lonely little beggar
With a wistful 'omesick eye—
An' 'e weren't the kind you'd borrow,
An' 'e weren't the kind you'd steal,
But I guessed 'is 'eart was breakin',
So I wistled 'im to 'eel.

They 'ad stoned 'im through the city streets, and
nought the city cared,
But I was 'eadin' out'ard, and the roads are
sweeter shared,
So I took 'im for a comrade, and I wistled 'im
away—
On the road to Vagabondia, that lies across the
day!

Yellow dog 'e was; but bless you—
'E was just the ebap for me!
For I'd ruther 'ave an inch o' dog
Than miles o' pedigree.
So we stole away together,
On the road that 'as no end,
With a new-coined day to fling away
And all the stars to spend!

Oh, to walk the road at mornin', when the wind
is blowin' clean,
An' the yellow daisies fling their gold across a
world o' green—
For the wind it 'eals the 'eartaches, an' the sun
it dries the scars,
On the road to Vagabondia that lies beneath the
stars.

'Twas the Wonder o' the Going
Cast a spell about our feet—
An' we walked because the world was young,
Because the way was sweet;
An' we slept in wild-rose meadows
By the little wayside farms,
'Till the Dawn came up the 'ighroad
With the dead moon in 'er arms.

Oh, the Dawn it went before us through a shinin'
lane o' skies,
And the Dream was at our 'eartstrings, an' the
Light was in our eyes,
An' we made no boast of glory an' we made no
boast o' birth,
On the road to Vagabondia that lies across the
earth!
—F. Dana Burnet, in *Life*.

Parting.

Why should you weep while time and pleasure fly?
The longest life is years too brief and few!
Why should you sulk and let the hours slip by,
Because I loved you and have tired of you?

Yes, you are fair—far fairer than of old—
Fairer because my love has made you fair;
All this you keep; but, now my love's grown cold,
I seek new love—to give it elsewhere.

There is an end for all sweet things, and this
Began with laughter and with laughter ends;
Then let us cease our loving with a kiss,
And with a kiss begin at being friends.

—Reginald Wright Kniffman, in the *Bellman*.

New Books Received.

NANTUCKET: A HISTORY. By R. A. Douglas-Lithgow, M. D., LL. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50 net.
With illustrations and a map.

MY LOVE AND I. By Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.
A novel.

FAITH TRESILION. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.
A novel.

PRINCIPLES OF COOKING. By Emma Conley. New York: American Book Company; 50 cents.
For secondary and vocational schools.

THE SYSTEM OF TAXATION IN CHINA IN THE TSING DYNASTY, 1644-1911. By Shao-Kwan Chen, Ph. D. New York: Columbia University.
Issued in Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN TURKEY AS MEASURED BY ITS PRESS. By Ahmed Emin, Ph. D. New York: Columbia University.
Issued in Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.

THE CURRENCY PROBLEM IN CHINA. By Wen Pin Wei, Ph. D. New York: Columbia University.
Issued in Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.

TEN SEX TALKS TO BOYS. By I. D. Steinhardt, M. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1 net.
With an introduction by Ernest Thompson Seton.

MARIA. By Baroness von Hutten. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35 net.
A novel.

THE MOB. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 60 cents net.
A play.

VIENNA, BUDAPEST. By John C. Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net.
Issued in New Guides to Old Masters Series.

MADRID. By John C. Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 75 cents net.
Issued in New Guides to Old Masters Series.

MEXICO, THE LAND OF UNREST. By Henry Baerlein. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2 net.

Second and cheaper edition.

THE TORCH-BEARER. By Reina Meleher Marquis. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net.
A novel.

"Unpopular Review" for July.

"Railway Junctions" and "Lecturing at Chautauqua" are two of the timely topics in the July number (the third) of that unusual quarterly, the *Unpopular Review* (Holt), which appears to be belying its title, since its first number had to be printed three times and its second twice. Other subjects in the July issue are: "Unsocial Investments," "A Stubborn Relic of Feudalism" (tipping), "An Experiment in Syndicalism," "Labor: 'True Demand' and Immigrant Supply," "The Way to Flatland," "The Disfranchisement of Property," "Minor Uses of the Middle Rich," "Academic Leadership," "Hypnotism, Telepathy, and Dreams," "The Muses on the Hearth," "The Land of the Sleepless Watch-dog," and "En Casserole," a collection of smaller papers. All the articles in this magazine continue anonymous, upon appearance at least, though the authors of articles in the previous numbers are revealed.

The Slovaks (Hungary) are a very peaceful, law-abiding community, but there are probably black sheep amongst their number, and in front of the Roman Catholic Church at Postyen may be seen an ancient stone pillar, reminiscent of the days when punishment was meted out in much the same way as it was in England in those days. Fastened to this pillar in the centre is a large iron clasp, and at the base two smaller ones close together. These clasps, fitted around the waist and ankles of offenders, and when a man or woman had stolen something they were locked to this post on a Sunday and compelled to hold in their hands whatever they had stolen (says the *Wide World Magazine*). Every Slovak attends mass on Sundays, from which it may be gathered that this public exposure was no small ordeal. The post bears a terse inscription, the translation of which is, "I do not ask you to come, but if you come I receive you."

According to Albert Bigelow Paine, Mark Twain's biographer, American ice-cream soda is a product to be met with in all parts of Europe. He brings this out in the July *Century* in his series, "The Car That Went Abroad," showing how a small-sized car can take a moderate-sized family on a good-sized European trip.

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THE AGUGLIA SEASON.

If Gabriele D'Annunzio had a heart in his bosom he would be considered a genius. As it is, he is a great artist; an artist with a strain of the scientist in him, so coldly, so ruthlessly he dissects the soul of man. He loves all beauty passionately, except when it exists in the heart and soul. There he loves corruption. He paints it, he dwells on it, he revels in it, with the passion of a morbid psychologist who is traversing the path that leads to madness. For we must not forget that Guy de Maupassant, with a dissimilar talent, but similar preferences for the abnormal and the terrible, ended his days in a mad-house.

It is really not discomfoting to reflect that D'Annunzio is one of the most hated men in Italy. We have for that the word of one of his own countrymen, Pietro Isola, a lover of literature and a translator of D'Annunzio, who, while deprecating the taste for soul-corruption evidenced in D'Annunzio's writings, gives full appreciation to his great gifts as a composer of both prose and poetry. He is Italy's stylist, and if his works had been of a kind to stimulate the ethical or spiritual side of man's nature, and grant him some hope and joy, he might have been hailed as her literary savior.

Mimi Aguglia, the long-heralded Italian artist who is amazing Cort audiences this week with the revelation of her tremendous histrionic power, has chosen two of D'Annunzio's works as vehicles for the expression of her art to the American public. Fortunately for us, she has chosen the one play in which D'Annunzio makes his protagonist the epitome of sublime, spiritual, selfless love. This is *Mila*, "The Daughter of Jorio," who, like Dostoevsky's prostitute in "Crime and Punishment," is made so by man's inhumanity to woman. Mila is a figure of tragedy, a pariah in the countryside, the daughter of a reputed sorcerer in the land of Abruzzi, the time being placed some centuries back, during an age when superstition prevailed.

Pursued by the lust of the reapers, the poor victim comes fleeing to the house of Lazaro, where the after-marriage ceremonies which celebrate the nuptials of Aligi, the shepherd, son of Lazaro, the reaper, and of Candia are taking place. Through the intercession of Ornella, the youngest of Aligi's three sisters, who is typical of youth's gentleness and compassion, the family are prevented from throwing Mila to the howling pack outside. Aligi, infuriated to ruthlessness by the insulting cries of the reapers, would do so, but suddenly he sees an angel standing behind the cowering fugitive, and he desists. Aligi, leaving his unloved bride, chosen by his mother, after a long sleep had awakened in a supernaturally dazed condition and in the grip of strange forebodings. His unawakened love clings to this strange angel-protected woman, which precipitates the tragedy, for his father has long and vainly desired her. In the second act the son, disregarding the sacredly observed tradition as to the son's fealty and obedience to his parents, while protecting Mila from the advances of Lazaro kills his father. In the third, Aligi, hooded and veiled for execution, is brought to his mother to receive "the cup of comfort," a potion which mercifully deprives an intended victim of complete consciousness; Mila appears, her coming heralded by the fierce cries of Candia's neighbors and friends. Exalted to a state of spiritual self-abnegation by the might of her love, she boldly declares herself the murderer of Lazaro—she, the sorceress. All believe her, even Aligi, who is succumbing to the effect of the potion; all save gentle Ornella, who, prostrating herself before the martyr, cries: "Mila, Mila! my sister in Jesus, I kiss your feet that bear you away! Heaven is for thee!"

The mob seizes her, howling: "To the fire, to the flames with the daughter of Jorio!"

And the last cry is from Mila, rapt in the exaltation of sacrifice for the beloved: "The flame is beautiful! The flame is beautiful!"

This poetic drama was written for the Italian. It is pervaded with the Latin spirit and full of peasant superstition. Played in a tongue unknown to the average theatre-goer, permeated by influences and traditions unfamiliar to us, still no one truly interested in dramatic art and literature can afford to

lose seeing the Italian tragedienne in this rôle. In one way they have brought Mimi Aguglia out here too soon. San Franciscans never turn their backs on a world-wide theatrical celebrity. Known though she is in Europe, her name has not yet been sufficiently heralded in America to attract the celebrity hunter.

Mimi Aguglia is a young woman, apparently in her early thirties. In "The Daughter of Jorio" she is the soul of the tragedy, acting with a passionate abandon, with a mental and physical intensity, that seems to permeate her whole being.

These Italians, indeed, seem to approach the art of acting with a sort of instinct. They all seemed to be peasants on Monday night—real peasants instead of players. Unlike the Anglo-Saxon, they yield so readily, so freely, and so instinctively to emotion that when they come to convey it histrionically they follow the natural channels of expression. The Anglo-Saxon approaches acting in a restrained and artificial attitude, and through this unnatural barrier our players are forced to break before they are able to express emotions simply and naturally. In "The Daughter of Jorio" the American player would have insisted from the moment of his entrance that he was in tragedy, whereas Aguglia's company was cheerfully natural. The three sisters sang in unrestrained peasants' voices, and the irrepressible smiles of youth at a wedding rippled from their lips. They were at first almost daunting to our daintier sensibilities in their realism. But it was realism. As the play progressed the shadow of tragedy fell gradually. The distraught entrance of the fugitive and the fierce cries of the reapers, the revelations made by the enraged crew about the derelict husband and father, the piteous supplications of Mila, the bestial, cruel faces of the mob outside appearing at door and window, barred from approach by the sacred symbol which all were forced to respect; this made a wild scene, the centre of which was the couple whose fates were becoming entangled; the cowering, supplicating fugitive, and the pale, immobile, half-dazed bridegroom.

The supreme histrionic moment for Aguglia comes in the second act, when she finds herself delivered over to the bestial passion of Lazaro. What instinct taught this discerning artist to so marvelously express the frightful terror of Mila? the shrinkings and shiverings, the making of herself as small and close to the earth as possible, the quiverings and spasmodic shocks of her flesh as Lazaro touched her, the curious, sharp little half-animal cries that seemed to leap from her lips involuntarily during the moments of her sharpest dread?

Mimi Aguglia is a small, slight woman of strongly marked features and Italian coloring. She has the slender hands that D'Annunzio, lover of beautiful moulds, should write a sonnet to; long, slender, with the flexible thumbs of the artist. The make-up of Mila, who is portrayed as wan and worn from suffering and terror, her hair wild and her garments humble in the extreme, did not permit Monday night spectators to be informed as to her beauty. Her leading man, however, Sterni by name, and a fine and impressive actor of the modern school, in the close-fitting dress of a shepherd was revealed, in spite of his made-up pallor, as a handsome young man with a fine Roman head, large Italian eyes, and boldly carved features. There is no necessity of giving a string of unfamiliar names, but the company is excellent throughout, down to the individuals composing the mob. Under their make-up one could detect the unfamiliar type of the Italian artist, but it was peasants only that they depicted; quick in emotion, coarsened in sensibility, and speaking Italian with the broadly opened vowels of the lower classes.

"FEDORA."

The Italians regard Aguglia's peasant impersonations as her best. They do not consider that she shines with equal lustre in the rôle of a great lady. Judging from the two rôles in which I have seen her, I find myself in accord with this verdict.

"Fedora" is a play written by a Frenchman about Russians, and we saw it Tuesday night played by Italians. Hence the lack of equally brilliant assimilation of the rôles. Neither Aguglia nor her company—with the very pronounced exception of Sterni, her leading man—made such a striking impression in Sardou's play as in D'Annunzio's poetic tragedy of peasant life. They did give a conventionally excellent performance, but the suggestion of elegance and the atmosphere which characterizes the salons of blue-blooded worldlings was somewhat lacking. Aguglia herself, seen in modern evening costume, is not beautiful. She is, however, unusual and striking. Her brilliant, narrow eyes, the thin, jetty line of her eyebrows, her jutting brow, and heavily molded nose and mouth, all serve to set her apart from the average type of stage women. She does not tint her cheeks, and the resultant vampire whiteness has a disagreeable effect. In

the poison scene, with the greenish pallor she accomplished heightened by the dull olive of her robe that she evidently employed with intention, she was distressingly dreadful to look at; too much so, in fact, and Fedora's demonstrations of suffering, her dying paroxysms, teeth-grindings, and the boundings of her tortured body seemed like the survivals of an almost extinct school of acting. I do not think that the Italian surrendered herself to depicting the nature of the fierce, beautiful Slave with anything like the inward ardor and sympathy with which she portrayed the martyred outcast. She excels in intense emotional expression, and her cries of anguish and writhings of despair are graphic in the extreme, but her Fedora lacks fascination.

Sterni, her leading man, outdid her in this respect in the rôle of Ipanoff, which character, during its preliminary silences, he invested with the same powerful suggestion of latent significances as were so noticeable in his Aligi during the shepherd's long semitrance in the first act. Sterni also, like Aguglia, is remarkably gifted in conveying the effect of being swept by storms of emotion, toward which his tragic eyes, his features, his fine voice, and his rapid, impetuous gestures all contribute passionate testimony.

The actor impersonating De Sirieux, who is labeled Bonjini on the programme, and who, despite the printed contradiction, is undoubtedly the same one that played Lazaro, the father, so superbly on Monday night, is a valuable member of the company, and the one seeming most at ease in the rôle of a habitu  of Parisian salons. There is a similar contradiction in regard to the actress who played Ornella and Olga, a quite young but accomplished player who made a very agreeable impression in the rôle of the vivacious Countess Olga.

People who are familiar with the work of these players say that "Malia" (the Saturday night bill), is one of their best, and I observe that another D'Annunzio tragedy is billed for Sunday night.

"CABIRIA."

The Gaiety management had enough confidence in the drawing powers of "Cabiria" to invite a huge audience to witness the first view of D'Annunzio's remarkable photo-play, which, as it unrolled the terrors and splendors of the third century, B. C., seemed to picture to us the flaming pages of history. We have seen here, in San Francisco, a series of remarkable and imposing historic photo-plays, chief among which are "Quo Vadis," "The Fall of Pompeii," and "Antony and Cleopatra." But "Cabiria" out-Herods Herod. Never before have we been shown scenes that so vividly pictured the monstrous rites of idolatry, the awful, yet magnificent pageantry of war, and the cyclonic wrath of nature. Etna belches forth red destruction, and down the mountain slopes, black against the glare, we see long ant-files of the peasantry and their cattle, fleeing from death by fire.

Moloch, the unappeasable fire-god of the Carthaginians, looms up vast and terrible in his temple, and behold! living children are placed in the roaring furnace that constitutes his ruthless vitals.

The Titanic struggle between two mighty empires is pictured in a series of views which show the councils of kings, consuls, and generals, the movements of mighty armies, the destruction of a fleet, the siege of an almost impregnable city. Carthage rears up its mighty walls, against which ladders are planted, from which the besiegers are tossed like wisps of straw. Fearful engines of war appear, liquid fire is thrown from great heights on the besiegers. There are wonderful vistas of red-lighted heights of masonry scaled intrepidly by the besiegers and defended with terrible ferocity by the besieged.

One gazes bewildered at the temples, the towers and palaces. Where did they get this vast, magnificently barbaric setting? In some cases, no doubt, there are ruins that are used as a setting, but in others part of the half-million that the original production cost has been expended in erecting what seems the imposing detail of vast temples, walls, palaces, and towers.

Fire is the keynote of the whole drama, so we learn from an author's note that appears on the programme. The whole thing is very characteristic of Gabriele D'Annunzio, who has a taste for terror, horror, and magnificence. Our century is too tame for him. When he writes of it, it is only to choose for his subjects unpleasant beings of abnormal passions. Back he goes joyfully to the sort of past that he pictured in his version of the love-poem of Francesca di Rimini; a poem that is lighted up with the flaming brands of war. The word-picture that he painted in that poetic drama he has had the satisfaction of seeing physically visualized in "Cabiria," for the siege pictured in this drama is very similar in many details to that described in "Francesca di Rimini." Although D'Annun-

zio needs no suggestions from other writers, there is little doubt that Flaubert's "Salaambo" helped to enkindle his fancy when he first began to plan this tremendous series of pictured events. But, like Flaubert, he is a man of learning, and few of his literary contemporaries could so outline with an artist's vision and a scholar's detail this wonderful representation of "prodigious events, amazing triumphs, sudden ruins."

THE PANTAGES THEATRE.

Although the lively and nimble Teddy McNamara and his "twenty Pollard kiddies" constitute, to many of the Pantages patrons, the principle attraction this week, in point of merit the Willard Mack playlet and the Zandoff violin act attain to higher standards. Not that "My Friend" is one of the best of Mr. Mack's playlets, but this author, in spite of allowing himself an explanatory soliloquy or so, has a strong sense of dramatic values, and it comes out in each of his pieces. In "My Friend" he depicts a young couple living in apparent marital felicity, but actually severed by the secret infidelity of the wife. In the discovery on the husband's part that ensues Mr. Mack contrives to introduce the element of suspense, a quick climax, and a telling finale in which blistering scorn is expressed for those wives of easy infidelity whose only incentive is weak-fibred principle or love of adventure. The piece went well. Mr. Landers Stevens and Miss Georgie Cooper lending reality to the rôles of husband and wife, while Mr. Will G. Gould made a good aid in the lesser rôle of the secret lover. The piece, both as written and played, stands for naturalism in a dramatic setting.

Miss Alla Zandoff, violinist, assisted by Miss Helen Bradford, pianist, aided by the sympathetic backing of Mrs. Alexander Pantages, was the principle figure in a pretty homelike setting, in which a soft light, lamps, flowers, velvet curtains, and two attractive girls played their part in giving a vaudeville audience what it likes—the effect of a cozy home interior. There are many lonely men in a vaudeville audience, some of them temporarily absent from a home they miss, others who are cram-jam full of home sentiment in theory, but who go through life homeless because they never come down to brass tacks. So they enjoyed the pretty picture, and the pretty girls, and the pretty music, which consisted of several violin solos by Miss Zandoff, with piano accompaniment and one solo by Miss Bradford. Miss Zandoff justified the faith of her patron by playing with spirit, sparkle, facility, and dash. For the young lady has stage temperament, blended with her musical talent. She played some Sarasate gipsy airs, the Thais "Meditation," and Brahms's "Hungarian Dances," all with skill and well-justified confidence, and with smiles of young pleasure on her lips during the livelier music as she made her flexible bow strike brilliant sparks from the strings, she made a successful appeal to a responsive audience, who, to its credit, found itself pleasantly affected by the sense of refinement which the act conveyed, as well as by pleasure in the music.

Other attractions consisted of songs, acrobatics, and a monologist, some of it seeming as the crackling of thorns under a pot; but that cheerful crackling undoubtedly tends to making next day's work easier to the toiler.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Serial drama has been popular in China for centuries. Their most famous play, "Pi-Pa-Ki—The Story of the Lute," written in the fourteenth century, is divided into twenty-four sections and innumerable acts and scenes, and takes several days to perform. And Chinese plays of forty long acts, lasting a week or two, are quite common. In England the longest play ever written, but not performed, was an unnamed drama, in twenty-five acts, by "Mad Nat Lee."

For next season De Wolf Hopper will add "The Yeoman of the Guard" to his list of Gilbert and Sullivan operas. This will give him a repertoire of five operas, including "The Mikado," "Iolanthe," "Pirates of Penzance," and "H. M. S. Pinafore." The supporting company will be practically identical with the one that assisted Mr. Hopper last year. The season is to begin late in August with a "jump" across the continent to San Francisco.

Georgetown University has conferred on Mr. Wilton Lackaye the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Mr. Lackaye, an alumnus of the university, delivered an address which proved one of the bright features of Georgetown's celebration of its 125th anniversary.

The American woman writer most popular in Germany is Gertrude Atherton, author of "The Aristocrats" and "Senator North." Eighteen of her books have appeared in the Tauchnitz edition.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Fine Feathers" at the Columbia Theatre.

"Fine Feathers," without question the greatest play from the pen of Eugene Walter, who has given the American stage such successes as "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "Paid in Full," and "The Easiest Way," has been selected as the bill for the fifth week of the current season of the all-star players at the Columbia Theatre, beginning Monday night, July 20. "Fine Feathers" when last presented in San Francisco scored one of the greatest successes of any season, during the limited engagement afforded it, and its withdrawal after one week's presentation was necessary owing to the numerous bookings arranged for the Columbia last year. Thousands were unable to see this big drama, for the theatre could not accommodate half the number seeking to purchase tickets.

It is a tense and up-to-the-minute American story of woman's extravagance and husband's downfall told by Walter in "Fine Feathers." How an indulgent husband seeks to cover his wife's expenses by wrongdoing is the central idea of the story. There are three acts of tremendous situations, and they will be admirably played by the all-star players, including among others Charles Richman, Rose Coghlan, Gladys Hanson, Charles Cherry, Charlotte Tittell, Frank Kingdom, George Stuart Christie, and Horace Mitchell.

There is a large demand for seats for this play, and the prospects are that it will crowd

the house at all performances. Matinees will be given Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Second Week of Aguglia at the Cort.

Mimi Aguglia's engagement at the Cort Theatre is proving an extraordinary one gauged from every angle. The distinguished Italian tragedienne has lived up to her advance heralding. So forthright is the method of Aguglia that she has attracted a great many English-speaking people to the Cort as well as her own country folk. She appeals to Latin and Saxon alike. Her wonderfully expressionful face and gestures and voice intonation carry the play's meaning over the footlights when the mere words are not understood.

Aguglia's leading man, Sterni, has made a distinct impression on Cort audiences, and the company as a whole is admirable. The simplicity of their method is noteworthy.

"Malia" will be given its first presentation tonight. Sunday night will see the first performance of "The Hidden Torch," a tragedy from the pen of Gabriele D'Annunzio, in which Aguglia particularly excels. Monday night will find the Italian tragedienne starting the second and final week of her engagement in Sudermann's "Magda." Tuesday will be given over to "The Thief," by Henry Bernstein, which was played here by Margaret Illington. "Magda" will be repeated at the Wednesday matinee. Wednesday night will see a production of Sardou's "Madame Sans-Gêne." A delightful comedy, "An American Girl in Paris," will hold forth Thursday. A double bill will be given Friday, Oscar Wilde's "Salome" and "The Glove." "Madame Sans-Gêne" will be given again at the Saturday matinee, and "The Master of the Forge" at night.

The second edition of Paul J. Rainey's African hunt pictures comes to the Cort on Sunday, July 26.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum headline attraction for next week will be the famous Trixie Friganza, one of the most attractive, successful, and popular comedienne of the day. Miss Friganza will present a new set of songs and some very funny travesties, among which is a burlesque of the new society dances. Her good looks, her real gift of comedy, her pleasing voice, and her perfect taste in dress combine to make her a favorite wherever she appears, and in addition to these there is that glowing personality which enhances her other assets.

Clark and Verdi, the Italian comedians, will portray a couple of their compatriots, one of whom has been in this country two years, while the other has only just arrived from his native land. The former, with his amusing and vast knowledge of America and its customs, takes every opportunity of showing off. The arrogance of the one compared with the docility of the other and the vast quantity of ignorance displayed by both is immensely diverting.

"Five Melody Maids and a Man" will present a mélange of mirth and melody. They play upon five pianos and sing delightfully. The girls display a charming vivacity and the man is a real comedian.

Ray Conlin, who styles himself "the Acme of Sub-Vocal Comedy," is a gifted ventriloquist who puts a clever line of comedy, chatter, and song into his puppet partner. Drawing languidly on a cigarette all the while, Mr. Conlin throws his voice into a comical wooden dummy resting on his knee.

Next week will be the last of M. and Mme. Corradini's Menagerie, John and Mae Burke, Burns and Fulton, and Liane Carrera, Anna Held's daughter.

"Cabiria" a Fine Drawing Card.

Were it not that "Cabiria" has other important bookings the great D'Annunzio photo-spectacle with its symphony orchestra and grand opera chorus might remain indefinitely at the Gaiety Theatre, where every afternoon and every evening vast throngs repair to be thrilled by the mightiest photo-spectacle ever produced.

Never has there been such a unanimity of opinion concerning a theatrical presentation as that which "Cabiria" has won, and never before has there been such a demand on the superlatives of language to express the admiration of the patrons of this epoch-making spectacle.

The glories of an ancient age, its struggles, its wars, its romances, its superstitions, and its religions are shown in an intimate and poetic romance of a little Sicilian girl, her stalwart Roman lover, and his gigantic slave, Maciste.

Indeed to Maciste must go most of the individual honors of the spectacle, for to physical might is added a child-like docility towards his friends and a tiger-like ferocity towards his enemies that make of the ancient slave a type at once picturesque and compelling.

On leaving the theatre one feels as though a part of ancient history and a romance and

conflict of ancient days had been lived over once more and that the witness was a part of the thrilling narrative of bloody conflict and splendid victory.

Daphne Pollard, Pantages Headliner.

Dainty Daphne Pollard, the live wire pocket edition comedienne, has forsaken the ranks of musical comedy for a brief spell and will take a flyer into vaudeville, opening at the Pantages next Sunday afternoon as the special attraction on the new bill of eight crackling good acts. Everybody in San Francisco knows weeny Daphne Pollard. From the time that she came over here from Australia about twelve years ago as the child wonder of the clever troupe of Pollard juveniles, the winsome funster has been starred from Broadway to Market Street.

On the same bill with Miss Pollard are two splendid circuit headliners—Harry Girard and his own company in "Arbitration," and Harry Jolson, the operatic coon. Girard will be remembered as the author and producer of "The Alaskan," and was a great success here in "The Totem Pole." His new offering deals with the Mexican mix-up and is designated as a brilliant satire on the Niagara conference. A cast of fifteen people will be used in "Arbitration." Jolson is a brother of the famous Al Jolson of musical-comedy stardom, and his friends modestly claim that Harry has Al backing when it comes to real high-class warbling.

The Orpheus Comedy Four, a quartet of merry harmonists; Hope Booth and company in George M. Cohan's sparkling playlet, "The Little Blonde Lady"; Woodward's posing dogs; the Basy troupe of Russian dancers and musicians, and a couple of comedy films, will round out one of the best all around shows that the popular vaudeville house has presented in many a month.

Rose Coghlan, who created the rôle of the talkative neighbor, Mrs. Collins, in Eugene Walter's play, "Fine Feathers," is cast for the same rôle in the all-star production of the piece at the Columbia Theatre during the week of July 20. Although the rôle calls for Miss Coghlan's presence on the stage for but a brief period she is one of the big hits of the performance.

Holbrook Blinn and his company will come direct to San Francisco from New York and will appear at the Columbia Theatre in the complete Princess Theatre, New York, repertory of one-act plays. These productions have been distinct sensations. It is Blinn's intention to return to New York after the San Francisco engagement and open up at the Princess Theatre with several new plays, including the big hit of the present repertory.

Eugene Walter, the author of "Fine Feathers," is at work upon a new play for Klaw & Erlanger. He also holds the stage rights for one of Jack London's new writings.

At the theatrical offices of Henry W. Savage, New York, count was made the first week in June of the actual number of persons who called to apply for engagements for the coming season. From nine o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon an attendant stationed at the entrance to the reception room of the engagement department kept a careful record of callers by punching a register for every person who came in. From Monday morning until Saturday afternoon the exact number was three thousand one hundred and five. The greatest number on any day was five hundred and eighty-two, the smallest four hundred and fifty-three. It is interesting to consider in this connection that word had gone forth of only one company to be formed by Mr. Savage at that time.

When death had removed Gilbert, Sullivan, and Mr. and Mrs. D'Oyly Carte, it seemed that the time had arrived for producing a record of their singular achievement. Accordingly François Cellier, who conducted the Savoy operas from the beginning, began to write his reminiscences of the Savoy and the Savoyards. While the work was in progress he too, unfortunately, died and Cunningham Bridgeman, who had been associated for a great number of years with the D'Oyly Carte Company and was a lifelong friend of Sullivan, stepped into the breach and carried the book to completion. It is now announced for early publication in England and America.

Prussia's highest court has ruled that no biblical films can be shown in the country. The Berlin police president had prohibited the production of a film which gave some scenes from the life and sufferings of Christ. The court sustained the action of the police on the ground that the Christian religion is a part of the public order which the police are bound to uphold. The court also held that such a film grossly wounds the sensibilities of religious people, particularly in view of the fact that it is given along with light and humorous productions.

Pears'

"A shining countenance" is produced by ordinary soaps.

The use of Pears' reflects beauty and refinement. Pears' leaves the skin soft, white and natural.

Matchless for the complexion.

Those Good Old Days

Now and then comes a cry for "the good old days," but nobody really wants to return to them. They were, according to their time, very good, indeed, and their people lived well enough, but not as well as they live now, and they possessed fewer of the little comforts which now make life easier and happier.

A slight touch of "the good old days" would suffice for the man of today, and even the oldest pioneer in the country would quickly lose all interest in life under boyhood conditions. How hard, stern, and cold it would all seem to him!

In "the good old days" the man got out of bed in a shivery room, bothered the kitchen staff for hot water for a shave, and if all history is to be believed, chopped a hole in the ice during winter for a bath. At least a few of the most heroic chopped the ice.

But the modern man lives in an electric age. Note the change. He is awakened by his electric alarm clock, and if need be, and he be luxurious, he presses a button and instantly an electric heater sends its cheerful glow throughout the room. He heats his shaving water in a neat little contrivance by means of electricity, eats his breakfast eggs cooked on the breakfast table by electricity, accompanied by toast prepared on an electric toaster, drinks coffee made in an electric percolator, is carried from his apartment to the street in an electric elevator, conveyed to his office building in an electric car, taken to his offices by an electric elevator.

Once in his offices he summons his secretary by an electric annunciator, dictates his correspondence into a phonograph run by electricity, speaks to his friends and business associates by an electric telephone, sends messages far and near by the electric telegraph, and has his luncheon brought to him by an electric waiter.

And at the end of the day he is conveyed to the street by the electric elevator and rides home in an electric car, auto or trolley. The apartment to which he goes has been swept and dusted by an electric cleaner. He turns on the electric light, sits before his electric open fireplace and reads the wireless news while his dinner is being prepared on an electric range.

After satisfying his appetite, unless he wishes to go out in the electrically lighted streets or to a moving-picture show run by electricity, or to a theatre illumined with electric lights, and where electricity plays such a prominent part in stage effects, he lights his cigar at an electric cigar lighter. If the evening is too warm he starts his electric fan; if too cool, he may wrap himself in lounging robe lined with fine wires and heated by electricity. Before he retires for the night he may enter a cabinet and enjoy a bath of light, the full effulgence of which, says a studious writer, is projected to his body by electricity. If he likes the outside air while he is slumbering, he may cover himself with a blanket heated all night long by electricity.

"Good old days," indeed!

Electricity has played a wonderfully important part in the life of California, due to the growth, perseverance, and fair dealing of the pioneer concern, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, whose service now covers two-thirds of the state, or thirty of the fifty-eight counties.

AMUSEMENTS

ORPHEUM O'FARRELL STREET

Between Stockton and Powell
Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America

Week Beginning this Sunday Afternoon

Matinee Every Day

SUPERB VAUDEVILLE

TRIXIE FRIGANZA, Delightful, Original in Humor, and Always a Joy; CLARK and VERDI, the Italian Comedians; FIVE MELODY MAIDS AND A MAN, Mirth and Melody; RAY CONLIN, "the Acme of Sub-Vocal Comedy"; M. and MME. CORRADINI'S MENAGERIE; JOHN and MAE BURKE; BURNS and FULTON; Last Week, LIANE CARRERA, ANNA HELD'S DAUGHTER, assisted by Tyler Brooke and American Beauty Chorus.

Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

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Beginning Monday, July 20
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ALL-STAR PLAYERS

In an Elaborate Production of

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The greatest play by Eugene Walter, author of "The Easiest Way," "Paid in Full," "Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

"POP" prices at Wed. mat., Sat. mat., Sun. night.

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The Celebrated Italian Tragedienne

MIMI AGUGLIA

In Standard and Classic Plays in Italian
Tonight (Sat.) "Malia"; Sun. mat., "Camille";
Sun. night, "The Hidden Torch";
Second Week—Mon., July 20, "Magda";
Tues., "The Thief"; Wed. mat., "Magda";
Wed., "Mme. Sans-Gêne"; Thurs., "An American Girl in Paris"; Fri., "Salome" and "The Glove"; Sat. mat., "Mme. Sans-Gêne"; Sat., "The Master of the Forge";
Nights, 25c to \$1.50; Mats., 25c to \$1.

Sun., July 26—Second Edition of PAUL J. RAINEY'S AFRICAN HUNT PICTURES.

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Opposite Mason

DAINTY DAPHNE POLLARD

Late Star Gaiety Musical Comedies

HARRY GIRARD AND COMPANY

In Mr. Girard's original musical mix-up

"ARBITRATION"

A frolicsome satire on the Niagara Conference

HARRY JOLSON (BROTHER OF AL)

The Operatic Coon

A WONDERFUL 8-ACT SHOW

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A VERITABLE TRIUMPH!

Gabriele D'Annunzio's Masterwork Visualized in a Stupendous Photo-Spectacle

"CABIRIA"

Cost \$250,000; discloses 7000 people in its gigantic episodes of the third century, B. C.

Evenings at 8:15; prices 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinees at 2:15; prices 25c and 50c.

VANITY FAIR.

American pressure should at once be brought to bear upon the German government in order to secure the withdrawal of a recent army order forbidding officers to enter their names upon the books of the matrimonial agencies. It is a gross exercise of a tyrannical power, and perhaps the presence of a couple of American gunboats in Hamburg harbor would be sufficient to set this matter right.

Why should not German officers be allowed to seek their wives in this particular way? So far from discouraging the practice, it appears to be a good one, a commendable one, and one that should be followed universally. At a time when the birthrate is plunging over the precipice to extinction it would seem the part of prudence to stimulate matrimony rather than to repress it. We want to strike off the shackles rather than to rivet new ones upon our limbs.

The trouble with matrimony is the narrowness of the field of possible selection, and to a great extent this disability would be removed by the matrimonial agency. We are not suffering from this disability ourselves, having already made arrangements that seem to be permanent, but it is just this very sense of a disinterested detachment that gives clarity to our vision and infallibility to our judgment. Now let us suppose that in a spasm of mental aberration you decided to be married, or at least to attempt to be married. If you are a woman you may ask yourself how many eligible men you are acquainted with whom it would be worth your while to rope. You will find that there are very few. The nice men have no money and the moneyed men are not nice. It was ever so. When you have eliminated the lame, the halt, and the blind, mentally, morally, and financially, you will find that there are not many left. Probably there will be none left. Although there are millions of men throughout the country your choice is limited to a dozen or two whom you happen to know, and probably not one among them can comply with the specifications. On the other hand, if you are a man your choice is just as limited. Out of the twenty women or so whom you happen to know you must set aside the obviously unfit through excessive experience, infirmities, previous convictions, etc., and you will be lucky if you find that there are still two or three remaining, and the chances are that they will be suffragettes and therefore not to be thought of. And yet there are millions of women throughout the country who are in every way desirable, who are not suffragettes, nor eugenisists, nor uplifters, nor white-slave abolitionists. But you do not know them in the conventional way, and therefore you can not marry them. Now the matrimonial bureau goes a long way to overcome this evil and to enlarge a field of choice that is now so discouragingly narrow. You merely state the kind of man or woman whom you would like to marry, you supply your specifications, so to speak, and the bureau does the rest. In a few days you receive a notification that an assortment of goods is on hand for your inspection, and so you are saved all the trouble of a personal search. Of course the specifications should not be too exacting. It may be hard to find a woman of fabulous wealth, of bewitching beauty, and who at the same time is not a suffragette nor an uplifter. It may be equally hard to find a man who is a millionaire, who is a model of virile beauty, and whose long suit is unquestioning obedience. It is a mistake to ask for too much. Gods and goddesses are few and far between. You must be satisfied if the flies in the ointment are not too numerous nor obvious. What we actually need is the abolition of all those absurd restrictions that prevent a man from making tentative proposals to a woman merely because he does not happen to know her, and no doubt we shall get to this some time in the future. But in the meantime the matrimonial bureau could be made of some solid use, and therefore it is hereby decreed that the stigma be removed from the said bureau and that Mr. Bryan be instructed to make such representations to the German war office as may be necessary and to sustain those representations by armed force.

Why is it that the average newspaper writer is unable to approach any feminist question and at the same time preserve his sanity? The same scribe who can turn out quite passable copy on politics or finance or commerce seems to become bereft of his reason as soon as he faces some topic associated with women. Then he bleats like a sheep, and brays like an ass, and chatters like a parrot. He fawns and truckles and writhes in a veritable frenzy of self-abasement. But we could forgive him for being such a sycophant, and such a slave if he would only try not to be such an idiot.

For example, there is an editorial in a weekly newspaper published in Southern California, quite a good weekly newspaper until it talks about women, and then it invariably becomes imbecile. It tells us that women ought

to be allowed to vote everywhere because only in this way can war be abolished. Women, it seems, disapprove of war "because they are not by nature violent." There may be two opinions about that, but we will let it pass in favor of the crowning asininity that closely follows it. All women should be instantly enfranchised, we are told, because "many women of the suffrage states have publicly declared themselves opposed to war." Now what do you think of that? No, this does not appear on the kindergarten page of the *Mudville Courier*. The kindergarten editor would get a severe pain under his pinafore if he were to receive such a contribution as that, and his infantile readers would stop their subscriptions if he printed it. That gem was presented for the edification of intelligent adults, who are asked to regard the general opinion of "many women of the suffrage states" on the subject of war in the abstract as beralding the doom of armaments as soon as women are allowed to drop a piece of paper into a ballot-box. And by way of coping-stone to this edifice of silliness we are reminded that a meeting of women in Colorado has recently passed a resolution in favor of peace. Yes, Colorado, the pioneer suffrage state, where civil war has raged unchecked for a year, and where women besieged the governor during a whole night in their frenzied demands that he petition the Federal government for soldiers.

Now the suffrage may be right or wrong, or it may be in that twilight region among all the other things that do not matter and that can not conceivably matter. But we have a right to protest against the assumption that at present we know nothing about women, and that their opinions and influence are something incalculable as would be the sudden presence or influence of Martians, for example. We have been living with women for a good many years now, or trying to live with them, and we intend to keep up the effort to the end, and so we have acquired some experience. Also we have read about them in history. We may assume that their characters will not wholly change merely because they are allowed to vote. The women who have invariably fanned the war fever—and women have always done this—who have used all the weapons of their sex to intoxicate the soldier and inflame his martial ardors, are not likely to become apostles of peace over night. The granting of the suffrage is not in the least of the nature of an experiment, since women will vote according to their dispositions, just as they do everything else, and we know that their disposition toward war is one of a bubbling and gushing applause. So by all means let women vote if it seem just to do so, but for heaven's sake do not expect that their votes will hasten the day of peace. That is one thing that it is quite certain not to do. It will postpone the day of peace.

The London correspondent of the *New York Sun* says that to one who knows colors only as a painter knows them the catalogue of a fashionable costumer of today is a perplexing thing, when the finding of a catching name for a new tint is almost as important a business detail as the selection of a title for a novel. Among the blues are Nattier, Saxe, marine, electric, hydrangea (there is also bydrangea pink), automobile and "new shades of French." The reds and pinks are even more confusing, with beetroot, aubergine, tomato, dahlia, rhododendron, fuchsia, lie-devin (a muddy purple red supposed to resemble the lees of wine), tango (a more orange tomato), and maxixe or mattschiche, as the French modistes prefer to spell it. Absinthe, creme de menthe, asparagus, and lime are fairly identifiable shades of green, as among the grays are such a zoological assortment as oyster, mouse, and elephant; cigar, again, is expressive, as is milk chocolate; and we remember how a few seasons ago Rio Tinto was a fashionable shade of golden copper. Even midnight—something between silver and steel blue—might be guessed by one who had never heard the name before as not impossibly might tete de negre and corbeau. But what Royal Academician would by the light of nature dare to take his brush and paint the shade of radium or petrol or of "natural"? One of the prettiest names of a color is "robin's egg blue," which is borrowed from the United States. "Hedge sparrow blue" one might call it in England, but the name is not so musical.

The year 1913 broke all records for the North German Lloyd, not only for the quantity of food consumed, but also for the number of passengers carried. The bill for food and drink for the fiscal year amounted to the sum of \$6,519,000, as against \$5,125,000 during the preceding year. Coal alone cost \$7,768,868. All of the coal for the eastbound steamers is purchased in this country, and the same is true of the provisions.

There are 200,000 children learning to play the violin in London and what Londoners call the "home counties."

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"By the Glad Sea Waves." Hotels, Casino and Board Walk. Cliff drives. Motoring. Golf links. Sea-fishing.

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Charming hotel in beautiful park and gardens. 40-mile auto scenic boulevard skirting ocean. Bathing. Boating. Fishing. Golf and Tennis.

Pacific Grove and Carmel-by-the-Sea

Delightful family resorts. Bathing beaches and sea-fishing.

Byron Hot Springs

New Hotel and mineral baths in restful surroundings.

Shasta Springs and Resorts

Delightful places amid crags and pines. Hotels, cottages and tents. Excellent trout fishing.

Lake Tahoe

Attractive Hotels and camps in picturesque surroundings. Daily steamer trips around lake. Excellent trout fishing.

Upper Klamath Lake and Crater Lake

Unsurpassed trout fishing in season. Comfortable quarters amid forests and mountains. Auto and motor boat service from Klamath Falls.

Yosemite National Park Mariposa Big Trees

Nature's wonders. A half day or night ride from Los Angeles or San Francisco. Comfortable Hotels and auto-stages. Trout fishing.

Paso Robles

Hot springs. Hotel and finely equipped mineral baths. A place for rest and outdoor recreation. Golf. Tennis. Horseback riding.

Santa Barbara

The Mission City. Ocean boulevard. Hotels delightfully situated. Sea-fishing. Yachting. Golf. Beautiful mountain drives.

Los Angeles and Vicinity

Noted tourist center. Ocean beaches within 30 minutes to an hour by electric lines. Bathing. Sea-fishing. Hotels and pleasure piers.

Pasadena, Riverside, Redlands, Mt. Lowe, San Bernardino

In charming surroundings. Easily reached by steam or electric lines from Los Angeles. Fine auto roads.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At a time when Parnell was deliberately setting himself to paralyze the legislative efficiency of the House of Commons, a friend said to him: "Mr. Parnell, how did you acquire your extraordinary knowledge of the rules of the House?" "By breaking them!" was the laconic reply.

A beginner at golf was playing his first game, and his opponent was struggling with his emotions as he watched the attempt to hit the ball. But he was unable to repress a smile when he overheard his caddy remark to his chum: "Bill, if he was a-playin' with new laid eggs his golf wouldn't cost him much, would it?"

Francesco Berger, the composer and piano teacher, in his "Reminiscences, Impressions, and Anecdotes," speaks of Hans von Bülow as "a very eccentric man." Invited to dine with the directors of the Philharmonic, Von Bülow answered: "What have I done that, besides playing at your concert, I should also be expected to dine with your directors?"

She was rich but uneducated and had a cottage for the summer at the seaside. Her one problem was how to secure as her house guest the "recognized leader of society" in her home town. The invitation was being verbally extended, and as a last inducement Mrs. Malaprop ended: "And as you sit on the front porch it's charming to watch the little white-sailed boats flit pro and con."

An elderly German woman was left in the house by herself. Suddenly the telephone bell rang. She had never answered the phone or talked over it in her life. The bell rang again and then again. Then she knew it must be answered, even though she did not wish to. Jumping to her feet, she took the receiver down. "Nohody at home!" she shouted into the transmitter and then hung up the receiver.

Mr. Amsbury, the superintendent of the penitentiary, was escorting a party of women visitors through the building. They entered a room where three women were busily sewing. As they turned to leave the room one of the visitors said: "What vicious-looking creatures! What are they in for? They really look capable of committing any crime." "Well," replied the superintendent, "you see they have no other home. That is my private sitting-room, and they are my wife and two daughters."

Mr. F. C. Phillips in his book, "My Varied Life," tells how the late Sir George Honeyman, an infamous writer, sent down from the bench to a friend of his, a leading Q. C., a little note. Not able to make head nor tail of it, the barrister scribbled something equally undecipherable upon a half-sheet of notepaper, and passed it up to the judge. Sir George looked annoyed, and when the court rose, said to his friend: "What do you mean by this? I asked you to come and dine with me tonight." "Yes," said the barrister, "and I replied that I should be extremely glad to do so."

The artistic temperament is accountable for many things. Mary Garden possesses it. Which leads to the story of a company with which she sang the leading rôle in a Western city. In the last act but one of "Louise," where Louise is supposed to kneel on the grass and see the lights of Paris, when it came to the situation Miss Garden found no grass and saw no lights. When the drop fell, so it goes, she called to the stage manager: "What kind of a management is this? Here I have had to sing with that midget (pointing to the small and unfortunate tenor). No grass to kneel on and not a d— light in all Paris!"

The mayor of a provincial English town riding in his motor found himself a long way from home, and wanting water for his two acetylene lamps. He drove on in momentary dread of the village policeman, till at last he saw a laborer standing at the door of his cottage. "I say, would you be kind enough to give me some water for my lamps?" "Water?" repeated the laborer. "I suppose you mean oil?" "No, I don't; I want water." The laborer looked searchingly at the motorist for a moment. "Take my advice and get along 'ome, sir," he said impressively; "you ought really to be ashamed of yourself at your age; and you the mayor, too!"

If there is one thing a commercial traveler dislikes more than another it is elaborate ceremony; and if the spirit of his profession is in him he generally finds some way to let his prejudices be known. One evening a traveling salesman from Cincinnati happened to sit down at a hotel table in company with

half a dozen state legislators, who talked with excessive formality. It was "Will the gentleman from Hardin do this?" and "Does the gentleman from Franklin want that?" the ordinary form of direct address being carefully eschewed. For nearly ten minutes the commercial traveler suffered in silence. Then he turned to the waiter and said in deep, oratorical tones: "Will the gentleman from Ethiopia please pass the butter?" The remedy was effectual.

Jones sat in a barroom one Saturday night with a party of cronies, when one of them, Billy Croft, was called away by his wife. Billy rose hurriedly, leaving his glass of beer on the table. A few minutes afterward Jones's little boy ran into the barroom, crying: "Father, mother's hin a-jawin' with Billy Croft's wife and Billy has hit mother on the nose." Jones jumped up, but then on second thought he resumed his seat and muttered savagely: "The coward! Hit mother on the nose, did he? Then I'll drink his beer."

One secret, in executive work, is putting the right man in the right place. Lord Claud Hamilton knew it. Lord Claud was traveling over his line when a brakeman—or guard, as they say in the old country—shouted at Acton station: "Hacton! Hacton!" Lord Claud smiled. A little further on, arriving at Hanwell, another guard shouted: "Anwell! Anwell!" Quick as a flash Lord Claud said to his companion: "You see how difficult it is, Thornton, to get the right man in the right place. We must have that Acton porter brought here, and we'll send that Hanwell fellow to Acton."

A young man had decided to join the Episcopal Church, but his family were all Baptists, so he thought he should be immersed when baptized, and on going to the rector of the Episcopal Church he made a request for such a baptism. The rector decided that it could be quite easily accomplished and would speak to the Baptist minister about it. The Baptist minister, on hearing this, was quite delighted and readily agreed to baptize and take the young man into the church the following Sunday morning, but said the rector: "He just wants you to baptize him and he wants to join my church." The good Baptist minister then replied by saying: "We do all our own washing, but we don't take in other people's washing."

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Come-Down.

A damsel who lived in Dubuque
Was ambitious to marry a duke,
But as none hove in sight
It discouraged her quight
And she married a barber named Luque.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her Objection.

He spends his money rather free,
I don't believe he'd rock a boat;
His face looks awful good to me,
But the slang he hands out gets my goat.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

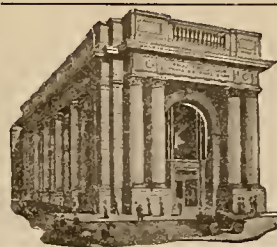
The Woodrow Wilson Glide.

[From the prose of the New York Sun.]
The latest thing in dances is the Woodrow Wilson Waltz.
The movement is quite jerky, with the customary halts;
Now here's the way to dance it if you'd really like to know:
A little step go forward, and then backward three steps slow,
A sidestep rather lively (and it's politic beside),
Then hesitate, repeat, and that's the Woodrow Wilson Glide.
—Livingston Lance.

Nothing to Wear.

Miss Flora McFlimsy of Michigan Boul.
In spite of hot weather is perfectly cool.
She has it all over her namesake, the fair
Miss Flora McFlimsy of Madison Square,
Who ages ago,
As most of you know,
Lamented the fact that she had "nothing to wear,"
Miss Flora of old bought her dry goods in Paris;
She shopped (you recall) with her friend Mrs.
Harris.
Her garments were many, and costly and rare,
And yet she complained she had nothing to wear.

But Flora McFlimsy of Boulevard Mich.
Dispenses with e'ry superfluous stitch.
And clad in a single diaphanous gown
Parades in the sunlight, the joy of the town.
"And if I show through
What harm does it do?"
Says Flora McFlimsy; "I leave it to you."
Why, none whatsoever, we beg to reply,
You are all to the good to our critical eye.
Proceed, Miss McFlimsy, as far as you wish;
Parade in the sunlight on Boulevard Mich.
And let, if it please you, your vanishing dress
Grow fine by degrees and delightfully less,
Until like the dame
Of evergreen fame,
You really have nothing whatever to wear,
Excepting a hank of remarkable hair.
And should you appear as Lady Godiva,
We'll stand on the corner and hand you a "Viva!"
—Chicago Tribune.

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Assets.....\$8,650,635.13
Capital actually paid up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,857,717.65
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Number of Depositors..... 56,397
For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1914, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared.
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Dr. Kaspar Pischel and Mrs. Pischel have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Ynez Pischel, to Mr. Harold Augustus Fletcher, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick N. Fletcher of Reno, Nevada. Miss Pischel is the sister of Miss Zephyr Pischel. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

Miss Gertrude Jolliffe has announced her engagement to Dr. Herbert W. Allen of this city. Miss Jolliffe is a sister of Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, and the Misses Harriet, Frances, Mary, and Virginia Jolliffe, and Mr. William Jolliffe.

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Katherine Fries and Mr. Jesse W. Lilienthal, Jr., took place Wednesday evening in the red room of the Fairmont Hotel. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Fries of this city. Mr. Lilienthal is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse W. Lilienthal. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Lilienthal will reside in this city.

The wedding of Miss Florence Greaves and Mr. Charles Kindness Moore will take place Tuesday, July 21, at St. Stephens Church, in Hollywood. Following the ceremony a reception will be held at Beverly Hills. Miss Greaves is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Travis Greaves of Menlo Park and a sister of the Misses Dorothy and Marjory Greaves.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brane and their daughter, Miss Adele Brane, gave a the dancant Saturday afternoon at their home in Ross. The affair was in honor of their house guests, Mrs. Edmund Playfair and Miss Dahlis Playfair, of Sydney, Australia.

Mrs. Lansing Kellogg was the guest of honor recently at an elaborate dinner given by her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hicks, at the Los Angeles Country Club.

Baron and Baroness von Schaick have issued invitations to a dance Thursday evening, July 16, at the San Mateo Polo Club.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at a dinner Thursday evening at her home on Broadway in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William Pool of Virginia, who are spending a few weeks with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sprague.

Dr. Harry Tevis was host recently at a theatre and supper party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William Haupt.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ward Mailliard and Mr. and Mrs. Max A. Bertheau chaperoned a party of young people Sunday evening on a moonlight launch ride and beach supper in Belvedere.

Miss Frances Beveridge was the guest of honor at a dinner-dance Saturday evening given by her uncle and aunt, Dr. James Edwards and Mrs. Edwards, at their home in Belvedere.

Miss Ynez Pischel was host at a luncheon Tuesday at her home in San Rafael in honor of Miss Louise Wallach, whose engagement to Mr. Ernest Mailliard has recently been announced.

Mr. Francis Carolan entertained a number of friends over the week-end at his country home at Cupertino.

Mrs. Benjamin P. Brodie entertained a number of friends at tea recently at her home in Santa Barbara in honor of her house guests, Mrs. Charles Rollo Peters and her daughter, Mrs. Robert J. Woods, who were also the guests of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. George Tallant.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell was hostess at a dinner recently at the Hotel Potter in Santa Barbara, where she is spending the summer.

Mr. Henry T. Scott gave a dinner Thursday evening at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of the visiting delegation of prominent men attached to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

Miss Marie Louise Black and her father, Mr. Charles N. Black, entertained a number of friends at dinner Tuesday evening in honor of Mrs. Norma Ames and Mr. Harry Scott, whose engagement has recently been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spreckels entertained a number of friends at a dinner Saturday evening on board their yacht, the *Venetia*, off the coast of San Diego.

Miss Enid Foster was hostess at a luncheon Wednesday at the home in San Rafael of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Foster.

Mrs. Roy Pike gave a luncheon Wednesday at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of her house guest, Mrs. Samuel Assur, of Cincinnati.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Potter entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Sunday at their home in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Green gave a dinner recently at their home on Union Street in honor of Governor Hayes and Mrs. Hayes of Arkansas.

Mrs. Effingham Sutton was hostess at a luncheon Friday at her home in Belvedere in honor of Miss Ethel Bacon of Kentucky, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Graeme Macdonald.

Miss Aimee Raisch entertained a number of

friends at dinner Thursday evening at her home on Clay Street. The affair was in honor of Miss Edith Pearkes and her fiancé, Lieutenant Trench Vulté, U. S. M. C., who were the complimented guests Wednesday at a tea given by Paymaster Eugene Hale Douglas, U. S. N., and Mrs. Douglas at Yerba Buena.

Mr. and Mrs. Sewell Doliver gave a dinner at their home on Washington Street Friday evening, when a dozen friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Colonel William Lassiter, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lassiter were the guests of honor at a tea recently given by Mrs. Heyneman at her home in Belvedere.

Mrs. W. C. Butler was hostess at a dinner at the Hotel Cecil Sunday evening, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Miss Priscilla Ellicott entertained the little daughters and sons of the officers at the Mare Island Navy Yard Monday afternoon at a fancy dress party at her home at Vallejo.

Major Willard Newbill, U. S. A., was host at a dance Friday evening at the Officers' Club at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Charles Hines, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hines entertained the members of the Fort Scott Bridge Club recently at their home at Fort Scott.

Mrs. George Bell, Jr., was hostess at a tea Wednesday afternoon at her home at the Presidio. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Ord Preston and Mrs. Arthur Hagen of New York, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Maxwell Murray, at Fort Scott.

Major Guyer, U. S. A., and Mrs. Guyer entertained a number of young people at a supper party Monday evening following the hop at the Presidio.

Captain Clarke, U. S. A., was host at a dinner at the Olympic Club Sunday evening, when a dozen friends enjoyed his hospitality.

Miss Sophie Beylard entertained a number of friends at a dance Saturday evening at the residence in San Mateo of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard.

Miss Jennie Hooker was the complimented guest at a luncheon Thursday given by Mrs. Oliver Dwight Norton at her home in Santa Barbara.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Cora Jane Flood and Miss Sallie Maynard have returned from a visit in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker and their three little sons left Wednesday for Glen Alpine, where they will spend a month.

Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing departed Wednesday for Santa Barbara to visit Dr. Benjamin P. Brodie and Mrs. Brodie.

Mr. Walter Leimert is visiting Mr. and Mrs. William G. Henshaw at their country home in Montecito.

The Misses Edith Slack and Lillian Van Dyke have recently been the guests of Judge Edgar Zook and Mrs. Zook at their home in San Rafael.

Mrs. Amelia MacGavin has returned from San Rafael, where she spent several days with Miss Audrey Leitman.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston White and Mrs. Laurence Metcalfe Symmes have returned to Mill Valley after a visit at Lake Tahoe with Dr. William Boericke, Mrs. Boericke, and the Messrs. Charles and Arthur Boericke, who have been spending the past few weeks in the Tahoe country.

Mrs. William H. Smith has gone to Coronado for a few weeks' visit with her daughter, Miss Belle Smith. Mrs. Smith will be away until October, during which time she will go to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where she will be the guest of her son and daughter-in-law, Lieutenant Emory Smith, U. S. A., and Mrs. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Prince Upham have returned from their wedding trip and are occupying their bungalow in Mill Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer have returned from the East and will spend the summer in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. William Pool have arrived from Virginia and are in Menlo Park with Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sprague.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Cummings have returned from England, where they have been spending the past three months with Mr. Cummings's relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and their children left their home in Sonoma County last week for Lake Tahoe, where they joined Dr. and Mrs. Herbert C. Moffitt. They will return home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Somers have returned from the Russian River country, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Stone.

Master Francis Langton has come from the East to spend the summer with Master Edward G. Schmiedell, Jr., at his home in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Welbore Burnett have rented the flat which was occupied during the winter by Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore. Mr. and Mrs. Burnett have been residing for some time at their country home in Novato.

Miss Laura Morgan has gone to Arizona to visit her brother. She will be away three months and before returning home will visit the Grand Cañon.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Engelke and their two children have arrived from Europe and are established in San Rafael. Mr. and Mrs. Engelke have spent the past three years in Wiesbaden and Munich.

Miss Janet Danner has recently been visiting Miss Alice Keeler in San Rafael.

Mrs. Joseph Moody left a few days ago for a visit in Monterey.

Mrs. John Evelyn Page has arrived from Santa Barbara for a visit with friends in this city. Dr. Page returned recently from Virginia, where he spent several weeks with relatives.

Miss Mauricia Mintzer and her brothers, the Messrs. Lucio and William Mintzer, Jr., left

Wednesday for San Rafael, where they have rented the home of Mrs. James A. Follis.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Porter Ashe and Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lilley have returned to San Rafael after a two weeks' outing in the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Charles R. Peters and her daughter, Mrs. Robert J. Woods, have returned from Santa Barbara, where they spent two weeks with Dr. Benjamin P. Brodie and Mrs. Brodie.

Miss Jennie Hooker is the guest of Mrs. William Holmes McKittrick at her home in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Carey have closed their home in San Rafael and have gone to Portland to remain until October.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Felton returned Tuesday from their wedding trip and departed Thursday for the East, accompanying Mrs. Felton's mother, Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, who will visit relatives until the holidays. Mr. and Mrs. Felton will be away about a month.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Follansbee, Jr., have returned from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Seales at their home in Los Gatos.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Boardman have established a camp at Lake Tahoe, where they will remain several weeks.

Mrs. A. P. Hotelling and her daughter, Miss Jane Hotelling, were at last accounts in London and are spending most of their time motoring to the various points of interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott spent the week-end in Napa County as the guests of Rear-Admiral Richardson Clover, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Clover.

Mr. William S. Tevis, Jr., has returned from the Tevis ranch at Bakersfield, where he has spent the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith are expected home from Europe August 1 after a three months' visit abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Moulton have gone on an automobile trip through Northern California and Oregon. They are expected home about August 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Johnson, Jr., have moved into their new home on Russian Hill after an extended visit in Piedmont with Mrs. Johnson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip E. Bowles. Mr. and Mrs. Bowles are en route to Europe, where they will travel during the next three months.

Mrs. Frank F. Baldwin and her little son arrived last week from Honolulu and are visiting Mrs. Baldwin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Kittredge, at their home in Saratoga. Mrs. Baldwin was formerly Miss Harriet Kittredge.

Mrs. William H. Mills and her daughter, Mrs. George Crothers, are visiting Mr. Richard E. Queen at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Mary Louise Winslow has been spending the past week with Miss Mary Louise Baldwin at her home in Santa Barbara.

Mr. Gordon Tevis and his house guest, Mr. Scott Paradise, have returned from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Wheeler at their home on the McCloud River.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone and Mr. and Mrs. Laurence I. Scott leave today for the Weber Lake Country Club, where they will spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson left Wednesday for Weber Lake, where they expect to spend the month of August. They were accompanied by their sons, Mountford, Jr., and Russell Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Drum will move today to Burlingame, where they will occupy the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Runyon, who have been living on the Sacramento River for several years, have returned to the city. They are for the present located at the St. Francis.

The home of Dr. Lawrence Draper and Mrs. Draper has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Draper was formerly Miss Anna Foster.

The home in Sacramento of Mr. and Mrs. J. Paulding Edwards has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Edwards was formerly Miss Dolly Tarpey.

In Berlin, where the elevated car line is under private management, the service has been brought up to a high standard and compares well with the surface lines run by the municipality. In the German capital the right-of-way of the elevated roads has been planted with grass and flowers, and fitted with benches and other conveniences. All through the crowded city the elevated roads make lines of green which are free for the use of the public. The stations are inclosed from the weather and are beautiful in design. The elevated is called the "umbrella of Berlin" because it affords shelter from rain and sun.

France, Spain, Italy, and Bohemia all preferred recently to hear "Parsifal" in the language of those respective countries, to listening to it in the original German, which they could not understand and therefore did not care to hear.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. S. Sato, dean of the College of Agriculture of the Tohoku University, Japan, has just completed a long lecture tour in this country. He concluded his tour with a course at the University of Wisconsin.

Ras Michael has been crowned King of Wollo and Tigre. He is the father of Lidj Jassu, who since the death of King Menelik has been virtual Negus of Abyssinia. He, it is said, appointed his father to be king.

Mr. F. H. Brown, the choice of President Wilson for United States attorney for New Hampshire, succeeding Charles H. Hoitt, resigned, is mayor of Somersworth. He was at one time a professional baseball player, a member of the Boston Nationals.

Rear-Admiral William Henry Hudson Southerland, who has just been retired by statute, graduated from the Naval Academy in 1872. He was promoted through the various ranks to the position of rear-admiral in 1910. During the Spanish war he served on the Cuban coast. In 1912-13 he was commander-in-chief of the Pacific fleet. Since then he has been a member of the general board.

Professor von Koeber of the Japanese Imperial University is about to sever his connection with the University after some twenty years of service. He is among the foremost of the scholars in the service of the Japanese government, being also a musician of rare attainments. Professor von Koeber is a Russian subject, and was born in 1848, his father having been a government official of German nationality.

Alexander Ribot, whose ministry was the shortest lived in the history of the third republic, was prime minister of France for fifty-two hours. An able man, he was appointed prime minister of France on June 10, and two days later resigned with his entire cabinet. His downfall was due to a conservative policy, which included a provision for compulsory service in the army of three years instead of two for all able-bodied citizens, and the floating of a loan of \$36,600,000 for extraordinary army expenses.

John Graver Johnson, whom Lord Chief Baron Palles, the Irish jurist, recently called the "greatest lawyer in the English-speaking world," and who is regarded as the greatest in his profession in this country, rose from the ranks without influence or wealth. His father was a blacksmith and his mother a milliner in Pennsylvania. Law, however, seems to have been the boy's passion, for he began its study upon graduation from high school in 1858. He was admitted to the bar in 1863. Early he discovered that few lawyers really knew corporation law. On this he specialized and became famous and

wealthy. He has refused a seat on the Supreme Court bench and has also declined the position of United States Attorney-General. Of late years he has seldom appeared in court, devoting himself to the preparation of cases in his office, and for fifteen years no great case has been argued before the United States Supreme Court in which he has not participated. He lives in New York, where he has one of the most valuable art collections to be found in the United States.

Colonel William L. Sibert, who has gone to China at the head of a Red Cross expedition which has for its object the conservation of human life through the application of modern scientific methods of flood prevention, is the builder of the Gatun locks of the Panama Canal. It is rumored that a tentative offer of \$25,000 a year has been made to him. His work on the Panama Canal has placed him in the forefront among American engineers, and it is probable efforts will be made to induce him to take charge of any operations the Red Cross may undertake in China.

Honorable John Herbert Turner, agent-general for British Columbia in London since 1901, has just begun his eighty-first year, and despite his age retains his physical vigor and is as good a business man as ever. He entered the mercantile business in Victoria in 1863, and in 1879 became mayor of the city. Then he went to the legislative assembly of the province, was minister of finance and agriculture, and then became premier. He has long taken a deep interest in farmers' institutes and farmers' banks, and is a member of the Royal Colonial and Royal Horticultural Societies.

George Annard MacKenzie, who recently obtained his M. A. degree at Cambridge University, is deaf and dumb. Five years ago he won unusual academic success by taking the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He has already wooed art with success, and has become both a portrait and a landscape painter. He astonished many as to the capabilities of the deaf by the production of Shakespearean plays enacted by mutes. After much work in this direction in Liverpool, he proceeded to Oxford, and later to Cambridge, where he founded the Cambridge Mission to the Deaf and Dumb and took a second-class in the theological special. His father was a writer of ability.

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Michael W. Coffey dropped dead in the St. Francis Hospital on Tuesday. Death was due to heart disease. He had accompanied his daughter, Marcella, to the hospital, and while talking to her he reeled and fell. He was a former supervisor, having served in the Schmitz régime.

Edward Zerman and Irving King, twenty-

one-year-old youths, who on March 22 attempted to hold up R. A. Koppes, watchman in the Stockton Street tunnel, have been sentenced to five years each in San Quentin by Superior Judge Dunne.

Suit for \$35,800 personal damages has been filed in the Federal court by Victor Pettimangin, a quartermaster on the Matson Navigations Company's freighter *Hyades*, against the company, Captain J. C. Youngren, and Mate Troel Smith of the *Hyades*. In his complaint Pettimangin says that the mate without provocation struck, kicked, maimed, and injured him, with the result that he contracted tuberculosis of the spine and had to go to the hospital.

Armand E. Kreft, referee in bankruptcy, has been appointed to serve another term of two years by Judge Maurice T. Dooling of the United States District Court. He has held the position for ten years.

In a raid on Hotel Gordon, 750 Pacific Street, an opium still, an outfit for refining the crude drug, and a quantity of crude opium were taken by internal revenue officers. Alec Cochrane, the proprietor, was arrested. In connection with the arrest and the discovery of the still, Internal Revenue Collector J. J. Scott has discovered what he believes to be an opium smuggling ring among the colored porters of Pullman cars which travel up and down the coast between Mexico and Canada. The Gordon Hotel is almost exclusively patronized by Pullman porters.

The nomination of George T. Marye, Jr., as ambassador to Russia, has been confirmed by action of the United States Senate and Secretary Bryan, the latter countersigning the credentials.

The first pieces of property required in connection with the construction of the Twin Peaks tunnel have been ordered purchased. The city attorney recommended that A. Kroeder be paid \$4250 and Charles Winters be paid \$10,427 for lands that the city will need.

For the first time in some years a German warship is in port. The cruiser *Nuernberg*, Captain von Schoenberg, arrived on Tuesday morning, and at once entered a drydock. A salute of twenty-one guns was given and returned.

Christiane D. Siebe, widow of John D. Siebe, for many years assessor of this city and county, petitioned Judge Graham on Tuesday for a family allowance of \$500 a month, pending the settlement of her husband's estate.

The ashes of the late Charles H. Wood were brought to this city last week by the Standard Oil tank steamer *Satanta*. He died nearly a year ago in India while touring the world.

Charged with using the mails to defraud, the following medical practitioners were arrested last Tuesday in this city and Oakland:

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Dr. M. C. Scott, Dr. H. Gray Martin, Dr. Robert O'Connell, Dr. Shue Wing, Jang Kwai, Shou Gee, Louis D. Lowe, and Ah Fong.

Mrs. John A. Russell, widow of the late John A. Russell, for many years prominent in civic affairs, died recently at the Fairmont Hotel, where she had resided for many years. The funeral services were held there. Mrs. Russell was born in New York, and came with her parents as a child around the Horn to San Francisco in 1850. Three daughters, Mrs. Edgar Painter of Alameda, Mrs. Edward A. Younger, and Mrs. George A. Webster of San Francisco, are left.

A. J. Francis, secretary and manager of the Morgan & Allen Jewelry Company, 150 Post Street, was accidentally shot and dangerously wounded by a hunting companion, Elmer Cox, Jr., last Sunday in the mountains of Madera County. They were after deer, and Cox mistook Francis for a buck in the heavy brush. The wounded man was carried to the hospital of the Madera Sugar Pine Company's camp, where he was given medical attention.

One of the largest coins ever struck, weighing thirty-one pounds, has come into the possession of the American Numismatic Society. The piece is of copper and its coinage value in 1659 was eight Swedish dalers—equivalent to about \$5.20 American money. Coins of this kind were called "plate money." Sweden turned them out continuously for 110 years, beginning in 1649. Such large pieces of pure copper were issued as money in order to find an outlet for the products of the Swedish copper mines without depreciating the value of the metal.

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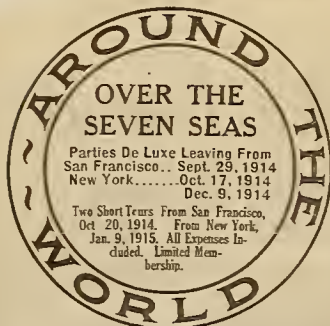
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König Albert... Sept. 5

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I say, I've a bone to pick with you." "Par-
don me, sir, that's quite impossible, for I'm a
strict vegetarian."—Punch.

She—What did you think of Mrs. B's new
gown at the ball? He—She must be a great
economist.—Vermont Crabbe.

Wife—In a battle of tongues a woman can
always hold her own. Husband—But she
never does.—The Club Fellow.

"Hoot, mon! What ails ye? Can't ye no'
stand up?" "Oh, aye—A can stand up, but A
canna' stay up!"—London Opinion.

Scott—How long were you away on your
wedding tour? Mott—Too long; it developed
into a lecture tour.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Ello—Why did she throw herself at him in
that way? Bella—Because she knew that he
was a good catch.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Frost—Do you think the auto has an en-
nobling influence? Snow—Well, speaking
personally, we have been fined and refined.—
Judge.

Englishman—The suffragettes saluted the
prime minister this morning. American—Did
they fire twenty-one guns? Englishman—No;
bouses.—Life.

She—You know Milton says: "Come and
trip it as ye go on the light fantastic toe."
He—Milton? Which Thé Dansant is he con-
nected with?—Puck.

"I have still twenty cents. Let's huy nine-
teen cents' worth of brandy and one cent's
worth of bread." "What shall we do with so
much bread?"—Jugend.

"Before Simpson got married he used to
command a good salary." "And now?"
"Now he only earns it; his wife commands
it."—Los Angeles Times.

Caller—Is your daughter an equestrian?
Proud Mother—Either that or valedictorian.
These class offices are so confusing, don't
you know.—Buffalo Express.

Ethel—Do you really believe the pen is
mightier than the sword? Jack—Well, you
never saw anybody sign a check with a sword,
did you?—Livingston Lance.

Groce—If it was a secret why in the world
did you tell that girl? Gwendolyn—It won't
do her any good, my dear. I'd already tele-
phoned it to all the girls she knew.—Puck.

Chappy—Would you marry a woman who
had sued another man for breach of promise?
Scppy—It would depend largely on how much
the jury had awarded her.—The Club Fellow.

"Do you not propose to marry?" asked
Miss Flitters of young Mr. Bainbridge.
"Well, I haven't proposed yet," replied he,
in a tone which forbade a further prosecu-
tion of inquiries.—Puck.

"What do you think of her voice since it
has been trained?" "Well," smiled Brown.
"I can't say that it is any better than it was,
but there is certainly a whole lot more of it."
—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

"So you think you have your opponent de-
feated before the campaign starts?" "I'm
sure of it. He is going to depend on old-
fashioned hand-shaking methods to make
himself agreeable. I'm learning to dance."
—Washington Star.

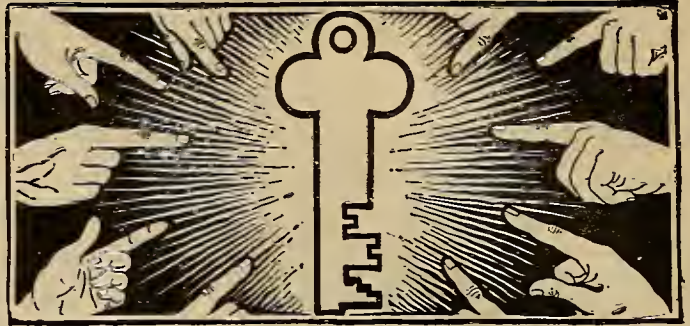
The Irote Collector—Look here, I hought
this candlestick as antique—in fact, you
guaranteed it to be Georgian; and here's the
heavily date on it, nineteen twelve. The
Curio Dealer—Exactly, sir; nineteen twelve;
decidedly Georgian.—Sketch.

Teacher—A train leaves Squeedunk travel-
ing thirty miles an hour. It is followed,
thirty minutes later, by a train traveling sixty
miles an hour. At what point will the second
train run into the first? Boy—At the hind
end of the rear car, ma'am.—Judge.

"Yes, I lunched with the Conservative can-
didate, had dinner with the Radical, and cof-
fee and liqueur with the Socialist." "And
then how did you vote?" "My dear sir, how
can you ask? Of course, the most simple re-
gard for delicacy kept me from the polls alto-
gether."—L'Illustration.

"Tell me about your aunt, old Mrs. Blank.
She must be rather feeble now," said the man
who had returned after a long absence. "We
buried her last year," said the other. "Buried
her? Dear me! Is the old lady dead?"
"Yes; that's why we buried her," was the re-
sponse.—New York Post.

Scientist—Some of the grandest inventions
of the age have been the result of accidental
discoveries. Fair Lady—I can readily believe
it. Why, I made an important discovery my-
self, and it was the purest accident, too.
Scientist—I should much like to hear it.
Fair Lady—Why, I found that by keeping a
bottle of ink handy, a fountain pen can be
used just the same as any other pen—without
the bother and mess of filling it.—Boston
Globe.



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The Argonaut.

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SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 25, 1914.

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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Reformatory Zeal and Moral Obliquity.

In remembrance of the dishonest trick by which the Republican voters of California were disfranchised in the presidential election of 1912, many find it easy to believe that the recently exposed frauds in the Alameda registration, favorable to the Progressive party, is the direct and calculated work of the responsible party managers. Dishonest in one relation, dishonest in all, is a natural conclusion. But reflection tends to the judgment that in the Alameda instance the fault is less directly chargeable to the responsible party managers than to the over-heated enthusiasm of a group of clerks of registry recommended by the Progressive party machine and appointed as a political "sop." Under the wish to promote the interest of the party of superlative virtue they fell into extravagances—to put it plainly, crimes—the like of which are common effects of professional virtuosity whenever it addresses itself to practical operations in politics. Applicants for registration were questioned as to their party affiliations. If the applicant replied "Republican," the bright young registry official, eager to help the "cause," took it upon himself to presume that he was a

"Progressive Republican." Then for convenience in transcription he shortened it to "Progressive." Since to the pure all things are pure, this seemed just a neat exercise of partisan cleverness. Where, in the spirit of political innovation, abides the germ of that curiously odious vice which combines self-righteousness with deafness and blindness to the common moral obligations? What is there in the business of political reform that turns so many zealously righteous men into practical scoundrels? We see it not only in the youngers and understrappers, but in the elders, and even in the dignitaries of Progressivism. We see the leading men in reformatory movements in practice faithless to their professed principles. We find their dupes and apologists accepting and hotly justifying procedures vastly worse, infinitely more "raw," than anything in the indictment of abuses and iniquities which under their professions they are trying to remedy and punish. Where, for example, under the old boss system was a party ever so bossed as the Progressive party under Governor Johnson? Wherever in other days has there been exhibited such subserviency to boss domination as we see in the followers and supporters of Mr. Johnson? What abuses and crimes in our political history can be named equaling in magnitude or in supine degeneracy the things done by our Progressive masters in the sacred name of moral reform? The principle evades discovery, none the less it works out with automatic precision. It is ever your "truly good" man who when he undertakes reformation in politics falls into the grossest extravagances, the meanest corruptions. The Alameda registration is a case in point. Nothing can be said for it that does not emphasize and deepen its moral obliquity.

Congress and "the Programme."

There is an extraordinary situation at the national capital, where Congress, after a continuous session of eighteen months and more, is wearily plowing along through nobody knows precisely what. The President has ordered—ordered is the word—Congress to make a series of laws that will curb the criminal trusts, at the same time doing no harm to anybody else. He takes the position that the job is an easy one, but himself supplies no specific suggestions for attaining the end in view. Congress, subservient as it is to the executive will, more than willing to do what is commanded, does not see its way. What is called an Executive Programme is now before Congress in the shape of three bills, no one of which has held to its original form or to any other form long enough to get itself understood by anybody. Collectively these measures undertake to stiffen the back of the Sherman anti-trust law, to regulate the issuance of railroad and other securities, and to supervise generally the operations of the corporate organizations of the country. The Argonaut carefully read these bills when they first appeared, and has endeavored, with the aid of the mails, the telegraph, and the advice of an agent on the spot, to keep track of them in their various changes. But it throws up its hands. Such mind as this confusing study has left to it is now in a state of hopeless perplexity.

There is some comfort but no light in the fact that industrious study of the situation on the ground by an intelligent and alert observer betrays a similar state of mental confusion. "The trouble about advising you as to progress of anti-trust legislation here," writes our correspondent, "is that there is so much doubt about the form that legislation is to take. The original bills do not mean anything, because before this letter reaches you the bills will wholly or in part be rewritten, with a multitude of radical changes. Not even Congress has so far the haziest notion of what the bills are to contain. Members of the committees having the bills in charge are absolutely perplexed. Whenever they take

a step towards handling any particular proposition they bump into unexpected difficulties. When recourse is had to the President he tells them in his fine, large, academic way to go ahead, taking care that no criminal trust shall escape and no innocent one in any way hurt. But he offers no help at all in working the problem out practically. In truth he does not himself know in a concrete way what he wants."

So here we have a set of vague proposals vitally affecting all the country's business, big and little, with no clear, precise, practical determination of what is wanted or how to go about getting it. We have Congress floundering about in a fog of uncertainties, weary of prolonged sitting, resentful of delay, all but perishing with the summer heat, eager to quit and go home, yet not daring to do it, and thereby subjecting itself to the reproach of failure to coöperate in the performance of what the President and the dominant party have pledged their faith to achieve.

In the meantime the country is suffering, not indeed for the want of legislation, but from the threat of it. It is suffering from that worst of all maladies, a state of profound and dazed uncertainty. Every species of enterprise is at a dead halt because nobody knows what is going to happen. It is safer not to move at all than to become involved in conditions not ascertainable and assuredly hazardous. The actual state of business affairs throughout the country borders upon paralysis, with nobody knowing—Congress no more than the business world itself—what is to be the outcome of legislation promised, or threatened, if that word be preferred, but not defined.

Suggestions of the feeling in Congress over this vexing situation are supplied almost daily by the *Congressional Record*. Speaking in the Senate last week, Mr. Townsend (Republican) of Michigan said:

Congress is tired under the strain and stress put upon it during the last eighteen months or two years, and its weariness, in my judgment, is shared by the country. We have been laboring here, not for legislation which we as representatives of the people felt was demanded by them, or which was required to cure evils, but we have been working under the unhealthful stimulus of political narcotics. * * *

Much of the legislation already written and now in process is an impeachment of the intelligence and independence of Congress, for it never would have been enacted if Congress had followed the dictates of its own judgment. * * *

I will not charge the President with being unpatriotic or insincere. I do assert that he is a theorist who, without constructive experience of his own, flies in the face of all experience. The present legislative condition of the country is unreal, unstable, unsound, and unjustifiable. * * *

I shall not review the pitiful surrender of individual opinion and intellectual freedom on the part of this Congress as recorded in its rubber-stamp legislation up to date. The administrative programme now under so-called consideration attempts to deal with the business of the United States, complicated as it is by the dual laws of our two forms of government, developed and established under customs and statutes of more than a century, ramifying every section of the country, and affecting every citizen of the republic. * * *

The proposed effort to destroy illegal business is like firing grape and canister into a flock of sheep in order to kill a diseased one in their midst. Better get a good marksman with a rifle, and he will hit the sheep marked for slaughter, and leave the rest harmless. A fearless, honest, and capable Department of Justice is already sufficiently armed to destroy monopoly and monopolistic practice. * * *

If this Congress were to adjourn and its members could not assemble for a year, the country would not materially suffer. Millions of our citizens believe it would benefit by the prohibition; but if business were suspended for twelve months our treasury would be bankrupt and our credit destroyed. Want, misery, and famine would abide in every laborer's home. * * *

The temper of the people is not right for more radical, speculative legislation at this time. Congress is not now in mental or physical condition to frame and enact laws with such possibly disastrous consequences as these now proposed. If the Trades Commission bill was the only experiment to be tried, industry might survive. But it is proposed not alone to enter the precincts of private business and to impose millions of expense upon it, but the already strained relations between employer and employee are to be

intensified. Senators have argued long and eloquently, but they have spoken to empty seats. During the most of the time during the past two months fewer than a dozen senators have been in their seats. Few have any real interest in this legislation. Very few know anything about it. Nearly every senator will admit that he is mentally and physically fagged. A majority, however, will vote for the administration programme, even though they may have doubts as to its necessity or wisdom. * * * Business is sick. The people want Congress to adjourn and go home.

These remarks by Mr. Townsend fairly well illustrate the spirit of Congress as interpreted by a senator of understanding and straight common sense. They may be taken especially to represent the attitude of the more thoughtful men on the Republican side of the chamber. We have now to quote in the course of the same general discussion a representative of the Progressive group, Senator Clapp of Minnesota:

There is a reason why the Senate is practically paralyzed. That reason is not found in the work that the Senate has done; it is not found in the fact that for eighteen long months we have been here in continuous session. It is found in a system that can have no other outcome than the paralysis of the Senate, the deadening of the initiative, and the loss of interest by members of the Senate. * * * We are called here to carry out a vague something called by the administration a "programme," and everything is raked with a fine-toothed comb, not to find defects that need repairing, but to find something that can be strung together in the form of legislation, in order that it may be paraded as answering the promise of a "programme." The system is radically, fundamentally wrong. It leads to illogical, ill-considered legislation, much of it undesirable, and at the same time permits defects that should be remedied to go unnoticed and to be passed by. * * * I know that one meets with no responsive echo when he criticizes an administration. * * * I appreciate the prestige of the executive, which among us seems in a measure to take the place of the old idea of the divine right of the king. * * * Yet under the system as it has recently been developed, Congress is told not to go forth in that broad equation of wisdom and justice which should be reflected in an open and free discussion upon this floor, but to take a cut and dried "programme" in the framing of which a great portion of this body has little or nothing whatever to do. Last year men grown gray in the service of the public spent the entire summer here upon a great bill affecting legislation, and in the end they had about as much to do with framing that bill as the boys who attend the elevators and wait upon our wants about this chamber. We are now going through a similar ceremony. Senators of experience, men of integrity, men who would like to see legislation for the best interests of the country, are powerless to shape or mould that legislation. Is it any wonder, then, that a paralysis has seized this body? * * * I do not know whether a change will ever come. Sometimes I feel that this prestige of the executive, this shadow that came across when we transferred government from monarchy to republic, that it may even yet in this land of ours amount rather to an increase than to a diminution of the power of the executive. * * * I believe that if it were possible to throw off this thralldom and if the Senate stood here as a body of independent representatives of sovereign states to deal with this great problem, it would be the part of wisdom to postpone the deliberation until next fall. Of what use is it that we consider these bills? The people have no means of knowing their details.

For obvious reasons the reflections of Democratic statesmen respecting the situation in Congress are reserved. Democratic congressmen are not speaking their minds these days. But in the freedom of private talk, Democratic opinion exhibits itself as entirely harmonious with the expressions above quoted. There is hardly a man on the Democratic side of the Senate—certainly not a man of leading and independent mind—who is heart and soul for the "Executive Programme." All are indeed supporting it after a listless fashion; but it is under motives of party loyalty or fears of party failure or the whip of executive discipline. If it were left to the independent discretion of the President's own party in Congress, the long session would come to its end tomorrow, leaving the "Programme" and all else resting upon the presumed responsibility and discretion of Congress for future consideration. Congress knows that what the country wants now, above all things, is a rest. But Congress, under the new régime, is not a free agent. It lies under motives which it has not the courage to challenge, to bow to the will of the President, doing the thing he bids to be done, leaving undone the things which for any reason or for no reason he wishes passed by. It's a sad state of affairs, truly.

Our apology for loading up the columns of the *Argonaut* with the extended extracts above is that they shed a light upon a situation at Washington essential to understanding of many things. To be sure, it is not precisely the function of a journal of opinion and criticism to be the bearer of the details of congressional debate.

That, under any fair conception of journalistic obligation, is the function of the newspapers strictly so-called. But our newspapers have practically abandoned that function. They have room and to spare for sporting reports, for stories of vulgar exploits on every steamer arriving over sea, for the exploitation of scandals, for the pictures of unnumbered women plain or pretty, for any kind of "fake" which marks the day, but they have no mind or space for what happens in Congress, or for the more important developments in the great spheres of human activity at home and abroad. Do they or do they not rightly adjudge the interest, the capacity, and the taste of the public? If yes, God help a country which for all its development of the machinery of intelligence and communication remains hopelessly in the dark as to events and tendencies in the sphere of its governmental affairs.

A Problem Still Unsolved.

When it is recalled that General Carranza has repeatedly declared that whenever he captures a supporter of the Huerta régime he will "destroy" him and alienate his property, and when it is further recalled that Generals Carranza and Villa have been doing just this monstrously cruel and wicked thing during this past year and a half, it is hardly surprising that the beaten Federals, so-called, protest against proposals that they surrender without conditions. If amnesty is the purpose and plan of the victors, then they should be willing to declare it as a condition and a pledge. Until promise of amnesty is duly given, the Huertaists are entirely justified in fears for their personal safety, and are wise to play shy at the point of surrender.

In truth amnesty, like justice and mercy, is an unknown quantity in the Mexican mind. Since the day of Cortez the participants in every Mexican conflict have regarded the disposition of the conquered as among the privileges and joys of victory, and the common sequel of every triumph is a carnival of slaughter and proscription. True, there are implications on the part of Carranza that the old rule and practice will in the immediate case be nullified. But a suggestion is not a promise. Nor is it to be overlooked that a vague implication may not have the power to restrain a remorseless horde whose highest conception of delight is murder and pillage, and whose savage appetite has been whetted by the prospect of a murderous fiesta.

There is every reason to dread the advance of the northern armies upon the City of Mexico and the rich districts thereabout. Besides the exhilaration of triumph, there abides in the advancing hordes a thousand motives of hatred and revenge. Still further to be reckoned with, there is the spirit of a fierce resentment and the propensity and habit of cruelty.

Events of the week go far to justify the *Argonaut's* assertion of a week ago that there has been a new deal in Mexico, but no change in the game. Huerta is out of it. Carranza now occupies the relative position which for a year and a half has been held by Huerta. But this is far from meaning peace. General Orozco somewhere in the west has set up a new rebellion against Carranza, precisely as Carranza a year ago rebelled against Huerta. General Obregon, also somewhere in the western region, is yet to be heard from, and there is general belief at Mexico City that he, likewise, will stand apart, and in arms, from the Carranza régime. Then there is the always interesting Villa, who is said to be "sulking," and so disposing the forces under his authority as to keep them separate and apart from Carranza's army. Manifestly the breach between these victorious but rival chieftains has not been fully healed, nor is it likely ever to be.

The fundamental truth of the situation is that all these leaders of factions in Mexico are men of the war. Their element is not peace, but war. Fighting is alike their pleasure, the basis of their distinction, and the means of their individual aggrandizement. The optimism at Washington which looks to see these bloody-handed ruffians—for they are just this and nothing else—join harmoniously in a settlement that will make any one of them or somebody else president and send them back severally to the obscurity and poverty whence they arose, comes pretty close up to the line of imbecility. Not on your precious lives, Mr. President Wilson and Mr. Secretary Bryan, will these dogs of war yield their necks to the leashes of peace. There is only one way to bring them to the point of laying down their arms, and that is to whip them to it. Diplo-

matic suggestions, appeals to their sense of humanity, "words of sympathy" will be wasted upon them. And in the meantime bleeding Mexico must continue to be racked by the conflicts of their ambitions, their jealousies, their greed, their propensity for fight.

It is idle to discuss what might have been done by Huerta if he had been given a free hand. There is nobody now in his relative position when the Washington administration undertook his destruction. Villa perhaps comes nearer than any other one man to mastery of the situation. But he can succeed only by a long series of struggles, and if he should ultimately beat down all the others, it would only be to establish in authority over an exhausted people a monster of cruelty, a creature congenitally incapable of maintaining orderly and just government.

In the end the United States will have to make peace in Mexico. Probably it will have to fight for it. Since the thing must ultimately be done, it were better done promptly. To put off the event is only to palter with a grave problem and a grave duty at a further incalculable loss of life and property. If ever the work of a great country under its obligations to humanity was plainly cut out for it, we have it in the present relationship of the United States to Mexico. Our troops are already on Mexican soil, but not so placed or so instructed as to serve any good purpose. It is time to so place them and so instruct them as to serve the cause of peace. Our armies should be marched in force to the Mexican capital, the one from Vera Cruz, the other from El Paso. We ought now, as we ultimately must, to stay the hands of the native Mexican chieftains and by the forces alike of moral and of armed power to put a quietus upon the bloody and ruinous activities in prospect.

General Huerta is indeed gone—gone with dignity and followed into his retirement by the world's respect. This in spite of the blots upon his record. It is impossible not to yield to this extraordinary, if not wholly admirable man, the consideration due to high resolution in the midst of difficulties, to courage under stress, and to an amazing self-poise under the grossest provocations. "The American President," said General Huerta just before he sailed from Mexico, "has made me famous." Verily he has done just this. And he has done it at his own cost. When history shall sift out and sum up the acts and the qualities of the two men as exhibited in their relations to each other during the past year and a half it will emphatically accord to the stolid and self-controlled Mexican whatever of dignity, whatever of honor, whatever of manly grace may appear in the wretched record.

Matters at Washington.

It is an unwritten law that at least one-third of the members of the Supreme Bench—three out of nine—shall represent the party opposed to that represented by the remaining two-thirds. President Taft made White, a Democrat and former Confederate, Chief Justice. Later he appointed Lurton, another ex-Confederate, and Lamar, a Democrat. Also he appointed three Republicans, Hughes, Van Devanter, and Pitney. As the bench stands today it has but two Democratic members, White and Lamar. The President, therefore, has a specious reason for naming a Democrat to succeed Lurton, and his party will undoubtedly insist that this be done, although everybody admits that it would be a graceful act to tender the vacant judgeship to ex-President Taft. If the President should really wish to appoint Taft, he may have the chance later on, since Holmes, the oldest member of the Bench, is seventy-three and eligible for retirement. Holmes, however, is one of your skinny New Englanders who rarely die. He looks not more than fifty-five, is in excellent health, and has no immediate ambition for retired life. It is a notable fact that President Wilson has not gone outside of party lines for anything so far. All the appointments on the Federal Reserve Board are Democrats, which representative Republicans in Congress do not like. It is a common remark at Washington that propriety called for a few Republicans in the creation of a presumably non-partisan board. Mr. Warburg says he used to be a Republican, but that he voted for Wilson in 1912. But as he was not naturalized until 1911 his one-time Republicanism does not count for much. Jones, another of the President's nominees to the Reserve Board, has

not figured in politics, but he is presumed to be a Democrat.

In spite of the President's known wish to preserve his cabinet intact to the end of his term, it is a common opinion at Washington that one or another of the cabinet men will be named for the vacant justiceship. Lane, Garrison, and McReynolds are all mentioned, Garrison being the first choice in the guessing. He (Garrison) is a strong man. Before he became Secretary of War he was vice-chancellor of New Jersey, a position once held by Justice Pitney. Gossip has it that if he is appointed to the Bench St. George Tucker of Virginia, who acquired a mild fame as president of the disastrous Jamestown Exposition, will take Garrison's place at the head of the War Department. Neither McReynolds nor Lane ever sat on the bench, though Lane's service on the Interstate Commerce Commission was quasi-judicial. Frederick W. Lehman, former solicitor-general, and reputed to be a fine lawyer, is thought by many to be in line for the appointment if the President should seek a candidate outside the cabinet.

Criticism which for several months has been busy but in quiet tones with respect to the use of government vessels for private account, has at last burst out openly in the House. Representative Good of Iowa made the break, and found active support from other Republicans. Assistant-Secretary Newton, in charge of the revenue cutter service, has responded with the statement that the cutters have not been used for private purposes, though Secretary McAdoo and other officers of the Treasury Department, "accompanied by friends," have traveled on the cutters, happened to be going where the officers—accompanied by friends—happened to want to go. Private advices are to the effect that Mr. Newton has put the case a little too strong. Cutters, it is authoritatively declared, are being used for private purposes more in this administration than in any that has preceded it. Even Secretary McAdoo's son was permitted to take his bride on a wedding trip on a cutter. The use of naval vessels for private purposes is a more frequent abuse. With the coming on of summer the old *Dolphin* was brought back from Vera Cruz for service as the presidential and cabinet yacht. Last Thursday she sailed from Washington for the New England coast with the family of Secretary Daniels as passengers. The President's own yacht, the *Mayflower*, was lent recently to Admiral Dewey for a trip to his summer home in New York, thus saving to the thrifty admiral some twenty dollars railroad fare. The President is going off for a cruise in her later in the summer, probably to New England. The little *Sylph*, also a naval craft, is now being worked up to the limit. She has been turned over practically to the youngsters of the cabinet circle, and they load her to the guards. Naval officers in private talk—and your sailor man is given to confidences—all bear witness that duty on these boats is, so far as their part in it is concerned, no picnic. Years ago there was a tremendous outcry about this sort of thing. President Cleveland used to travel on the lighthouse tenders upon occasion, though he never diverted them from their regular cruises. But he found them handy to run down to the mouth of the Potomac or to the Carolina coast on shooting trips. Nevertheless the New York *Sun* in those days made a tremendous roar about it. Times have changed.

President Wilson is obviously making an effort to conciliate big business, with especial reference, it is plain, to the political situation in the State of New York. The Democratic party, as all the world knows, has been in a bad way in the Empire State, with the national head of the party (the President) in particularly bad odor all along the line. Under the policy of withholding patronage until the Executive Programme is put through, the up-state Democrats are almost in a frenzy. A year and a half has gone by and a majority of the Federal offices are still in the hands of Republicans under a policy of delay calculated to put pressure on party representatives in Congress. With the possibility, not to say the expectation, that some one not a Democrat may be elected in 1916, this creates a condition far from pleasing. Down-state, Tammany Hall particularly, is bitterly wrathful against the President. Among the silk-stocking element the feeling against the President is especially unfriendly. His talks about big business, his address to the Virginia

editors on June 25, his whole attitude, made the wealthy Democrats—save and except Kuhn, Loeb & Co. for reasons of their own—extremely sore. To counteract this sentiment Mr. Wilson has been inviting conferences with prominent Wall Street men, including young Pierpont Morgan. With the same view, it is surmised, the President has exhibited a marked solicitude in the cases of Warburg and Jones. The move has been fairly successful. Sentiment among down-town New York Democrats is noticeably warming toward the President. Indications are that Warburg and Jones will not be confirmed, but the President is in the position of having done the best he could for them, and the effect is seen in a certain loving-up movement on the part of an element which until just now has been seriously disaffected. Distinctly it tends to help the party situation in New York. A few appointments in the up-state district would still further promote the *cum gratia*, and they will doubtless be forthcoming. Let nobody deceive himself with the notion that the President is entirely an amateur in the game of politics.

Passing the buck, a technical phrase which, being interpreted, means placing the blame on the other fellow, is a new development in administrative defensive tactics. Thus it is given out through the press bureau of the Democratic Congressional Committee, under an inspiration easily traced to the office of the Secretary of State, that the Taft administration proposed the Colombian treaty by which it is provided that we are to make an apology to Colombia and give to her in perpetuity certain advantages in the use of the Isthmian Canal, with an added bonus of twenty-five millions in American gold. It is almost needless to say that the story is essentially a fabrication. The facts are that in the latter part of the Taft administration our minister to Colombia, one James T. Dubois, did suggest tentatively that an expression of regret be made to the government of Colombia. Secretary Knox, to whom this proposition was put up by Dubois, very promptly and very emphatically rejected it. "The United States," said Secretary Knox, "will not for a moment consider the use of any language which would impugn in any way the past attitude, acts, or motives of this government." Still Secretary Bryan and his press bureau continued to repeat the statement that in the projected Colombian treaty this administration is only following out the proposals and sustaining the promises of the Taft administration.

Another case: Poor old John Burke, former governor of North Dakota, who at Baltimore traded the sixteen votes of his state for his present job as Treasurer of the United States, finds himself in a peck of troubles. The accounts of his office are all balled up. His office is practically a clearing-house for all governmental checks, but the old man knows nothing about banking or bookkeeping and has not been able to keep his records straight. He has had to call in a corps of experts to straighten things out and get some long-delayed balances. The explanation of this confused condition of the treasurer's office—an explanation duly made on the floor of the House—is that "the outgoing Republican administration just before it went out issued some orders that caused the trouble." So the Democrats on the floor have been railing at Republican mismanagement for the faults of the Democratic treasurer. Oddly enough MacVeagh, thus stigmatized as a Republican Secretary of the Treasury, was a Democrat, one of the two brought into his cabinet by Mr. Taft, Jacob M. Dickinson being the other. Furthermore Burke himself not long ago told the *Argonaut's* correspondent at Washington that the orders complained of are sound in principle, and that they will work important reforms in the practice in the office. Burke's own defense is that it has been difficult to get an office corps of civil service people to absorb and apply the new system.

The New Police.

The woman policeman has not yet become an institution in New York, but there is a distinct movement toward the emasculation of the existing force, and perhaps this is the next best thing. If the real article for the moment is unobtainable it is quite in accord with the spirit of the age that there should be some kind of a shoddy imitation.

This imitation is foreshadowed by the ladies of the

Health Federation, who have just inflicted their suggestions for the improvement of the solar system in general and of New York in particular upon a long-suffering but manfully silent police commissioner. Why, ask these ardent reformers, should the duties of the police be confined to the prevention of crime and to the arrest of criminals? Why should not the policeman be trained as a sort of social seraph and encouraged to inculcate the virtues of hygiene and the moral law? He should be so instructed, said Mrs. Frederick Nathan, who is the president of something elevating, that he could supervise the deportment of the young girl, direct her footsteps in the paths of modesty, and see to it that her hours of labor are commensurate with her strength. The truant boy should see in the policeman a sort of paternal Nemesis who would point his erring steps in the direction of the schoolroom, where the young idea is taught to shoot and often with a fatal accuracy. The pushcart man, if beyond the reach of godliness, might at least be introduced to the sphere of cleanliness, and indeed there seemed no reason why the policeman should not inculcate piety itself at appropriate times and seasons. But Mrs. Hewett, also the president of something elevating, had ideas still more precise and salutary. If the policeman, says this surprising woman, should see the cat sitting in the tub of butter he ought to be empowered by law to dissolve a combination so obviously in restraint of trade, and to convey authoritative warning alike to the cat and its owner. The newsboy who vociferously announces the things that are not so, like peace in Mexico, should find a benevolent but inflexible censor in the policeman, and then Miss Wald crowned the edifice by suggesting a series of experience meetings for policemen where these gallant defenders of law and order and hygiene and morality and the Ten Commandments might compare notes and concert further measures for the attainment of the good, the beautiful, and the true. The commissioner is said to have listened with attention to these many recommendations for the establishment of the kingdom of heaven upon earth and to have replied in terms of suitable but deceptive deference. Unfortunately there was no reporter present to record his remarks when the exclusive society of his own sex enabled him to resume that decorative verbal candor for which police commissioners are justly famed.

But the ideal of the policeman as a sort of earthly providence ought not to be slighted or abandoned. It discloses an illimitable vista of benefits for which the community would be duly grateful. The average police beat must supply endless opportunities for beneficence that are now neglected through lack of instruction. The mother who wishes to know how to cure little Johnny of telling fibs and who is now compelled to write to the *Ladies' Home Companion* ought to be able to secure competent counsel from the officer at the corner. The young woman anxious on some knotty problem of etiquette should be able to find a guide, philosopher, and friend at her door, and in uniform. And who knows? There are domestic occasions of a sacred nature when the feet of the unemotional doctor lags on the road and when the policeman himself might have the proud privilege of including in his night's report that "mother and child are doing well." The idea grows steadily as we gaze upon, and if the ladies of New York can but keep their attention focused for more than twenty-four hours upon any one scheme for saving the world we ought soon to see the dawn of a new day for a humanity whose most pressing need is to be shown the way by superior persons and compelled to walk in it by superior policemen.

The magnitude of the coal-mining industry in Pennsylvania, as represented by the output of the anthracite and bituminous mines, is probably little realized. The combined production in 1913 exceeded by more than twenty per cent the total production of the United States in 1898, only fifteen years previous. It exceeded that of any other country in the world, except Great Britain and Germany, and approached within less than ten per cent of Germany's output. It was equal to nearly twenty per cent of the world's total production, and exceeded the combined output of all the countries of the world other than Great Britain, Germany, and the United States. From 1829 to and including 1900 Pennsylvania contributed over fifty per cent of the total coal production of the United States. It is pretty generally conceded by those interested in the production of anthracite that the limit of annual production has about been reached.

SIR WILLIAM OSLER AGAIN.

When the learned man talks to his unlearned brother he often succumbs to the twin evils of falsehood and of pretending to a knowledge that he does not actually possess. It was ever so. In bygone centuries the learned man was the priest, and he pretended to have information as to the future of the human soul. He pretended also to have power over that future, and he coined his pretended knowledge and his pretended power into money. We have smashed that particular fraud, or at least we are in a fair way to smash it, but other frauds are quick to take its place. And among them is the scientific fraud.

These words of sagacity are induced by some remarks of Sir William Osler, who is largely responsible for the present scientific conviction that the royal road to fame is to say something so superlatively silly that idiots will believe it to be superlatively wise. Sir William Osler once said something about chloroforming elderly people, and the world—mainly peopled by fools—has been cackling about it ever since. Now it seems that Sir William Osler has broken out in a fresh place, doubtless having noticed a certain waning of interest in his previous imbecility. Speaking to a public audience in England, he said that ninety per cent of the people before him had spots of tuberculosis and that it would be well for them to walk warily in matters of health. Now whether this is true or untrue I do not know, although there is good reason to believe it untrue. But the fact itself may be true and the inference drawn from the fact may be glaringly untrue, and the inference is that ninety per cent of those persons were in danger of tuberculosis. It was the inference that Sir William Osler doubtless intended those people to draw. In other words he wanted to make them afraid, and it may be said with all deliberation that if humanity had to choose between tuberculosis and fear it would be well to choose tuberculosis. For of what value is the life that is accompanied with fear?

But we need hardly doubt that the facts themselves are untrue. It is not humanly possible that any man should speak with knowledge of the abnormal internal conditions of ninety per cent of the people. The best report ever issued on this topic was that of the Imperial German Health Bureau, and this was to the effect that "evidence of healed tuberculous lesions is often seen by experienced pathologists; even in those who have died of other diseases, in the full bloom of health, or by accident or suicide, these scars are often found." Other eminent physicians have said that these scars are to be seen in every third or fourth body examined, and some of them add that their presence in the body, so far from showing a tendency to tuberculosis, proves the direct opposite, since the body is evidently immune. If Sir William Osler is correctly reported he seems to have been guilty not only of the *suppressio veri*, but of the *suggestio falsi*, a very usual combination. In his desire to make us afraid of something—doubtless from benevolent motives—he has allowed himself to convey an impression that is false, and the worst of all falsenesses are usually found to be deductions from truths.

Did it ever occur to you that the distinguishing mark of the present age is fear, and that it is usually a fear for the body? There was a time when we feared for the soul, but we have largely gotten over that, possibly from a salutary and accurate conviction that our souls are so mean and base as to be unworthy the trouble of damning. Then, too, we had our various kinds of religious incantations, and because their efficacy was unprovable—at least until it was too late—we took them on faith and were comforted by them exceedingly. Moreover, the Sir William Oslers have proved to us that we have no souls, since they could never be found in test tubes, and so there is nothing but the body left to worry about. And from that day to this the armies of science have played the very devil's tattoo upon our fears and have at last succeeded in persuading us all that our bodies are besieged citadels environed by hosts of maleficent enemies, and that nothing but eternal vigilance, and eternal dread, and eternal cruelties upon our fellow-beings, by quarantines and the like, can keep them at bay. We are all of us afraid of something in this the most despicable age that the world has ever known. We are like children climbing dreadfully the dark staircase to bed, and with the horrid conviction that a bear may be found to lurk in every shadowy corner. We are afraid of poverty. We are afraid of sickness. We are afraid of pain. We are afraid of disesteem. And, more than all, we are afraid of death. Heavens! how we are afraid to die. We are all of us saddled by the hideous heresy that nature has doomed every individual life upon the globe to a culminating calamity. How the dead men must laugh as they watch us. And for this we have to thank a materialistic science not yet satisfied with its fell work and eager still to heap fear upon fear. Did the world ever before see a civilization made up wholly of cowards, and of cowards who boast of being cowards?

We all remember the germ mania, not now so acute as it used to be. I believe Dr. Woods Hutchinson did much to kill this particular mania when he said that it mattered very little what sort of germ the man had, but that it mattered a great deal what sort of man the germ had. I presume he meant that the man who had weakened himself by fear was naturally a prey to the germ that the brave man could defy. Mr. Crippen in his remarkable book, "Clay and Fire," tells of bringing a certain rich man of New Jersey explain to some friends that he always carried a pair of gloves treated with antiseptics in case he should be compelled to ride in a street-car and to hold a strap or touch a gate. And that man had

been an officer in the American navy and fought bravely in the Civil War. One wonders whether to deplore his silliness or his cowardice. Another rich man takes a surgeon with him when he goes shooting. Mr. Crippen tells us that when dining with a friend in a London restaurant he displayed proudly an ancient book, a veritable treasure trove, but his friend told him he ought to be ashamed of himself for bringing such a book into a restaurant. It had been collecting disease germs for two and a half centuries. Now if all this idiocy was in any way successful we might tolerate it with more equanimity. But it is not successful. Fear is never successful. We are not conquering disease nor likely to. Disease is conquering us. The health of civilization is waning all the time. We are degenerate and effeminate, and becoming more so. We are the victims of alcohol and cocaine. We destroy one malady and we create two. And the malady of fear is the most ferocious of them all.

Now I do not like Christian Science. My natural diffidence restrains me from inviting the Deity to cure the pain under my pinafore. I do not believe that the Deity is interested in that pain. He may be, but I think not, and I do not propose to approach the throne of grace with a list of my pathological symptoms. It seems to me indelicate. But I must confess to a certain admiration for Christian Science when I find that its devotees are usually unafraid. To be unafraid of anything seems to me to be the mark of a man and to be afraid the mark of a rabbit.

I spoke just now of the alcohol and the cocaine habits. It appears to me that these also are due to fear and to the desire to forget fear. The weak man drinks or takes drugs. The strong man seeks surcease from a soddening fear by dulling his memory with a silly literature or with an even sillier drama. The average human being is now afraid to be left alone with himself for a moment. That is why he snatches at a newspaper or at the chance to exchange banalities with an acquaintance. Unless the mind is directed toward some external object it is liable to turn around and look at itself, and then the silent spectres arise, the spectres of all the things that we fear may happen to us, but that as matter of fact will not happen to us. It is fear, too, that keeps alive the war fever among the masses. It promises to break up a horrid monotony that will never be broken up by anything else except personal calamity. We talk endlessly about the blessings of peace and order, but actually it is peace and order that we dread because they leave us alone with ourselves. To quote Mr. Crippen once more: "I believe," he says, "that here and now, with our vaunted ease of life, we are more apprehensive of evil, more anxious for the future, more abject in our alarms, than the peasant of medieval Sicily, familiar with rape and massacre, than the dweller in some mercenary-harried town during the Thirty Years' War, never knowing what a day might bring forth." That, of course, is patently true. We should be more happy under the occasional expectation of armed and cruel foes than we are now hedged about with the terrors of germs and disease and poverty and pain and death.

After all these things are mainly delusions. The happiest people now on earth are obviously those who have them all. No one is quite fool enough to believe in his heart of hearts that wealth and health bring happiness. Healthy and wealthy people are not remarkable for their felicity. Indeed we may suspect that quite the opposite is true, frequently at least. Who was that Roman matron who pressed the knife to her heart saying "non dolet"? No, it does not hurt. Nothing hurts as we think that it must hurt. Tolstoy tells us of a Russian aristocrat who never knew what happiness was until he became a prisoner of war, fettered, starved, and beaten. At last he had discovered the blue sky and the green fields. At last he had found the joy of a crust of bread and a draught of water. There is always the great law of compensation. Nature seldom injures us. She is a fair trader, and she pays a fair price for what she takes, if we have only the wit to clench the bargain and to laugh. And then, too, there is that blessed gift of the divine carelessness, the divine indifference that, as I most firmly believe, keeps misfortune at arm's length. After all, what does it matter? What does anything matter? Whatever of calamity may come is actually no more than the broken toy which forty years ago seemed to be such a tragedy. And what event is there that can preserve its grim visage for forty years? It will break out into smiles as we look back at it. In forty years' time most of us will be dead, and still another forty days and we shall be forgotten. The teeming millions of humanity have been pouring into this world for incalculable ages and will be pouring into it for incalculable ages yet to come. What are we among so many? Why should we continue to look at our absurd little griefs through the magnifying glass of an overwearing egotism and cry aloud to heaven for justice. Indeed justice is about the last thing that any of us have cause to ask for. Let us pray that in the final dispensation of justice we be overlooked. But if we be in the mood for prayers by the side of our antiseptics and our germicides let us pray that we be spared the curse of fear. Let us pray for the belief that all's well, and in that belief do what we can, like the Greek fisherman, to keep our rudder true and to be careless of all else.

SIDNEY CORYN.

Waste in coal has practically been eliminated. Even the waste from the culm-bank washers is now being utilized, for it is flushed into the mines and partly fills old workings where it cements together and furnishes support to the roof when the coal previously left for pillars is removed.

PETER CLEMENT, WANDERER.

A World of Loving, Fearing, and Hating.

Peter Clement, typesetter and wanderer, his lanky limbs closely intertwined with those of his rickety chair, sat gazing serenely at the section of San Hilario visible through the open door of the printing office, and whistled a tune as idle and purposeless as the cackle of the yellow hen, that scratched and pecked among the weeds outside the door. Peter was weary of San Hilario and its ways, and reflected without grief or regret on the recent demise of its only paper, the San Hilario *Weekly Eagle*, since that long-expected event gave him an excuse for seeking new scenes.

If Peter Clement's undoubted ability for coming out just even could have been applied to coming out just a little ahead, he might have been a man of influence and property in some one of the many towns in which he had made brief sojourn during the last ten years of his life. "But, good Lord, then I'd 'a' had to stay there!" he ejaculated in tones of unmixed disgust when this idea occurred to him one day, "I'd 'a' had to stay there!"

The editor had gone the day before, leaving Peter to take his leave of San Hilario at his leisure. All that was necessary now was to lock the door of the shack that had been home and newspaper office in one for the past year, stop at the real estate office to leave the key with the owner of the building, call at the postoffice for wholly improbable mail, and then, with his blanket roll hung across his back, to walk briskly up the cañon road that led from San Hilario over the range to the ocean.

The loungers on the postoffice steps looked after him meditatively, as his long black figure, bent a little beneath his burdens, climbed the steep street toward the cañon road. "Seems like there's something wrong with that feller's brains," said one, slowly removing his pipe, "leavin' here when he was jes' gettin' a little acquainted. He could 'a' had a job drivin' wagon for Barkle's grocery. I kinder liked the feller, too, though he aint pertikaler friendly in his ways."

"Cheerful cuss, though," added another; "not sour nor nothin', jes' quiet and not quite settled like. 'Naps they is somethin' wrong with his brains."

"Prains!" exploded Chris, the blacksmith, who had just joined the group; "somet'ings wrong mit his prains? I tink not. I tink dot Peter Clement don't got no prains. Go drampin' now ven rainy season comin' on. Und more, go into dem mountains ven all dot valley mit such easy valkin' lies chust so near. Prains, no!" and with a contemptuous heave of his shoulders he turned back to his shop.

Thus eulogized, Peter Clement left San Hilario and walked into the autumn wonder of the Santa Cruz Mountains. The road was rough and ankle-deep in dust, but he stepped lightly along, with his head well up and his eyes taking note of everything along the road. Peter was not handsome; his large, almost rugged features had a willful, boyish expression. His mouth had a humorous twist at times, but more often drooped petulantly, indolently.

It was pretty good, he was thinking, to leave San Hilario's ugly winding street, to come over the hill and down to the cañon bottom, where the river, diminished by the summer drought, made fresh music under sycamore and alder. The sun lighted pleasant fires in the crimson leaves of blackberry and poison oak; the willow twigs showed brown and yellow through the tatters of their summer foliage; white snowberries stood daintily among the stiff brown weeds; while ahead the mountain sides were dark with redwood, oak, and laurel, or blue with autumn smoke and haze.

"And those folks thought I'd want to stay in San Hilario," Peter thought with an amused laugh. "Why, if I'd 'a' stayed there much longer I'd 'a' known all there was to know about that place; couldn't 'a' had any pleasure in goin' back there again, ever. Folks are interesting on the outside, where they're different. But you get inside and they're pretty much the same—loving, hating, fearing. Folks are all right as long as they *look* different to you, but once you get to know them so well that you forget how different they are from other folks you've known, you get tired of 'em. Underneath they're all the same—loving, hating, and fearing—three things I'm not interested in. It's jest, them three things that makes all the uneasiness in the world, and keeps folks from eating and sleeping enough." Then he broke into song as he strode along the road:

I eat when I'm hüngrý,
I drink when I'm dry,
If a tree don't fall on me,
I'll live till I die.

The last level ray of sunlight had faded from the top of the cañon, and the breath of the river was rising strong and chill from far below the road, when Peter stopped before the gate of a mountain ranch. The ranch itself covered a considerable area, running up the steep cañon slope on one side and down to the rocky little stream on the other. The house, a shabby story-and-a-half building standing near the road, was surrounded by an unpainted picket fence through which one could see a struggling garden. Peter's quick eyes took in many details as he entered the driveway and

walked by the picket fence to the side gate and up the path to the sagging porch at the back of the house. "Poor," he thought, "dirt poor, but doin' their best. They ought 'a' raise good prunes on that soil."

At the turn of the path by the back porch, he met a woman face to face, a woman slender and shabby, her sunbonnet pushed back upon her shoulders in girlish fashion, and her apron gathered full of kindlings. For a moment the two people looked at each other with wide open eyes of amazement.

"Peter Clement!" exclaimed the woman.

"Rose!" said Peter in tones of deepest surprise. "Whatever are you doing here?"

"This is my home," said Rose, smiling and offering him her hand with a friendly gesture. "What are you doing here?"

"Just tramping," laughed Peter, grasping her tanned, work-hardened hand. "But I thought you were still in Jackson."

"We left Jackson ten years ago."

"Who's we? I haven't heard a word of you since I left Jackson."

"Nor I of you. But won't you come in, Peter, and stay a bit? I must be getting supper, for the boys will be home soon."

Peter swung his bundle to the sagging floor of the back porch, and silently followed Rose into the house.

"Then you didn't even know I was married?" said Rose, bending low over the stove as she laid her kindlings in the firebox.

"No," said Peter, "but I thought probably you would be. Was it Jim?"

Rose nodded dumbly. Then said, "He died six years ago. Jim had hard luck, and he worked too hard."

"He had one piece of good luck when he married you, Rose," replied Peter, in a flat attempt at gallantry, and trying as usual to escape any serious note in the conversation.

"You were always a great hand at blarney, Peter," said Rose unsmilingly, as she touched a match to the paper and watched the quick flames draw through the kindling. Then she added as if forgetting his presence, "Jim was good to me. Some men's ways of loving women is like a baby's with a kitten—it loves it awful hard, but it don't think about the kitten's feelings. But Jim wasn't like that."

Then rousing from her reverie, she said: "You were hoping to find a place for the night, weren't you? I judge you're hiking."

"Yes," replied Peter, feeling the scorn in her voice. "I got pretty tired of San Hilario, and thought I'd hit it over the mountains to the coast."

"All right, you'll find a bunk up stairs in the tankhouse, and you can put your blankets away now, while I hurry supper along. The washbasin and towel's on the back porch."

Fifteen minutes later Peter, returning to the kitchen, found two brown lads, of about eleven and sixteen, watching with quiet content the preparations for supper.

"These are my boys, Peter," said Rose. "This is John, and this with the freckles is Ted. You can see he's the baby, 'cause he's so little and dimpled."

They all laughed at the joke, for Ted was almost as tall as sixteen-year-old John, and as lithe and wiry as a young Indian.

The meal was a silent one at first, for outdoor work had given the boys keen appetites, and Rose was busy supplying their wants. Now that his first surprise was over, Peter found himself looking often at Rose, wondering how he had recognized her so quickly, for she was greatly changed. The lines in her face, and the weary stoop of her slender shoulders told that her life had been full of the loving and hating and fearing that he had avoided so long. His round face was as smooth as that of one of the boys, and his indolent manner could only have been the fruit of irresponsible years.

"Where do you go to school?" he asked the boys in an attempt at sociability.

"Ted goes to the little school down the cañon," said John. "I finished there last year, and now I help mother."

"John can help here until Ted is through grammar school, and then they can take turns going to high school or business college," said Rose. "We're saving the honey money for that now."

The two boys beamed at Peter proudly for a moment, as if to say, "See how well we manage," and then fell into an eager discussion with their mother over the price of prunes. Peter listened with vague stirrings of enthusiasm, wondering when he had been interested in other people's work before.

After supper was over and the dishes finished, the boys took their caps and sidled towards the door, with murmured excuses about being "asked over to Foster's."

"All right, only come home by nine o'clock, sure," said their mother; "you didn't want to get up this morning."

Left alone together, a slight constraint fell upon both Rose and Peter. There was so much to say, and so much that were better not said.

"Well," said Rose at last, settling herself in her rocker by the table and taking up her mending, "what have you been doing all these years, Peter?"

"A little of everything," he laughed, leaning over the

table to watch her work. "I worked at typesetting mostly, but since the linotypes came in the big jobs are all gone. I'm not particular, though, and I've done some ranching and some bookkeeping and some clerking. I like to see different places, and I move along whenever I get tired of one job."

"Where are you going now?" asked Rose, biting off a thread.

"I've been working on the San Hilario *Eagle* for about six months, but it's suspended publication, so I think I'll hit it over to Santa Cruz, and see if I can't find a job for the winter. I c'd have had a job driving Barkle's grocery wagon in San Hilario, but I sure was tired of that place. Knew all I wanted to about it."

Rose sewed in silence for a moment, then inquired, "Had Mr. Barkle gotten any one else to drive his wagon? Do you suppose John could get the job?"

"I guess likely he could. But don't you need him here?"

"Ted and I can do the work, and we need money pretty bad. We had to mortgage the place the winter Jim was sick, and I've only been able to keep up the interest on it so far."

Peter was silent, too much impressed by this accumulation of responsibility to find any appropriate remark. At last he spoke in a half-frightened tone, as if venturing on a subject that might lead to embarrassing developments. "Rose, you didn't feel hard against me when I ran away twenty years ago, did you? I always hoped you wouldn't think it was because you'd done anything I didn't like."

"No," answered Rose, gazing steadily at her sewing, "I never blamed myself any for that. I understood you too well."

"I really liked you a lot, Rose, but I began to think that some other fellow would suit you better if I got out of the way. And I wasn't ready to settle down in Jackson for life. I was tired to death of that place."

"Yes," said Rose, "it was dull for you."

Peter shifted a trifle uneasily. "Were you surprised when I didn't come back?"

"No. I had known for a long time that you were tired of everything at home."

Peter sat for a long time silent, following the pattern of the table cover with his forefinger. It had been long since he had thought of the evenings in the grape arbor, with the moonlight between the leaves, and Rose in her young prettiness sitting so near that he might have drawn her to him. And now he and Rose were middle-aged, and sitting in the frank light of a Rochester lamp. All Rose's prettiness was gone, but her voice was still sweet, and her laugh still merry, and she was so near that he might— He stopped tracing the pattern and shut his fingers tight for a moment, then rose and walked to the window. Ah! out there was the rocky, half-cultivated little ranch, and over at Foster's were two half-grown boys, needing education and a fair start in life! Peter came back to his chair, stretched his legs luxuriously toward the fire, and idly searched his brain for an impersonal topic of conversation.

"How'd Jim come to move clear out here?" he asked at last. "I thought he was plannin' to go in partner with Hopkins's feed store?"

"He did for a while, but he and Hopkins didn't get along real well together, and some one told Jim about this ranch, and he bought it without ever seein' it until we moved onto it. Jim always liked to do surprising things."

Peter laughed. "He surely did. I remember one or two myself."

"Poor old Jim! His surprises didn't always work out right. He was a good man, though, and we were—he was always good to me." Rose's voice choked a little, and Peter stirred uneasily in his chair.

There was silence again for a few minutes, except for the pleasant snap of the fire in the big cook stove and the ticking of the clock on the shelf. Peter looked around at the big home-like room, kitchen, dining-room, and living-room all in one, cozy with its red table cover and braided rug, and its ragged accumulation of precious magazines and papers on the shelf. This was a home, an abiding-place, won by hard work and kept even more hardily, but still a foothold on the broad earth, a spot where no one else could interfere. For a moment his soul clung to every home-like evidence of long occupation and use, and revolted at the thought of his own homelessness.

"I haven't been much of a success, Rose," he said, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees and gazing at the floor. "I've been wandering and working for twenty years, and I haven't a dollar to bless myself with, nor a friend nor a home in the world."

"They're good things to have," said Rose, sentimentally, "but they cost a lot of pain and trouble. They're worth it, but we have to pay the price, Peter."

"Pain and trouble," repeated Peter soberly, "and loving and fearing and hating." He was silent for a moment, then laughed and chanted again his song of the afternoon. "I learned that song from a peddler I met in the mountains up in Washington one summer. He was a queer duck," and Peter smiled reminiscently. "Lots of queer folks in this world, and you see 'em all when you knock around enough."

"You see some of 'em when you stay at home," ob-

served Rose dryly. "They come right in and stay to supper sometimes."

Peter looked at Rose in silence for a moment, his eyes shining with suppressed laughter, then he leisurely unfolded his long body from his chair. "Never knew her to miss a chance," he murmured, gazing down at her, feeling as if twenty years had suddenly rolled away, and he and Rose were sparring across the table in her mother's house in Jackson. "Never knew her to miss a chance to take it out of me, just 'cause I was better looking than she was."

"Peter," said Rose, drawing down the corners of her mouth severely, "it's time you went to bed. You'll find the lantern just outside the door."

"Anything to please you," and Peter brought in the lantern and lighted it by the stove. "Are you going to sit up for the boys?"

"Yes, they'll be here in a few minutes," replied Rose, folding her mending, "and I must mix down my bread before I go to bed. Good-night, Peter."

"Good-night, Rose," said Peter, coming close to her and holding out his hand, "Good-night."

They shook hands heartily, then Peter took the lantern and went out, leaving Rose standing in the middle of the room, looking after him with misty eyes.

It was early when Peter awakened and looked from his window at the soft light sifting down the cañon sides. He rose and dressed quietly and quickly, as if afraid of detection. In the same stealthy fashion he rolled his blanket and creaked down the tankhouse stairs. Silently he opened the tankhouse door and closed it again behind him. Quietly he walked across the yard to the picket fence that shut in the house and its garden from the invasions of dogs and chickens. There he stood for a few minutes looking at the weather-beaten house, thinking of the cheerful meal that would soon be ready there. "Bet she has hot-cakes," he murmured. He thought, too, of the woman with the clear eye, the frank tongue, and the warm, brave heart, and of the burden she carried, and something manly within rose in the instinct to shift that burden to his own shoulders, and win for himself forgiveness and love and a man's place in the world.

"Kind of interesting to stay here," he reflected. "I could see how that young pear orchard would come along, and how high the rose geranium 'd grow on the porch, and what sort of men those boys 'll make, and how Rose will look when she grows old. 'Spose we could get along together for years and years?"

He hung his roll again across his shoulders, then stood a moment looking toward the house. "Loving and fearing and hating," he thought, "and pain and trouble." He shifted his bundle to a more comfortable place on his back, picked up his staff, opened the gate, and went out on the dusty road that led over the mountains to Santa Cruz.

ANNA GERTRUDE HALL.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1914.

Supplying native labor to the mines in the Transvaal is one of the largest sources of cash revenue to the Province of Mozambique. During the last eight years fully 87,081 able-bodied men were thus subtracted from the labor population. The Witwatersrand Native Labor Association, known as the W. N. L. A., the co-operative society holding the recruiting monopoly for the Province of Mozambique, is in some respects the most remarkable organization of its kind in the world. In Africa all that intelligence and money can do has been applied to solving the great problem of a sufficient and sound labor supply. The W. N. L. A. is simply the recruiting machinery of the Johannesburg mines. The native who is recruited for work in the mines is looked upon as a valuable asset. It costs \$25 simply to persuade him to leave home and transport him to the mines and back. His term of service is one year. The source of supply is limited. Consequently when a boy dies it means that it will take just seventeen years to replace him. As a result the native is handled with care from the time he is persuaded to leave his home kraal until he is brought back at the end of his year's labor. Not the least notable feature of the W. N. L. A. organization is the class of men who are employed in the recruiting of the natives. They lead a hard life, which bears all the features of pioneering. They have been the first whites to penetrate many a region and in times past have occasionally been sent into unpacified country; in at least two instances the natives have murdered men engaged in this work. Yet among them have been numbered British university graduates and an occasional army officer, besides a Russian prince and a Spanish duke. The recruiters are well paid, well housed, well mounted, and provided with a circulating library and receive frequent leaves of absence.

Michigan expended more last year to support its insane, epileptic, and feeble-minded than the entire cost of maintenance of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. The University cost the state \$1,373,834, according to the annual report of the state treasurer, while the insane and mentally deficient cost \$1,491,253.

During the coming year 585,000 recruits will be called into the Russian military service. This is an increase of 130,000 over last year.

FOUR DEAD ANARCHISTS.

New York Indulges in a Public Glorification of the Gentle Art of Murder.

If the people of New York were still susceptible to surprise, which they are not, they would surely rub their eyes and wonder where they are "at"—to borrow a classic phrase. A few years ago any man who confessed himself to be an anarchist was practically outlawed and without human rights. Avowing that his hand was against every man, he would expect to find that every man's hand was against him. Today anarchy is preached from the housetops and the party of social revolution has become an institution and almost a respectability.

There is no need to remind ourselves of the circumstances that were the prelude to the public funeral of the three dynamiters, Caron, Berg, and Hansen. Suffice it to say that there was an explosion in a private house and that the investigation of the ruins told its own story. There were three rent and shattered bodies on the floor and it was evident that they had been "hoist with their own petard." Evidently they had been making bombs and a premature explosion had caused these toilers in evil to meet the death that they had intended for others.

Five years ago there would not have been a single voice raised in defense or praise of these miscreants. Not one human being would have dared to associate himself with their crime by an expression of sympathy or regret. Caron, Berg, and Hansen would have been regarded as enemies of the human race and no one would have incriminated himself by admitting a knowledge of the men or of their purposes. But times have changed and the descent into hell has been rapid and easy. Dynamite has become as conventional as ballot-boxes. Today it is no longer an offense in New York to advocate the use of bombs or to applaud their makers. Anarchy, as was said before, has become an institution and almost a respectability.

There were six thousand people at the public "mourning" in Union Square, assembled, as Berkman said, "to show our grief sincerely." That is the conservative estimate, and the flatulent outpouring of the professional optimists who describe these people as merely sightseers can not abolish that hard and ugly fact. Platforms for the speakers were carefully and elaborately erected and decorated, and a thousand policemen watched with indifference while these preparations were made to extol the memories of three men accidentally killed while planning the massacre of their fellow-beings. On these stands were great wreaths of carnations bearing such inscriptions as "We mourn our heroes and martyrs" and "We mourn our loss." Men and women anarchists, so labeled by their mourning bands and red carnations and the women by their red stockings, did these things in the full light of day, with the consent of the authorities, and in plain view of the police. There were no protests or remonstrances. Not a voice was raised to suggest that these dead men had been murderers and that they intended to throw bombs that must almost inevitably have killed innocent people. The crowd was silent and sympathetic, and it is slim consolation to be told that it was not composed wholly of anarchists. Probably it was not, but we need have no doubt that the proceedings had their full weight with many of the weak-minded, who could hardly fail to be impressed by what seemed to be almost an official ceremonial. And it is only an idiot who could find any satisfaction in the fact that there was no display of violence and that the duty of the police was a sinecure. That was just the deadly feature of the whole thing. It was its infernal respectability under the sanction of the city government.

Under such circumstances there was no reason why there should be any restraint in the oratory, and as a matter of fact there was none. The speeches, one and all, were a glorification of anarchy, and we can only wonder what would happen to a man who should avow his intention to steal a horse or rob a hen-roost with the same candor with which these speakers avowed their intention to throw bombs. Chicken-stealing has become much the more serious offense of the two, while the gravest of all crimes in the modern code is to enter into a business partnership with some one in another state. Bomb-throwing has become venal and the bomb-thrower may be seen visibly adjusting his halo. Berkman in the course of his speech said, "I want to go on record as saying that I hope our comrades themselves manufactured bombs and hoped to use them. I believe with all my heart in resistance and warlike action. We are on the verge of a social revolution. We are not quite ready yet, but when the time comes we will not stop short of bloodshed to gain our ends." Yes, that was said in the hearing of the police, who now tell us that the stenographic report will be studied in order to see if it "discloses actionable matter." The tragedy of law and order seems to have reached the comical stage. Five years ago Berkman would have found himself in the horse-trough at quite an early stage of his speech. Today he can say these things to six thousand people, who listen to him with silent and respectful attention.

Miss Reba Edelson was quite as candid. She said, "If these men were killed by a premature explosion of

a bomb we have nothing to be ashamed of. It is about time the working class came out openly and said they believe in violence. We will retaliate with dynamite."

And so it went on. There were about half a dozen speakers, and they all said the same things. They all glorified dynamite and avowed their intention to use it, and when they called for three cheers for the dead men the response was a hearty one. And when this glorification of murder had been duly performed the orators drove away safely in an automobile, fully displaying themselves for the benefit of the moving-picture operators, and the policemen went home to their tea. But there were other things that were not so visible, and among them was the poisonous effect upon that great crowd of people of proceedings in praise of murder, carried out with official permission and with official aid, and with an orderly impressiveness that was more sinister and more menacing than tumult and riot.

NEW YORK, July 13, 1914.

FLANEUR.

Clams, snails, and the pearly or chambered nautilus represent the three main classes of the *Mollusca*, one of the great divisions of the animal kingdom, which has existed since the earliest recognized advent of life upon the globe, many millions of years before man first inhabited it. The cephalopods, the class which includes the chambered nautilus, are the most highly organized of all the *Mollusca*. They breathe by gills and are exclusively marine. The cephalopods have comparatively few representatives living today, yet in the past they were very abundant, the remains of over 7000 species having been found. One of the subdivisions of the cephalopods, the ammonoids, are now extinct, but of this particular group no less than 5000 species have been described from their fossil remains. During past geologic time these interesting invertebrates were very abundant and may have been the masters of the sea for a long period. To the scientist these fossil cephalopods are of especial value as markers of geologic time. They were so highly developed as to be very sensitive to changes in the conditions of the sea and hence were constantly changing during the different geologic epochs. An interesting feature of the ammonoids is the complete record of the race which is preserved in the shell. Each individual lives in a shell which it manufactures by its own secretions, and when it outgrows the portion in which it resides, it simply moves forward and builds a shelly partition behind itself. Hence the shell becomes chambered, and the earlier portions inclosed within the later therefore constitute a record of the development of the individual. By a careful study of this and other groups it has been found that animals in their development go through the various stages representative of their remote ancestors.

Something over a hundred years ago the hacendados (ranchmen) of Uruguay complained to the government that over 450,000 head of cattle were being killed annually for their hides alone. The carcasses were thrown to the dogs, or left on the rolling pampas for the vultures to devour. Beef in Uruguay was so plentiful that it was something of a nuisance evidently. Of course that day has passed, but they still have cattle enough down there to convert some 700,000 head into 113,000,000 pounds of jerked beef in one year, most of which is sold to Brazil, Cuba, Porto Rico, and other tropical countries. Perhaps but few people know that the first great factory for the production of beef extract known to the world was established at Fray Bentos, a little city on the Uruguay River about one hundred miles above Buenos Aires, the cosmopolitan capital of Argentina, and that it is still operating. Fray Bentos has been called the greatest kitchen in the world. On some days 2500 head of cattle are slaughtered, then treated so as to get the finest meat from them, the bones and ribs, the intestines, tails, sinews, hoofs, and other parts being reserved for their various uses. The company is organized with a system of help to the employees, for improving their physical, material, and moral welfare. It maintains an almost model city around its factory, and has a reputation for enterprise and fair dealing which gives it an enviable place in the business world.

What may be the most beautiful fruit exhibition ever held has been arranged for San Francisco in October. Watsonville, the great apple centre of California, has invited the thirty apple-growing counties of the state to participate in the exhibition, and already substantial responses are being received. The exhibition will be held beneath a great tent-pavilion at the corner of Market and Eighth Streets, and will continue for eleven days.

In Chile it seems to be the custom to let cattle shift for themselves, with the result that many die and others become so weak that tuberculosis and carbuncle work havoc year after year. It is estimated that thirty per cent of the cattle of the country die of contagious diseases, and there has been no organized effort as yet in Chile to meet these conditions.

The making of glazed tiles or "azulejos" is the only ancient Valencian industry which has retained its importance through centuries up to the present day.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Strong Hand.

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a lad of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains:

So it is with these fair creatures,
Use them kindly, they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg graters,
And the rogues obey you well.—Aaron Hill.

A Reasonable Affliction.

On his death-bed poor Lulin lies:
His spouse is in despair:
With frequent cries, and mutual sighs,
They both express their care.

"A different cause," says Parson Sly,
"The same effect may give:
Poor Lulin fears that he may die;
His wife, that he may live."

—Matthew Prior.

"Afar in the Desert."

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-hoy alone by my side.
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I cling to the past;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead:
Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon;
Day-dreams that departed ere manhood's noon;
Attachments by fate or falsehood left;
Companions of early days lost or left—
And my native land—whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood; the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
When the feelings were young, and the world was new,
Like the fresh howers of Eden unfolding to view;
All—all now forsaken—forgotten—foregone!
And I—a lone exile remembered of none—
My high aims abandoned,—my good acts undone—
Aweary of all that is under the sun—
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the desert afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-hoy alone by my side,
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife—
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear—
The scornful laugh, and the sufferer's tear—
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy:
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—
Oh! then there is freedom, and joy, and pride.
Afar in the desert alone to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand—
The only law of the Desert Land!

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-hoy alone by my side.
Away—away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;
By valleys remote where the oribi plays,
Where thegnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze,
And the kudu and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of gray forest o'erhung with wild vine:
Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will,
In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-Boy alone by my side.
O'er the brown karroo, where the healing cry
Of the springbrook's fawn sounds plaintively;
And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
In the pathless depths of the parched karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-hoy alone by my side.
Away—away—in the wilderness vast
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan:
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight hat from the yawning stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;
And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt-lake's brink;
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osier sides;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears, to refresh the aching eye;
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the hark horizon, round and round,
Spread—void of living sight or sound.
And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave, alone,
"A still small voice" comes through the wild,
Like a father consoling his fretful child,
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying—Man is distant, but God is near!

—Thomas Pringle.

Thirty-five per cent of the receipts from the sale of national forest resources is available in California. The road fund will amount to \$26,141.54 and the school fund will receive \$65,353.86.

A VOYAGE IN A YACHT.

Charles Pears Describes His Adventures in a Seven-Ton Yacht Among the Dutch Canals.

Books of travel are all too often a weariness to the spirit, either because of the egotism of the writer or because of his emphasis on the commonplace. Very few journeys nowadays are worth much of a description, and so when we see on the title-page of this new book by Mr. Pears that it chronicles a voyage from the Thames to the Netherlands we are inclined to wonder for a moment why any one should write a book on a track so well beaten as this. But then we remember that Mr. Pears makes his journeys on a tiny yacht, that he is an artist of distinction, and that he has a certain literary style that proclaims him an artist of another kind. And so we take heart of grace, plunge into his book, and speedily find that we are to be rewarded. He tells us that his "ship" is called the *Rose*, that she is a cutter of seven tons, and that her beauty is discernible only to the subtle eye. She is divided into two compartments and furnished as amply as her space will permit. Mr. Pears devotes his first three chapters to a sketch of a preliminary voyage undertaken by himself, his wife—the "stewardess"—and his boy, but on the actual trip to Holland his wife did not accompany him. He started on the trip without any clear idea as to his destination. He had thought of making a voyage from the Thames to the Tyne, and so he set off one Saturday from Greenwich accompanied by the stewardess, bound northward, in a sort of way under sealed orders. Along the shores of the Maplin sands he passed a bluff, double-ended ketch from Germany and her skipper asked how many men he carried and he replied three, explaining that the stewardess was as good as two, whereat the skipper laughed and politely raised his cap:

On approaching the Swin Middle Lightship we noticed one of the lightship keepers waving a flag, so, altering our course to pass close astern, a packet of letters carefully wrapped round a flat piece of wood was thrown aboard with a request to post them.

The stewardess opened the packet, when below, and said, "How very much nicer single men are than married ones." There were five letters in all; three of which, addressed to misses, had the stamp awry, but the other two, addressed each to a Mrs., bore a stamp placed geometrically square.

Flushing was reached without difficulty, and here it was necessary to obtain papers giving the rights to all the canals of Holland after assurances that you are an honest man, that you have been vaccinated, and that you have no disease aboard. The first search on reaching the city was for a café, and at last one was found where Dutchmen were gayly drinking their morning lager:

Yes, we could have a steak. Good Heavens! This was our first meeting with a Dutch steak, and we knew it. That steak was made of reinforced concrete; even the boy could only eat the burnt surface of either side. I, with a throat sore from *mal de mer*, was in a worse plight, and my growls were drowned by the official piano-player, who thumped the piano so hard that I had serious thoughts of placing my steak upon the key-board. Never shall I forget that steak! I have never tasted horse's hoof, but I imagine one's teeth would penetrate that better than the steak we had at Flushing. It seemed very nice of the fishwives to have, by way of celebrating our arrival, got themselves up in the Walcheren costume; for we could not as yet realize that this was their everyday costume. Their little white lace caps with spiral gold wires coming from where never so little hair was seen, their bodices with short sleeves edged with black velvet, displaying coarse red raw arms from biceps (which we envied) to the work-thickened hands. Truly, the Dutch woman may be a joy forever, but she is not a thing of beauty.

At Veere there was little to see except the church and the Stadhuis with its wonderful wind vane in the shape of a ship, which the author says is one of the few things in the world that he would like to steal. Near at hand was the museum, wherein modern America was much in evidence. Smart young ladies and severe mammas from "way back" were inside, while bored husbands in "reach me down" suits waited outside:

But we had business with one Van Veveran the shipwright, and so must leave sight-seeing awhile. At last I found his house; it was on the quay. The maid-of-all-work took me along a stone-flagged passage which echoed her pattering clogs. Some long way down this sort of yard-in-the-house, she tapped at a door, and behold—Van Veveran! A rather stout short man, with a long white beard and a pleasant smile, and a chuckling laugh, "He, he, he," at everything either of us said. Indeed, neither of us could make the other understand. I was waved inside, right into a high-ceilinged "Dutch interior." There was everything that is to be found in the old Dutch pictures; and more, it spoke of ships: the ancient globe of the world, a sextant, rolls of charts—charts surely of secret seas and unknown lands. The tall window permitted a view of the Stadhuis tower; it is one of the things which grow in Van Veveran's garden.

He had to finish a letter; then he would take me to his son, who spoke English.

Watching him write, I knew I had met him before. Yes, he was from the storm-ridden Kaatkill Mountains, and was now retired from carrying kegs of rum. He had stepped right out of the story of "Rip Van Winkle."

The letter duly sealed and stamped, the merry man arose. He laughed, "Ha, ha, ha." He pointed to the door. "He, he, he," he opened the door, "Ha, ha, ha." Down the passage smiling, the bolts and bars were shot, and the outer door flew open. "Ha, ha, ha."

A man in a long blue smock wheeling a barrow was passing; Van Veveran stopped him. The barrow rested on its legs. Van Veveran said something ending in *Poste*. The man wiped his hands on his blouse; then, taking the letter, placed it under his chin, and, once more picking up his barrow, went off. That time we both laughed, "Ha, ha, ha."

In a little shop further up the quay was the English-

speaking son. Soon my desire for the repairing of the bowsprit fitting was made clear; and so to Van Veveran's workshop across the little harbor, from where out of the bowels of a half-built *schuit* a blue-bloused workman was called, and the three of us set off to the yacht.

"Tomorrow morning, ten o'clock, capt'in, I make good."

"All finished, ten o'clock?"

"Ja."

"Good!"

And off they went, and the following day the job was finished to the minute.

Middleburg was reached in time for the fair. Never anywhere, says the author, has he seen such types. "I know you will look at my picture of Middleburg Fair and think it is a caricature. Those, however, are the people I saw there. The peasant in any country is often grotesque, but I am sure you would need to travel far before you found stranger types than were those there before our eyes":

A little while we must needs spend in the shop of den Boer, where are beautiful prints, post-cards, and photographs. There I experienced surely the only joke in Holland. It was a matchpot in the form of a man's head with a very real fly upon the nose. The agonized expression of the face, as the eyes squinting see the fly about to dig into the nose, was worth the money. But this joke palled upon us, for afterwards we saw it everywhere.

If you go to this shop you must button-hole den Boer; he speaks English like a native, and thinks business is the greatest joke on record. If you tell him you have no money to pay for his wares, he will offer to send the goods to England for you, and you can send the money from there. There's a trader for you!

Holland's distinguishing characteristics are cleanliness and color. Writing of Zierickzee, the author says that he never saw such a scrubbing and a swilling as the women were giving to the fronts of their houses:

It was necessary to be cautious of the pails of water that the women were, thus early, throwing about the fronts of their houses. Of such a scrubbing and swilling as was going on, one never saw the like. Not content with the doorstep and half the road in front, they were washing the brick fronts of their houses as far as they could reach.

The town is composed mostly of two-storied houses, each with a step-gabled front, and the effect of a street is remarkable. The invariable grey of the window-sashes, framed by woodwork of drab, could not help but make a decorative scheme. The house-fronts were yellow-washed and white, through which little bricks would peep now and then; and over all was the blue sky, with the sun blazing on the scarlet roofs, patterned with green moss. Whole houses, too—from the base to the roof—were green with the salt sea winds and dew. The old windmill was—bricks and all—as green as grass, and an important house, shaded by green balled trees, near the church, was painted gray, but all else was green as the trees, which towered high, and which threw green shadows on it. The only touch of other color was the bright red and blue gilded crest above the door. This was the most paintable thing I had seen for many a day, but it was a thing which reproduction could not give, so I was unable to include it in the pictures here.

The shops were an unceasing source of delight, although for the most part their contents were useful rather than ornamental:

The bread and pastries displayed upon willow-basket trays, looked tempting, and, oh! the joy of the ironmonger's strange pans and household utensils, from flat-irons to cork-screws. All were different from those we knew at home. And the workmen's tools! Do you get that pleasure from a tool shop that I do, I wonder? Here were strange things, and to reason out their uses was a perfect joy. Then the stationer's shop, with its account books, not ruled for L, s. d., but for fl. and c. The picture post-cards! I should love to show you those I bought, perfectly reproduced, for the printer's art is a fine one in Holland. The sad shops for women, with plain things—things for wear, and "none of your twiddle bits," none of those little flimsy things which cause such chattering when women are together at home.

The Dutch canals are beautiful, but one would not wish to live by their stagnant waters. And the boats that ply upon them are dirty things of use. A Russian steamer was unloading timber piles and she was a perfect blaze of color, since her sides were patched with red-lead paint from end to end where the heavy logs had thumped the original color from her steel plates:

How those men worked! Some with great long poles with hooked spikes at the end would reach for the logs and pull them into position; others with shorter hooks, gripping a log, would lift it out of the water and drag it across the piles which formed the raft. And the roar of steam, the rattle of the winches, and the boom of the splashing logs was heard the while.

The logs in color were brown and fawn, as is the way of wood, and the men and their clothes were the same color; as though generations of log-trading had eaten into their very souls. How they worked! Not happily—none of the British workman's jocularity was here. They were here to shift logs and make a raft, which should be towed away, in order that other rafts might be made and sent away.

Here was that tenacity of purpose which is the Dutchman's birthright. Here began the beginning, for you must know the foundations of Holland are timber piles. The land being a mere deposit, timber piles are driven first, the buildings follow. And so it was, and so it is; and Holland's trade in timber piles is huge.

These piles are driven some thirty feet into the ground; and the 13,659 piles upon which rests the Royal Palace at Amsterdam, formerly the Town Hall, were driven by hand. This seems a surprising feat in these days of steam hammers.

At Willemstad the yacht was at once surrounded by twenty or thirty little boys at whom the author thought it well to make faces and so establish amicable relations, since an unguarded yacht might prove productive of those evil pranks in which the mind of the small boy is so fertile. How many of the wars of nations, he asks, could have been prevented by just a little humor?

The sign of a café was hung over the door of a house in darkness near the harbor, and when we opened the latch, nothing but a dark passage presented itself. With some misgivings we proceeded up the passage, to where light came from under the door. Had we made a mistake? Was it a

private house? We opened the door and entered; but for the little billiard table we should have retreated, convinced that our fears were not ill-founded. The man of the house, in his shirt sleeves, was reading a newspaper by the light of a huge paraffin lamp, the daughter and the mother were sewing. It was a peaceful homely group, and we felt awful intruders at first, but mine host had a smattering of English words, with which he did wonders. He got to know more about myself than the reader will ever know. Was the boy my son? How long had I been married? How many other children had I? What were their ages? Then the greatest of all the Thomases had to stand back to back with the daughter, who was two years his senior, and who, tip-toe as she would, could not make herself so tall. Question after question followed. He learned from what town we hailed, and that my father was still alive, and last, but not least, that I had a mother-in-law. One could not help but be amused, the questions were asked with such simple seriousness.

At Hanswert the yacht had difficulties in getting clear of the harbor and had to seek the aid of a tow. It was dirty weather, and once clear of the jetties the big jump of sea caused things indifferently stowed to take sundry leaps across the cabin floor:

A heavy rain squall hid a steamer completely from view, and keeping a good look-out for her we came about when we saw her soft gray silhouette, only to find ourselves right in the way of another that had stealthily hove up astern of us. Her wash lifted us with a heave which must have thrown the yacht's fore-foot clear of the water, and the tjalk was swept by it from end to end, the men "shinning" up the rigging to clear it.

The steamer flew the red ensign, and some one on her bridge with a cockney accent shouted, "Yew ought tu gow 'owm an' boil yer blinkin' 'ed."

And the *Rose's* skipper replied—as he who taught the turning of the other cheek was wont to—by asking a question: "Don't you carry a fog-horn, you fool?"

The author is an Englishman, but he laments an English discourtesy that refused to return his salutes, and he resolves henceforth he will not be the first to dip to any British craft:

Soon after leaving Blankenberghe waters a small double-ended yacht hove up, flying the Swedish ensign, and we exchanged salutes by dipping ensigns.

Shortly afterwards a British steam yacht, in all the glory of paid hands, polished brass work, deck-chairs aft and what not, came along; and to her we dipped our ensign. Her brass-bound skipper saw it, took no heed, nor sent a man aft to the taffrail. If his owner had been on deck he would have dipped his flag, for I can not conceive such snobbery exists in gentleness as would prevent them exchanging courtesies at sea, even with so small a craft as the *Rose*.

Anyhow, should the owner of this yacht chance upon these lines, he will understand I do not lay the discourtesy at his door.

Perhaps the courteous greetings that came from one and each of the Dutch craft had rather spoiled us; anyhow, we vowed we would not be the first to dip to any British craft that day.

At Dunkerque the yacht was in French waters and therefore exposed to customs annoyances that have been abolished in Holland and Belgium. A visit to a café provided an abundance of the wild freedom of the French bourgeois life:

There, for sixpence, I could see a variety of entertainment such as one would get at one of the best halls in London; I could also see the gaming at the tables, and I tell you it was a sight worth seeing (I have seen it at all the other places on the coast down to Le Havre, and never did I see such a crowd). Some other side affairs there were, and I could come and go as I pleased, but if I wanted a seat I must pay for a drink, so for the price of two bocks I sat through an entertainment which provided at least one turn that was indescribably the funniest thing I have ever seen—*Combat grotesque, Carpentier et Bombardier Wells, avec imitation de la "knock-out blow"*. It was a terrible battle, with bladders for gloves and bladders for muscles which occasionally burst. The combatants chased one another up ladders, and got mixed up with the scenery and other "properties," and the knock-out blow was given when the boxers were thoroughly winded, hanging on to a trapeze, the winner doing so by means of his toes.

Then the band struck up the Marseillaise and the crowd departed. Returning to his yacht, the author saw lovers among the trees and a glimpse of the barracks showed the soldiers getting into their beds, long perspectives of which were seen in the dimly lit arches of the garrison:

I don't like waking sleepers—moreover, one needs to make hullabaloo to wake a sailor—and I was wondering how on earth I was going to get aboard, when hands were laid upon me from behind, and two voices exclaimed, "Comment!"

Muffled in their hooded cloaks, two gendarmes had got me.

I explained that I was the *capitaine de la petite yacht anglaise*.

But it took a considerable time to satisfy them that I wanted to get aboard my yacht. Her mast only could be seen beyond the huge hull of the dredger, and they wagged their necks this way and that, until they came to the reluctant conclusion that there really was a yacht there.

However, sometimes out of evil cometh good, and they held me while I "hiked" out to get hold of a rope which hung from the hauled-up ladder. No, I could not reach it, and I gave it up. Happy thought! One of the gendarmes drew his sword, and stretching over the black water once again, with that blade I started the rope swinging until I got a grip upon it. Then returning the sword, I let myself swing to the ladder, and catching hold of it, I was soon aboard.

Certainly the little voyage was one well worth making and one wonders why there are not many such voyages in seven-ton yachts that are both big enough for a reasonable amount of safety and small enough for a reasonable amount of danger. The author's description is one to incite the spirit of emulation, even though there are few amateur sailors who can illustrate their books with such delightful sketches in color and line.

FROM THE THAMES TO THE NETHERLANDS. Written and illustrated by Charles Pears. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Our Mr. Wrenn.

Mr. H. G. Wells' once told a story somewhat like this, of a poor little city slave who suddenly felt a yearning toward manhood, perhaps an atavistic reminder of roving ancestors. "Our Mr. Wrenn" is a clerk in New York who collects railroad folders and steamship maps and tries to imagine that he needs them for purposes of travel. Then comes a little legacy that enables him to materialize his dreams, and so he crosses the Atlantic as a cattleman and wanders for a time around Europe, growing dreadfully homesick, and encountering the touch of romance that makes him realize his humanity. And Mr. Wrenn does actually become a man, and he shows it when he returns to New York, and so we take leave of him, not exactly regretfully, but with a distinct feeling of respect.

OUR MR. WRENN. By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

Books for Children.

We should like to be sure that there is any considerable number of parents anxious to avail themselves of Mr. Orton Lowe's help in cultivating a love of good books in their children. Certainly there are some, and they will find wise counsel in this little volume. Mr. Lowe says that "the following pages attempt to set the boy on the right trail, so that when he reaches man's estate he will of his own accord devote a just portion of his spare hours to books of literature." The book is divided into two main parts—"Selections for Memorizing" and "Sources of Standard Prose for Children." It seems to be admirable in every respect and obviously the work of one who understands children and loves them.

LITERATURE FOR CHILDREN. By Orton Lowe. New York: The Macmillan Company; 90 cents net.

Arms and Industry.

Mr. Norman Angell's first volume on the uselessness of war attracted widespread attention and secured for him the Nobel prize. Now we have another volume made up of a collection of addresses which is just as readable as the first, but which is little more than a restatement of the arguments then advanced.

Mr. Angell is not only an able writer, but his sincerity inspires every word that he says. At the same time we may reasonably doubt the efficacy of his plea. It is based on the assumption that nations fight for profit, whereas they fight for nothing of the kind. They fight to gratify their passions and because they are composed of fighting animals. The Balkan war was not waged for territory, although claims for territory may have resulted from it. The war was due to religious hatreds, and the same factor either produced or intensified most of the wars of history. The contention that the economic appeal is likely to be more effective than the ethical remains to be proved, seeing that the ethical appeal has not yet been made. At the same time Mr. Angell gives us a valuable piece of reasoning, and one not to be overlooked at a time when the whole world is one vast armed camp.

ARMS AND INDUSTRY. By Norman Angell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

The Titan.

Mr. Dreiser is evidently enamored of his hero Cowperwood, since here we have another 550 pages descriptive of his buccaneering career. After his release from prison Cowperwood goes to Chicago with enough capital once more to hoist the black flag over fresh fields and pastures new. He takes Aileen with him, and he marries her after he has persuaded his wife to divorce him. His story now becomes an epitome of a whole epoch of American history, the epoch of individual plunder, while a victimized public acquiesces and applauds. Cowperwood with his back to the wall and facing his fellow-pirates, who are determined to crush him, says: "If you open the day by calling my loans I'll gut every hank from here to the river." And he could do it. He is one of the giants in the mountains who rule the pygmies in the valley, and the pygmies, although restive about franchises and the like, are still inclined to think that on the whole it is rather a fine thing.

But Cowperwood the man is more interesting than Cowperwood the magnate. He is a freebooter in love as well as in finance. Constancy is impossible to him. Women are not human beings, but "objects of art." Aileen can not hold him because she has not the skill to compensate for increasing age. And so we are introduced to a succession of victims, and students of Mr. Dreiser will readily believe that we are spared nothing in the way of detail. They are milestones on Cowperwood's path from mere sensuality to a ripe disintegration in beauty and temperament. That, we may suppose, is Mr. Dreiser's object—not to sketch a libertine or to map the

progress of a rake, but rather to show the inner life of the artist who is wholly unrestrained by a moral sense and who shows precisely the same greed for a woman as for a picture or a fortune. Cowperwood is the type of a civilization without a conscience, a social system without a soul, and that accords everything to strength. We admire him and we loathe him. He produces in us an inward demand for Nemesis and a wonderment that it so lags. Perhaps it will come in the third volume of this "trilogy of desire."

THE TITAN. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.40 net.

Prisons and Prisoners.

This remarkable production is by two English suffragettes, Lady Constance Lytton and Miss Jane Wharton. These ladies committed various crimes of violence and were committed to prison. Refusing to eat, they were fed forcibly, and they now tell precisely what happened to them in a narrative of 337 pages. Naturally it is a rather terrible story, and it is told with a literary art that increases the unpleasantness of its features. If these ladies had been charged with burglary or forgery and had acted as they acted in prison the same fate would have befallen them and their story would have been just as distressing. If they had been lunatics in an asylum—which is just where they ought to have been—and had refused to eat they would have been fed forcibly, and a direct narrative of the proceedings would have been just as repulsive. Any story of punishment is hateful, and if well told will arouse the sympathy of unreflecting readers. In justice to the authors it must be said that they describe their crimes with the same candor as they describe its results, and it is just this feature that suggests a moral irresponsibility that should have received the treatment of the asylum rather than of the prison. From the literary point of view it is a remarkable book. Indeed it shows so much ability that we wonder that persons of such intelligence should allow themselves to be made the tools of the money-grubbing Pankhursts.

PRISONS AND PRISONERS. By Constance Lytton and Jane Wharton, Spinster. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1 net.

The Hussite Wars.

The Count Lutzow is already well known for his historical work in connection with Bohemia and for the elaborate care with which he has presented a mass of detailed fact that would otherwise be beyond reach of the English-speaking world. His story of "Master John Hus" is the chief source of our information on the life of the reformer, and now he gives us a new book that may be regarded almost in the light of a sequel. He describes the wars that followed the condemnation of Hus and he rejects the view that the great struggle was essentially a religious one. He tells us that the revival of the Slav national feeling and the increasing spread of democratic ideas were large contributing factors, and although the execution of Hus was the signal for the outbreak the real causes were by no means confined to any single event.

The author has done a substantial service to Bohemian history, and he allows us to see that it was only the jealousy of the Austrian government that has delayed until now a competent knowledge of Bohemian history. His work is all that it should be in the way of precision and accuracy, and it is written with commendable vivacity and energy.

THE HUSSITE WARS. By Count Lutzow. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$4.50 net.

South Africa.

The narrowing dimensions of the world are nowhere better illustrated than by the increase in the number of Year Books and in the demand for precise and detailed information about other countries. Now we have the "South African Year-Book," by W. H. Hosking, a substantial volume in the now familiar red covers and one that seems to be not only complete, but so well arranged that every class of inquirer can find what he wants with a minimum of effort. The author says that his work is based largely on recent and up-to-date information supplied by the Union government, the several provincial governments, the imperial colonial office, the German and Portuguese governments, and other official sources. It contains a good map.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN YEAR-BOOK. By W. H. Hosking. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50 net.

"Village Life in New York City" is the paradoxical sub-title of "Belshazzar Court," Simeon Strusky's new book of essays, which will be published early in the fall by Henry Holt & Co. The cheer and courage of city life are in these connected essays, most of which have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. All are about the average citizen in his apartment house, in the street, in the theatre, at the baseball park, with his children, as he appears in any considerable city.

CURRENT VERSE.

Wishes.

I wish I were the vagrant winds—
The winds you hold so dear—
That I might play sweet melodies
For only you to hear.

I'd ring great music through the woods,
My instruments the trees;
I'd draw from out the quivering corn
The tenderest harmonies.

I wish I were the winds you love,
That you might come to me
In every mood, and ever find
Unfailing sympathy.

I wish I were the great white winds,
That in my spirit strong
I'd wrap you round, and give to you
A strength to meet all wrong.

I wish I were the winds of heaven,
That I might ever teach
In their vast tongue my love to you
Which dies in human speech.

—Madge M. Elder, in *Chambers's Journal*.

My Conscience.

Sometimes my Conscience, says he,
"Don't you know me?"
And I, says I, skinned through and through,
"Of course I do.
You are a nice chap ever' way,
I'm here to say!
You make me cry—you make me pray,
And all them good things thataway—
That is, at night. Where do you stay
Durin' the day?"

And then my Conscience says onc't more,
"You know me—shore?"
"Oh, yes," says I, a-tremblin' faint,
"You're jes' a saint!
Your ways is all so holy-right,
I love you better ever' night
You come around—tel plum daylight,
When you air out o' sight!"

And then my Conscience sort o' grits
His teeth, and spits
On his two hands and grahs, of course.
Some old remorse.
And heats me with the big butt-end
O' that thing—tel my closest friend
"Ud hardly know me." "Now," says he,
"Be keerful as you'd orto be
And allus think o' me!"

—James Whitcomb Riley, in *Century Magazine*.

An Epistle.

God does not fail in anything,
The ring-dove's neck, the heetle's wing,
The huds that turn from green to gold,
The sunny perfumes of the Spring,
The colored patchwork of the world,
The blue dusk dropping fold on fold,
And all talk talked and stories told
In the long evenings by the fire,
And strength and laughter and desire.

Dear, when you come to me and say,
Do this, do that, I must obey,
Swift to interpret, to devise,
With all the gladness that I may,
So can I face the trust that lies
Within your wide exacting eyes—
Your beautiful exacting eyes.
Mending and fashioning I know
If you will have, it must be so.

Do not be overharsh with me
When, empty of all subtlety,
Stupid and ignorant and shy,
You find my small reality.
When on a sudden grown as high
(And how much cleverer than I?)
You put your games and nonsense by
To find me also questioning
And helpless of all counseling.

Ah, turn your puzzled glances then
From the unresting ways of men,
From tangled right and tangled wrong,
To where the brooks are loud with rain,
To where the birds are glad with song,
And with the world know you are young,
And with the aging world he strong,
And unto God as faithful be
As in these days you are to me.

—Sylvia Lind, in *London Nation*.

Love's Patriot.

I saw a lad—a beautiful lad—
With a far-off look in his eye,
Who smiled not on the battle flag
When the cavalry troop marched by.
And, sorely vexed, I asked the lad
Where might his country be,
Who cared not for his country's flag,
And the brave men from oversca.
"O, my country is the Land of Love!"
Thus did the lad reply—
"My country is the Land of Love,
And a patriot there am I."
"And who is your King, my patriot boy,
Whom loyally you obey?"
"O, my King is Freedom," quoth the lad,
"And he never says me nay."
"Then you do as you like in your Land of Love,
Where every man is free?"
"Nay, we do as we love," replied the lad,
And his smile fell full on me.
—Earnest Crosby, in *Philadelphia Record*.

The authorities of Berea College have reprinted several chapters of "The Health Master," by Samuel Hopkins Adams, and are using them with great effect in their campaign against patent medicines among the Southern mountaineers.

The White House

In addition to the Books reviewed in this paper, the largest assortment of English, French, German, Italian and Spanish publications can be obtained at The White House Book Department.

Raphael Weill & Co., Inc.

New Books Received.

LITERATURE FOR CHILDREN. By Orton Lowe. New York: The Macmillan Company; 90 cents net.

A book of selections.

NEWS, AOS, AND SALES. By John Baker Opdycke. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

The use of English for commercial purposes.

THE GREAT SOCIETY. By Graham Wallas. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

A psychological analysis.

BUSINESS ARITHMETIC. By C. M. Bookman. New York: American Book Company; 65 cents.

A new hook built from the ground up to meet a condition which business educators are now facing.

THE RISE AND FALL OF CESAR BIROTEAU AND THE SECRETS OF A PRINCESS. By Honoré de Balzac. New York: Current Literature Publishing Company.

Issued in La Comédie Humaine of Honoré de Balzac. Volume IV.

THE MAGIC STORY. By Frederic Van Rensselaer Dey. New York: Frank E. Morrison.

An allegory.

THE STORY OF DOROTHY JORDAN. By Clare Jerold. New York: Brentano's; \$4 net.

The life of Mrs. Jordan, mistress of King William IV of England.

A LAD OF KENT. By Herbert Harrison. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

Hulbert Footner, whose new novel is to be published by Doubleday, Page & Co. this fall, is at his farm on Solomon's Island in Chesapeake Bay, Maryland.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

E.

Mr. Hinckley's story reminds us of the old adage, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again." The first part of the book is unpalatable, even dull, but the second half is an ample reward in its vigor and pertinence. In describing Newport society the author seems to think that he has a mission of chastisement and a message to American parents, and the conviction of a mission and a message is always a slight. People who have real missions and messages never know it.

The chief characters of the story are the Vincents, Mr. Vincent, Mrs. Vincent, and their daughter E. Then there is Langdon Wallace, who is rich and therefore eligible. Wallace falls in love with Mrs. Vincent, who is a good woman, and while we can not say that Wallace is a good man he is at least attractive, which is perhaps even better than being good. Let the reader persevere manfully until the author has rid himself of his message and becomes a novelist, and he will then find that he has a strong and vital story and one well worth the telling.

E. By Julian Hinckley. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Briefer Reviews.

The latest addition to the Back to the Soil Series is "Hiram, the Young Farmer," by Burhank L. Todd (Sully & Kleinteich, New York; \$1 net). The object of the series is to show boys of today what can be done on a farm. The volumes seem to be well adapted to that end.

The American Book Company has published the "Principles of Cooking," by Emma Conley, state inspector of domestic science for Wisconsin. It is intended for secondary and vocational schools, and it gives to domestic science more of educational value than it has had heretofore. The price is 50 cents.

The reminiscences of General Frederick Funston have evidently been popular, since we have now a new edition of the "Memories of Two Wars," published at just one-half the price of the original edition and containing all the material, both in text and illustration, which appeared in the original. It is published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50 net.

The J. B. Lippincott Company's edition of George Macdonald's Stories for Little Folks is well worth the attention of those who wish to give their children the best that there is. The latest volume on the shelf is "At the Back of the North Wind," simplified by Elizabeth Lewis, and with six full-page illustrations in color by Maria L. Kirk. The price is 50 cents net.

"Educational Missions," by Dr. James L. Barton, is a general survey of the educational mission field and a plea for its support. Those who have not yet learned to look somewhat coldly upon efforts to interfere with the religious systems of other peoples may find this volume an interesting one. It is published by the Student Volunteer Movement, New York. Price, 75 cents.

The story of a giant tree would certainly be a fascinating one if only it could be told, or heard. But Enos A. Mills makes the attempt in his little volume entitled "The Story of a Thousand-Year Pine," just published by the Houghton Mifflin Company (75 cents net). Mr. Mills bases his story on such evidences as the marks of fire in the mighty trunk and on the finding of an ancient arrow head buried in the timber, and he certainly tells it well.

Mr. Edward Payson Powell's dramatic poem, "He Who Won the World," is described as "a poetic drama portraying the various episodes of the life of Christ, based upon the incidents told in the Gospels." Such a work seems to be justifiable only on the ground that the Gospel narratives are inadequate and capable of improvement through the medium of modern verse and modern imagination. It may be admitted that Mr. Powell is often impressive and always reverential, but we may still doubt the propriety of the attempt to improve upon the original form and also the possibility of success. The volume is published by Sherman, French & Co. Price, \$1 net.

A man who has been drinking for twenty years and who then stops drinking ought to have a good story to tell, and such a story should be peculiarly good when told by Mr. Samuel G. Blythe. Probably Mr. Blythe has told this story in sections a thousand times, and it may be because he is tired of telling it verbally that he has now put it into print. It is the most sensible and the most manly thing of its kind that has ever been written. Mr. Blythe tells us why he stopped drinking, and why he is glad that he stopped drinking, and why he intends never to resume drinking, but he does not urge any one else to follow his example—unless we count the unuttered urge of the story itself. The title of the book is

"The Old Game," and it is published by the George H. Doran Company. Price, 50 cents net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Among the books announced for fall publication by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, is "The Great Small Cat and Others," by May E. Southworth—seven tales in which the leading parts are assumed by feline heroes and heroines, their adventures being told in a sympathetic manner that will appeal to all cat lovers. The book is to be illustrated with mounted duotone prints. Another Elder publication is Stanton Davis Kirkham's volume, "In the Open," to be issued in a new Sweetheer edition.

"Perch of the Devil," Gertrude Atherton's new novel, will be published next month by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. It deals with the mining country in Montana.

The demand of the sex-sated public for clean books is increasing. In a letter to the George H. Doran Company from Charles F. Pidgin, author of several highly successful novels, appears the following rather unusual praise of Gilbert Parker's new summer novel, "You Never Know Your Luck": "Thank you for giving the public such a clean book."

Mme. de Hegermann-Lindencrone, author of "In the Courts of Memory," has written a new book of reminiscences which will be similar in character, and will deal with the lighter side of diplomatic life in Washington and in four European courts. Many musical celebrities will also figure in its pages. It will be published by Harper & Brothers.

A new volume by Dr. Henry H. Goddard, director of the research laboratory of the Vineland Training School for Feeble-minded Children, has just been published by the Macmillan Company. It is entitled "Feeble-mindedness: Its Causes and Consequences," and is a consideration of 327 cases of feeble-mindedness which have come under Dr. Goddard's personal observation in his official capacity. Each case included is preceded by a statement in two or three lines of the age, both in years and mentality, of the individual, his nationality, and his period of residence in the Vineland school. Following that his characteristics and antecedents are described and the progress which he is making in the school outlined. For each case a family chart is shown, and specimens of writing are frequently reproduced. These cases occupy more than 350 pages of the total 600 pages, constituting one of the most significant collections of data ever brought together.

"How to Play Baseball" is a book just brought out by the Harpers. The author is John J. McGraw, manager of the New York Giants, and in its pages he tells the essentials of the game and how to play it successfully. The book is intended for every boy or unprofessional player who desires to put a genuine professional excellence into his work. Every position in the field is gone over, and McGraw gives careful directions for playing them and the game generally.

Favorites on the Century Company's list of fiction are Jean Webster's "Daddy-Long-Legs," E. F. Benson's "Dodo's Daughter," and George Agnew Chamberlain's "Home," all of which have just been sent to press again to meet the demand.

The George H. Doran Company announce that their supply of "The South American Tour," by Annie Peck, the famous mountain climber, is entirely exhausted, and that they are reprinting it with many important additions by the author, to bring it up to the moment, especially as regards new routes of travel.

The "Impressions Calendar," which for many years has been annually welcomed by an appreciative audience, is to be issued for next year, 1915, by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. The fifty-four leaves display selections from those authors who most felicitously voice modern thought.

The announcement of the authorship of "Overland Red," the anonymous novel published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, has been received with much interest. Established authors have published anonymous books in the past, but seldom, as Mr. H. H. Knibbs did, in order to gain a new and wider audience.

The Century Company has secured the rights to "Pepper," a new book by Holworthy Hall, author of "Henry of Navarre, Ohio." "Pepper," the hero of the story, is, like "Henry of Navarre," a Harvard man.

"Juvenile Courts and Probation" has been written by Mr. Bernard Flexner and Mr. Roger N. Baldwin for the practical use of all persons interested in the court, probation, and the many problems connected with delinquency and neglect. Mr. Flexner is a prominent attorney of Chicago, with the reputation of knowing more about juvenile court matters than any other man in the United States

today. Roger N. Baldwin was formerly chief probation officer of the St. Louis juvenile court and is now secretary of the Civic League of St. Louis. The Century Company issued this book July 15.

Nathan Hale has come to have a very warm place in the affections of all Americans, but nowhere is his memory held in greater reverence than at Yale College, his Alma Mater. It is therefore most appropriate that the Yale University Press should publish "Nathan Hale," by Professor Henry P. Johnston of the College of the City of New York, an authority on early American history.

The Houghton Mifflin Company report that a seventh printing has been ordered of Dr. Richard C. Cahot's "What Men Live By." Undoubtedly the sermons that have been preached from the leading pulpits of the country on topics suggested by "What Men Live By," and the praise given the book by the clergymen of many denominations, has been largely responsible for its remarkable sale.

The George H. Doran Company is announcing for publication in uniform edition with their other Arnold Bennett books Bennett's two early successes, "Clayhanger" and "Hilda Lessways," and in uniform edition with the others of Hugh Walpole, author of "Fortitude," his earlier books, "Maradick at Forty," "The Prelude to Adventure," and "The Gods and Mr. Perrin." Of George Birmingham's earlier books, "The Bad Times," "Hyacinth," and "The Seething Pot" will be reissued, and of the books of Edgar Beecher Bronson, who is said to be the only author writing of the old days of the Far West from first-hand knowledge, "Reminiscences of a Ranchman" and "The Red Blooded" will be taken over by Doran.

The popularity of the Drama League Series of Plays at 75 cents each seems to be setting a standard price for modern dramatic literature. Doubleday, Page & Co. announce that Cale Young Rice's poetic dramas ("The Immortal Lure," "A Night in Avignon," "Yolandia of Cyprus," "David," "Charles di Tocco") are now purchasable at 75 cents a volume.

Two new titles of Thornton W. Burgess's popular Bedtime Story-Books will be issued in September by Little, Brown & Co., "The Adventures of Mr. Mocker" and "The Adventures of Jerry Muskrat."

Messrs. Longmans announce for autumn publication the second and final volume of Sir George O. Trevelyan's "George the Third and Charles Fox," which brings to a close the series of six volumes, of which the first four are entitled "The History of the American Revolution." "They have been my main occupation ever since I left the House of Commons in the spring of 1897," the author says in his preface.

Mr. Henry Holt's forthcoming book, "On the Cosmic Relations," listed by the Houghton Mifflin Company among their fall publications, has been postponed to next spring.

Volume three in the history of diplomacy in the international development of Europe, by David Jayne Hill, LL. D., entitled "The Diplomacy of the Age of Absolutism," has been issued by Longmans, Green & Co. The present volume may be said to be a history of the international policies and their consequences proceeding from the absolute conception of the state that prevailed during the period 1648-1775, from the Peace of Westphalia to the Revolutionary Era. It lays par-

ticular stress upon the thought and feeling of the time, and explains in language adapted for the general reader the complicated international actions and reactions of an age the comprehension of which is necessary to an understanding of our own time.

Parker Fillmore, whose "The Hickory Limb" is one of the gems among recent short stories, has arranged with Henry Holt & Co. for the early publication of his first full length novel, "The Rosie World." Rosie is one of an Irish family on New York's East Side, and her rosy view of life means much to her family and friends. Half a dozen of the episodes in this novel are appearing in *Everybody's Magazine*.

A new edition of H. G. Wells's "The Discovery of the Future," published last year by B. W. Huebsch, is announced. The little book was originally a discourse delivered before the Royal Institution in London and its provocative qualities are such as to make it seem likely that it will sell long after the interest in some of Wells's big books, written during the same period, has waned.

It is Winston Churchill's opinion that the American public is continually reading better books and that the type of author who "writes down" to it is doomed to extinction. "My belief in the American public as a reading public is strong," he says. "I think it is a growing public, and I am fortified in that opinion by the letters I receive from persons in every walk of life."

Recently the death of Henry W. Denison occurred at Tokyo. Since 1880 he had been legal adviser to the Japanese department of foreign affairs, though he was practically unknown except to the diplomats of the world until the time of the Portsmouth Peace Conference. Then it was generally perceived he was and had long been the power behind the Japanese throne. On him was conferred the high order of the Grand Cordon, in addition to others, of the Order of Paulownia. He was born at Guildhall, Vermont, in 1846. He was educated at Lancaster and then studied law at Columbian (now George Washington) University in Washington, D. C. At the same time he held a clerkship in the State Department, but he was so modest and unassuming a man that his merits went unrecognized there and he finally resigned and secured a consular clerkship at Yokohama. There was not an important foreign affair in Japan in the last thirty years in which the legal adviser to the department of foreign affairs did not have a controlling hand. In the dangerous days of the war with Russia he was always at the side of Count Mutsu, then minister of foreign affairs. At the end of the war he was summoned to the Japanese court, where he received a handsome grant of money and the personal thanks of the royal family.

A statue to the memory of Ralph Waldo Emerson has recently been erected in the Concord Public Library. It is the work of Daniel Chester French, a friend of Emerson and designer of the Minute Man statue, for which Emerson wrote his famous verses thirty-nine years ago. The breadth and permanence of Emerson's fame is shown by the fact that contributions for this statue came from all parts of the world. A no less striking proof of the present-day appreciation of the Concord philosopher is the large and steadily increasing sale that is reported for the ten volumes of Emerson's recently published "Journals."

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"THE HIDDEN TORCH."

One always feels a hospitable desire to make things easy for foreigners in the theatrical world who have the enterprise to cross an ocean and span a continent before they reach us. And so I can not but wonder that some good-natured American or some Americanized Italian who was acquainted with the English language had not given Signor Vincent Ferrau a lift in the preparation of the synopses of Mimi Aguglia's repertory plays. As it is, they are cloudy, abrupt, puzzling, and comical; such expressions are used as "darning stones at him," "the poison is stopping her heart," etc.; the gender of pronouns is badly mixed, and an intending murderer, wrought up to a high pitch of self-sacrifice to save her brother from a human snake, is "irritated" to find that somebody has preceded her in killing her victim.

As may be seen from these few excerpts, the play is of a sombreness! But then it is written by Gabriele D'Annunzio, who sees everything through a mephitic mist of eroticism, decadence, and crime. What an American audience, uncomprehending the Italian language, can not get is his sonorous and impressive diction. What it does get is the atmosphere, thick with evil and the dread of hidden horrors, that hangs over "the falling house" of the De Sangro family.

Mimi Aguglia fills the rôle of the step-daughter of Augizia, the serving-maid who has captured her widowed father, and accuses him falsely of the death of his first wife. The Italians call Aguglia "the girl with twenty faces," but it is not her features that change so much as the electric hair that curls on her scalp. She can do any old thing with it. In "The Daughter of Jorio," loosened and curling crisply in wild, unconfined, Medusa spirals above her brow, it looked as if she were freshly charged by an electric battery. In "Fedora" it was decorously curled under an ornamental, gold-embroidered coiffe. In "The Hidden Torch" it was modernly pompadoured. It alters her more than a change of wigs can alter the general aspect of a countenance, and she knows, too, even with the simplicity of her unstenciled costumes, how to make her rounded slenderness look meagre and angular. In "The Hidden Torch," which title, by the way, is a symbolic expression, and refers to the neurasthenically inspired vision seen by Gigliola of her unavenged mother's funeral torch, Aguglia wore a rectangular black garment that resembled a bolster case with sleeves. But she got her effect. With her narrow, pale face, and the look of secrecy burning in her black eyes, she looked the incarnation of homely family tragedy, and her body seemed to be wasted by the hidden dread that was consuming it.

The handsome Storni gave a severe jolt to his aesthetically inclined admirers by withdrawing his well-moulded features behind a transforming mask of painted beard, and pallor, and wrinkles. So they had to live on the unsuppressed music of his voice.

The tragedy was of course excellently acted. But it took Italians to appreciate it. As in "The Daughter of Jorio," there is a sort of folk-lore suggestion to this brooding family atmosphere of crime and dread. D'Annunzio's "La Gioconda," for instance, played here once by Florence Roberts, catches us on our aesthetic side. But there is nothing æsthetic in "The Hidden Torch." Imagine, for instance, a woman struck by paralysis under our very eyes, upon being forced to listen to a dreadful revelation. Imagine a pallid, shaking invalid suffering from heart disease falling dead, after nerving himself up to a sacrificial murder, when he sees that his daughter, whom he wished to save from the crime, has doomed herself in advance to expiatory death by the poison of a snake-bite. There is also a tubercular lad being slowly poisoned by the family incubus. However, the Italians admire this terrible tragedy, and consider it one of D'Annunzio's best.

In view of the fact that the Aguglia company is playing for dollars in an American city it seems to me a better move to play, as they are doing this week, a lighter line of romantic drama and comedy. In the meanwhile I, personally, am well pleased to have had the opportunity of seeing a typical Italian company playing typical Italian tragedy. The

performance of "The Daughter of Jorio" is one of those things that stamps itself on the memory. It made a strong impression, I am convinced, on all that saw it, even if they were not sympathetically responsive to D'Annunzio's particular line of appeal. And, oddly enough, we who have taken in these performances are ahead of many tourists, who are generally too busy with churches, galleries, and ruins to take time to gain an impression of the drama of a strange country.

"FINE FEATHERS."

This last, if I am not mistaken, play of Eugene Walter's is, as everybody knows, the story of a man who preferred the simple life with honesty, but became a grafter so that his pretty wife could indulge her inborn passion for fine feathers. Which shows that pretty wives are frequently very expensive luxuries. Look, for instance, at the poor wretch who married a pretty wife in De Maupassant's "The Necklace." His life became a joyless, long-sustained, sordid struggle to pay his debt, because he was honest.

Bob Reynolds is of that unlucky type that becomes dishonest without conviction, and consequently without nerve. His career of grafting was short, stormy, wretched, and tragic in its close.

The character of John Brand, the tempter, his cold, fixed determination to get money at all hazards, and his ruthless indifference to the sufferings of any victim that gets in his way, is the notable thing in the play; so, too, the contrast between the two men. Brand is the consistent one; Reynolds the inconsistent. The latter pays for his inconsistency with his life, leaving his Mephistopheles rich, secure, and triumphant.

Such is life—as Eugene Walter sees it. Of course we know he is right. Life, when it is looked steadily in the face, is a grim and terrible thing, whose truths men keep from their wives. They have refreshed themselves in the past by resting their wearied spirits in the mental Utopias in which many women live. How will it be in the future, when women, too, look at life with all the veils pulled aside? What a pity that we can not take a peep at this world of changing customs five hundred or a thousand years hence and see how ill or well civilized humanity will have assimilated its altered social, moral, and industrial code.

A second hearing of "Fine Feathers" shows, however, that there is a faintly artificial atmosphere pervading it, and in spite of having dipped more truly and deeply into the conditions of general life, "The Easiest Way" is the play that seems to work out more inevitably. The drama that develops in "Fine Feathers" reaches to such a high-pitched plane that all the relief afforded by the character of the emancipated Mrs. Collins and the lymphatic Frieda is needed.

Since the play was produced here before, comparisons are inevitable. Rose Coghlan, of course, assumes, with the same uncanny yet legitimate comedy, the rôle of Jane's sordid and cynical neighbor. Charlotte Tittell improves on the character of the maid, and shows herself, as she did also in "The Importance of Being Earnest," a valuable utility woman. For some reason Max Figman's airy, graceful comedy displayed with too ornate an effect the character of Dick Meade. Charles Cherry plays the rôle in the present all-star company—for the other one was a constellation also—with a greater simplicity and sense of sincerity. In fact, with the exception of Rose Coghlan and Charlotte Tittell, it seemed to me that Charles Cherry was more at home in his rôle than any of the others, and in the rather over-stressed emotional scenes his quiet yet sympathetic restraint served as a balance wheel. Professionals say that the second night of a bill always acts as a reactionary period after the nerve tension of the first. I was there Tuesday night, and felt that neither Gladys Hanson nor Charles Richman were at their best. Her emotion was too high-pitched and hysterical, his portrayal of John Brand had not the passionless fixity, under a genial cloak, of Wilton Lackaye's. In fact, in spite of many good points about his characterization, Charles Richman did not quite succeed in fitting on to his features the character mask of John Brand. The character of Jane Reynolds departs considerably from the line to which stage conventions have accustomed us, and I consider it rather a difficult one to portray. A woman who is such a peculiar blend of unprincipledness, self-indulgence, devotion, and truth-telling candor is, while entirely plausible and natural, rather difficult to represent histrionically. There are, no doubt, in the general sum of human types, many like her, women who are both by instinct and training thoroughly conventional, and who fulfill their domestic relations efficiently and affectionately, and yet whose honesty is non-existent when it conflicts with their desires.

George Stuart Christie, in the rôle of Bob Reynolds, has a piece of work cut out for him

that is much more taxing than that to which he is ordinarily assigned, and acquitted himself so well in every scene but the highly emotional series preceding the suicide that we quite forgot that he usually plays the juvenile lead. But these scenes referred to did not go convincingly enough; that is, as compared with the generally excellent work of the company. It seemed to me that both Miss Hansen and Mr. Christie rather brushed the skirts of melodrama, and, perhaps, with Eugene Walter's connivance. However, it is well to remember that weekly jumps into new plays precludes finish and the complete polish that only frequent rehearsals permit.

It is always a good point in a story or a play when all the ends are not too neatly wound up and tucked out of the way and when we are left speculating. It is so in "Fine Feathers." Did John Brand get off as safely as he thought? Did Dick Meade show the real villain up in his muck-raking articles? And above all, how did Jane meet the altered conditions of her life? Jane, whose god and fetich was fine feathers, and who, after having experienced the joy of possession, suddenly finds herself bereft of the indulgent husband who sold his mess of pottage so that he should no longer be obliged to say "no" to the beloved one.

THE ORPHEUM.

The probabilities are that Liane Carrera, who so openly relies upon her relationship to Anna Held to give her prestige on the stage, has an idea that she has the makings of a star in her small self. And perhaps she has, but starship will never come by her insisting too much upon being "a pocket edition of ma." The daughter affects the eye make-up of her mother, and goes through the same optical gymnastics. She also carefully cultivates the maternal brand of French accent, which is a commercial article, warranted for stage use only.

In other respects she is small, well-formed, larged-eyed, and good-looking; pretty, probably, if she would scrub off a few inches of her stage eyelashes à la Anna Held. She sings a made-to-order song of the goo-goo order, and makes her eyes revolve circularly in their orbits in the same distressing manner that Anna Held affects. For my own poor part, I find the thought fatiguing of having loosed upon the stage another edition of Anna Held, pocket or otherwise. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. I would advise the youthful Liane to put her gold-embroidered stage hangings and all the fixings purchased by "muzzer's" cash in storage, discharge her six kiss-curly chorus girls and her expert dancing young man, who are really supplying the professional merit of the show, and go off into obscurity and learn to dance and sing. At present she can do neither of these two indispensables well, and she really needs some acquirement upon which to hang a very large aggregation of self-confidence. I would also suggest that she stop traveling on her relationship to "ma," for there is a point at which the foolish public becomes very sharp, critical, and merciless, and that is when a dot tries to make itself out to be a twinkling star.

What a change there was when Trixie Friganza, epitome of all that is hearty, genuine, comical, and gifted in the line of vaudeville star comedyship, bounced upon the stage. "Ah!" we sighed with satisfaction, "now we have the real thing!" She took possession of the house at once, and poured forth a fluent medley of song, dance, and delicious irrational nonsense. Trixie Friganza is one of those May Irwinish, horn-funny people who have a large, expansive sense of humor, and a natural genius for making people laugh. People of that type are mentally quick at putting themselves in others' places. She sees her side and the other fellow's, and voices it, too, and as her rapid thoughts course through her mind they bubble out in a string of ridiculous comment that keeps the audience in a roar. Like May Irwin, she has the Western "r" which, under certain conditions, is a valuable possession. It doesn't grace drawing-room comedy, but it makes for genuineness. It presupposes the type of person who isn't "showing off," for the showy individual generally tries to polish up his home accent if there are any inelegancies about it. Trixie Friganza—and, by the way, what an excellent stage name hers is—does so many things in a straight-ahead rush that it is difficult to particularize; but she chats, and confides in the orchestra leader, and lays traps for the noise-man, and gives away stage effects, and proudly draws the attention of her confidante to the quality of her satins and furs, and becomes irreverent over colored spot-lights and other stage effects, and recites stage guff with laugh-traps in it, and sings talking songs, and teeters through giddy little incidental dancing steps, and makes incidental comments of a refreshingly irreverent nature over the "muzzer's daughter" that has just preceded her, and finally she does the Apache dance. It is a little piece of spe-

cialization that is a magnificent wind-up to all the inconsequential comicalities that precedes it. True, she has a prior specialty in which she half-sings, half-recites, looking, by the way, very handsome and striking as an Indian suffragette, but the *pièce de résistance* is the Apache dance. We have seen this rich bit of dance burlesque before, when she came out with the "Follies of 1912" organization, but the fun is just as rich and fruitful as if it were new to us. With a black Apache garment drawn tightly over her ample proportions, her substantial legs flashing in white stockings, a red Carmen flower in her mouth, and a withering expression on her features, this delightful being reduced the audience to abject helplessness by her burlesque of a terrible female disdainfully banging a slim male partner around the stage à la Apache. Miss Friganza is assisted by two engaging youths, one of whom makes an excellent buffer during the Apache dance, while the other has a smile as genuine as Trixie's talent. Envious beings! they both enjoy their job passionately and I shouldn't wonder if Trixie herself was to them a fount of living and frequently unexpected joy. For her humor has tangents, and there is nothing whatever fixed or restricted about its workings.

There are a number of other good things on the bill, chief among them Clark and Verdi, a pair of Italian comedians who give excellent imitations of the job-hunting "wog," and the proudly elevated miniature boss. There is much humor and imitative ability in the pair, and their act kept the house absorbed and amused. So did that of Ray Conlin, a ventriloquist who fascinated the audience by the skill with which he retained an air of polite immobility while listening to his dummy fly into a passion, rend the air with vocal indignation, pour forth a flood of slangy billingsgate, and finally melt into maudlin tears. The dialogue that he put into the mouth of the dummy contained much more than the ordinary amount of dummy humor, and, surprising at all times as is the skill of the usual vaudeville ventriloquist, Mr. Conlin's was so invisibly exerted that it became startling.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Maria Carmi, who plays the part of the Madonna in "The Miracle," is known as "the lady with the Botticelli face." Taking the rôle of the Madonna constitutes her sole dramatic experience, yet because of this one part she is famous as an actress all over Europe. When Max Reinhardt, the producer, Karl Vollmoeller, the author, and Engelbert Humperdinck, the composer, were preparing for the initial presentation of "The Miracle" at Olympia in London, in 1911, it was their idea to use an effigy for the Madonna. But meeting Maria Carmi, Professor Humperdinck was struck with her features and carriage. Miss Carmi had never appeared on any stage. But Humperdinck finally persuaded her to essay the trying part at a rehearsal. He wanted to see what the great stage manager, Reinhardt, would say. Reinhardt was enthralled. Miss Carmi was a find. Since then she has taken the part of the Madonna in all the European productions of the vast pageant, in London, in Vienna, in Berlin, and elsewhere throughout Germany and Austria. She will come to this country for the American presentation of "The Miracle" in Madison Square Garden. The fact that Miss Carmi must sit motionless, and with the same expression, for forty consecutive minutes during the course of the wordless drama gives an idea of the difficulty of the part.

History has chronicled the careers of the girls of the original "Floradora" sextet, but not a word about the boys. Carl Stall, who next season is going to sing and act the part of Racz, the Gipsy musician, in Henry W. Savage's production of the operetta "Sari," is an original "Floradora" sextet boy. That was his first engagement on the stage. Previously he had studied voice in Milan, under Giulio Moretti for a year and then under Franz Emerich for three years. After his engagement with "Floradora" he returned to Italy and sang in grand opera in Baresse. Mr. Stall is a native of Cincinnati and was educated at Canasius College in Buffalo. Mr. Stall says that of the five other boys with him in the first production of "Floradora" only one other is now on the stage. The remaining four have been very successful in commercial pursuits.

After all Sarah Bernhardt will not make a "farewell" tour as announced. She is confined to her bed and the doctors say that she will never be able to walk again without the aid of a cane or a crutch because one of her knees has become permanently affected by disease. She has been at Dax taking the mud baths, but they did not benefit her as much as was hoped. All members of her company are looking for other engagements, and W. F. Connor has been notified that Mme. Bernhardt will not be able to fulfill her contract with him.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Paul Rainey Hunt Pictures at the Cort.

Commencing Sunday matinee, July 26, at the Cort Theatre, Paul J. Rainey's series of 1914 African Hunt Pictures will be shown for the first time outside of New York and Chicago. These pictures form the most thrilling and spectacular entertainment ever placed before the public, and depict animal life such as it exists in British East Africa in every conceivable form. In taking these pictures Mr. Rainey had very many narrow escapes from death. The same lion which killed Fritz Schindler also charged Mr. Rainey, and but for the timely bullet of an attendant he, too, would have no doubt shared the same fate.

One of the features of this new series is that of a charging lion which is killed when within five feet of the cinematograph. Another is that of a water-hole on the great northern desert of Africa where all of the animals thereabout come to drink. While this water-hole is in the same locality where the former Rainey elephant hunt pictures were taken it shows an entirely different and decidedly interesting series of animal life. A cheetah hunt is also shown in vivid detail. The lithe, spotted animal, which is a species of the leopard, becomes treed and is brought to the ground by the arrows of the natives who accompanied Mr. Rainey on this trip. The dik dik, a tiny species of the antelope, not much larger than a jack-rabbit, is shown for the first time. African wart hogs, lions, tigers, monkeys, buffaloes, elephants, snakes, and apparently all species of wild animals that inhabit the jungles of Africa are pictured with remarkable clearness in their native haunts.

There is also shown a tripe of Wanderahos in their home life and festive celebrations. They are nicknamed "Honey Climbers" on account of their love for honey and the ability with which they climb trees to obtain it. The hees will not sting these natives.

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in the afternoon at one and three and one in the evening at eight-thirty.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Chrystal Herne, who is regarded as one of the foremost and cleverest of the younger leading legitimate actresses of this country, will head the Orpheum bill next week, appearing in a dramatic playlet, entitled "Dora," which was written for her by her sister, Julie Herne. A specially selected company will assist Miss Herne in giving full effect to the play, which is highly spoken of by the most competent critics.

Among the number of artists of high repute presenting society dances is Ernette Asoria, who, with the assistance of Miss Eliante and Chevalier de Mar, will introduce a series of these captivating terpsichorean efforts and will also appear in a number of cyclonic dances.

Prince Lai Mon Kim, the Chinese tenor, is one of the very few Orientals gifted with an appreciation of Occidental music and a voice which enables him to do it full justice. Lai Mon Kim sings principally in English, using a programme which ranges from grand opera to popular numbers and includes many favorite ballads. He has also translated several popular song hits of the day into Chinese and his rendition of them is vastly entertaining.

The Seehacks offer a particularly interesting act. The male member of the team is Harry Seehack, the champion bag puncher. His partner, pretty Harriety Seehack, aids him in his gymnastic stunts and presents a most attractive appearance in an exceedingly fetching costume.

Emil Pallerberg, who has just arrived from Berlin, will introduce three trained bears which are simply marvelous. One of them is a huge gray Siberian, another a big black Japanese, and the third a medium Siberian. They give exhibitions on roller skates and bicycles that rival many human performances in these lines.

Next week will be the last of Clark and Verdi, the Five Melody Maids and a Man. With this bill Trinie Friganza, who is making one of the greatest hits in vaudeville, will close her too short engagement.

The Gaiety Continues "Cabiria."

"Cabiria" at the Gaiety Theatre begins its third week with every evidence of a continued and an indefinite success which could run for a period of months were it not for the fact that bookings outside of San Francisco have to be met, and it is not likely that the D'Annunzio masterwork will remain at the Gaiety for more than one or two weeks longer.

In its musical expressiveness, in its tremendous appeal to the sense of sight, in its appeal to the senses that thrill, "Cabiria" is unique among all photo-spectacles, and an adequate description is as impossible as a description of a Dore masterpiece, a Dante canto, or the "Illiad" of Homer. A personal contact is necessary.

The spectacle was assembled and projected by the Itala Film Company, and it is reasonable to believe that in the picture there was evidenced the spirit of patriotism, because D'Annunzio's story deals with the third century, B. C., when Rome by capturing Carthage became the mistress of the world and rose to the height of her power. A delicious romance is intertwined in the historic scenes, holding the interest of the witness with a grip that reaches across the many centuries.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

Without question one of the best drawing magnets that ever played the circuit of the Pantages theaters is hooked to reappear at the popular Market Street vaudeville house, opening next Sunday as the principal headliner on an exceptionally good eight-act show. "Little Hip," the tiny trained elephant with the almost human brain, and mischievous "Napoleon," the frisky chimpanzee, are the animal comedy duo which have been again breaking box-office records on the circuit. "Nap" is funnier than ever with his tantalizing capers, while "Little Hip" is howling and playing ball in his regulation big league style. This is an act that the little tykes delight in and the two animal chums will hold a reception on the stage some day during the week for the little folks.

Willard Mack, who is accumulating a hulging hank roll by supplying vaudeville acts for stock players, has written a genuine thriller entitled "Be Game," for Isabelle Fletcher and Charles Ayres, until recently leading performers with the Ye Liberty Theatre, Oakland, where the two favorites played for five successive seasons. Miss Fletcher is enthusiastic over Mack's playlet and expects to create a small-sized sensation with the sketch.

The other big features on the bill are the Gallarinni Family of talented musicians; the Alpha troupe of hoop-rollers and diavolo throwers; Barnes and Barron, two dialect

comedians, in "After the Reception"; Gallo-way and Roberts, black-faced comedians, and the Nome Vietrolas.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Robert Eugene Pougheon, to whom the Grand Prix de Rome for painting has just been awarded, is a French artist who has already attained a high place among painters of the world.

Professor Florenz of the Tokyo Imperial University will sever his connection with the university after the present academic term, and will return home. He is to become professor of Oriental languages in Leipzig University.

M. Regis d'Oliveira, the first Brazilian minister at Tokyo in several years, goes to his new post well equipped for the responsibilities of office. He has long been in the government service, and will go from Cuba, where he has ably represented Brazil.

The first secretary of a chamber of commerce in the United States to be distinguished by an honorary degree is Munson Havens of Cleveland, Ohio, who was recently awarded the title, Master of Arts, by Oberlin College in recognition of "his making larger and higher ideals for chambers of commerce throughout the country." He is also the author of "Old Valentines," one of the successful novels of this year.

Arthur Lamb, who, having successfully passed the entrance examinations, will enter Harvard University in October, is but fourteen years old. He is one of the most accomplished and youngest pipe organists in the country. Last year he served as assistant organist at Old St. Paul's Church, Boston, at the week-day services. At the Community Christmas Tree celebration last winter he played the organ as accompanist to the hundreds of children who sang the Yuletide carols.

Señora Ramonas R. Flores, recently promoted to the rank of colonel in the fighting forces of the Mexican Constitutionalists and attached to the brigade of General Carrasco, is one of the half-dozen women to hold commissions in the rebel service, all won by action on the field of battle. She is the widow of Major Flores, an artillery officer, who was killed in the first Madero revolution of 1910. She has taken part in thirty-two battles and engagements, and has twice been wounded.

Sir Conyngham Greene, who was recently created Knight Grand Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, is British ambassador to Japan. He entered the Foreign Office in 1877, and was secretary at Athens in 1880, subsequently serving as secretary and chargé in Germany, The Hague, Brussels, Teheran, and Pretoria, until he was appointed minister to the Swiss Confederation in 1901. In 1905 he was transferred to Rumania, to Denmark in 1910, and to Japan in 1912, with the rank of ambassador.

Elmer A. Sperry, winner of the \$50,000 prize offered by the French war department for a stabilizer which makes aeroplane flying safe, is an American, a resident of New York. The test was made at Paris. The inventor first attracted wide attention in this country by a gyroscopic compass, which is now used by the warships of a number of nations. It is asserted that his latest invention makes aeroplanes safe under almost any circumstances.

Professor Meyer Bloomfield, who will leave soon for Palestine as a member of a commission of three appointed by some of the leading philanthropists of this country to make a social survey of the needs and the problems of the Holy Land, is the Harvard University lecturer on vocational guidance and special professor of this subject at Boston University. The United States government has sent Professor Bloomfield on several important missions. In 1911 the War Department sent him to investigate social and educational problems in Porto Rico. Stimson put into effect a number of recommendations in that report. In 1912 he visited the Indian schools of the country, particularly those along the Pacific Coast, for the Department of the Interior. He has been in California for some time, lecturing at the State University.

Eleanor Brent, who will be Everywoman next season in Henry W. Savage's production of Walter Browne's morality play of that name, set out to be a physician. She is a daughter of the late Dr. Armstrong of Washington, D. C., who was a member of the medical faculty at George Washington University. After finishing at the National Cathedral School, Miss Brent entered George Washington University and took the medical course. She studied for three years, but in 1905 she gave it up to go on the stage.

Rare Chinese Sculptures.

Rare Chinese sculptures have recently been added to the collection in the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art. The more important of the pair is a stone statue of the goddess Kouan Yin, which last year was one of the sensations of the Exposition of Asiatic Arts in the Museum Cernuschi in Paris. This statue came out of one of the Longmen caves and belongs to a group of sculptures most important in the development of the art in China. They were executed between 523 and 675 and represent the height of Chinese art under Buddhist influence. The second Chinese sculpture recently acquired is a head of Bodhisattva. It is regarded as expressive in a high degree of the harmony and mysticism, the serenity and majesty so characteristic of Buddhist sculpture. Numerous heads of this kind have recently been exported from the caves of China from which they were excavated, but none is regarded as equal to this as a specimen of Chinese sculpture. It dates from the sixth century.

Shakespeare for twopenny (soldiers, sailors, postmen, and Boy Scouts in uniform half-price), and a good ragtime tune thrown in between every scene is as much as any one can expect, and it is provided at "The Old Vic," in Waterloo road, for all who care to go (says the London Express). "Twelfth Night" was the play last night, and a great many did care to go.

Are You Satisfied?

Seems an odd question to ask, but it is worth considering. Men gain satisfaction through work well done, but the moment a man declares himself satisfied with his place in the world, perfectly content with all conditions, that moment has his usefulness begun to deteriorate—he is slipping. He has planted his feet on the downhill grade, even though he may not realize it. He is going instead of coming. The business house which makes a similar statement is doomed in time. It may have built up a large trade, but it is putting itself in a position to be shoved aside by some hustling competitor which is not satisfied with conditions, and is devoting time to the study of supplanting old methods with new.

No business house today would be satisfied with oil lamps; yet it was not so many years ago that they were in use. Neither would a firm for a moment think of using heating stoves to keep the place comfortable. Nobody would hire a man to make a trip and canvass for business if the transaction could be perfected in a few minutes by telephone from the office. A Massachusetts farmer recently used the 'phone in his home and sold a big crop of onions to city commission houses, and at a time when some of his neighbors were letting their crops rot in the field—didn't know where to look for a market. But he wasn't satisfied, and he believed in modern methods. Electricity helped him.

Now, the question is, are you satisfied with your power? If the power you are using isn't giving entire satisfaction it is time to make a change, for you can get power that will give entire satisfaction, and give it cheaper than private plants can produce it. That is the power supplied by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, furnishers of the famous "Pacific Service," which now covers two-thirds of the State of California. "Pacific Service" is quick, always reliable, economical. It is always ready. It has demonstrated its low cost and its thorough efficiency by replacing numerous private power plants, whose owners were not satisfied with existing conditions. It is the power that makes the wheels go round at the great Union Iron Works; it has taken the place of the private plant at the Suto Baths, and the city of San Francisco is using "Pacific Service" to operate its street-car lines, rather than manufacture power at a steam plant.

These are but a few of the large contracts which have demonstrated the superiority of "Pacific Service" in this city. In the country districts similar conditions are met, in proportion to population. Even the farmer is no longer satisfied. He is a man of action now. He has learned that he can not depend upon Nature for rain, so he produces artificial rain, and finds it a big improvement on Nature. A well is put down and he installs an electrically driven pump. The Pacific Gas and Electric strings a wire to his pump, he turns a lever and water gushes forth to make his land bear a rich harvest. Water is his when he wants it. He can laugh at dry spells.

For the man who contemplates the use of electric power for any purpose the Pacific Gas and Electric Company maintains a department which he will always find at his disposal. Engineering advice is furnished without charge, and all problems, large or small, are gladly worked out.

VANITY FAIR.

Every now and then some one sends us a copy of a ladies' newspaper with some blue-penciled paragraph indicating an editorial opinion of something said in this column. The opinion is frequently of the admonitory kind and intended to do us good. Sometimes there is a suggestion of militancy. Sometimes it is merely explanatory of woman's great work in the world, as for example of Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman's ideal of the home of the future, which will be supplied with comestibles through a sort of subterranean sewer and where the children's little noses will be wiped at stated intervals by machinery. But we have just received a copy of the *Ladies' World* and with no blue pencil markings. Perhaps we are intended to read the whole of it, or at least those parts that can be read by a pure male mind without embarrassment. We skip hurriedly the opening article, which asks us to "leave false modesty behind" and announces its intention to "deal frankly with a sacred subject." We are sure mother would not like us to read that. When a woman announces that she will "leave false modesty behind" or "deal frankly with a sacred subject" we begin instinctively to blush. We know what is coming. We know that she is about to say something that would make an alligator blush. Why a woman came to us the other day to enlist our sympathy for the great cause of eugenics and she said at once that she would leave false modesty behind, or words to that effect, and the things she told us were a perfect revelation. Certainly she left false modesty behind, all kinds of modesty, and a long way behind. We blushed for our sex and began to wonder if we were really doing the maidenly thing in going to an office at all and exposing ourselves to that sort of information. Like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, it was "extensive and peculiar." We understand now why we are so cussed and why we ought not to have been born at all. So we skip that first article.

Then come two pages on "Progressive Motherhood." We skip that, too, not sounding quite nice. The next on the list is an article by a lady who explains how she persuaded her little boy not to say "Gottamit," a very natural thing to say, we should imagine, in that particular household. Probably the cat said it, too, if the truth were known. The lady also recommends the training of the father, because "you can create habits in him as well as in the children." So we should suppose, poor beast, and the habit of saying "Gottamit" among them. But at last we come to the real cream of the whole article. Now at last we know why the *Ladies' World* was sent to us. It is an article entitled, "When You Have Eaten the Melon, Here Is a Use for the Seeds." The lady says she does not know who made the first melon seed bag, and so we shall have to restrain our murderous impulses until the criminal has been detected, Gottamit. But the title is a suggestive one. How would it do to have a series? For example, "When You Have Eaten the Potato, Here Is a Use for the Peel." Almost anything can be used nowadays for the gleeful and ecstatic squandering of time. What is time anyway? There is no charge for this suggestion.

But think of the criminal waste of melon seeds. First, says the writer, you eat your melon. You will notice that she begins at the beginning. You will also notice the precision of the process. A good many people would be simply bewildered to know how to get the seeds out of the melon. Then the seeds must be washed and dried. We are told exactly how to do this. Then you put them in a tin box until you are ready to use them. This, says the writer, is a "necessary precaution." You see you might be taken with an insane atavistic impulse to throw them into the garbage can, and a good job, too. Then you get a saucer with a little water in it. Not too much water, just enough, as they say in the cook books. You put fifty seeds into the saucer just to start with, and you "add a few from time to time."

But it would be hardly fair to give away the whole thing. It is a minute, definite, precise, and detailed process, and it is described in that exuberantly confidential way so popular with lady writers. On no account use a sewing needle. Use a bead needle, but a sewing needle will do just as well. No, we will not divulge the whole secret. We will quote a single passage just to whet the curiosity of the Bricklayers' Union and the Stock Exchange and let it go at that. Here it is: "Begin the next row by passing the needle through the thick end of one of the seeds, then through the pointed end of a fresh seed, through one bead, through the pointed end of another fresh seed, then through the thick end of the second seed in the first row (counting from the seed where this second row was started). Now through two beads, then through the thick end of the third seed in the first row, through the pointed end of a fresh seed, through one

bead, through the point of another fresh seed, through the thick end of the fourth seed in the first row, through two beads." Finally there are various pictures of completed bags, and naturally they can be decorated in any way you wish. For example, you could embroider the word Gottamit across the face or any little sentiment of uplift that may occur to you.

The feminists have so often implored us to gaze upon the animal world for examples of a true sex relationship that we have acquired the habit of keeping a heedful eye on zoological reports. For this reason we have noted carefully a statement in the *London Standard* to the effect that the annual exhibition of the Royal College of Surgeons contains many examples of that remarkable change of external sex characteristics which often occurs in certain species of birds, notably the pheasants, and is usually associated with infertility or old age, or both. A very interesting example is a peahen believed to have been thirty years old at the time of its death. This bird laid no eggs for some years before death, but assumed male plumage to a marked degree. Among other examples was a Japanese pheasant which towards the end of its life ceased to lay eggs and assumed male plumage, and a hen golden pheasant which also assumed male characteristics in its old age. Curious, is it not?

A recent divorce case in New York has revealed the fact that the dictagraph is now in common use by jealous wives who suspect their husbands of undesirable conversation with other women. In this particular instance the wife had installed a dictagraph in order to overhear her husband's conversation with his women patients, and we learn with surprise that there is a company for the express purpose of promoting this sort of thing, and no doubt it does a flourishing business. There was a time when it was considered dishonorable even to wish to overhear a private conversation, but then this was before the advent of feminism and the preaching of the gospel of sex hate. *Nous avons changé tout cela.*

Women marry (asserts a correspondent in the *Times*) for looks—for the right sort of looks to a woman's eyes—namely, for an appearance that a woman judges to be indicative of strength in a man; of noble self-control; of independence of spirit; of "no nonsense" and a fixed purpose—"the sort of man," as a woman entirely too good for the man she did marry once said, "whom I can depend upon in times of danger."

In Homeric days, no doubt, it was a wise aim; better marry Agamemnon or Hector than charming Paris; though Paris, after all, had a good many of the gods, and those not the least powerful, on his side. Today it is scarcely the same. Crises of the Homeric sort are fewer. What a woman wants is not so much a man who will rescue her from a house on fire so much as a man who will be pleasant and patient continually when the house stands monotonously as it does. What you want is a man who will always be agreeable rather than occasionally heroic.

It is pitiful to see a woman who has married a past or potential hero looking across at him, during dinner, and wondering why heroes are (apparently) so cross, so silent, so fond of whisky, and so given to the wearing of huge hohnailed boots about the house.

For that indeed, we complain, is the sort of looking man a woman "depends upon." We meet him from time to time and find him exceedingly boring. His clothes—heroic clothes—are of the loose-jacket, clod-hopping type, and he smokes dreadful old pipes. He obviously despises such things as pleasant talk, pictures, books, flowers, and he likes animals only in so far as they help him to kill other animals.

Still, in a fire— But now, that is precisely the point. Does this strong man, this clod-hopping mighty silent man—does he turn up finely in a fire? And, who knows?—if you marry for amiability you may—it is just conceivable—marry a hero also. Not all good conversational husbands turn out failures in a fire.

With the *Finland* and the *Kroonland*, the International Mercantile Marine Company will open a steamer service between New York and San Francisco in 1915, by way of the Panama Canal. The *Kroonland* will sail on May 1. This is the first definite announcement of any company of a regular passenger service through the Canal to San Francisco. The steamers are of 12,185 gross tons, and are modern in every particular. The trip one way will require fifteen days.

"Girls ought to be taught how to stand and hold themselves. I suppose, Mrs. Comeup, you want your daughter to have a good carriage?" "Indeed, she don't need none. We can afford to buy her an automobile now."—*Baltimore American.*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

One day two farm laborers were discussing the wisdom of the present generation. Said one: "We be wiser than our fathers was, and they were wiser than their fathers was." The second one, after pondering awhile and gazing at his companion, replied: "Well, Garge, what a fule thy grandfayther must 'a' been!"

The senator and the major were walking up the avenue. The senator was more than middle-aged and considerably more than fat, and, dearly as the major loved him, he also loved his joke. The senator turned with a pleased expression on his benign countenance and said, "Major, did you see that pretty girl smile at me?" "Oh, that's nothing," replied his friend. "The first time I saw you I laughed out loud!"

A man was brought before the Leeds magistrates on a charge of theft. He had no one to defend him, so the judge requested a smart young lawyer to take him into an ante-room and give him the best advice he could. Five minutes later the lawyer, to the surprise of the judge, reappeared in court alone. "Where's the prisoner?" queried the magistrate. "You told me to give him the best advice I could, your worship, and—" "Of course I did. Well?" "Well, I did so; and the culprit is gone."

Secretary Garrison of the War Department was once being interviewed by an indiscreetly inquisitive journalist, who contradicted and cross-examined the Secretary till at last the worm turned. "How long do you hope to retain office?" asked the interviewer. Very promptly Mr. Garrison asked, "How long is a piece of string?" The interviewer stared at him in astonishment. "I—I don't know," he gasped. "Neither do I," said the Secretary cordially. "I'm glad we've agreed about something. Good-morning!"

An aged mountaineer who had never cared to go farther than the nearest cross-roads hamlet was finally persuaded to visit relatives in the big city. The first night they took him to a moving-picture show, an institution entirely foreign to him. "How did you enjoy it, uncle?" he was asked on the way home. "Hit wuz cert'nly a mighty fine show," and here his voice changed to one bordering on fear as he continued, "but I wuz stricken in thar. Yes, suh; my hearin' left me complete, an' I never wuz able to hear one word them actors said."

It was a hard-headed Scotsman, and he was in conflict with that enemy of mankind, the jobbing gardener. The question was the price of a barrow-load of potting-soil, which the gardener had just wheeled in. The gardener demanded a shilling; the Scotsman offered ninepence. "Why, sir," pleaded the gardener; "gentlemen pay me ninepence when they come and borrow my barrow and take away the soil themselves." "Ye're no tellin' me?" said the Scotsman. "Then ye maun jist wheel that barrow-load back again. I'll be roon' at yer place in ten meenutes."

There was one young woman in the box party at the theatre who took no part in the noisy clatter and giggle. With her gaze fixed upon the stage she watched the progress of the play, indifferent to the gayety around her except that her delicate, aristocratic, finely chiseled features bore a look of weariness and a scornful smile curled her lips. At last, however, she turned her head slowly and looked at the other members of the party. Then she spoke to the elderly matron sitting by her side. "That chicken in the blue kimono," she said, "thinks she is the whole custard!"

A long wisp of artificial grain that served as a stick-up on the sweet girl's hat was placed horizontally, so that it tickled up and down the face of the man who sat next to her in the street-car, until it came to a resting place with the end nestling in his right ear. After the car had traveled a few blocks the man was seen to remove from his pocket a large jackknife, which he proceeded to strop on the palm of a horny hand. Excitedly the girl inquired: "Why are you doing that?" "If them oats gits in my ear again," the man ejaculated, "there's gonna be a harvest."

When Tom Shipp was running for Congress in Indianapolis he received a visit one day from a colored man. "Mr. Shipp," said the visitor, "you've got a bunch of negro voters in your district, and they probably want some money." "Yes," agreed Shipp weakly. "Now, Mr. Shipp," pursued the self-elected adviser, "don't you go paying those fellows individually. That's not the way to

handle them. The right way is to find an influential negro, the most solid citizen among them, and give him the money and let him distribute it as he sees fit for the delivery of the votes." Being opposed to the use of money in elections, and not having any money anyway, Shipp welcomed this advice with a long and well-developed silence. "Mr. Shipp," said the visitor finally in an extremely confidential tone, "I've got a lot of influence among those niggers."

One afternoon two pretty girls rambled up to the platform of a country railroad station. Evidently, from their dress and manner, one of the fairies was going to take the train and the other had come to see her off. Eventually the train steamed into the little station, but the traveler seemed in no great hurry to get aboard. With watch in hand the conductor waited. Finally he looked toward the fair passenger impatiently. "Madam," said he with another glance at his watch, "if you are going on this train you must get aboard." "Just a minute," returned the passenger, with a flustered expression. "I must give my sister a kiss." "Get aboard, miss," obligingly responded the conductor. "I will attend to that."

Following a disastrous fire in a Western city, many men and women gathered to look at the ruins. Some of the men, seeing that a wall near which they were standing was toppling, made haste to get out of the way, and narrowly escaped being crushed. Johnny Dugan, a good Irish citizen, was so near the wall that he could not escape with the others. So, whirling about, he made for a door in the wall, burst through it, and came out on the other side safe, and evidently very proud of his exploit. Women who had shut their eyes and shrieked when they saw his danger now gathered round him in great joy, and cried out: "Praise heaven, Johnny Dugan! Down on your knees, and thank heaven!" "Yis, yis," said he, "and I will, but wasn't it inanevous in me, now?"

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Job Never Ends.

I voted, oh, I voted
My country dear to save.
Each boss I sternly noted
And told him to behave.
Though oft in oratory
I bade the eagle soar,
It is the same old story,
I've got to vote some more.

I voted, oh, I voted
For tickets of reform.
And speeches I have quoted
Whose words were brave and warm.
Yet business seems unfinished,
Just as in days of yore,
With ardor undiminished,
I've got to vote some more.

—Washington Star.

The Unfortunate Magnate.

"He's ill again," the doctor said,
"And can not see a soul;
For all his wealth," the doctor said,
"He pays the usual toll.
His pulse is high and low by turns,
His fever strangely veers.
Acute investigation is
The malady he fears."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

And Next?

When grandma toured in foreign parts,
Her letters were an education—
Twelve pages of impressions, sights,
Heights, distances, and population.

Mother, doing Europe,
In four pages told
Whom she met and where the best
Gowns and hats were sold.

Maud, abroad,
Gets all she's able
Upon two post-cards
And one cable.

—Life.

She'd Grin and Bare It.

Cried Maude, "My gown is cut so low,
I am ashamed to wear it!
But though my back will make a show—
I'll have to grin and bare it!"

—Town Topics.

Humors of Law.

We laugh at old Wouter Van Twiller
Whose mode of deciding a case
Was to go by the looks and the weight of the
book
Which the lawyers brought into his place.
We jest at his manner of judging
Because it is queer in our eyes,
And the erudite way of our jurists today
Shows up as decidedly wise.
For now they determine on justice
By means that are noble to see
By a comma misplaced in a proofreader's haste
Or the failure of crossing a "t."
And having thus climbed to perfection,
To justice sans error of flaw,
Our laughter rings shriller at Wouter Van Twiller
And his way of deciding the law.

—The Docket.



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ocratic) and Argonaut..... 4.30
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Argonaut..... 4.25
Woman's Home Companion and Argonaut 4.75
Youth's Companion and Argonaut..... 5.50

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Colonel George Harrison, U. S. A., and Mrs. Harrison have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Leila Harrison, to Lieutenant Geoffrey Keyes, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A. Miss Harrison is a cousin of Lieutenant Ralph Crystal Harrison, U. S. A. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

Rear-Admiral William H. Whiting, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Whiting have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Marie Whiting, to Ensign James Harvey Taylor, U. S. N., who is at present attached to the U. S. S. *Denver*.

The wedding of Miss Florence Orr and Mr. Virgil William Jorgensen took place Tuesday evening at the First Unitarian Church. Following the ceremony a reception was held in the gray room at the Fairmont Hotel. Miss Aimée Jorgensen was the maid of honor and the bridesmaids were the Misses Esperance Ghirardelli, Helen Fowle, Roberta Haslett, and Helen Guber. Mr. Sidney Bibero attended Mr. Jorgensen as best man, and the ushers were the Messrs. Lloyd Crellyn, Noble Newsome, Ashley Porter, and Alfred Ghirardelli.

Mr. and Mrs. George Richardson entertained a number of young people at a dance Thursday evening at their home in Sausalito in honor of their daughter, Miss Martha Richardson.

Mrs. Benjamin P. Brodie was hostess at a tea recently at her home in Santa Barbara in honor of her house guest, Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing.

Baron and Baroness von Schaick gave a dance Thursday evening at the San Mateo Polo Club in honor of Captain von Schoenberg and the officers of the German cruiser, *Nuernberg*.

Mrs. Frank Proctor was the complimented guest at a luncheon Wednesday given by Miss Marguerite Doe at the Santa Barbara Country Club.

Mrs. Norval Nokes was hostess at a tea Tuesday afternoon at her home on Broadway in honor of Mrs. Ord Preston of Washington, D. C., who is visiting her parents, General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray.

Mr. Percy King gave a dinner and theatre party Wednesday evening in honor of Mrs. Norma Ames and her fiancé, Mr. Harry Scott, who were the complimented guests again the following evening at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pike at their home on Pacific Avenue. Mr. Algernon Gibson entertained a number of friends at a theatre and supper party Wednesday.

Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst was hostess at a dinner Thursday evening at her country home near Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson gave a dinner Thursday evening at Pastor's. The affair was to celebrate the birthday of Mr. Anderson.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at a luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Club in honor of Mrs. George Bell, Jr., whose husband, Colonel Bell, U. S. A., has recently been promoted to the rank of brigadier-general.

Miss Leslie Page entertained a number of friends over the week-end at the home in San Rafael of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Page.

Mr. Samuel Morse was host at a dinner Thursday evening at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Mr. Harry Scott, who was also the complimented guest again Friday evening at a similar affair given by Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker at the Bohemian Club.

Miss Nina Jones was hostess at a dinner Saturday evening at the Hotel Potter in Santa Barbara. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker.

Mrs. Alan Macdonald entertained a number of friends at a bridge party and tea Wednesday afternoon at her home at Sealcliff in honor of Miss Ethel Bacon of Kentucky, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Graeme Macdonald.

Miss Edith Mau gave a tea Tuesday afternoon in honor of Miss Erna Herman and Miss Edna Lawrence of Chicago.

Miss Florence Orr was the complimented guest at a matinee party Monday afternoon given by Mrs. George Pressley, who later entertained her guests at tea at the Palace Hotel. Miss Esperance Ghirardelli was hostess at a tea Tuesday evening at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Orr.

Mr. and Mrs. George Monroe Pinckard entertained a number of young people at a dance Wednesday evening at their home in San Rafael. The affair was in celebration of the twenty-first birthday of their son, Mr. George Pinckard, Jr.

Mrs. Frank D. Madison was hostess at a luncheon Thursday at the Marin County Golf and Country Club in honor of her niece, Miss Miriam Beaver.

Mrs. Edward H. Hamilton entertained a number of friends at tea Monday afternoon at the Palace Hotel in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William

Randolph Hearst and Mrs. Martin H. Glynn of New York.

Mrs. Ord Preston was the guest of honor at an informal luncheon and bridge party Monday afternoon given by Mrs. James Potter Langhorne at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Pierre Moore was hostess at a tea recently at her home in Belvedere. The affair was in honor of her cousins, the Misses Elise and Jeanette Bertheau.

The Misses Marian and Kate Crocker will be the complimented guests at a dance Wednesday evening, July 29, to be given by their aunt, Mrs. Othello Scribner, at the Ingleside Golf and Country Club.

Miss Elena Eyre was hostess at a dance Thursday evening at the home in Menlo Park of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre.

Mrs. Felton Elkins entertained a number of friends at luncheon recently at the Santa Barbara Country Club in honor of her house guests, the Misses Ysabel Chase and Ernestine McNear.

Miss Dorothy Allison was hostess at a luncheon at the Santa Barbara Country Club Wednesday, when Miss Prudence Zeibig of St. Louis was the guest of honor.

Lieutenant Ralph C. Harrison, U. S. A., and Mrs. Harrison entertained a number of friends at dinner Wednesday evening at their home at Fort Scott.

Colonel J. W. Joyce, U. S. A., and Mrs. Joyce were the guests of honor at a theatre and supper party Monday evening given by Captain William Monroe, U. S. A., and Mrs. Monroe.

General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray gave an informal tea Monday afternoon at the Hotel St. Francis.

Lieutenant B. H. L. Williams, U. S. A., and Mrs. Williams entertained a number of friends at dinner Friday evening at their home at Fort Scott. The affair was in honor of Colonel Isaac W. Little, U. S. A., and Mrs. Little, and their daughters, the Misses Ruth and Mary Little, who left the following day for Washington, D. C. Colonel Little has been stationed at the Philippines for the past two years.

The Misses Ruth and Mary Little and Virginia Tobin were the complimented guests at a luncheon and matinee party Thursday given by Mrs. Wollen.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Major Sidney A. Cloman, U. S. A., Mrs. Cloman, and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett left last week for the Webber Lake Country Club. They were accompanied by Miss Natalie Campbell and the Messrs. Mountford Wilson, Jr., and Russell Wilson. The party was joined by Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving Scott and Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, who left Saturday in Mr. Scott's touring car. Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone will go to Lake Tahoe August 1 to spend two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drum have gone to Burlingame, where they will spend a month, having rented the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone during that time.

Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger and the Misses Evelyn and Genevieve Cunningham are en route home from Europe and are expected to arrive shortly at their country home in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope and their children and Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall with their two little sons left last week for Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver and their family have recently opened their cottage at Inverness after having spent the past two months in San Rafael.

Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing has returned from Santa Barbara, where she spent a week with Dr. Benjamin P. Brodie and Mrs. Brodie.

Mr. and Mrs. John Parkinson have returned to their home in Sacramento after a visit with Mrs. Parkinson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Richardson, at their home in Sausalito.

Mr. Francis Carolan returned Monday from a week-end visit in Monterey and has since been visiting friends at Lake Tahoe.

The Misses Kathleen and Aileen Finnegan have gone to Lake Tahoe for a few weeks' visit.

Mrs. William Bliss, Sr., and her daughter, Miss Hope Bliss, have come from the East to spend the summer at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Pease and Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Pease, Jr., left last week for an automobile trip through Oregon. They were accompanied as far as Crater Lake by Mr. and Mrs. S. Leonard Abbott, who will be away two weeks.

Mrs. A. V. Hunter has returned to her home in Denver after a visit with friends in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Moulton and their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Horatio Baker, have returned from an automobile trip to Oregon. En route home they spent several days at Shasta Springs.

Bishop William Ford Nichols and Mrs. Nichols spent a few days in Monterey as the guests of Mrs. George W. Gibbs.

Mrs. John Metcalfe and Miss Edith Metcalfe have returned to Los Angeles after a month's visit with friends in this city.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., has returned from Europe. Mrs. Spreckels went abroad with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Adolph Spreckels.

Viscountess and Viscomtesse Philippe de Tristan and their children have returned to their home in France to spend the summer.

The Misses Ernestine McNear and Ysabel Chase and the Messrs. George Nickel and Edmunds Lyman spent the week-end in Santa Barbara as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Felton B. Elkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Nat Messer and their little son have returned from a visit in Palo Alto.

Mrs. Edgar F. Preston has returned from Medford, Oregon, where she has been spending a

month with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Shepard have returned from Soquel, where they have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. William T. Sesonon.

Mrs. Eugene Bresse and a party of friends have returned from a motor trip to the Big Basin.

After a visit at the Hotel Potter in Santa Barbara, Mrs. Samuel Monsarrat and Mrs. Frederick Knight have gone to Beverly Hills to remain until August 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Norris and their little son have arrived from their home in New York and will remain several weeks in this city.

Mrs. Oscar Schultz of Dixon, mother of Mrs. Horace Clifton, has gone to Canada to spend the summer.

Mrs. James Carolan, Miss Emily Carolan, and Dr. Herbert Carolan are spending a few weeks in Monterey. Mr. Francis Carolan spent the week-end with his family.

Mrs. S. R. Rosenstock and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall are established in Monterey for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith have arrived in New York from Europe and are expected home within the next few days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell and their children are in Monterey, where they are occupying the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickman.

Mrs. Crawford W. Clark and her daughters, Mrs. M. C. Porter and Mrs. J. B. Wright, and her granddaughter, Miss Laura Baldwin, are traveling through Norway and Sweden and expect to go later to Russia.

Mr. John Parrott and his daughter and sons, the Misses Emelie and Josephine Parrott and the Messrs. John, Jr., Joseph, William, and Edmund Parrott, have gone to Santa Barbara to spend several weeks at the Hotel Potter.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry N. Stetson have gone to Santa Barbara for an indefinite visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll have returned from Lake Tahoe, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl.

Mrs. Mathilde Wismer and her son, Mr. Hother Wismer, left on Thursday for a three weeks' vacation at Castella, Shasta County.

Mr. Albert J. Lowenberg and Mr. William B. Foster have returned from an Alaskan trip.

Major Harry G. Bishop, U. S. A., has been detailed to fill a vacancy in the Quartermaster Department, vice Major W. D. Newbill, U. S. A., who is ordered to the Philippines.

Colonel Eben Swift, U. S. A., the new chief of staff for the Western Department, has assumed his duties in this city.

Major William J. Barden, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has gone to Vera Cruz to relieve Lieutenant-Colonel Clement A. F. Flagler, U. S. A., who is ordered to Washington, D. C., for duty.

Colonel George K. Hunter, U. S. A., is assigned to the First Cavalry to succeed Colonel Walter L. Finley, U. S. A., who will remain attached to the regiment as an additional colonel.

Lieutenant Maxwell Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Arthur Hagen of New York, and Mrs. Ord Preston have recently been visiting Lieutenant Conger Pratt, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pratt at the Presidio, Monterey.

Captain Orrin Wolfe, U. S. A., has returned from El Paso, Texas, for a brief visit.

Colonel Chase W. Kennedy, U. S. A., has been relieved from assignment to the Twenty-Third Infantry.

Mrs. Conrad Babcock, formerly Miss Marian Eels, has been joined by her husband, Captain Babcock, U. S. A., who has been on duty on the Mexican border. Captain and Mrs. Babcock are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parmelee Eells in

San Rafael, where they are occupying the home of Mrs. Henry Glass.

Major Sherwood Cheney, U. S. A., has been ordered to the Army Service School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and will leave this city August 1 for his new post.

Captain Herbert Brees, U. S. A., will leave October 3 for the Philippines to join the Seventh Cavalry. For the past two years Captain Brees has been aide-de-camp to Major-General Arthur Murray, U. S. A.

Captain Francis Lincoln, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lincoln, Captain William Hase, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hase, and Captain Lewis Turtle, U. S. A., and Mrs. Turtle have returned to Fort Winfield Scott after a visit in the Yosemite Valley.

Captain Peyton Clark, U. S. A., Mrs. Clark, and their son have arrived from Manila and have joined Mrs. Clark's mother, Mrs. E. G. Caldwell, at the Hotel Cecil.

Mrs. Harold Cloke, wife of Captain Cloke, U. S. A., has returned to her home in the East after a visit with her mother, Mrs. Thomas Findley.

Lieutenant Herman Trench Vulte, U. S. M. C., has joined the U. S. S. *California* at Mazatlan after a brief visit with his fiancée, Miss Edith Pearkes.

Ensign William Curtis Faus, U. S. N., left Monday on the U. S. S. *South Dakota* for Honolulu. Mr. Faus was recently married to Miss Mabel Owen of Pasadena.

Mrs. Irving Hall Mayfield and Mrs. James Lawrence Kaufman are spending a few weeks in Coronado.

Miss Candis Rees spent a few days recently at Yerba Buena with her brother and sister-in-law, Lieutenant Albert Rees, U. S. N., and Mrs. Rees. Miss Rees was en route from her home in Nashville, Tennessee, to Los Angeles, where she is visiting her brother, Dr. Harrison Rees.

Mrs. N. M. Drum is visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Lieutenant-Commander Ralph Pope, U. S. N., and Mrs. Pope, at their home in Mare Island.

James K. Hackett will not forsake the stage, despite the fortune left to him.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

H. M. Wright, master in chancery, has rendered a report to the United States District Court in which he finds that the 1913 gas rate, fixed by the supervisors at 75 cents, is unconstitutional. He bases this finding on a showing that the rate would pay stockholders of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company only 5.021 per cent, while the Federal courts have held that 6 per cent is a fair and just return on investments of this nature.

Miles Baird, son of one of California's most noted families, has voluntarily had himself placed in the Ukiah Insane Asylum, believing that by such course he will become himself again. His unusual action became known on Tuesday for the first time when his wife, Mary Spencer Baird, petitioned to be appointed his guardian. Baird has begun a determined fight to thwart her.

David Farquharson, pioneer architect and banker of San Francisco, died at his home on Sacramento Street Friday of last week. He was president of the California Savings and Loan Society, and came to San Francisco from Scotland in 1850. He was known for many years as one of the city's most prominent architects and many of San Francisco's fine buildings were designed by him.

President John Partridge of the San Francisco Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was elected an honorary member of the organization by the board of trustees last Saturday. Partridge has been thirty years in this work, a trustee since 1884 and president since 1903.

On Monday last the funeral of the late Frederick W. Dohrmann, of the Nathan-Dohrmann Company, was held from the family home, 1815 California Street. He died last Saturday, aged seventy-one years. Decedent was a native of Germany. He came to San Francisco in 1862. For more than fifty years he was a commanding figure in the commercial, social, and civic life of San Francisco. In 1897 he was one of the organizers of the present Emporium, and for several years was president of that concern. He was one of the organizers of the San Francisco Hotel Company, operating the St. Francis Hotel, in May, 1901, and up to his death was vice-president and director. Dohr-

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mann was one of the founders and a charter member of the Merchants' Association of San Francisco. In August, 1912, he visited Berlin as a delegate representing the 1915 exposition. His banking interests included a directorship in the Savings Union Bank and Trust Company of San Francisco.

Haruki Yamawaki, Japan's chief commissioner to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition and a distinguished figure in the affairs of that nation, has arrived in San Francisco.

Charles Appleton Hooper, pioneer redwood manufacturer of California, died recently at his home in Contra Costa County. He owned the Tormey, Loma, and Morgana ranches and founded the C. A. Hooper Company, the Excelsior Lumber Company, the Southern California Lumber Company, the Ross Lumber Company of San Diego, and the Redwood Manufacturers' Company of Pittsburg, Contra Costa County. He was a member of the Pacific Union and Union League clubs and of a Boston post of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Mrs. Belle Martin, a society woman, has been granted a divorce by Judge Griffin from Joseph Martin, manager of the National Ice and Cold Storage Company on the grounds of desertion. By agreement Martin is to pay his wife \$250 monthly alimony during the remainder of her life.

The civil service commission Monday night repudiated the appointment of the board of health of Mrs. Gewndolyn Newell and Dr. A. S. Musante as tenement-house inspectors, on the ground that the latter were not on the list of civil service eligibles for sanitary inspectorships.

E. J. Malley, who secured the contract for building the Mile Rock tunnel under Sutro Heights, has assigned his contract to his bondsmen, the Commonwealth Bonding Insurance Company, which will see that the work is finished.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Mary Weaver Kincaid was held last Monday. Decedent was a noted pioneer educator of the San Francisco school department. For years she was a member of the board of education. The simple Episcopal funeral service was read by Bishop W. F. Nichols. As a mark of respect to the memory of Mrs. Kincaid the police and superior courts closed at an early hour, the offices of the board of education were closed all day and flags over the City Hall, all the local schools, and many buildings in the city were flown at half mast.

An attempt to kill Dr. A. U. Fuson in his office at 2580 Mission Street was made by Elias Macrandreas, a restaurant keeper,

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Wednesday afternoon. Dr. Fuson, who was shot in the leg, owes his life to the presence of his father, who grappled with the assailant and prevented Macrandreas from taking accurate aim. For years Macandreas has cherished a grudge against Dr. Fuson, though the latter is unable to ascribe any reason for it. Macandreas was arrested.

The acid plant of the Leona Chemical Company of Melrose, formerly controlled by the F. M. Smith interests, has been taken over by Thomas J. Barbour, a capitalist of this city, in a deal consummated by the Smith advisory board of bankers. Although the amount involved was not announced it is estimated at more than \$100,000.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph O. Tobin has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Tobin was formerly Miss Constance de Young, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young of this city.

One of the most interesting discoveries made in recent times in Egypt has been unearthed at Meroe, where an observatory has been found at the bottom of a well in an underground bathing establishment, the advantage of such an observatory being, of course, that the stars could be seen by day as well as by night. This observatory, it is claimed, was evidently a copy of the famous observatory at Assuan, where the circumference of the earth was first determined—a work which was said to have been done at the bottom of a well. The chamber in which the astronomer's instruments were placed was ideally fitted for its purpose. Only a strip of sky was observable. On one of the stucco walls the astronomer has left a record of his calculations.

A hindquarter of frozen beef which has been in cold storage for eighteen years was on exhibition in a London market recently. Meat experts and buyers, inspectors, and cattle dealers, all united in declaring that it was the most remarkable piece of beef ever hung at a market stall. The meat was shipped from Brisbane, Australia, by the steamship *Duke of Portland*, in February, 1896. It is being sent back to the cold storage, and will, doubtless, be an object of curiosity 100 years hence.

Germany maintains its lead in the publishing world, according to reports read at the Congress of Associated Book Dealers of Germany at Leipzig. The German production of books during 1913 reached the total of 35,078 separate works, a slight gain over the previous year, and an increase of 10,000 since 1901.

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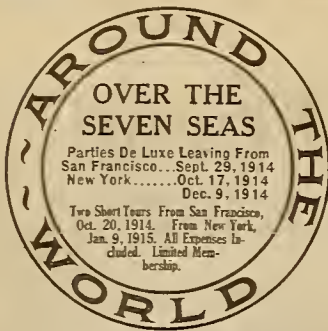
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Hair Dresser—Your hair's very thin on the top, sir. *Customer*—Ah, I'm glad of that; I hate fat hair.—*Tattler*.

Gabe—He claims he is a descendant of a great family. *Steve*—Yes, and he is still descending.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"Do you believe he's sincere?" "I do. He says such a lot of disagreeable but truthful things."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Every man says things he is sorry for." "Worse than that!" exclaimed Mr. Mushton. "Sometimes he writes 'em."—*New York World*.

Wigg—Do you believe it is unlucky to get married on Friday? *Wagg*—Certainly; but why make Friday the exception?—*The Club Fellow*.

Lady in Aisle (to lady in pew)—Are you Mrs. Pilkington-Haycock? *Lady in Pew*—No. *Lady in Aisle*—Well, I am; and this is her pew.—*Punch*.

Mr. Gotrox—That there sculptor feller says he's a-goin' to make a bust of me. *Mrs. Gotrox*—Henry, it's just terrible the way you talk. Say "hurst."—*Puck*.

Parson Black (sternly)—Did you come by dat wateh-melyun honestly. *Bruddeh Bingy*? *The Melon Toter*—Deed I did, pahson; ehry day fo' nigh on two weeks!—*Puck*.

"Mrs. Smith has a husband who pays her unremitting attention when she is away." "I would rather have a husband of cash-remitting attention."—*Baltimore American*.

Wife—Everything you have you owe to me. *Husband*—That's what Dr. Jones says. *Wife* Who's Dr. Jones? *Husband*—The stomach and nerve specialist.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Maud—Would you recommend the lawyer who got you your last divorce? *Beatrice*—Well, his charges are reasonable, but I've enjoyed more notoriety with others.—*Life*.

"De man dat insists on tellin' all he knows," said Uncle Eben, "keeps himself so busy talkin' dat he don't git a chance to git much real infohmation."—*Washington Star*.

He (meditatively feeling the lower portion of his face)—The jawbone is a funny thing, isn't it? *She*—Yes; and to think Samson slew so many Philistines with one of them!—*Judge*.

He—And, judge, she's lost a lot of my money playing hridge. *She*—Don't believe him, judge. I don't know a thing about the game. *He*—That's right, judge.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Is your husband a confirmed party man?" asked the smiling candidate. "Laws, no! He's quit dancin', and don't even attend his lodge reglar," answered Mrs. Wayback.—*Dallas News*.

"Can any one here tell me about Good Friday?" he asked of the class of slum children. "Sure!" cried the boy in the corner. "He was the guy that done chores for Robinson Crusoe."—*New York Sun*.

Old Husband—What was he doing the other night—that young masher? He seemed to be edging up pretty close to you? *Young Wife*—I don't know—I never worry about other people's business.—*Life*.

"Well, Uncle Ras," said the plantation owner to his faithful old man of all work, "I see that the abdication of Huerta has taken place." "Lan' sakes! Did dey shoot him or use de knife?"—*Livingston Lance*.

She—Don't you think we would hetter go back through England again on the way home? *He*—But we did England. *She*—I know it. But since we were there think of all the lovely new ruins the suffragettes have made.—*Life*.

"You persuaded your husband to join a glee club?" "Yes," answered Mrs. Biggins; "when he starts to sing at home I can now advise him not to tire his voice, and when he sings in the club I can't hear him."—*Washington Star*.

"I trust you don't spend all your wages." "That I don't. I only spend two-thirds. Two-thirds is all." "And the other third—you bank that, I suppose?" "No, I do better than that with it. I give it to the wife to run the house."—*London Evening Standard*.

She (sarcastically)—You were sitting up with a sick friend, I suppose. *He*—Yes. *She*—Perhaps, sir, you'll be good enough to tell me his complaint. *He*—Sure! He complained that we stacked the cards on him. He was good and sick all right.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Why do you insist on having your daughter take singing lessons?" "I want her to quit singing popular songs. If she goes into classical compositions we may be able to convince a number of people that the way it sounds is the fault of the music."—*Washington Star*.



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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The War.

The declaration of war by Austria against Serbia silences all present talk of conferences and agreements. By her summary and irrevocable action Austria has tacitly admitted that her complaint against Serbia is neither to be measured nor judged by the events that grouped themselves around the assassination of the crown prince. The terms of her demand for reparation were evidently intended to make compliance impossible, and although as a matter of fact Serbia was willing to submit upon every point her surrender availed her nothing. Austria was resolved upon war. The murder of the crown prince was a pretext and not a reason.

The real reason is to be found in the great racial antagonisms that for many years have been advancing slowly to the point of explosion. Mr. Sidney Coryn in a general discussion of the situation that appears elsewhere in the present issue makes it clear that the whole of eastern Europe has become the field

of conflict between Germanism and Slavism. Germans and Slavs stand face to face over all that great area and each is determined to dominate in language, government, and religion. The Czar of Russia stands at the head of the Slavs and the German Emperor stands at the head of the Germans, and both Czar and Emperor have resolved that there shall be a federation of their respective peoples and that it shall, if necessary, wipe away all existing frontiers. The triumph of one means the subordination of the other. Austria annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, not because she particularly coveted their territories, but because she wished to bring their peoples under German influence, and also because she wished to injure the Slavs of Serbia and prevent them from gaining access to the sea. She knew that her act must eventually produce war with Serbia, and probably also with Russia, but the stake of racial domination demanded the risk and she took it. Austria has now gone to war, not because of recent events, but because she judges the time to be ripe to rebuke the Slav pretensions and to inaugurate a German attack upon the Slav race.

To forecast the wider results of the war would be little more than guesswork, but there are some facts so obvious as to be inescapable. Russia and Serbia are nearly identical so far as Panslavism is concerned, and that Russia should assent to the extermination of Serbia is nearly unthinkable. Russia is likely to fight for any Slav country that asks her aid. She must do so or endanger her place as leader of the Slav world. On the other hand it seems unlikely that Austria should deliberately challenge the Colossus of the North unless she knew that she could count upon Germany. Austria is no match for Russia, while fully two-thirds of the Austrian army are Slavs, most of whom are likely to feel a greater allegiance to Panslavism as represented by Russia than to Pangermanism as represented by the Austrian government. It seems hardly possible that Austria should play such a card as this unless she were assured at least of a passive German support, and in this connection it is significant that Germany should refuse the invitation of England to join her in urging a conference of ambassadors.

If Germany should actually draw her sword in aid of Austria then indeed there is hardly anything conceivable that might not happen. France is still hand in glove with Russia, but we may question if she loves Russia more than she hates Germany. There is probably no actual treaty between England and France, but there is certainly an understanding, and England also has her little difficulties with Germany. That everything is possible may be judged from the flurry into which Europe has been plunged. The British fleet was under concentration orders within an hour of Austria's ultimatum. France seems to have assumed at once that she might be involved. Belgium began to take feverish precautions against invasion, while the stock exchanges everywhere were struck with paralysis. A combination of nerves and guilty consciences may account for much, but there are times when even nerves and consciences become portentous.

Perhaps the most disquieting feature of all is the frantic enthusiasm with which the prospect of war has been greeted. The great Russian strike melted away like snow at the first hint of national peril. From Vienna and Berlin and Paris we hear reports of applauding and cheering populace for whom, apparently, war can not come too soon nor last too long. Two years ago Professor Ferrero predicted that the overwhelming impetus to future war would come from the great new democracies, who would look upon conflict as no more than a chivalrous adventure, a sort of frolic, and a relief from the monotonic and tediums of existence. He said that it was the Italian populace

that forced the war between Italy and Turkey, as it was certainly the populace that produced the Balkan war. Certainly the professor seems to be justified by the present martial ardor in Europe. Humanity seems to have learned little if anything of the true art and science of peace. We are willing enough to wax sociologically pious over the theories of the peace advocates—theories that usually have nothing to do with the facts—but we rush for our rifles at the first touch of racial sentiment, at the first challenge of a racial antagonist. In the meantime we can but hope that the selfish terrors of Europe will be strong enough at least to keep the ring and to prevent the spread of a conflagration whose end no man could foresee.

Progressivism and Our Progressive Primary Law.

The theft of the name and control of the Republican party by the Progressives masked as Republicans is a lurid episode of the state's political history. The title and management of the party were stolen from those who believed in and cherished its principles for the sole purpose of destroying them. The Taft electors were deprived of their place on the ballot in the interest and at the behest of Governor Johnson, himself elected as a Republican. The Progressive candidates for senate and assembly universally sought office as Republicans. They brazenly took oath that they were Republicans, although the National Progressive party had been organized to extirpate the Republican party, and to the new organization one and all they had given their allegiance.

The last act of this delectable drama of political purity was performed only a few months ago, when the members of the Republican State Central Committee—composed of those same holy warriors of Armageddon who had stolen the management of Republican affairs—solemnly resolved that the Republican party was not fit to live and so had died; pronounced a funeral service over it, during which they gleefully kicked the corpse, and then went their sanctimonious ways to the bosom of Governor Johnson—there to receive their reward.

Picture the buccaneers of the Spanish Main justifying their seizure of a harmless merchantman and the slaughter of its crew upon the ground that they proposed to use the vessel for more worthy ends, and after having employed it to lure other innocent and unsuspecting craft within their clutches, finally scuttling and deserting it, with services solemnly conducted, with bell and Bible, with prayer-book and hymnal, as being unworthy of their lofty ideals and inadequate to their noble aims. Picture this and you have a parallel to the political piracy of our Progressives. But it must remain a picture. The buccaneers of the Spanish Main never in fact did such a thing, for, unlike their present-day decadent disciples, they lacked hypocrisy and possessed humor.

Even this attempted scuttling of the Republican ship was not done without dissent. Chester Rowell, censor of the morals of the Progressives, found ample justification for the continued possession of the stolen goods of the Republican party upon the high ground that the Progressives might still need them in their business. However, less timid counsels prevailed. The leaders believed that the state was theirs. They would not, of course, return the stolen goods, but they would destroy them. There would be no Republican party—just Progressives and a handful of distressed Democrats. So they called upon all their warriors to register as Progressives. And making one of their customary appeals to lofty patriotism, offered premiums and prizes to be bestowed monthly upon the county showing the "banner Progressive registration." So far these prizes have not been awarded. Neither that great Progressive leader, Tom Finn of San Francisco, nor that other equally disinterested patriot, Mike Kelly

of Oakland, has come forward to claim his guerdon.

This entirely inadequate review of the past political activities of the Progressives is made necessary to the understanding of their present contention. Whatever, they say, may have been their political errors (they will permit the use of no harsher word), they have more than compensated for them all and at the same time have shown their lofty motives by giving all the people and all the political parties a "new freedom" in their primary law. What is this "new freedom" which their boasted primary law has given to political parties? It is a "freedom" whereunder any political job-chaser may break into the councils of any political party. Nay more, he may break in to membership and control of every political party at the same time. Let us illustrate and for illustration take the case of our Attorney-General Webb. He is selected from the long list of Progressive office-seekers solely because he is supposed to know the meaning of the primary law as the legal adviser and attorney of the officers of the state. It is inconceivable, therefore, that he would do anything not countenanced by the letter and spirit of that law as well as by the highest ethics of his profession. It is not putting it too strongly to say that his conduct sets the example to every candidate of every party. Attorney-General Webb first emerged from obscurity as a very small cog in the Republican machine. He came from an interior county, and every recurrent convention year dropped the delegation of that county into the lap of whoever happened to be the Republican boss. Such fidelity in time brought its reward and he was nominated and elected attorney-general. He remained a part of the Republican machine and in office until the uprising of Progressivism. Then he whirled. There is no other word for it. If Herreschoff could design a boat that could turn in half the time and distance consumed by the attorney-general marine architecture would be revolutionized and there would be nothing to the forthcoming international cup race. For the attorney-general can turn as can a weather-vane. He needs no sea room—the pivot of his feet is enough. So he whirled, made obeisance to the rising star of Johnson, was purged and purified, and, as a Progressive, was given the same office. Under the clarion call to the faithful he registered as a Progressive.

Mr. Webb is still a Progressive. But he is not a bigoted one. Noting the tremendous surge and roll of Republican registration, he swiftly read its meaning. For he can read. It conveyed the accurate information to his astute mind that Progressivism had gone the way of a thousand other isms. He met the crisis with characteristic promptness. His emissaries were sent out to gather signatures to place him on the Republican ticket as a Republican candidate and on the Democratic ticket as a Democratic candidate. But there he stopped. He might have gone further. There were still the Socialist, and Radical Socialist, Prohibitionist, and Anti-Prohibitionist nominations. That he did not take them all speaks well for his self-restraint. When that other great man, Lord Clive, was arraigned before a committee of the House of Commons charged with plundering the people of India, he offered the bold defense that though he had taken something he might have taken much more. Our attorney-general may be heard to repeat his words: "By God! Mr. Chairman, at this moment I stand astonished at my own moderation."

Following the example of their law-guide, Mr. Eshleman, candidate for lieutenant-governor, Mr. Chambers, candidate for controller, Mr. Richardson, candidate for state treasurer, and a school of smaller fry, have all done the same thing. Progressives, one and all, and one and all standing for political purity and uplift. Could they in any way more convincingly declare to the people that they believe Progressivism in California is moribund as it is dead everywhere else, that they are job-chasers pure and simple, and that the fundamental principles governing their political activities is that the means are nothing, the end everything, and the end is office?

But what shall be said of a primary law which permits such practices? For it must be assumed, in view of the attorney-general's conduct, that it does permit them. The stability of our government depends upon the existence of organized political parties, holding divergent views on public questions, and each ready to assail the errors, wrongs, and encroachments of the

other. The organization of a political party is based upon the principles which it stands for. To that party come all who espouse those principles. In the past the party met by representatives in convention. The party principles were declared in the party's platform, and the candidates went before the people in support of those principles. Under the Progressive primary law, the party candidates are first elected. They meet after election and frame the party principles and platform. Note the situation. These party conventions by this same law are all required to meet on the same day and at the same hour. Assume that Attorney-General Webb is triumphantly elected as the representative of all three parties, Republican, Democratic, and Progressive. The astute mind of Speaker C. C. Young, who claims authorship of this amazing piece of legislation, detects but one trifling "defect" in his masterpiece. He recognizes the difficulty of the attorney-general, in the event of his election, being at three conventions at the same time unless he is a bird. But over this he need not grieve. The attorney-general is a bird. Mr. Young, possessing a Progressive mind, of course fails utterly to understand the true and serious objection to his law. Let it be put to him and to all the people in this way: The attorney-general is a Progressive. He holds the political principles of his party. Those principles are radically at variance with the principles of the Republican party and with the principles of the Democratic party. Indeed the principles of each of the three parties are hostile to the principles of each of the other two. Yet the attorney-general will be expected to attend each party convention and aid in formulating the doctrines and principles of each of the three. Having, we hope, made this plain even to Mr. Young, we ask him in all candor, will not such a task and duty strain even a master mind—the mind of our attorney-general? And, finally, let us suggest this. A and B, lifelong Democrats, strive for the Democratic nomination for attorney-general. A is defeated at the primaries. He can not attend his party's convention. B is defeated at the election by Pro-Rep.-Dem. Webb. B can not attend his party's convention. Their places are taken by a man who never has been a Democrat, who never has declared himself a Democrat, except to the extent of securing signatures to place him on the ballot to catch votes to gain office. And of this masterly piece of legislation the Progressives boast!

The "Programme."

Much of the impatience of Congress over the long-drawn-out session for putting through President Wilson's anti-trust programme is due to a growing sense that the whole business is for the doing of something which has no need to be done. Of what use, pray, is it to "strengthen" the Sherman law when that law is already strong enough for all the purposes for which it may be invoked? Where is the advantage in giving the Interstate Commission power to punish interstate corporations engaging in "unfair competition" when nobody knows what the phrase "unfair competition" means, and when there is already authority in plenty for dealing with restraints of trade? When it has been charged that pending legislation grants special privileges to organized labor the answer has been prompt to the effect that no such exemption is proposed. Then why meddle with the matter at all? Where is the rhyme or reason in special mention of "farmers" and "laborers" if farmers and laborers are to have the same rights and privileges as persons engaged in other pursuits and none other?

It is a common judgment that the proposed legislation will confuse rather than help the practical business of curbing trusts. It has been proposed, not upon the basis of any real knowledge of conditions, but as an answer to a campaign pledge. President Wilson's assurance to the Virginia editor some six weeks ago that plans for his anti-trust legislation were "complete," is just another illustration of the academic idea as applied to legislation. The President's idea of a "complete" bill is one bearing a good label—a title that would be satisfying to the country in so far as it demands further laws against the trusts. Probably he knew little of what the bill really contained and cared less, his concern being merely to carry out the platform promises by pretending to do something for the public. The bill—or rather the four bills taken together—have now been denatured to a point which leaves little

resemblance to the original "programme" as it came with the endorsement of the President and as swallowed whole by the obedient House of Representatives. It is better than it was, but it is still a confusing and useless piece of legislation. Probably the Senate will pass it under that species of irritation which oftentimes causes a woman to accept an importunate suitor for the sake of being rid of a bother and a nuisance. The House will of course accept the changes made by the Senate.

Then when the "programme" shall be metamorphosed into law we shall have something which nobody can duly align with existing law, something which will make confusion, increase expense and further burden the already too-burdened business of the country.

Interesting Case of Pure Politics.

Mr. Tom Finn, Governor Johnson's Progressive "leader" in San Francisco politics, espoused the cause of Mr. Lawrence Flaherty for Progressive senator from the Twenty-Fourth Senatorial District. He secured for him a place on the Progressive, Republican, and Democratic primary ballot, herein emulating the example of the attorney-general. Mr. Charles J. Powers, Democratic candidate for the same office, not to be outdone in statecraft, proceeded himself to obtain a place on the Republican as well as on the Democratic ballot. He succeeded. The next move was up to the Progressive leader. He was prompt in making it. Two days before the time limit expired he caused to be circulated additional petitions for Flaherty. In some Flaherty's name was written, others were blank. On the return of these petitions Flaherty's name disappeared and the name of Charles A. Powers appeared. These petitions gave Charles A. Powers a place on the Republican and Democratic ballots, but *not* on the Progressive. Note the singular similarity between the names of the Powers. Pronounced, they are almost exactly alike. Written, many careless voters would fail to observe the sole distinguishing difference. Clearly here was a master stroke of statecraft. Mr. Charles J. was bound to lose many votes to Charles A. Charles J. was Flaherty's only real opponent. Flaherty was Finn's Progressive candidate. All the candidates' petitions were filed with the secretary of state. It looked as though leader Finn had successfully "put one over," but here trouble arose. Charles J. did not play the game according to Progressive rules. He appealed to the umpire. He resorted to the Supreme Court. He brought honest and astonished electors who testified that they had never heard of Charles A. and had signed under representation that the petition was in behalf of Flaherty. In some instances Flaherty's name was on the petition—in other instances they took the word of the solicitor. No single elector testified that he had been asked to sign or had signed for Charles A. The Supreme Court unanimously ordered the secretary of state to deny Charles A. a place on the primary ballot, declaring his petitions and purported candidacy to be a gross fraud on the electors and on the *bona fide* candidates for the same office. Here is another outrage perpetrated by the Supreme Court on pure Progressivism. Isn't it time to invoke the recall? Incidentally it may be added that the Democratic County Committee is demanding a grand jury investigation of Mr. Finn's activities, to the end that he may be indicted.

The Clash in Dublin.

A curiously malign fate seems to hang over the Irish problem, a fate that persistently interposes some frustrating piece of human stupidity just when such an interposition will be most mischievous. Sunday's fracas in Dublin is a case in point. For many months the men of Ulster have been importing arms with the avowed intent to use those arms against the legal forces of the government. There has been no attempt at concealment on their part, nor has there been any real attempt at prevention on the part of the government. They have been parading, drilling, demonstrating, and orating, and so far from there being anything hidden or furtive about it the illustrated newspapers have been alive with photographs showing all these things in full operation. The Ulstermen have been creating civil war in the full light of day and by all known means, and not so much as the admonitory finger of a policeman has been raised in prohibition or dissuasion. Immunity such as this, conjoined with the instincts of self-

protection, not to speak of the Irish temperament, has naturally prompted the Home Rulers of the south to follow the example of their Ulster compatriots and enemies, but it seems with quite a different result. The attempt on the part of the Dublin Home Rulers to import arms has led to a clash with the authorities determined to prevent in Dublin the things that were done openly in Belfast. Soldiers, and unfortunately Scotch soldiers, were rapidly summoned, and in the ensuing riot four men were killed. The local authorities as well as the lord lieutenant are now hotly charged with Protestant partisanship and with the ruthless suppression in Dublin of the same acts that have been tolerated in Belfast for months and upon a very much wider scale. So far there seems no disposition to impute responsibility to the government itself, but none the less the tragedy has had the effect of paralyzing all legislative activities in connection with the Home Rule bill. Its ultimate results on a situation already strained nearly to the breaking point may easily be calamitous.

So true is it that stupidities breed stupidities and weaknesses weaknesses. If the Ulstermen may import arms and preach treason there seems no valid reason why the Home Rulers may not do the same and under the additional spur of self-protection. It goes without saying that neither the one nor the other should have been allowed to threaten violence nor to prepare for it. If the law had been enforced against the Ulstermen there would have been no need to enforce it against their opponents. But the Ulstermen were allowed to do precisely as they pleased, to prance, and parade, and prate to their hearts' content. Obviously there should have been a full immunity for both parties or for neither, but that there should be immunity for the North and not for the South, for the Orange and not for the Green, is naturally rather shocking to Home Rule susceptibilities.

It is, of course, a case of rank stupidity, but there are times when stupidity becomes a crime, and this is one of them. How unthinking, how uncalculating the stupidity must have been is partly indicated by the fact already mentioned that a Scotch regiment, presumably three-fourths Presbyterian, had been quartered in the midst of the dense Catholic population of Dublin and was called upon for active service on the streets. It is also an example of the fatal weakness in executive matters which seems to be the bane of modern democracy. Where all men are masters there can be none in command, and where there is no command there is no achievement.

Washington's Lighter Side.

When Mr. Joseph Tumulty went down to Washington to be Secretary to the President it was a common opinion that he would make a new high record in a position which calls for exceptional personal qualities—notably for social and political tact. Mr. Tumulty had been Mr. Wilson's secretary during the period of his governorship in New Jersey and was therefore more or less equipped at the point of experience. He was neither too young nor too old. He had the propensities and the habits of industry. Then Mr. Tumulty was an Irishman of the alert, gray-eyed type which commonly bespeaks the canny of a Scot, plus a much greater measure of temperamental graciousness. But the fierce light which beats even upon the steps of a throne is exposing certain defects in Mr. Tumulty's armor. While a man of many merits, Mr. Tumulty is likewise a man of some faults. He lacks *savoir faire*; his experiences, social and other, have been so limited as to leave him still more or less crude. He has a certain kind of political judgment, but he lacks diplomatic delicacy in dealing with men and things. It was in a measure Mr. Tumulty's failure to comprehend a sentimental situation which resulted in the President's blunder in the matter of the Memorial Day exercises at Arlington. And every week or two something crops up to show that Mr. Tumulty's hand lacks the light touch that his job requires.

It may be, probably is, more or less the President's fault, since many things go to show that there is a strain of childish peevishness in his character. At any rate there develops every week or two some incident which ought not to have happened. For example: Along about the time when the tolls fight was acute and when Senator O'Gorman of New York had wandered off from the presidential reservation, so to speak,

the President gave a dinner to the Senate Judiciary Committee. It was strictly an official occasion and should have been under the rules made and provided and sanctioned by precedent governing such functions. It happened that the Judiciary Committee was in session on the morning of the day the dinner was to be pulled off, though the Senate was not. As the committee was breaking up somebody said to O'Gorman, "We will see you tonight at dinner of course?" "You will not," said O'Gorman with one of his amiable grins. "I have not been invited." Senator Hoke Smith who has developed into an astute politician since the Cleveland days, when everybody spelled his first name with a J was astounded. He went to the 'phone and called up Mr. Tumulty and asked if O'Gorman had deliberately been left off the invitation list. Mr. Tumulty replied that he had; that in view of the course O'Gorman was taking in opposition to the President the White House felt that he should not be invited. Irritated both by the discourtesy and the stupidity of the omission, Mr. Smith told Mr. Tumulty that if O'Gorman were not invited all the members of the committee would stay away. Thereupon Mr. Tumulty made haste to send an invitation and to make more or less lame excuses to Mr. O'Gorman. Mr. O'Gorman, who knows more of men and things than Mr. Tumulty and the President both put together, smilingly—a bit cynically it may easily be believed—accepted both the excuses and the invitation.

An incident which shows that men, even men of large affairs, are just boys after all, especially marks the awkwardness, not to say stupidity, of another member of Mr. Wilson's official family. Senator Kern of Indiana, a leading administration Democrat, called upon Mr. McAdoo very recently begging him to use his influence, official and domestic, with the President to loosen the rein upon Congress and permit it to adjourn. "We've simply got to go home," he said. "A lot of Democratic seats in the Senate are in danger, and the hazard will be serious for some of our friends if they do not get back pretty soon and ginger up their campaigns. There is Chamberlain of Oregon for one. He is holding down a seat which by rights belongs to the Republicans. It is his personality that sustains him, and he ought to be allowed to go home and inject it into a fight which is hard even under the best conditions." "Oh, Chamberlain," snorted McAdoo; "we can spare men like him. Look what he did to us in the Panama tolls fight." This of course got round to Chamberlain, as such careless yet significant remarks always do, and it hardly needs to be added that it has not warmed him up to the administration.

Mr. McAdoo has defective sensibilities at other points. Among other things he is given to rather offensive misuse of the privilege which Washington yields to exalted official personages. He lives up on Massachusetts Avenue, just off Eighteenth Street, and being still full of the ardor which becomes a bridegroom, he goes home to lunch every day in a big gray automobile which he runs himself. Strict as the Washington police are with the commonality, they waive the speed limit where the higher officials of the administration are concerned. In most cases there is no disposition to abuse the privilege. But Mr. McAdoo seems to delight in so availing himself of the license of his official position as to exhibit contempt for the traffic regulations. When he goes home at the lunch hour he shoots his car up Sixteenth Street or Connecticut Avenue at a pace which would do credit to the chief of the fire brigade. He hasn't killed anybody yet, but he has scared a lot of old ladies nearly into fits and has scorched the coattails of more than one deliberate pedestrian. Washington doesn't like it, very naturally.

Famous as he is for equability of temper, Secretary Bryan now and again falls into a huff, mostly with the pesky newspaper men, who have ways he knows not of for getting information he wishes to suppress. The occasions are many, since Mr. Bryan has no order, no system, but leaves pretty much everything with which he is concerned, official and otherwise, at loose ends. Now the reporters on the State Department detail are mostly men of long experience and have a much more intimate acquaintance with the routine of the department than Mr. Bryan himself, with quite excellent

sources of information therein. So when Mr. Bryan calmly and in diplomatic spirit says such and such a thing is so when it isn't, or that it isn't so when it is, his version of the case is less likely to get into print than the true facts. Incidents like this happen very often, since Mr. Bryan is not master of the trick of getting what he wants by the direct method of telling the truth and of trusting those to whom he tells it to safeguard his secrets. This is the way that all successful Secretaries of State—all successful cabinet ministers in fact—manage the press. Mr. Hay, Mr. Root, or Mr. Knox never lied even diplomatically to the reporters. They either told them the facts of every case and committed them to silence, or else frankly declared that the matters in question were not in shape to be divulged even confidentially, and by these means won friendship and cooperation. But these men, you know, were Republicans, and this administration is unwilling in small things as well as great to follow anything bearing the look of Republican example. So Mr. Bryan continues day by day to make situations which put the reporters on their mettle, and they in turn make situations which embarrass Mr. Bryan. Then the erstwhile amiable Bryan loses his temper and makes scenes not entirely becoming to himself nor in the least helpful in securing certain reticences which he has no doubt good reasons for desiring.

It is admitted by the congressional wiseacres that Mr. Roosevelt is a very important factor in this year's congressional politics. If he shall discourage the nomination of Progressive congressional candidates, leaving the field open for a straight contest between Republicans and Democrats, there is certain to be heavy Republican gains. But if Mr. Roosevelt should promote Progressive nominations everywhere, the result would be Democratic success in many three-cornered fights. There is on the whole sufficient chance of Republican domination of the House to set many minds and tongues into speculative action, especially since through his endorsement of Hinman, the Republican candidate for the New York governorship, Mr. Roosevelt appears more anxious to conciliate than to oppose the old party. In case the Republicans should win the House this fall, who would be the Speaker? This question is now a good deal discussed at Washington. James R. Mann is the most likely man for the place. Without being the most brilliant figure in the House, he is easily the best informed and most industrious man on the Republican side. His present position as floor leader—a position which he has sustained with entire credit—makes him by common consent the probable man. None the less Mr. Mann would be strongly opposed. The conservatives think he flirts too much with the Progressive element. The Progressive element recalls the fact that he was Uncle Joe Cannon's right-hand man. Not long ago, when Mexican troubles were looming large, Mr. Mann expressed the wish on the floor that Roosevelt was in the White House. This did not endear him to Sereno Payne and other bitter anti-Rooseveltites. None the less it is believed that Mr. Mann would without much difficulty get the Speakership; and in truth he deserves it. He is a living demonstration of the principle that hard work in Congress carries a man farther than brilliant genius. He works all the time. Republicans and Democrats alike look to him to keep things straight. Speaker Clark really loves him, for he is a vital help in holding the minority to reasonable courses. Clark loves him, too, because he is a worker, Clark himself being the most strenuous worker that the Speakership has known this many a year.

This long-drawn-out congressional session, which holds everybody in Washington during what is ordinarily the vacation season, is having its influence upon the social diversions of Washington. Alas for the strenuous days! Croquet is coming back as a popular sport—or time-killer—in Washington. Everybody more or less is doing it. Senator Cummins, Mrs. Speaker Clark, and other higher-ups in official life have given it their endorsement. As a matter of fact it is about as active a game as anybody cares to play in steaming midsummer Washington.

So valuable is good date garden soil that the Arab will refuse \$5000 an acre for it. Through ages of cultivation it gives no indication of wearing out, hence its exceptional value placed upon it.

SLAVS VERSUS GERMANS.

The history of wars shows always a cause that is fundamental and persisting as well as one that is immediate and provocative. The short-sighted observer looks only at the latter, which is usually something trivial, and so wonders what all the fuss is about. Wars are actually gendered in the slow-brooding kinds of men and nurtured by the great and abiding sentiments of nationality and race. When these are matured into explosive magnitude comes the provocative incident as a spark to the magazine. But the actual cause of conflict is further back.

If we are actually on the brink of a general European war, as seems likely enough, its cause will not be the assassination of the Crown Prince of Austria by a Serbian fanatic. Princes have been murdered times without number, but such crimes have seldom or never led to war. Nations do not hold each other responsible for the deeds of maniacs. Nor would such a war be caused by Austria's aggressive demands for reparation. No such demands would have been made against Switzerland, for example, or against Greece, if the assassin had happened to belong to one of those nations. Evidently there must be some deep-seated reason for Austria's hostility to Serbia in particular, some reason that far transcends in importance the immediate act that has brought such a conflict into being. And the discovery of that reason shows that it is not to be removed by mediations or conferences. These might indeed have postponed the conflict, but they could not have prevented it. And that reason is the colossal movement known as Pan-Slavism. Arrayed against that movement is another colossal movement known as Pangermanism. These are the titanic forces now facing each other over miles of serried bayonets. Even though an immediate clash might have been prevented it seems to be on the book of fate that it should come at some time. Austria represents Pangermanism and Serbia represents Pan-Slavism. Behind Austria stands Germany, also and naturally Pangerman. Behind Serbia stands Russia, and Russia is Pan-Slav.

The Germans and the Slavs stand face to face in all the countries of eastern Europe, and wherever they are found thus confronting each other there are always the possibilities of civil war. The Pangerman movement may be said to have had its faint beginnings in 1813 after the overthrow of Napoleon. The war with Austria was a war for German supremacy in Austrian affairs, and the conflict has been continued by diplomacy ever since. The dream of a greater Germany that shall include all German-speaking peoples grew steadily into something more than a dream. It became a national ideal and a national policy that has been pursued steadfastly like all German policies. Every one knows the song that ends with the chorus:

O nein, O nein, sein Vaterland muss grosser sein.

Certainly every German knows it, and perhaps there is no other song that arouses a like enthusiasm. It means that the greater Fatherland must embrace all peoples using the German tongue, and this is the vision that has guided German diplomacy in her dealings with Europe. In accordance with that diplomacy the Pangermans raised a fierce protest against the Austrian decree granting to the Czechs the right to use their own language for official purposes as well as German. It was denounced as a blow to the Pangerman ambitions, and it was openly maintained that Germany should lend all her aid to the Austrian government to maintain the supremacy of the German element among her people and to keep the Slavs in subjection and subordination. Pangermanism is a real thing. From a sentiment it has become a national policy, not only in Germany herself, but also in Austria. It binds the Germans of Austria to the Germans of Germany. It is a patriotism without frontiers. It is a sentiment that looks over and beyond the existing national boundaries to a time when there shall be a great German federation granting its franchises of citizenship to all German-speaking peoples.

But Pan-Slavism stands in the way, and it is Pan-Slavism that has welded Russia and Serbia into a community of sentiment in the present crisis. The blow that Austria has struck against Serbia is directed ostensibly at Serbia, but actually at Pan-Slavism. If Russia should join hands with Serbia, as of course she will do, it will be in defense not so much of Serbia as of a menaced Pan-Slavism. She would do as much for any Slav people threatened by Germanism. But Russia was not enthusiastic for the movement when it was in its infancy. She was big enough to be indifferent to the demands for a great leader that were raised by the small Slav nationalities among whom the movement had been born. Moreover, Russia was a little suspicious of popular enthusiasms which, if encouraged, might easily turn against the autocracy. But Russia was speedily convinced. She saw that Pan-Slavism was a real thing and that it could be made to mean Russian influence in every country of eastern Europe. Through its aid she might easily absorb some of them, while she herself was far too big to be absorbed or even affected by them. While as for the perilous possibilities of a great popular movement within her own frontiers it was evident that there must be a popular Pan-Slav movement in any case and that it would be to the interest of the Czar to lead and direct it. From that moment of choice the Czar became the virtual leader of the Slav peoples. Irrespective of boundaries, he was the recognized chief of the Slav world. And pitted against him was the Emperor of Germany, or rather the King of Prussia. Eastern Europe was practically invited to make her choice between the rule of the Hohenzollerns and the rule of the Czar. Every country contains

alike the Slav element and the German element, the former working for the Czar of Russia, the latter for the King of Prussia. With the Slav in Constantinople we should see the eastern empire once more dominant and the dream of pious ages fulfilled. The bones of Constantine would surely clothe themselves once more with flesh to celebrate so mighty a triumph. Byzantium would be reincarnated. Here we find the key to all policies of eastern Europe. Actually there is only one policy, one cause, one quarrel. Every event, from the bullet of the assassin to a declaration of war, takes its place in the drama of conflict between the German and the Slav.

The Slavs mean business. There need be no doubt about that. Politics in eastern Europe is not a matter of money-making nor of personal ambition. It is a crusade, and God and his Holy Angels are its leaders. It is waged with all the fervors of religion. It evokes the passion of poetry and the fervor of oratory. Mr. Angelo S. Rappoport, writing over a year ago, quotes as follows from the Pan-Slav poet, Kollar: "The head of the dear goddess Slava (Glory) seated on a throne of gold, is Russia. The Lechs constitute her body, the Czechs her arms and hands, the Serbs are her two feet, whilst the other populaces are the weapons. Europe should fall on her knees before this idol, whose head is towering about the clouds and whose feet will shake the terrestrial globe. This giant-virgin puts one of her feet on the Bosphorus and the other on the Adriatic; she unites into one nation all the Slavonic races; Serbians, and Russians, and Poles, and all those who dwell on the banks of the Elbe, of the Weser, and of the Rhine. This nation inhabits an empire vaster than any other empire—and its boundaries extend from Mount Athos to Terglon, from Serbia to Breslau, from the land of the Cossacks to Ragusa, and from Kamtschatka to Japan. All this is the land of the Slavs. Slavism is discharging its roaring waves like a deluge." Now making all allowances for poetic fervor and for the divine afflatus, this is an extensive programme. But it fires the heart of the Slav, who is rather apt to think in poetry, a reprehensible proceeding by Western standards, but it is just as well to beware of people who think in poetry. They are apt to fight rather strenuously.

Danilevsky in his "Europe and Russia" gives us another glimpse of Slav ambitions. He says: "The European nations have either fulfilled or failed in their missions. Either they are in a state of stagnation or of rapid decay. Only Russia is young, fresh, and vigorous—and she has still the divine and historical mission not only to Occidentalize the Orient, but to cure and save old Europe by breathing into this old blasé the healthy spirit of the Slav. There is no general progress of humanity; there are only local civilizations, which begin, exist, and disappear. All the acquisitions of European culture, accumulated for centuries, ought now to be destroyed; they must disappear from the face of the earth and be replaced by a system reigning at Archangel, Vladivostok, and Sebastopol. A torrent of destruction will soon sweep over the Germano-Latin and Romance lands, and above the waters of the general flood only the lofty summit of the Kremlin will tower majestically. Societies which are old and have lived—which have fulfilled their historical mission—must leave the arena of the world, be they situated in the Orient or in the Occident. Everything that lives, individual, special, or biological type, possesses nothing but a certain amount of life, and must die when it has been used up."

Once more, this is an ambitious programme, but he would indeed be rash who should deny the possibility of its fulfillment. Europe has seen greater things than this. It means the submergence of everything that is distinctively European, it means the exaltation of Russia to the mastership of the continent. It is only fools who believe that God is necessarily on the side of the *status quo* or that he is particularly interested in established institutions. On the contrary God seems to be a good deal of a radical, as witness the Flood. If it should be the fate of Europe to pass under the harrow she certainly can not complain that she has not met with her deserts. Her collective policy toward the Slav world cries aloud to heaven for vengeance. She has sturdily disregarded the claims of nationality and has trodden humanity under her feet. Time and again she has taken these very Slav people, struggling to escape from the tyranny of the Turk, and has tossed them back to the shambles with a laugh of cynical contempt. She has divided them, and partitioned them, and allotted them, at her hellish conventions, and without a single consideration of justice or mercy. She has jeered at them in their sufferings and taunted them in their miseries, not remembering that they are as the very sands of the sea in numbers and that if the mills of God grind slowly they grind exceedingly small. If there should be war I sincerely hope that Russia will win and that Austria will cease to cumber and disgrace the map of Europe. And if Russia should then proceed to go further afield and to carry out some portions of her programme over the rest of Europe I think I could bear that, too, with equanimity. For we must remember that the Russian people are not the Russian autocracy. The Russian people are not represented by their rulers, and they may not for very long be represented by them even in name. The Russian historian is right when he says that Europe is worn out and that Russia is fresh and vigorous, unspoiled by wealth, and still with some remnants of the conscience that Europe has lost. But we shall see many things if we live long enough, and perhaps we shall not have to live very long to witness the drawing of a new map of Europe, and it may be the shifting of some of the national boundaries that have seemed to belong to the permanences of civilization. There are no permanences in civilization.

SINNEY CORYN.

HAPPINESS.

The Love That Endures for All Time.

In a villa rising upon a rocky promontory by the Mediterranean shore we were assembled for the five-o'clock tea.

The disappearing sun had left the sky tinted with pink and rubbed with gold. The sea, without a ripple, still shining under the falling daylight, was like a huge plate of brightly polished metal.

Far away on the right the jagged and snow-capped mountains were throwing their dark profile on the pale purple of the west.

We were speaking of love, discussing that topic old as the world itself and repeating things that had been said times without number.

The sweet melancholy of twilight had put a tender emotion in our souls, and the word "love," now uttered by the grave voice of a man, now coming out of a sweetly tuned feminine organ, filled the reading-room, fluttering about as a paradise bird or hovering as a spirit.

"Can love last many years?" "Yes," affirmed one; "No," denied another.

One was distinguishing the cases, one was establishing demarcations or citing examples, and every one was talking of that thing, commonplace but sovereign; that is, the tender and mysterious accord of two human beings.

Suddenly some one whose eyes were fixed on the horizon exclaimed:

"Oh! look! over yonder waters, on the sea! What is that?"

A gray mass, huge, confused, emerged from the light haze that floats almost all year round in these latitudes.

Some one said, "That is Corsica! One can see it about two or three times within a year when atmospheric conditions are propitious."

One vaguely distinguished the crests, one surmised the snow-crowned summits, and every one remained still, surprised, troubled by the brusque apparition of that phantom rising out of the sea.

At this juncture an old gentleman who had not yet taken part in the contentions resumed the interrupted conversation.

"Listen," he broke in. "On that island that stands itself before us as though it were anxious to answer what we were saying a little while ago, and to bring back to me a singular recollection of the past, I have known an admirable example of constant and wonderful love. Five years ago I made a voyage to Corsica. That savage island is more unfamiliar and seems further to us than America, although one can see it from our shores, as it happened today.

"Fancy a world yet in chaos, a series of strange, intermingled mountains attesting the sublime mightiness of the cataclysms of the past. No plains, but a system of gigantic shelves of granite alternating with swelling undulations. Here and there one discovers a wood of pines, or chestnut trees, throwing its dark-green over the brown of the mountainside, or else a village perched on a rocky cliff, as an eagle's nest. On the soil, uncultivated and desert, one does not come across a piece of carved wood, nor a bit of sculptured stone. Nowhere can be found a vestige of the ancestor's liking for that which is gracious and beautiful. What is more striking in that rude and strangely superb country is an atavistic indifference for the research of seductive forms called 'art.'

"Italy, where each palace full of masterpieces is itself a masterpiece, where the bronze, the metals, the marbles, and even the ordinary stones are proclaiming the genius of man; where the smallest things crowding the old houses are revealing the divine sources of grace, is for all of us the sacred country which we love, because she shows the proof of endeavor, of grandeur, of mightiness and triumph of creative intelligence.

"Corsica, bathing in Italian waters, violently contrasting with the country that is geographically her mainland, has remained as in her barbaric stage. Man lives there in his rustic dwelling, unconcerned for everything but his existence and his family's quarrels. He remains with the defects and the qualities of the uncultivated races; violent, hateful, and subconsciously sanguinary; but he is also hospitable, generous, and simple, opening his door to the traveler and giving his faithful friendship in return for a mark of sympathy.

"For a month I had been roving across and about that intensely picturesque island, with the sensation that I was at the end of the world. No hotels, no inns—even of the most modest type—no roads. To get to the villages hanging upon the mountainside one has to travel on the muleteer's trail and to edge precipices that bring to your ears the rumbling voice of the torrent. One knocks at the door of any one of the modest abodes, one asks for shelter, one partakes the humble repast of the family, and next morning one shakes hands with the host, who politely escorts you to the limit of the village.

"One evening after ten hours of march I reached an isolated house located at the bottom of a dale which led directly to the seashore. On both sides of the dale the steep slopes were composed of loose rocks, with here and there a cluster of big trees, giving to the

whole an aspect dimly picturesque. Around the house was a little garden with grapevines, chestnut trees, some fruit-bearing shrubs, enough to live upon, in such a poor country.

"I was welcomed by an old lady. A man sitting on a straw-padded chair rose up politely, then sat again without saying a word. The old lady turned toward me and said:

"Excuse him, please, monsieur. He is deaf now. He is eighty-two years old."

"She spoke so pure a French that I could not help asking:

"You are not from Corsica, are you?"

"No," she answered. "we are from the continent, but we came here fifty years ago."

"I felt deeply astonished at the very thought of that life spent in a lonely ravine, far away from any community. An old shepherd came in, and we took place around the table for supper. After a short repast composed of bacon boiled with potatoes and cabbages I went out and took a seat in front of the habitation. I was there, thoughtful, moved by the melancholy of the landscape and by that sadness that sometimes fills the traveler longing for home, when the old lady joined me, tormented apparently by that curiosity that always lives, even in the most resigned soul.

"So you came from France?" she said.

"Yes," I answered. "I am traveling for my pleasure."

"You are Parisian, perhaps?"

"No. I am from Nancy."

"At that juncture a strange paleness invaded her face, betraying an intense emotion, and she repeated slowly: 'You are from Nancy.'"

"The old man appeared, standing up in the doorway, impassable as deaf people are. 'Never mind,' she said upon my looking at him. 'He does not hear.' Then after a few seconds she continued, 'Do you know the people in Nancy?'"

"Why, yes; almost everybody," I replied.

"The De Saint Allaize?"

"Surely. They are my family's friends."

"What is your name?" she went on briskly.

"I told her my name, and she gazed at me fixedly. Then with that low voice that tells recollections of the past, 'Oh, yes! I remember! And the Brisenare—what became of them?'"

"They are all dead," I answered.

"Indeed! And the De Sirmont; do you know them?"

"Yes. The youngest is a general."

"The color that had come back into her cheeks faded again. She was under the spell of that emotion that makes one anxious to tell his mind, to speak about all things he had kept concealed, to utter names that will empty his heart.

"Yes, I know," she proceeded as her cheek flushed. 'Henry de Sirmont—he is my brother.'

"I gazed at her, overthrown myself by the surprise of that declaration. And suddenly I remembered it all. It had been a great scandal in that noble province of Lorraine. A young, beautiful, and rich girl had eloped with a petty officer belonging to the regiment commanded by her father. He was handsome—son of peasants—but wearing elegantly the blue dolman of the Hussars, that soldier who had run away with his colonel's daughter.

"Doubtless she had seen him, noticed and loved him, when the squadrons were defiling by her home. But how did she first speak to him? How did they manage to meet? How did she dare let him know that he was loved?"

"One never knew!"

"One evening, as he had obtained his discharge from military service, they disappeared. A country-wide search was made for them, but no trace whatever could be found, and as the time went by every one thought she was dead. And here she was before me in that gloomy ravine of Corsica!"

"Oh, yes," I said, blushing myself; 'you were Miss Suzanne de Sirmont.'

"As she nodded assentingly I noticed a stream of tears running down her cheeks. Then looking at the man who was standing immobile and impassable on the sill of the house, she said: 'That is he.'

"By the sweet fashion in which she glanced at him, and the touching smile conveyed by her lips, I understood that she still loved him.

"Have you been happy at least?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, very happy. He always made me very happy," she returned quickly. 'I never did regret what I had done.'

"I was momentarily surprised, marveling at the mightiness of that true and serious love. The daughter of rich people had followed that man, that peasant. She herself had become a country woman. She had adopted a life without charms, without delicacies of any kind. She had delighted herself in sharing 'his' simple life, never thinking of anything but him. And she never regretted the beautiful gowns, nor the jewels, nor the elegances, nor the warm and sweetly scented rooms all lined with rich hangings, nor the voluptuous softness of the downy quilts into which the rich plunge the body to rest. 'He' had been her only need; provided 'he' was there, she had no desire whatever. Very young she had forsaken society and those who

had brought up and loved her. 'He' only had filled her existence, and presently she was repeating that she could not have been happier!"

"That night, as I was still under the spell of the heartfelt emotion that her calm and touching confidences had put into my very being, as I listened to the hoarse breathing of the old soldier lying with her on their crude bedding, I dreamed of that strange and simple adventure, of that happiness so complete and yet made of so little."

"And next morning as the sun rose above the mountain tops and sent one of its rays peering down the ravine of the old lovers I shook hands with them and took my leave full of a deep and sincere emotion."—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Guy de Maupassant by Jack Norman.*

LOVE OR MONEY?

If the Footman Had Appeared at the Door.

Arthur Ferris was tall, blond, and handsome. He was also the possessor of a long head, inherited from the maternal side of the house. He was likewise a dutiful son.

His time had come. The in-every-way-desirable young person had presented herself. True, she was not so young as she had been; but, then, that was a mere trifle. She was just his own age, of as good a family as his own, and an heiress of considerable degree. She was not—well, not exactly handsome, and was rather inclined to what is politely called plumpness; but Arthur's mamma and Arthur's long head gave their approval. Arthur particularly approved the qualification involving a very neat fortune in her own right.

Besides, Arthur was getting a bit desperate. In fact, he had so far exceeded his own salary and the maternal allowance (which, by the way, was as large as Mrs. Ferris could afford), that nothing short of a miracle, or a matrimonial alliance such as he had been so long seeking, could save him from getting into very deep water.

And thus it came to pass that this winter found him engaged to Miss Bernice Field, much to the satisfaction of his mother, who was visiting in New York, and to whom he had, like the dutiful son he was, sent the gratifying news at once.

He was disappointed, however, on one point. He had pleaded artfully for an early wedding, but Miss Field had set her foot down with much firmness and said he must go through a long probationary period—all of which Arthur failed to understand. He had always been noted for his persuasive powers, and had flattered himself that Bernice, with her gentle, clinging, bud-like ways, would succumb at once.

Now be it known that Miss Bernice Field had not arrived at years of discretion for nothing. Neither had she, a not unprepossessing young person, with nearly a half-million in her own right, passed through the experiences of ten seasons without gathering unto herself much knowledge of the ways and wiles of wicked man. She had had, as might have been expected, offers to a high number; but, thus far, the gentlemen concerned had failed—by reason of their unanimous desire to touch her purse—to touch, in the first place, the all-important key to it, which was hidden away in her plump bosom. And Miss Bernice Field was worldly-wise in her day and generation.

She was certainly in love with Ferris—there could be no doubt of that. It is quite a certain that she was very seriously in love with him; but with the wisdom born of experience, she did not let him know one-half of what she felt for him.

If any one had told Ferris that he was just now in a very shaky position he would have scoffed. His chum, Ed Cross, who was spending the winter at the house during Mrs. Ferris's absence, had once suggested that "there's many a slip," but Arthur merely shied a shoe at him, and whistled serenely.

It was in this frame of mind that, one evening in February, he ran lightly up the steps of the Field mansion to call on her whom Cross unfeelingly referred to as his "little lady-love." It was warm, and the front door stood ajar. The little footman was not in his accustomed place, so Ferris, with the air of one who knew just where he was going, stepped inside. From the open door of Papa Field's study came the sound of voices in earnest discussion, and one of them spoke his own name.

He halted, irresolute, as would any one else under like circumstances. Papa Field was speaking:

"Of course, my dear, you are your own mistress, and I can only advise you. It seems to me, however, that you have done a very foolish thing to engage yourself to this young Ferris. True, he seems an exemplary young fellow, and he comes of an excellent family; but it is well known that he has only a small allowance from the estate in addition to a beggarly two thousand dollars' salary. How do you know it is you, and not your money that he wants? It is a brutal question, I know, but it is one you have probably asked of yourself a half-dozen times concerning other young men."

Arthur, out in the hall, standing in the same attitude a child assumes when speaking its first "piece" in school, winced, but waited for the answer. It came, in serious, thoughtful tones, which indicated plainly that

Miss Bernice, also, had considered this very matter.

"N-no, I am sure you misjudge him, papa. Of course I understand how he is situated financially, and—and all that. But I am sure he is honest and honorable, and that he—he cares for me very much. There are a thousand ways by which I can learn much that you can not, and—"

"Yes, yes; I understand. But suppose you should put him to the test; do you think he would come through—ah—er—unscathed, as it were? Suppose you should tell him that I had lost all your money and mine in unfortunate speculation—that we were beggars, and had not a dollar we could call our own? Are you afraid to try him?"

There was a brief silence. Then:

"I don't like to tell a falsehood, papa; but it would be only a 'white lie,' and perhaps for the best. Yes, I'll try him tomorrow night."

"That's my dutiful girl. Now run along and let me work."

There was the sound of a kiss, and the perspiring young man in the hall hastened to get out of the house. He wanted time to think, but the first thing that entered his head, as he reached the sidewalk, was a fanciful picture of the petite Miss Field, with her one hundred and sixty pounds of avoirdupois, "running along," and he smiled broadly. Then he walked rapidly over to the next street to catch a cab to his club, there to hold a pow-wow with Cross.

On the steps he hesitated a moment. "Had I better go back now?" he thought. "No; she won't have her little tale of woe ready, and might be put out if I call tonight. I might give myself away, too. Better have time to get my speech prepared." And this astute young man went in and proceeded to make himself comfortable.

The next evening, with his usual light heart and good spirits, he rang the door-bell of the Field mansion. Yes, Miss Field was in, Peter said. Ferris went into the drawing-room and sat down, running rapidly over in his mind the various tender speeches he had prepared for the emergency. Bernice was a long time coming, he thought, for one who expected him.

Presently she entered—slowly—heavily. Her head bent low over her ample bosom, and her breath came short and fast. Ferris went forward to meet her, his arms outstretched. He was something of an actor himself, and he knew it.

"Bernice! Darling! What is the trouble with my little girl?" (Another good stroke. Miss Field liked to be called "little.")

"Oh, Arthur, Arthur! I don't know how to tell you. It is too dreadful! Papa—"

"What! Has your father been—"

"Oh, no, not that, but—beware! Arthur, we are—beggars!"

And Miss Field, delivering these last words with wonderful impressiveness, hung her head and sobbed bitterly behind her lace handkerchief.

Then it was that Ferris, like the young man of action that he was, put his arm as far round his tearful fiancée as possible, and, with some difficulty, led her to a seat and pulled her head down on his glossy shirt-front.

He was very, very sorry, as she must know. But it was nothing. Her father would recoup himself—he had many influential friends. As for her, had she not him—her Arthur? He would not, he once interrupted her to say, permit her, through a sense of false pride, to cast him off now, when she most needed him. No, never!

He had three thousand a year. It was not much, he knew, but they could live on it. And did she suppose for one instant that he had expected to live on his wife's money? No! A thousand times, no!

"We will have a real quiet little wedding, dearest, and after it is over we will go quietly to our own little cottage in the suburbs, which you and I will get ready in the meantime, and there we will be the happiest couple in the world. What! Bernice, am I to understand that you laugh at my cherished plans?"

For Bernice had leaped to her feet and was laughing heartily.

"Why, you foolish boy, I was only teasing you a bit. Don't you think I'd make a good actress? Papa and I haven't lost a—"

Here was Mr. Ferris's opportunity. She had doubted him; oh, cruel blow. If she could not trust him now, how could she have any faith in him when they were married? Perhaps, after all, it were best—

And he strode haughtily to the door.

But this was not part of Miss Field's programme, and she did what any very-much-in-love female would do under like circumstances, so that, in a very few seconds, two people were sitting on a divan in a very lover-like attitude, indeed.

* * * * *

An hour or so later a young man, walking briskly down the street, was reflecting on the vagaries of chance and his own good luck.

If Peter had been at the door—if he had been ten minutes later—if he had sneezed in the hall—if—

"It was an awfully close shave," he reflected, and he stopped and shook hands with himself, much to the amazement of the policeman on the corner.

R. L. KETCHUM

DAVID AS A PURITAN.

Stephen Phillips Abandons Classical History for His Latest Drama.

Stephen Phillips, our one dramatic poet who can write actable blank verse, is gradually getting nearer his own generation. Not that his journey has been in strict chronological order, for after beginning with the thirteenth-century Dantesque characters of "Paolo and Francesca" he retraced his steps back to the classical "Ulysses" and then came down the centuries to "Herod" and "Nero." But now, in his latest drama, which H. B. Irving produced at the Savoy Theatre the other night, he has taken a long step forward to the England of the seventeenth-century Civil War. The progress of the poet, however, is more apparent than real. In subject matter he is where he was when he went to Dante for his text: that is, the theme of "The Sin of David" is the venerable topic of the love of one man for another man's wife. Hence the title. But if the Savoy play-goers expected to find David and Bathsheba and Uriah figuring in the cast they were woefully disappointed. Instead of being introduced to the court of the King of Israel they found themselves gazing upon the interior of a Puritan manor house, and in lieu of the men and women of Hebron the stage was dominated by the martial saints of the Parliamentary army.

According to the popular view of the Roundhead army, a view which is no doubt deeply colored by Carlyle's idealized Cromwell, it is nothing less than sacrilege to impute sins of the flesh to those godly warriors. That there was a David in their ranks is incredible. Mr. Phillips, however, is more deeply read in the literature of the Roundheads than Carlyle; he has had access to sources of information which were unknown to Cromwell's biographer, and those sources have given us pictures of the Puritan warriors which show that some of them were of like passions with the seducer of Bathsheba. Why, even as I write I have before me recent issues of *Notes and Queries* in which the diligent contributors to that problem-solving periodical are discussing once more the question of Cromwell's illegitimate daughter, while among the contemporary records of the Civil War which have been brought to light in recent years are numerous passages which show that there were many "lewd and wicked men" in the Parliament's holy army. The dramatist, in short, is on sure ground when he implies that David was not the last sinner to take a hand in the Lord's battles.

There is nothing improbable, then, in the business which was being discussed in the hall of Colonel Mardyke's manor house when the curtain rose on the first act of "The Sin of David." The time was the first year of the Civil War, when the Roundhead army had a great number of "tapsters" in its ranks, and the immediate theme under discussion was what should be done to an officer who had "enforced a maid." The godly Puritans were equally divided as to whether he should be shot or pardoned, but at this stage the commander-in-chief, Sir Hubert Lisle, makes his appearance and without any hesitation decides that the culprit is to be put to death. But even as he pronounces sentence Miriam, the young and lovely wife of the host, enters the hall with a flagon of wine for the distinguished soldier. She was as "beautiful to look upon," though not so lightly clad, as Bathsheba, and the havoc Bathsheba made with David's emotions is repeated in the experience of the Puritan general. He succumbs, in short, as completely as the officer he has just condemned to death, who receives the fatal shot (off stage) just as the curtain falls.

Miriam, it should be explained, was as willing as Bathsheba. She was French, for one thing; for another her husband, the godly Colonel Mardyke, was many years her senior; he was terribly pious, too, and rough in his manners, and had made her his wife against her will. In fact Miriam was in a condition to hail a substitute, especially such a substitute as the handsome, dashing Sir Hubert Lisle. "O," she cries, "all my life has hastened to thy step." Not having a drop of Puritan blood in her veins, there was nothing surprising in her self-revelation:

I can not feed my soul on "Thou shalt not."
I'll fight 'gainst numbness, wrestle against rust.
There's the arch-foe of women! This doth kill us.
Not pain, nor secret arrow of the midnight
That quivers till the bird-song: ended faith,
Mortal surprise of marriage, nor the dawn
Of golden vista'd children clouded quite,
Nor fallen loneliness where love hath been.
These, these are understood, wept o'er, and sung.
But worse, O, worse the folding of the hands,
The human face left by the tide of life,
The worm already at the human heart!

Sir Hubert's godliness was an ineffectual shield against Miriam's loveless fate, harsh treatment, childless condition, French temperament, and radiant beauty. So from being a flaming sword of the Lord he is transformed into a procrastinating, vacillating lover. And then opportunity offers to repeat David's device with Uriah. A desperate enterprise against a band of Cavaliers calls for a fearless leader; the sortie is a ter to-one hazard of death for the captain; and it is to that hazard that Sir Hubert, after seeming hesitation, commits Miriam's husband. His reluctance was no more than seeming, for he had arranged the danger and its climax. Of course the stratagem succeeds:

Colonel Mardyke is slain and Miriam is free to wed her David.

A third act completes the story. And strictly upon biblical lines. That is to say, during the several years' interval a child had been born to Hubert and Miriam as to David and Bathsheba, a child of love as greatly beloved as Bathsheba's offspring, and on the anniversary of Colonel Mardyke's death this child sickened of a strange disease and died. At that crisis the old Puritan strain reasserted itself in the guilty father: this was the "judgment of the Lord"; so he confesses his wrongdoing to Miriam, who, after a momentary revulsion, exclaims that they will live a new union together from that hour, a "marriage at least of spirit, not of sense." That was the one unreal touch of the drama. Miriam was too attractive to make such a resolve credible. Besides, why should Mr. Phillips do violence to his text at the eleventh hour? Inasmuch as David and Bathsheba begat Solomon, whom the Lord "loved," why should not Hubert and Miriam have been more successful at a second attempt? That they would have been content with a marriage of "spirit" is too unthinkable in view of the Puritan weakness for prodigious families.

Apart from that blemish, "The Sin of David" is worthy to rank with "Herod" and "Nero" and "Paolo and Francesca." Not a little of the success of the drama was due to the manner of its staging and acting. In the leading rôle of Sir Hubert Lisle, which made great demands upon variety of emotion, Mr. H. B. Irving acquitted himself with that resourcefulness of art, that noble carriage, that perfect elocution which have characterized all his work of recent years. It is no handicap to him to bear so famous a name; indeed he gives every promise of eclipsing even the high renown of his father. In the two other leading parts, those of Miriam and Colonel Mardyke, he was afforded competent support by Miriam Lewes and Henry Vibart, for if the former portrayed the erotic French temperament to the life the latter was equally convincing in depicting the boredom and rough piety of the Puritan husband. The high example set by the principals in their manipulation of Mr. Phillips's virile blank verse was worthily copied by all the members of the cast, thus insuring a well-balanced production of a drama which strengthens its author's position as a poet whose rhetorical fervor is not excelled by his dramatic instinct.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, July 14, 1914.

Salt-producing wells are among the sights at Hutchinson, Kansas. Hutchinson's salt is obtained by boring a hole down into the salt bed, pumping water down, and then pumping the brine out, which is then evaporated by vacuum process in the modern salt plants. There are a large number of wells required to get the necessary amount of brine. As the salt brine is pumped off there gradually forms at the bottom of each well a cavity, supposed to be pear-shaped. When this cavity reaches a certain size it is no longer economical to use that well, and another well is drilled. The result is a large number of pear-shaped cavities in the salt bed, 600 or 800 feet below the surface. It is the theory of the geologists that one of these cavities is being filled with sand, shale, or rock from above due to a downward movement probably caused by the recent flood in the river washing out a quicksand deposit.

Some idea of the magnitude of Ecuador's cacao crop may be gained from the fact that the main streets of Guayaquil are at present almost wholly occupied by cacao beans, placed there to undergo the necessary curing process, and the wharves are covered to a height of several feet with the beans in bags ready for export. The enormous yield is the result of the increased acreage and greater number of trees planted in the last few years. So long as the cacao crop continues to be so bounteous, the republic will occupy an independent financial position.

In some regions in Porto Rico it is estimated that not more than thirty-three per cent of the natural efficiency of any force of men can be exercised because of the terrible problem of hookworm disease. Yet science has demonstrated that hookworm disease is about the most easily mastered of all the diseases in the category. It is easily cured, because in most cases simply a dose of epsom salts, followed by a dose of thymol, and that in turn by another dose of salts, is effective. Thymol is made from the common thyme of the garden.

The work of harvesting the tobacco crop from the first tobacco plantation in northern California has been started at Chico. The tobacco is of excellent quality and the yield is so heavy that the growers will net \$200 an acre.

More than ninety-nine per cent of the timber in the Philippines is owned by the government and is worked through concessions and licenses, as no land more valuable for timber than for agriculture can be bought.

Java possesses ruins of temples of a vanished religion that in vast wealth of sculpture surpass anything Egypt can show.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Bacchanalian Song.

Sing!—Who sings
To her who weareth a hundred rings?
Ah, who is this lady fine?
The Vine, boys, the Vine!
The mother of mighty Wine.
A roamer is she
O'er wall and tree,
And sometimes very good company.

Drink! Who drinks
To her who bluseth and never thinks?
Ah, who is this maid of thine?
The Grape, boys, the Grape!
O, never let her escape
Until she be turned to Wine!
For better is she
Than vine can be,
And very, very good company!

Dream!—Who dreams
Of the God that governs a thousand streams?
Ah, who is this Spirit fine?
'Tis Wine, boys, 'tis Wine!
God Bacchus, a friend of mine.
O better is he
Than grape or tree,
And the best of all good company.
—Bryan Waller Procter.

"Seamen Three."

Seamen three! What men he ye?
Gotham's three wise men he.
Whither in your howl so free?
To rake the moon from out the sea.
The howl goes trim. The moon doth shiue.
And our hallast is old wine.—
And your hallast is old wine.

Who art thou, so fast adrift?
I am he they call Old Care.
Here on hoard we will thee lift.
No: I may not enter there.
Wherefore so? 'Tis Jove's decree.
In a howl Care may not be.—
In a howl Care may not be.

Fear ye not the waves that roll?
No: in charmed howl we swim.
What the charm that floats the howl?
Water may not pass the him.
The howl goes trim. The moon doth shine.
And our hallast is old wine.—
And your hallast is old wine.
—Thomas Love Peacock.

Henry Hudson's Quest.

[1609]

Out from the harbor of Amsterdam
The *Half Moon* turned her prow to sea;
The coast of Norway dropped behind,
Yet Northward still kept she
Through the drifting fog and the driving snow,
Where never before man dared to go:
"O Pilot, shall we find the strait that leads to the Eastern Sea?"

"A waste of ice before us lies—we must turn hack," said he.

Westward they steered their tiny hark,
Westward through weary weeks they sped,
Till the cold gray strand of a stranger-land
Loomed through the mist ahead,
League after league they hugged the coast,
And their Captain never left his post:
"O Pilot, see you yet the strait that leads to the Eastern Sea?"

"I see hut the rocks and the barren shore; no strait is there," quoth he.

They sailed to the North—they sailed to the South—
And at last they rounded an arm of sand
Which held the sea from a harbor's mouth—
The loveliest in the land;
They kept their course across the bay,
And the shore before them fell away:
"O Pilot, see you not the strait that leads to the Eastern sea?"

"Hold the rudder tree! Praise Christ Jesu! the strait is here," said he.

Onward they glide with wind and tide,
Past marshes gray and crags sun-kissed;
They skirt the sills of green-clad hills,
And meadows white with mist—
But alas! the hope and the brave, brave dream!
For rock and shallow har the stream:
"O Pilot, can this be the strait that leads to the Eastern Sea?"

"Nay, Captain, nay; 'tis not this way; turn hack we must," said he.

Full sad was Hudson's heart as he turned
The *Half Moon's* prow to the South once more;
He saw no heauty in crag or hill,
No heauty in curving shore;
For they shut him away from that fabled main
He sought his whole life long,—in vain:
"O Pilot, say, can there be a strait that leads to the Eastern Sea?"

"God's crypt is sealed! 'Twill stand revealed in His own good time," quoth he. —Burton Egbert Stevenson.

American wire wheels with rubber tires are beginning to compete seriously with Japanese wooden wheels for use on the better class of rickshaws in Ceylon. For persons in Ceylon who have their own private rickshaws, and especially for ladies who value smartness in appearance, the American wire wheels are rapidly gaining in favor.

In the twenty-five years from 1887 to 1911 the number of human beings killed by snakes in India was 543,991, or an average of 21,760 annually, according to official reports. During the same time snakes caused the death of 187,436 cattle.

CLAY AND FIRE

Layton Crippen Deplores the Materialism of the Age and Its Menace Against Art, Literature, and Beauty.

Some few weeks ago Professor Ferrero attempted a comparison between life in ancient Rome and life in modern America. His book was written with the suavity and the grace that enable him to say disagreeable things in a winsome way, but it seemed to leave the impression that it was better to be an ancient Roman than a modern American, that the life of antiquity contained more honor, more comfort, perhaps even more safety. Now we have another volume by another author, who writes in a somewhat similar way, but without any very evident effort to sugarcoat the pill. Mr. Layton Crippen reminds us that two thousand years ago the Roman world was weary, full of perplexities, tired of luxurious life, skeptical and bitter. Then came the importation of foreign religions and philosophies, and they were successful because, as Plutarch says, "all beings must be aroused and liberated from the moral and physical state of torpor into which they are ever liable to fall." Mr. Crippen seems to think that we ourselves have fallen into a "moral and physical state of torpor" as a result of the materialism that has blighted the modern world, and that we shall have to find for ourselves other ideals than utilitarianism or face the fate that nature has in store for ugliness:

We talk of progress, and there are more suicides and lunatics and inebriates than ever before. We boast of our increased ability to fight against disease and death, and, while a hundred years ago neurasthenia was almost unknown, nations are becoming neurasthenic. We glorify our own achievements, and we find that we have fewer great men, except in the one field of material science, than mankind possessed at almost any other period in the last five hundred years. We talk much of peace: there is no peace. Everywhere, too, class is fighting class with bitterness that continually becomes more intense. For the first time in the world's history, there is war between the sexes, woman, dissatisfied with her old position of honor and of power, becoming the victim of a mental epidemic more virulent than any mania of the middle ages. For the first time in the world's history, the assassin of rulers, impelled by patriotism, or ambition, or hate, gives place to the anarchist, whose shadow falls on every court and every chancellery, who employs dynamite as an argument in strikes, and is now threatening to use poison as a similar argument.

Our modern cities are irredeemably utilitarian, the most unlovely that the world has ever seen, whirlpools of greed and lust, of strained and futile effort. The consummation of success is a naked and shameless apolausticism less refined than that of the Roman decadence.

Mr. Crippen tells us he once had hopes that the idealism of Japan would mitigate the materialism of the West, but that it now seems likely that the victory will be on the other side and that materialism will invade Japan and destroy its idealism:

It has been in the ancient and perdurable civilizations of the Far East that the old beauty and romance and mystery have survived longer than in any other part of the world. In an essay that I wrote some years ago, I spoke of Japan as the one hope, the one nation which held out a promise of giving new ideals to us. I fear that I was wrong, and that the late Professor Charles Eliot Norton, in a letter which he wrote about my book, was right. "Should," said Professor Norton, "a second edition be called for, I wish that Mr. Crippen would add a chapter in regard to the influence of the West upon the East. I fear that such a chapter would end with a note different from that with which the essay now concludes. The Orient and the Occident have joined issue at this moment as they never did before, and it seems to me questionable which of them is to prevail over the other. The brute force of our western materialism was never so strong as it is at present, nor were the allurements of materialism ever greater than they are today. To that force and to those allurements the East, especially Japan, is exposed as it never has been before; and there are not wanting signs of her inability to resist alike the force and the temptation. But let us hope for good things, though the world at present give little reason for hopefulness."

All the arts but one, says the author, show degradation today, in many cases degradation so great that they have virtually ceased to exist. We have not only forgotten how to make beautiful things, but we have even acquired an instinctive dislike of beautiful things. They seem to have become offensive to us:

There was recently one curious little instance to which I am tempted to refer, showing, as it did, that, in our present stage of degradation, beauty is not only ignored, but has actually become offensive, causes instinctive dislike. The St. Gaudens ten and five-dollar gold pieces were undoubtedly the noblest coins produced in any country in two hundred years. Within a couple of months the American public had howled them out of circulation. The explanation was afterwards made that the coins were disliked because the relief was inconveniently high, but a reference to the files of the New York or Chicago papers will convince anybody that the original outcry was against the design, and only the design, of these exquisite examples of die-cutting. But America has no monopoly of this instinctive hatred of beauty. It is exemplified in the vandalism that is now common all over Europe, the destruction of ancient and glorious buildings, usually without valid excuse. A characteristic example of this strange dislike of old and noble structures is provided by the Council of Croydon, Surrey. In the middle of that town is Archbishop Whitgift's Hospital, a splendid example of quiet and solemn Elizabethan architecture, a place of repose, a place for contemplation and for prayer. Its placid, flower-bordered courtyards, a few yards away from the silly, bustling modern town were an inspiration to Ruskin and to many others. The Croydon Council has been agitating for years for power to remove this building.

Archæology is now beginning to show us that the ancient civilizations were far greater than we have supposed and that in everything relating to beauty they were immeasurably our superiors. They had a

culture far greater than ours and even a scientific knowledge that we have largely forgotten:

We begin to apprehend a little of what the Egyptians knew and did, of their mysterious wisdom, of the beauty they created. We all know what the Greeks accomplished. As for Rome, most of us have seen at Pompeii that house of what was only a middle-class family, which yet, in its beauty and grace and its delicacy, could not be rivaled, except as a bare copy, by the richest man of today, were he to devote his fortune to the work. The peasant of sixteenth-century Brittany, of England, Germany, Italy, Flanders, lived in a condition that the trade-union laborer of our time would scorn. And yet that same peasant decorated his hut with carvings which the millionaire now buys eagerly at great prices. He possessed a spark of the sacred fire which is almost extinguished.

The author attempts an explanation of the harsh criticism often directed against American life by foreign visitors, a criticism that is often untrue, but that proceeds from a certain dread of a colossal materialism that threatens to swamp all our finer instincts:

Curious instances of the blindness to things obvious that always and everywhere exists are to be found in a great number of books and articles by Europeans about America and in Americans' writings about Europe and the attitude of Europeans. The people of the United States have often been grieved and astonished at the behavior of distinguished visitors. They have visited America, have been received with much honor, have been entertained with all lavishness, have seen the towering buildings and gorgeous clubs of New York, the stockyards of Chicago, the steel works of Pittsburgh, the miscellaneous architectural effects of Washington; and then they have gone home to say things about America bitter, biting, sarcastic, and often untrue. Americans have not been able to understand it, and, in their turn, have had many caustic things to say about Europe in general and eminent Europeans in particular. But the explanation lies deeper than envy, or the lack of courtesy due from guest to host. These visitors from foreign lands can not all be ill-bred clowns; there must be some reason for their boorishness. The reason is to be found in instinctive, but usually unconscious, fear—fear of the tendencies exhibited, at present in their greatest degree, in the United States. Those who have not descended into the material quite so deeply as the Americans as a people have done, have an implicit dislike of what they find there. They are frightened by the intense, all-pervading, deadly materialism which is all that America has to show. Some little trace of nobler life is still to be found in Europe: the impulse is lost, but the memory of other days remains. And so when a traveler of quick perception visits America he is often, without realizing the cause, oppressed and overcome by a sentiment of antipathy, estrangement. It is all so perfectly organized; the machine for the creation of wealth—at least so far as the stranger can see—runs so smoothly; and it all results in such utter futility.

The plea that America is a young country, too young to produce high standards in art and literature, is untenable, says Mr. Crippen. The Greek colonies produced marvelous work, while in Lesbos Sappho sang so marvelously that the few lines of hers that have come down to us seem instinct with a glory that is more than human. Moreover, America is not backward in science, invention, engineering, and medicine:

Why, if America be a "young country," should she not also be backward in science, invention, engineering, medicine—in the learning and the skill that increases man's power over material things? It takes as long to educate a biologist as to educate a poet, and a Goethals who can dig a Panama Canal where the greatest engineer of Europe failed, is, in his way, as rare a specimen of humanity as a Michelangelo. America has to make no apologies, to offer no stupid excuses, where progress in material things is concerned. Wilbur and Orville Wright, Edison, Bell, and a dozen others, proclaim her the world's leader in these things. Then why offer foolish explanations that do not explain of America's backwardness in the things of the spirit? Is it not better to try to find a reason for this strange contrast?

Mentally and physically we are inferior to the men of even four hundred years ago, and the author quotes Dr. Jowett as saying that in his opinion the average Athenian of the days of Pericles was as much superior to the average Englishman of these times as the latter is superior to the Australian aborigine:

How can we dare to claim progress in any direction, save in the one direction of increased material luxury? In regard for human life? Look at the statistics of fatal accidents in Europe and America in any recent year—accidents due in the majority of cases to callousness and carelessness. Is it in the universality of education that we show our improvement? Nobody will accuse Mr. Frank Moss, one of the most eminent of American lawyers, of being an alarmist, and yet he tells us that the "gunmen" who killed the gambler, Herman Rosenthal, were "fair representatives of a large class which has been spawned by New York's slums, corruption, greed, and shamelessness"; that he is appalled by the consideration of what New York will be when the present generation has grown up; that all the "gunmen" were graduates of public schools, which, instead of making good citizens of them had made them members of gangs; that in them during their boyhood had been implanted no ideals above the ideals of the criminal.

In the modern rich woman we find an emphasized type of materialism. She has been everywhere and she has seen everything. She lives under conditions that have overcome the primal curse, where every desire is gratified, every material demand satisfied, by pressing a button. And yet Mr. James Douglas says that "the smart American woman is probably the most miserable creature in the world":

And yet, I believe, Mr. Douglas was right. For all this soft luxury and beauty, all this elegance, this absolute of material well-being, delight for the senses, surrounds a creature who is an unnatural creature, whose entire life is defiant of that Law by which every human being who desires happiness must be ruled—the Law of Labor and of Service. The woman whose life is entirely selfish can not be happy, because she has become unhuman, a monster, a creature for which Nature has no use. And these dainty, pretty, sparkling Americans, who refuse to bear children, whose entire lives are "an unquiet way of doing nothing," who do not cook, or sew, or make beautiful things, who shrink even from the responsibility of a household—these, who are women but in name, are in reality more wretched than any poor peasant wife, whose only release from toil is a childbirth, and at

death. For these American women, the "gorgeous table" is indeed spread

With the fair-seeming Sodom-fruit,
With stones that bear the shape of bread.

They have everything; they have nothing—these daughters of gold. For them many hundreds of thousands of men are working in the oil wells and steel mills of Pennsylvania, the lumber camps of Michigan, the mines of Montana, Colorado, New Mexico. Women and children are working for them in Georgia and Tennessee. Poor peons in Florida, gangs of Swedes and Italians on new railways in many states. And the result of it all is gilded dust.

Mr. Crippen thinks that modern civilization has become somewhat more humane, if not in regard to life, at any rate in regard to pain. It is all that we have to show and we may as well make the most of it. And then he advances the curious theory that a sense of safety does not necessarily conduce to happiness, and that perhaps a sense of peril is preferable to a sense of monotony:

The strange thing about it is that man is made no whit happier or more miserable by the sense of safety or the sense of peril. Mr. Meredith Townsend, in the remarkable chapter from which I have already quoted, reminds us that the old India was full of violence, that private war was universal, that the danger from invasion, insurrection, and mutiny never ended. "I question, however," he says, "if these circumstances were even considered drawbacks. They were not so considered by the upper classes of Europe in the middle ages, and those upper classes were not tranquilized, like their rivals in India, by a sincere belief in fate. I do not find that Texans hate the wild life of Texas, or that Spanish-speaking Americans think the personal security which the dominance of the English-speaking Americans would assure to them is any compensation for loss of independence. I firmly believe that to the immense majority of the active classes of India the old time was a happy time; that they dislike our rule as much for the leaden order it produces as for its foreign character; and that they would welcome a return of the old disorders if they brought back with them the old vividness and, so to speak, romance of life."

The truth of the matter seems to be that what we call happiness depends almost entirely on one factor—our power to express ourselves. Judged by this standard, we who live today are unhappier than the people of any previous period in the history of the world of which we have any knowledge.

But at last we have a concession of American superiority. America, says Mr. Crippen, is essentially the land of hope, and hope is always creative. Whatever birth throes may await the new age the issue will not be in doubt so long as hope remains. And it is in California that this new age is likely to find foothold:

It is in California, I think, that the first faint signs of a new spirit, a new order, are the most clear. California is not part of the "West" in anything but geographical position. The traveler passes through the "West" to reach California, and most travelers are glad enough to leave it behind, with its crudities, its brutalities, its discomforts, its lack of all those things which, for an educated human being, make up the necessities and interests of life. I know of no impression in travel quite equal to that which is obtained on entering California by the usual "overland" route. Three days have been passed in getting over the dreary prairies and the drearier desert: the Rockies have been crossed so high up that all idea of height and grandeur is lost. The train has crawled painfully up the bleak Sierras, and, on reaching the summit, has passed through one snowed after another, some of them many miles long. And then, all at once it seems, so quickly is the descent made, we drop into that lovely country of sunshine, of palms, and orange groves, of vineyards and flowers.

The sense of aloofness, of a country apart, increases the longer one stays in California. On the surface there is not much difference between the Californians and the Americans of the East, the Middle West, and the West. It is only when we learn to know the people of California that we realize a strangeness, a seeking for new and nobler ideals.

It is there, in that enchanted land—the Greece of America, Mr. Roosevelt has called it—that, I believe, the first signs of the change, the ascent of man out of the pit into which he has descended, will appear. Indeed, it may be that to some clear seers faint signs that man is approaching the nadir, is soon to reach his ultimate of degradation, and then to turn his eyes again to the Light, are already apparent.

The Pacific Coast, says Mr. Crippen, will witness the reaction against materialism. Everywhere in America there is unrest and a straining against the present order, a vague hatred of the brazen image, an almost hysterical searching for other and better ways. This dissatisfaction, this unrest, are more evident in California than in any other part of the United States:

But it is hardly this impatience, this disgust with the sordid and degraded god to whom they have been sacrificing that is the most significant characteristic of the new civilization of the Californians. It is, rather, a sense of mystery, of color and wonder, of the magic of old and glorious dreams. To endeavor to give expression to an idea that, in the mind of the writer, is but a formless idea, an intuition, is a vain task. I know of no better way to suggest my meaning than the making of a comparison. We can not possibly imagine New York or Chicago as containing a Rucellai Garden in which eager scholars discuss the latest treasure of written word or carved marble recovered from the magical past, or a Bamboo Grove such as that in which the Seven Sages were witty, and merry, and wise. But it is easy to picture California as a land of temples and marble shrines, the scene of a true and splendid renaissance; Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo adorned with many-pillared buildings, the great trees of the Bohemians' summer glades sheltering a company of scholars and poets such as that which gathered beneath the olives and saw in the city below, as they talked of things beautiful and ancient and strange, Giotto's pearl tower; the baptistry, *il mio bel San Giovanni*, that was there in Dante's day; the cathedral with its noble dome.

Certainly the author can not be accused of an offensive cheerfulness, in spite of his predictions of a new age that shall dawn in California. Very much that he says is undeniably true, and even where we think that the note of depression is unduly emphasized we shall not deny the sincerity of the utterance nor the literary graces in which it is clothed.

CLAY AND FIRE. By Layton Crippen. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Clark's Field.

The novelist with a purpose is at an unfair advantage, seeing that he has a monopoly of the facts and can suppress or create to his heart's content, and without much reference to the verities. Mr. Herrick evidently wishes us to realize the evils of wealth and the American method of factory-made charity, and with the aforesaid control of facts it is easy to make us realize anything by means of a skillful creation of evidence.

Mr. Herrick's heroine is a poor white, physically and mentally. She falls heirless to a piece of waste land near the city of Boston (can it be Boston?), but there is an obstacle to the title, and the girl would have been cheated out of her rights but for an old judge who appoints a trust company as her guardian. The girl is sent to various schools, where she learns nothing, and eventually she goes to Europe and spends her wealth in the usual way in search of social position under the guidance of one of the harpies who make a trade of this sort of thing. In every respect she is the victim of pretense and unreality, of plausible people and plausible institutions, who do none of the things that they are supposed to do. She lives in a world of respectable and conventional fraud, and she marries from the same world and comes to California with her worthless husband, but not until she has visited her property and found it swarming with tenements and undesirable citizens.

The husband becomes intolerable through drink and infidelity and Adelle turns him out of doors. But she finds a substitute in the person of a New England workman, who proves to be a cousin, and she returns to Boston with him and re-inspects the tenements and the undesirable citizens. Of course we know what will happen then. There are visions of uplift and of social service and there are also visions of a real romance, but perhaps their fulfillment is left for another story.

Mr. Herrick's intention seems to be to show us a number of unpleasant people and unpleasant things and to suggest various ways in which they might be made less unpleasant. Of course we sympathize with the heroine thus left to the tender mercies of wealth and institutional activity, but her real complaint seems to have been a fate that caused her to be born a poor white. And but for the wealth that seemed to be such a curse we may doubt if Adelle would ever have become an uplifter. Says the old judge to her, "That's what the old Field did for you, my dear, with my assistance. It's wealth was tied up for fifty years to be let loose in your lap. You found it not such a great gift, after all, so why not pour it back upon the Field? Why not make a splendid public market on that vacant lot that's still left? And put some public baths in, and a public hall for everybody's use, and a few other really permanent improvements? . . . In that way you would be giving back to Clark's Field and its real owners what properly belongs to it and to them."

CLARK'S FIELD. By Robert Herrick. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.40 net.

Gray Youth.

Oliver Onions has already shown us that he has power. Now he shows us that he has also versatility. An occasional gleam of fun lightened the tragedy of his earlier stories, but now we have a volume, with fun and irony upon every page conjoined into a merciless flagellation of the sillinesses and frothy hysterias of modern social reform as sponsored by the woman reformer.

His stage is a fairly full one, but there are two figures always in the searchlight. Amory Towers and Dorothy Lennard are art students, but Amory gives herself up heart and soul to the aesthetics of her profession, while Dorothy has a keen and intelligent eye to the practical aspects of life. The story may be said to be the history of these two girls. Amory becomes the embodiment of all the absurdities of modernism. She is "emancipated." She talks sex and she studies sex without restraint. She is a eugenicist and a hygienist. She is all the things that there are. If there are any follies that she does not adopt it is because she has not heard of them. The total abolition of modesty and the cult of the beautiful will reform the world, and as she presently marries a young donkey with money and with a similar brand of hysteria she is able to put her theories into practice and to see them successively crumble. She and her husband have also the satisfaction of finding themselves surrounded with a host of literary and reform harpies who will play upon any string if only it conjures money from their silly dupes. Perhaps one of the most delightful touches is that of the young couple who hide the fact that they have been legally married lest they shall lose caste in the lofty circle of Amory's acquaintance. Of Dorothy there is less to be said. Her common sense is evidently intended as the counterfoil to Amory's silliness, but she is

the one character whom the reader will love. Dorothy has a heart as well as a head, and Amory has neither. Eugenism and the other humbugs of a like kind that go by the name of science are fatal both to heart and head, but it only gradually dawns upon us that Amory, with her beauty and her art and her reforms, is actually a little monster of selfish egotism and that as such she is a type of her kind. Mr. Onions has written one of the cleverest books of the day, one of the most searching and the most pungent. Let us hope it will be read where it is most needed.

GRAY YOUTH. By Oliver Onions. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50 net.

Great Days.

The great days that form the background of this fine story by Mr. Frank Harris are the days of the French Revolution and of the rise of Napoleon. The hero is an English boy, the son of an innkeeper, who finds that smuggling will yield him a fortune hardly to be won by honest trade. When the son is seventeen he receives his apprenticeship in the adventurous game of the free-trader, but when the war with France breaks out it seems more profitable to become a privateersman, and so young Morgan is put in command of a ship fitted out by his father to prey upon the French marine. Then comes his capture and imprisonment at Cherbourg, and we have several wild and convincing scenes of the revolution and at last we touch the region of high politics and are introduced to Napoleon and Charles James Fox. It is curious to find the hero accredited with a sympathy for revolutionary France that must have been rare enough among the young Englishmen of that date.

The story must be accounted a success. It is well constructed, well informed, and vivid, and its characters impress the imagination. Perhaps it would have been better not to introduce Napoleon and Fox, but this, if a demerit at all, is a very small one.

GREAT DAYS. By Frank Harris. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.35 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The George H. Doran Company has announced the name of Marie Corelli's new novel, promised for the fall, will be "Innocent." It returns to the romantic vein of "Thelma."

"The Life and Letters of Edward Young," best known as the author of "Night Thoughts," is the title of an important new work by Henry C. Shelley, which will be issued in this country by Little, Brown & Co. September 26. Until recently the materials for Young's life have been woefully meagre; now, however, a large collection of his letters has been discovered, and these, with numerous unpublished documents in the British Museum, and the Bodleian, have furnished ample data for a full-length portrait. Mr. Shelley is the author of several books of biography and travel, including "The Tragedy of Mary Stuart," "Literary By-Paths in Old England," etc.

Arthur Stanwood Pier, author of "The Women We Marry," has turned his attention again to juvenile books, and has just finished a new "St. Timothy's" story, which will be brought out this fall by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

Little, Brown & Co. announce that their leading autumn American novel is "Big Tremaine," written by Marie Van Vorst, the author of "The Girl from His Town" and several other books of fiction. "Big Tremaine" is a story of love and self-sacrifice with a present-day Virginia setting. "Big Tremaine" will be published September 12.

Grace Drayton, creator of the "Campbell Kids," has made a book of "Baby Bears," which the Century Company will publish in time for the holidays.

James Willard Schultz, author of "With the Indians in the Rockies" and other Indian stories, lives in much the same manner as the characters in his books. At present he and Mrs. Schultz are camping in the mountains of Arizona, where Mr. Schultz divides his time between hunting and writing. "On the Warpath," Mr. Schultz's new story, will appear in the fall. It will be issued by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

Gladys Edson Locke, author of "Queen Elizabeth," has written a "deep-dyed" detective story, "That Affair at Portstead Manor." It is published by Sherman, French & Co.

E. W. Hornung, who introduced "Raffles" to the American public, has written a new novel, "The Crime Doctor." Advancing the idea that persons with criminal tendencies are bad, not from inclination, but because of a diseased mentality, Mr. Hornung takes as his central figure this Dr. Dollar, rendered criminal himself at one time through an injury to his brain. Cured of his evil tenden-

cies, Dr. Dollar dedicates his life to the work of curing other unfortunates. The novel is published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Ella Frances Lynch, whose book, "Educating the Child at Home," has just been published by the Harpers, has been an educator since her seventeenth year. She has taught in all grades of elementary and high school. In 1907 she founded the School of Individual Instruction at Atlantic City, New Jersey, and the plan of the individual instruction which she inaugurated there has proved so successful that it has been adopted by branch schools, public, private, and boarding-schools, and summer camps.

On the Century Company's fall list is Dr. Harvey W. Wiley's "The Lure of the Land," a discussion pro and con of the many problems of country life, especially of farming after fifty.

"The Department of State of the United States," by Gaillard Hunt, is published this month by the Yale University Press. Remarkable as it may seem, it is the only historical study of a department that has thus far appeared. The author has shown the formation and development of the department, what its chief duties are and what they have been.

"Gilbert, Sullivan, and D'Oyly Carte," the authentic story of Gilbert and Sullivan and their operas, which has just been published in England, will be brought out in this country by Little, Brown & Co. on September 19.

The recent death of Bennet Burleigh, the famous staff correspondent of the London Telegraph, is said to mark the passing of the old-time war correspondent, who first became a popular figure with "The Light That Failed"—indeed Burleigh himself was said to be the original of "The War Eagle" in Kipling's famous story.

Clara Louise Burnham has gone to her summer cottage at Bailey Island. Her new novel, "The Right Track," is on the fall list of the Houghton Mifflin Company.

Christmas stories that see service every year will be superseded this fall by the Ooze Leather Christmas Series of the Browne & Howell Company, which will contain Christmas stories by present-day well-known fiction writers—such people as Bangs, Anne O'Hagan, and Grace MacGowan Cooke.

In the fall Doubleday, Page & Co. will publish Richard Curle's critical and biographical study, "Joseph Conrad." In his book Mr. Curle says: "It is in the discarded preface to 'The Nigger of the Narcissus' that Mr. Conrad has most beautifully crystallized the very foundations of his artistic ideals. Those forgotten pages should be in the hands of every student of Mr. Conrad's work." Doubleday, Page & Co. are distributing this preface in pamphlet form among those interested in English literature.

The Browne & Howell Company announce that arrangements have been completed for photo-play productions of three of their recent books, "The City of Purple Dreams," "The Quarterbreed," by Robert Ames Bennet, and "The Forest Maiden," the latter also by Mr. Bennet, although published anonymously. The productions will be made by the Selig Polyscope Company.

Coningsby Dawson, whose romantic novel, "The Garden Without Walls," is already in its ninth printing, has just placed with his publishers, Henry Holt & Co., the manuscript of his new novel, "The Raft," which will be published on September 11.

A story comes from England to the effect that Baroness Orczy is the richest author in that country, that her royalties from "The Scarlet Pimpernel" exceeded \$200,000, while "Unto Caesar" and "El Dorado" are bringing her other huge sums. A new novel by the baroness, "The Laughing Cavalier," will be published in the fall.

A new novel of the Canadian wilds by Ralph Connor, called "The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail," will be issued by the George H. Doran Company in the fall. It deals with the daring exploits of a scout of the Northwest Mounted Police.

Dr. I. M. Rubinow, lecturer on social insurance for the New York School of Philanthropy and for the New York City department of education, and author of "Social Insurance" (Holt), perhaps the only authoritative book on the subject in English, reports that an increasing number of trained young men and women are taking up this new branch of the economic profession. There is more and more demand for them both for campaign work and for executive positions as the campaign advances.

One of the most important and extensive book publishing enterprises along popularly educational lines is being initiated by the Bobbs-Merrill Company. The enterprise en-

The White House

New Books Worth Reading

CLARK'S FIELD—By Robert Herrick.....	\$1.40
GAY MORNING—By J. E. Buckrose.....	1.25
GREAT DAYS—By Frank Harris.....	1.35
GRAY YOUTH—By Oliver Onions.....	1.50

Reviews of these books appear in this issue of the ARGONAUT.

Raphael Weill & Co. Inc.

tails the production of an important series of many books of particular value to educators, parents, and teachers. The entire collection of books, the publication of which is contemplated, will be known under the title of the Childhood and Youth Series. The first four volumes already have been announced for publication, as follows: "The Child and His Spelling," by William A. Cook and M. V. O'Shea, a thorough-going, original investigation of the psychology of spelling, effective methods of teaching spelling, spelling needs of typical Americans, and words pupils should learn; "Learning and Doing," by Professor Edgar James Swift, a consideration of the means of achieving the greatest progress, economy, and efficiency in the process of learning; "Natural Education," by Professor Winifred Sackville Stoner, an interesting presentation of the methods used by Mrs. Stoner in the education of her daughter, Winifred, who, as a child, has attracted attention everywhere because of her unparalleled accomplishments; "The High-School Age," by Professor Irving King, a discussion of the nature and needs of the high-school pupil today. Much original and practical material has been gathered for this volume.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Gay Morning.

Suddenly to become rich is much like removing the plug from a cistern; we know at once what the cistern contains. The cistern of human nature usually contains something repulsive, and wealth brings it to light. But Mrs. Buckrose spares us the actual vulgarities to which we are used. Mr. Basset has been in the egg-importing business in an English town, but a wealthy brother dies and leaves him a fortune. Then come the expansive ideas, a mild effort at social elevation with its appropriate graces, and the inevitable but unexpressed regrets for the old simplicity. The situation is relieved by the daughter Emma, who does not see any reason why she should cover her native honesty with a veneer, and who is therefore the only one to emerge from the ordeal of wealth with the respect of the reader. None the less they are all nice people, and we can laugh at them without despising them. Mrs. Buckrose writes excellent stories of English middle-class life, and perhaps this is the best she has done.

GAY MORNING. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

The Trend.

This slightly sickly story narrates the brief career of a street waif whose magnificent singing attracts the attention of a composer who is searching for a tenor to take the title rôle of his new opera, "Bruno." The boy shows himself unable to learn the rules either of music or harmony, although he has surprising powers of improvisation and imitation. The author seems to have made the mistake of painting genius as something that is inhuman. The boy is hysterical and "gushy" and fails to win our sympathies. With some effort to restrain exaggeration and with a less melodramatic conclusion the story might have been made much more interesting and even convincing.

THE TREND. By William Arkwright. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

Briefer Reviews.

Under the title of "A Bishop Among His Flock" Harper & Brothers have published a volume of essays by the Right Reverend Ethelbert Talbot, D. D., LL. D. They are in the nature of homely and familiar talks with his "flock" and are doubtless of interest to the episcopally inclined. The price is \$1 net.

The "history visits" in England and Scotland by the American brother and sister, John and Betty, have now been followed by a companion volume, entitled "John and Betty's Irish History Visit," by Margaret Williamson (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.25 net). The stories are well told, and no better way to teach history could easily be found.

"Inside the House That Jack Built," by George Leland Hunter (John Lane Company; \$1.35 net), is a book about house-furnishing cast into the form of a story. Jack, the host, meets his guest on the steps of the veranda and escorts him through the house, explaining his inventions and innovations, and his wife does the same thing, but from the feminine point of view. It is a useful book for those engaged in furnishing and still more useful from the fact that we are told the approximate prices of everything while the many good illustrations do a work of their own.

"Berlin, Dresden" has been added to the New Guides to Old Masters Series now in course of issue by Charles Scribner's Sons (\$1 net). The author is John C. Van Dyke, and the series is described as "little volumes composed of clear, pointed, critical notes upon individual pictures, written before those pictures by the author and revised during successive visits. They deal comprehensively with practically all of the European galleries, and therefore discuss and explain practically all the important paintings that hang in those galleries." The claim is well sustained. There could be no better companion for the art student who would take his walks abroad than these admirable volumes.

Mr. George H. L. La Branche has written a book that will delight the heart of the fisherman who is something more than a fish-killer. He calls it "The Dry Fly and Fast Water," and he sub-titles it "Fishing with the Floating Fly on American Trout Streams, Together with Some Observations on Fly Fishing in General." The chief charm of the book is not so much its advocacy of a particular kind of fishing as the zest with which the author undertakes the practical study of fish psychology and the patient intelligence with which he pursues it. It is published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$2 net.

In his preface to "Forum Stories" the editor remarks that there is a general impres-

sion that the public does not want volumes of short stories. By way of test he gives us sixteen stories by American authors or by authors who are now completely identified with America. These include Marion Cox, Reginald Wright Kauffman, Rose Strunsky, James Hopper, Frank Chester Pease, and others, sixteen in all, and the work is certainly good enough for the purposes of test. If the volume of short stories has seemed to be unpopular it is probably due to the fact that they have already been published, and not to any disinclination to read and possess the short story. The selection has been made by Charles Vale and the publisher is Mitchell Kennerley. Price, \$1.50 net.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

Rabindranath Tagore, the Nobel prize-winner, was intended for the bar, if accounts be true, and at the age of seventeen was sent by his guardians to London to take up legal studies. His spirit revolted against compulsory application to books, and it was not a year later when he returned to Bengal, where he plunged into poetry and dramatic productions.

The poet was born in 1861, and much of his early life was spent under the supervision of servants, who were not always kind or even thoughtful. School finally gave the child an opportunity to escape their severity, but school came to be only a source of hatred, for the spirit of the boy called him out into the open, and whispered that studies were cords of bondage. Then came a course of study at home under different teachers, but English had no interest for him, though in after years his command of it came to be admired. At the age of five he found himself lisping rhyming sentences, but it was his nephew, Jyotiprakash, who gave him his first lesson in composing poetry two years later.

It was somewhere in this period that his father, Maharshi Devendranath Tagore, returned from a long absence, and feeling that the boy was to blame for his dislike of school took him to the Himalayas for a trip. On their way they stopped for a time at the Bolpur home. On reaching the Himalayas young Tagore was not only wild with joy at the sight of the majestic mountain scenery, but also because of the freedom of movement his father allowed him. There he used to roam about from mountain to mountain finding company in the rocks, trees, springs, and the sky above. There his mind began to expand and his father never showed anxiety on his account. Once out of school he devoted his whole time to artistic pursuits, and at the age of fourteen wrote "Balmiki-Prativa," a musical drama. In its presentation Tagore took the prominent part of Balmiki and his niece the part of the heroine. It may be mentioned that Tagore still often acts in his school plays, and it is said by critics that had he chosen the stage, he would have been one of the greatest actors. His trip to England followed, and between sixteen and twenty-three he wrote much, though it must be admitted he ceased to be a mystic and became an uncompromising realist. Tagore was created with a dual nature, part sensuous and part spiritual. The story of the struggle between these two natures found the fullest expression in his most exquisite love poem, "The Beloved at Night and Morning."

Write as he would, it was not until he had reached the age of thirty that he actually found himself. Then writings of permanent value began to pour from his mind and pen with perfect spontaneity. His religious songs (Brahmo Sangit) became deeper in thought and more universal in character.

About this time Tagore was entrusted by his father with the management of the family estates in the Bengal villages. The young poet henceforth lived for years off and on in a houseboat on the river Padma. The profound influence of the Padma and the vast plains on its banks is reflected everywhere in his subsequent writings. Here he got a deeper insight into that consciousness that feels the presence of the Infinite in the basic realities of life. Here he gathered material for many of his short stories.

The death of several of his children was a cruel blow to Tagore. Out of his intensity of feeling he wrote many beautiful child-poems now embodied in the book, "The Crescent Moon."

Some ten years ago the passing of his wife was a great shock, which served to draw him nearer to his God and closer to action. He felt that in education lay the panacea for all of India's evils. So he founded at Bolpur, without a single building, but with five or six children gathered under the mango trees, his model school, now the famous Bolpur Brahmo Vidyalaya. He is at the head of the school, which is now the principal object of his care, and he has arranged to open a department of industrial education. According to this plan every child will be given a piece of land on which he or she will be taught to build his

or her own house, till the land, manufacture the furniture, being taught to be self dependent as far as is possible. To this work of his school Tagore has given all the Nobel prize money.

Since settling at Bolpur, Tagore's lyric genius has reached its height in "Gitanjali," and his mysticism in his drama, "Raja." Here he lives a life of unalloyed simplicity, devotion, and love.

New Books Received.

NATURAL EDUCATION. By Winifred Sackville Storer. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1 net.

Issued in the Childhood and Youth Series.

THE CRIME DOCTOR. By E. W. Hornung. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.35 net.

Detective stories.

THE CHILD AND HIS SPELLING. By W. A. Cook and M. V. O'Shea. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1 net.

Issued in the Childhood and Youth Series.

LEARNING AND DOING. By Edgar James Swift. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1 net.

Issued in the Childhood and Youth Series.

HOW TO PLAY BASEBALL. By John J. McGraw. New York: Harper & Brothers; 60 cents net.

A manual for boys.

THE LIGHTS ARE BRIGHT. By Louise Kennedy Mabie. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

EDUCATING THE CHILD AT HOME. By Ella Frances Lynch. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

Personal training and the work habit.

RECONSTRUCTION IN NORTH CAROLINA. By J. G. de Rouillac Hamilton, Ph. D. New York: Columbia University.

Issued in Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.

THE HIGH SCHOOL AGE. By Irving King. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1 net.

Issued in the Childhood and Youth Series.

THE LITERATURE OF THE EGYPTIANS. By E. A. Wallis Budge, M. A., Litt. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

Intended to serve as an elementary introduction to the study of Egyptian literature.

TEN MINUTE STORIES. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Stories dealing mainly with the occult.

A HISTORY OF THE EGYPTIAN PEOPLE. By E. A. Wallis Budge, M. A., Litt. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

Written with the view to provide beginners

with a handy introduction to the study of Egyptian history.

JUVENILE COURTS AND PROBATION. By Bernard Flexner and Roger N. Baldwin. New York: The Century Company.

A consideration of the juvenile court and its administration.

"Smart Set" for August.

The *Smart Set* for August is full of breezy, piquant reading. There is a very unusual novelette by W. L. George, "The Twenty-Three Days of Nazimov." A one-act play, "Some Mischief Still," by Joyce Kilmer, is a clever take-off of some of the vagaries of idle women of the day. Freeman Tilden fires some pointed shafts of satire at investors in unsound stocks in his story, "Wildcats." George Jean Nathan describes in his regular dramatic department the best one-act plays he saw in London and Paris, and besides contributes a delicious burlesque on the French spoken by American tourists. Richard Le Gallienne's essay, "The Snows of Yesteryear," reminisces delightfully of the glories of a romantic past. There is also a story by Donn Byrne, a married-life story of strong emotions by Atkinson Kimball, a humorous story of two old maids in Paris by Herman Marcus, a psychic story by Henry C. Rowland, a clever sketch on "The Barefoot Boy" by Hildegard Hawthorne, and some excellent verse.

Some highly interesting articles appear in the August *Strand*. "How They 'Broke into Print'" is the first of a series of articles dealing with the foremost authors of the day and giving the stories of why they took up literature as a profession and the luck they had at the start. In this first paper the following authors give their experiences: Anna Katherine Green, Wallace Irwin, Reginald Wright Kauffman, Amélie Rives, Thomas Dixon, Harold Bell Wright, Alice Hegan Rice, Jack London, and George W. Cable. "Fights for the Davis Cup," by J. C. Parke, and "The Fine Art of Jockeyship," by Frank Wootton, are two other articles of topical interest. "The Chain of Life" demonstrates the fact that the overlapping lives of no more than forty-one individuals have been sufficient to link the time of the Pharaohs with the present day, while no more than twenty-one lives have been required to cover the whole of the Christian Era.



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RAINEY HUNT PICTURES AT CORT.

Our two first-class theatres are taking a brief vacation from legitimate drama, after having served the public remarkably well during the dull summer season. One has but to compare with Eastern theatres to discover how well.

The Columbia will resume activities next week with the Holbrook Blinn engagement, which will be characterized by a following of the new fad for one-act plays, of which we are promised a remarkably varied list. This, no doubt, will please the men, who do not like to have their mighty brains taxed by prolonged thought on one subject during the hours of recreation.

The Cort, after a moving-picture recess, promises us Frank Craven's enormously successful farce, "Too Many Cooks." Farce fits well into a summer mood, and besides the whole world builds itself a house nowadays, so Mr. Craven's merry exposition as to the mishaps of home-builders will draw all the nest-building young couples around the bay.

In the meantime we are seeing a second installment of Paul J. Rainey's African Hunt Pictures, this series having been photographed by the energetic millionaire himself. Whoso wishes to know more of the African country revealed in these pictures has but to read "Through Desert and Wilderness," a thrilling and really beautiful book by Sienkiewicz, of "Quo Vadis" fame; thrilling because it is crammed with hair-raising adventures with the wild beasts of Africa; beautiful because in the valiant and resourceful boy-hero the Polish author has created an inspiring and patriotic model for the sons of his countrymen to admire. Any real boy, and any healthy-minded man with some of his boyhood left over in him, will adore that book. And I recommend mothers who want to meet their sons on a common ground of enjoyment to select this volume for the evening hour of reading aloud; that is, if people still continue to practice such a leisurely recreation in this breathless age.

The country treated of in this book is now traversed by railroads, but it will serve to enlighten people—for, boys' book of adventure though it is, it shows learning and research—as to the perils and beauties of the similar kind of African wilderness in which Paul J. Rainey has pitched his hunter's tent.

This second series of pictures bears a general resemblance to the first, except that Mr. Rainey's love of adventure has kept him nailed enthusiastically to his camera during many perilous moments, notably, those in which a lion charged straight toward the moving-picture apparatus and had his dying struggles photographed.

The mind of a hunter is a curious affair. It seems that even Ernest Thompson-Seton, admirer, protector, and defender of the wild beast in his native haunts, has been put upon his defense for having shown that he, too, can experience the lust of the hunter. Mr. Rainey, too, no doubt, loves animals, and has made pets of many of them during his hunting raids in the wilds. And yet, how ruthless and cruel seem these pitiful tragedies of wild beasts, trapped on all sides, facing their encompassing foes, measuring and estimating chances, and valiantly making hopeless dashes for escape. It makes one feel almost ashamed to sit there, looking upon this as an entertaining spectacle and listening to the lecturer coldly counting the dying beast's expiring gasps. But we humans seem to feel an insatiable curiosity about wild life in the wilderness, or any kind of life from which restless man is barred, and the pictures continue to attract crowds.

There are striking views of a wide spread of country, over which the white hunters ride on their sturdy Abyssinian horses. There are congregations of thirsty beasts at water-holes, keeping peace for the nonce. There are gnus and hartebeests, impallas and bisas, besides those better-known menagerie habitués, the elephant, the baboon, the zebra, the giraffe, and the rhinoceros.

There are also a series of views showing the Wanderos, all shining with the oil on their ebony skins, working, hunting, dancing, and celebrating a pre-nuptial festival.

In fact it is the same miracle over again: the bringing before our amazed vision as we sit comfortably in our velvet theatre chairs

pictures of that wild life in the remotest confines of the wilderness which it costs a fortune and some few lives to follow only temporarily as a recreation.

MIMI AGUGLIA.

No one can ever deduce a just or satisfactory estimate of a player on one hearing. Four times did I see Mimi Aguglia, the Italian actress, play before I divined why such a thorough-going and naturalistic player does not succeed in putting her auditors into a state of greater mental excitement. Mimi Aguglia is an artist, but she is a one-sided artist. In "The Daughter of Jorio" the histrionic depiction of the unleashing of wild, primitive passions and the exalted emotions of the protagonists kindled a sense of responsive excitement; and Aguglia, with her wholesale abandon to the attitude and gesture of frenzied emotions, stamped her image on the memory. But, as I discovered later, it is almost by attitude and gesture only that she impresses. The inner soul of the woman remains calm. It is difficult, not only for the outsider, but for the player himself, to enter into the soul of the actor and dissect its secrets. But an instinct always tells us when a player is not, in some degree, hypnotized by his imagination. Aguglia is too much concerned with a minute, scrupulous, almost extreme portrayal of a physical demonstration of sentiments and emotions. But her demonic self does not enkindle to a state matching her aspect.

I was puzzled by this in "Fedora," in "The Hidden Torch," and in "Salomé"; but now I am satisfied with the solution. And so I feel that Aguglia is remarkable, but not really great, as her Americanized compatriots seem to consider her.

I saw her in "Salomé" Saturday, and knowing the piece so well, was better able to judge of her elocution than in the other three plays, and I observed that in spite of the solemn, biblical strain in which Oscar Wilde cunningly cast his poetic sensualities, Aguglia, and her principals as well, adhered to the naturalistic method of speech, instead of falling into the declamatory style. The setting, by the way, was much ahead of that of the other pieces. Aguglia must regard this as one of her important rôles, so carefully was she costumed and so thoroughly was she prepared for "the dance of the seven veils." Yes, the eager tango devotees and dance-mad enthusiasts lost a decidedly spectacular opportunity. Aguglia wore, under Salomé's outer flowing vesture of golden net, a closely fitting short dance costume, also of golden net, thickly encrusted with stage jewels. Salomé's attendants removed her outer robe and some patters that she wore, an unfamiliar but doubtless correct detail. This left her feet apparently bare for the dance, although I think she must have had digitated feet for her tights. And then, ladies and gentlemen, guess what? Salomé treated us to a muscle dance. Yes, the real thing. An abdominal muscle dance was the climax, although curiously rhythmic muscular quivers were noticeable also in the peculiarly stressed foot and leg movements, while a pronounced "split" constituted the finale. Interpolated were whirlings and paces and back-bendings, all very creditable in an actress who does not pretend to be a professional dancer.

But all this is a part of Aguglia's realism. She is nothing if not realistic, and seldom bothers her head about the beauty aspect, as our instinctively coquettish American actresses do when she wishes to portray an un-aesthetic state of mind. For instance: when she thrust her hand into the bag of snakes—pleasant idea, isn't it?—in "The Hidden Torch" she made a downright ugly grimace of pain marking the moment of the presumable bite.

And so we had a realistic muscle dance in "Salomé." Gentlemen, I truly compassionate you. Yet stay. To those who repine losing it there will be something cheering in the information that Aguglia does not belong to the seductive type of woman, for although her hard little Italian body is full of curves (which she can cunningly hide under straight garments, as she is slender), they are no more soft and melting than their owner.

But there is more and yet to come. While Salomé, prostrate on the floor, addressed wooing adjurations to the head—and, by the way, Jokanaan's severed head is becoming so familiar that it has lost all its horror—the soldiers, at Herod's command, fell upon her to deal death. And then we had more realism. Aguglia, probably with perfect correctness, reasoned to herself that a helpless, prostrate woman menaced with death at the hands of strong men, would instinctively try, like a dumb beast, to ward off the peril with frantic movements of the four fighting members. And so, in our last view of Salomé, we saw her lying on her back like a kicking baby or a struggling puppy that can not right itself, her bared legs and arms making violent passes at the shields of the soldier.

THE ORPHEUM.

This week the Orpheum is featuring Chrystal Herne in the playlet "Dora," written for her by her sister and sister-actress, Julie Herne. The Hernes' name is a good drawing card, for their father's image is rather affectionately niched in the memories of confirmed theatre-goers. Evidently the sisters take after him, since both act and one writes playlets; or, perhaps, only a playlet. Curiously enough, that homely simplicity and sincerity which was James Herne's gift as a player has not been transmitted to his daughters. Both have studied and accomplished themselves in their art, each has an ample equipment of technic, but the acting of both is pervaded by a delicate aura of artificiality. As "Dora" is doubtless the work of a novice, the playlet, too, is rather staid, so I can not say that the "Dora" act is one that will bite very deep into the sensibilities of the spectators. The best of the act is the playing of Chrystal Herne, for, faintly artificial as she is, she knows her business and the art of histrionic emotionalism. She is rather an interesting looking woman, blonde, refined, with delicate features and soft, gentle coloring, and with her pink vesture matching the tint in her cheeks she made an attractive stage picture.

"Dora" is the sort of thing that must make the players exclaim inwardly, "Oh, sick!" when they are crying outwardly, "Yes, I do love him!" or "John, it is unworthy of you." The characters in the play are rather a hard crowd, being but slimly equipped with principle. The district attorney is going to evade his duty for love of a woman who has stolen from him the papers that incriminate her husband, and the husband himself is a forger. However, the writer has a surprise up her sleeve, which is always acceptable to an audience. Of the two actors in the support, the husband is all right, but the good-looking district attorney bears the marks of having escaped a little prematurely from a school of dramatic art.

Three very good cyclonic dancers delighted the house in the Ernette Asoria dance act, the women being handsome, gorgeously costumed, and wonderful dancers. Perhaps the man is equally wonderful, but these sombre, black-coated male dancers are always so outshone by their resplendent feminine associates that they always seem to be merely a support, a foil or an aid. The "chevalier" is a dancing Sandow, but had his hands full with the two whirling, bounding sylphs, and the act is of first-class quality.

An interesting and novel number is that which makes us acquainted with the incongruity of a young Chinese prince (or, at least, so stated) singing Occidental songs with an Occidental method. Close your eyes and you would believe the singer to be a compatriot; open them, and regard the gentle young Oriental, with his soft eyes sympathizing with the sentiment of the love-songs he sings, and you find yourself—or I found myself—trying to reconcile the two discrepancies. However, "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Prince Lai Mon Kin's voice is soft, and musical, and full of sensibility, and he and his audience came together on a meeting-ground of mutual sympathy. In fact he made a tremendous hit. It was curious to observe, by the way, how the manner of life, the training, the experiences, the surroundings amidst which this young man must have passed the educative years of his life have extinguished the distinctively Chinese, or perhaps to speak more broadly, the Oriental characteristics of his expression. The Chinese features, and coloring, and costume are all there, but not the mental aspect. His songs recalled to me an idea in Hichens's "The Lady with the Fan"; the idea that the appearance of a singer must color, to some extent, his songs. It was so with me. I was obliged to close my eyes in order to evade the perception that all the natal traditions, sentimental or otherwise, of the singer were against a perfect comprehension on his part of the sentiment of the songs so sympathetically rendered. I found it an interesting psychological suggestion. And in fact it is to the intrinsic variety of vaudeville that we are indebted, every now and then, for these novelties of impression.

Trixie Friganza, although a hold-over, is too big an attraction to pass over without mention. Her act is a wild frolic and one prolonged beam. The audience beams on her, the usually impassive orchestra members beam on her, her two smiling assistants beam on her, and she beams jovially on the whole world.

The Seebacks are spectacularly skillful bag-punchers and there is an animal act in which three trained bears do quite wonderful things under the tutelage of Emil Pallenberg, who rewards his furry charges after each remarkably clever stunt with well-earned choice morsels of homopathic size, which they bolt with an unemotional air, much as Wemmick, in "Great Expectations," made a postoffice of his mouth and impassively deposited therein

good things to eat as if they were legal documents.

THE PANTAGES THEATRE.

The animal act at the Pantages is vastly interesting, because there were monkeys in it, as well as an elephant, all of them highly trained. The minute elephant "Little Hip," and "Napoleon," the trained chimpanzee, must be of great value, as they are trained to do many effective tricks. The observation of animal nature, as well as human nature, can add greatly to the interest of vaudeville acts, and one can often detect, through all the zealous obedience with which trained animals perform their tricks, the real boredom and distaste from which they suffer. But "Little Hip" was too much for me. The elephant is a sphinx-like creature anyway. Perhaps he was happy, perhaps sad, in showing off his numerous accomplishments, perhaps the reflection was passing through his elephantine mind that human beings are a swarm of silly, teasing gnats that will not leave a sensible, right-minded elephant to his own reflections. But little though "Hip" is, compared to the average elephant, his body seems too big and clumsy to express his emotions. He was impassive when he threw balls at the audience, impassive when he bolted food, impassive when "Napoleon" used his rope-like tail for a flying ring, or treated his huge legs as if they were the columns of a portico. "Little Hip" gravely danced, stood on his hind legs, sat on a sofa, answered his master's coaxings by an elephantine yawp, gave a tiny monkey and "Napoleon" more rides on his back than they wanted, sucked some wet goods of unknown nature out of glasses and a bottle, and in other ways showed that he possessed a lot of elephant sense. There may have been a faint twinkle in his eye at sight of the bottle and glasses, and I am almost sure he smiled faintly when his master asked him what he would have, but generally speaking his attitude seemed to be that of patient toleration and polite resignation. With "Napoleon" it was different. "Napoleon," who was dressed in a negligée summer suit and white shoes, had a perfectly lovely time. He swung on the elephant's tail, rode on his back, smoked, skated, and impishly played hide and seek with his master, using "Little Hip" as a shelter and a refuge when too hotly pressed. On account of his garments and his knowingly human actions it was absolutely impossible to think of "Napoleon" as a beast pure and simple. He seemed "neither brute nor human."

There are, beside the Willard Mack playlet, two other goods acts at the Pantages: One disk-throwing by a quartet, in which they have a star performer whom one shouldn't look away from for a moment, so deft, so graceful, so accurate, and so lightning quick he is, and the musical act of the Gallarini four, who are apparently a father and three children, of whom the youngest is a pretty boy of about eight, who is as sphinx-like as "Little Hip" in the matter of showing emotion over applause. This quartet of musicians plays on divers instruments with skill and shows marked ability.

"Be Game," by Willard Mack, has the Mack earmarks. That is to say, it is full of dramatic action, contains, like "My Friend," a prolonged conversation in which the villain gets badly blistered by the might of a woman's tongue and terminates in a quick, sensational event, which contains within itself still another appeal to the spectator's love of sensation on sensation. I mean that swift action of the woman in putting the printed admonition "Be Game" before the dying villain's eyes in one last, desperate appeal for his clemency. In fact Willard Mack has a very decided métier for vaudeville sketches, and while his hand keeps its cunning his playlets will never go a-hegging. The piece was well acted by the Isabelle Fletcher-Charles Ayres company, all four of the characters giving a very satisfactory rendition of the rôles assigned.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The recent sensational lawsuit between Isolde Bulow-Beidler and her mother, Cosima Wagner, which called forth such severe censure on the part of sincere Wagner admirers all over the world, brought to light some interesting facts. Dr. Troll, one of the attorneys for the defendant (Cosima Wagner) declared at one of the final sessions of the court that the sensational character of the litigation was doing great material damage to the Bayreuth Wagner Festival, and as one of his proofs he pointed out that 400 tickets which had already been sold had been returned, because of the public indignation over this remarkable affair.

Recently in London at a book sale the sum of \$2100 was paid for a very rare first edition of a pseudo-Shakespearean play, "The Raigne of King Edward the Third." The play is supposed to have been written by Christopher Marlowe, assisted by Shakespeare.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Final Week of "Cabiria" at the Gaiety.

The end of the season of "Cabiria" at the Gaiety approaches. It is announced by the Gaiety Theatre management that ensuing bookings of the great D'Annunzio photo-spectacle will forbid a much longer stay at the local playhouse, where "Cabiria" is about to enter on its fourth and final week.

This is likely to prove disquieting news to many who have heard of the marvels of the D'Annunzio masterwork, but who have neglected to see it thus far, and the advance demand for seats indicates that the fourth will be the largest week of all.

"Ask anybody," says the management of "Cabiria," in discussing the remarkable merits of the production, "what he thinks of this work." And the challenge is worth heeding, for not a critic on a local newspaper—afternoon or evening—nor a critic on a single weekly journal, nor anybody else, so far as the record runs has disclaimed the thrill that waits on attendance at the Gaiety.

There isn't anything like "Cabiria" from any angle of spectacle, photography, symphonic setting, choral music, or sheer splendor, and D'Annunzio is likely to live in fame more for his scenario to "Cabiria" than for even the finest poem that he has ever written, for "Cabiria" is poesy visualized and set to exquisite music.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Vinie Daly, from Hammerstein's London Opera House and the Royal Opera, Bucharest, will be heard in songs from the operas she has triumphed in. Miss Daly is a niece of the late Dan Daly, and is the only member of his eminent family now appearing on the stage. She began her stage career dancing with her mother when only two years old. She sang in various companies and opera houses on the European continent before she went to London with an Italian company. While there Oscar Hammerstein, who was opening his London Grand Opera Company, engaged her, and she sang with great success several important prima donna roles.

No better combination of musicians has

been heard in vaudeville than the Wharry Lewis Quintet. It is composed of J. Wharry Lewis, a violin virtuoso of international popularity; Evangeline Lewis, a mezzo-soprano, who has won distinction in concert and grand opera; Eleanor Greve, one of the few women who have acquired proficiency as a flute soloist; Leona Henderson, a cellist of note and a graduate of the Royal Conservatory, London, and E. Arnold Johnson, a gifted pianist. The programmes presented by the Wharry Lewis Quintet range from grand opera to ragtime.

Edmond Hayes will present his satire, "The Piano Movers," in which one laugh follows another in such rapid succession that there is scarcely a breathing space. Mr. Hayes is a comedian whose reputation has been established on merit, and he ranks foremost among American farceurs. He will have the support of an excellent little company.

Ward, Bell, and Ward, a trio of dancing gymnasts, whose muscular equipment, reliable nerves, and agility enable them to achieve really remarkable feats in solo and ensemble work, call their act "Under the White Top," because they depict a portion of a circus performance.

Rellow, the Mentaphone Artist, will also be included in next week's attractions. A mentaphonist is a man who makes music with his mouth and hands. Mr. Rellow is so accomplished a musician that by merely clapping his hands and slapping his lips and cheeks he produces most harmonious sounds.

Next week will be the last of Prince Lai Mon Kim, the Chinese tenor, and Pallenberg's Bears. It will also conclude the engagement of Chrystal Herne and her company in "Dora."

Cort Theatre Continues Rainey Pictures.

The remarkable new series of Paul J. Rainey's African Hunt Pictures will start on the second week of their successful engagement at the Cort Theatre tomorrow afternoon. Capacity houses have been attracted all week.

Those who saw the first series of the Rainey pictures two years ago at the Cort may know what to expect from the new film. The present views are even more interesting and varied in subject. Rainey has photographed all that was worth photographing in British East Africa, but he has carefully avoided repeating anything that was shown before.

There are plenty of thrills in the pictures, notably in the cheetah hunt and the lion hunt, which are realistic beyond description. The cheetah is shown at bay in the branches of a tree to which he has climbed in an effort to escape the wonderful hunting dogs. Rainey was the first sportsman to use dogs in hunting wild animals. The lion hunt is even more startling and his dash toward the cinematograph just before he is shot is a pulse-quickenner.

African wart hogs, zebra, wild buffalo, dik-diks, lions, tigers, giraffes, monkeys, elephants, snakes, and every conceivable wild animals is flashed upon the screen and shown as he is in his native haunts when unaware of the near presence of man.

A particularly entertaining picture is that of the Wanderobos, an African tribe that indulges in many strange rites. Rainey was able only after considerable persuasion to record these strange people.

As may well be imagined, the pictures of the wild animals were taken by Rainey at considerable risk. He had many narrow escapes from death. A graphic lecture, delivered by the well-known lecturer, Harry L. Humphrey, adds much to the entertainment. There are three performances daily, at one and three o'clock in the afternoon and at 8:30 at night.

The Pantages Theatre Offering.

Ben Hendricks, one of the best-known vaudeville comedians, and Belle Isle, a diminutive, rollicking comedienne, head a company of funmakers in a boisterous riot of laughter called "The Schoolmaster." The piece is built without the purpose of carrying a plot and contains nothing to tire the auditor but clean refreshing nonsense. There are ten singing and dancing comedians, with Hendricks doing his old-time specialty of the "silly kid."

One of the best little novelties that has played the Pantages time is Lillie Jewel and her funny wooden manikins. Miss Jewel's tiny dummies work in front of a miniature theatre and have eight amusing thumb-nail skits. One of the best of the numbers is a baseball game when the contest is called at the ninth inning on account of rain.

The original American Newshoys Quartet, headed by Harry Faulkner, the famous Hebrew character comedian, are returning after an absence of several years. The boys have a routine of brand-new songs and dances and still retain their big laughing hit, "Fun on the Sidewalks."

The Standard Brothers have an athletic offering which differs from the regular gymnastic performers.

Copper and Ricardo will enact character

changes, while Meryl and Reta, two pretty young dancing girls, will present their newest dance hit, "The Dance of the Duel."

Alf and Gladys Goulding, late principals of the Gaiety musical comedies, will present a breezy little singing skit, entitled "A Parisian Flirtation." Comedy motion pictures will complete the show.

CURRENT VERSE.

Intima

When she sleeps, beneath each lid
Worlds of treasure do lie hid;
When she wakes, beneath each eye
Rarer treasures still do lie.

When she's silent, lovely sound
Underneath her lips is found;
When she speaks, behind each word
Lovelier music lies unheard.

Whether she do wake or sleep,
Say fair words or silence keep;
Singing sweetly, her fair soul
Robes her in an aureole.

—G. Rostrevor Hamilton, in Saturday Review.

The Garden.

My heart shall be my garden. Come, my own,
Into thy garden; thine be happy hours
Among my fairest thoughts, my tallest flowers,
From root to crowning petal thine alone.

Thine is the place from where the seeds are sown
Up to the sky inclosed, with all its showers,
But ah, the birds, the birds! Who shall build
bowers
To keep these thine? O, friend, the birds have flown.

For as these come and go and quit our pine
To follow the sweet season, or, newcomers
Sing one song only from our alder trees,
My heart has thoughts, which, though thine eyes
hold mine;
Flit to the silent world and other Summers,
With wings that dip beyond the silver seas.

—Alice Meynell, in Providence Journal.

Josephine.

How shall I sing thee, knowing my desire
To be beyond all song? The harmonies
That all the poets yearned unto the skies
Are still unequal to thee; and the choir
Celestial, playing harps of threaded fire,
Have not expressed thee. In the heart of God
Thy mystery lies hid. Shall I, a clod,
Attempt to pluck it forth to wing my lyre?

Look deep into my eyes and see my soul
Still singing in the darkness of the clay,
Its old, eternal, never-ended lay,
Its unheard anthems that forever roll
Behind my mortal lips in waves divine,
And read the love that is and shall be thine.

—Herbert Gorman, in Springfield Republican.

Home.

We shall not always dwell as now we dwell,
Together 'neath one home-protecting roof.
For some of us our lives may not go well:
'Gainst such small perils courage will be proof,
'Gainst stronger ills these memories may be proof;
To some of us this life may say farewell—
We can not always dwell as now we dwell.

What though we dwell not then as now we dwell?
Hearts can recover hearts, when hearts are
fain;
While love stays with us everything is well;
The roof of love is proof against the rain,
Dead hands will guard our hearts against the rain—

Love will abide when all have said farewell:
Our hearts may ever dwell as now they dwell.
—From "Florence on a Certain Night," by
Coningsby Dawson.

Excavations at Ostia.

Dr. Calza, in charge of the excavations at Ostia, sums up the work of last winter under four heads: The uncovering of the Republican Decumano, or chief street; the excavation of a number of shops; the placing of the imperial forum, and the unearthing of two important groups of houses of the Middle Empire.

The Republican Decumano lies at a depth of about two feet, exactly under the imperial one, and consists of irregular blocks of tufa, with a deep furrow in the middle caused by the traffic. It is not supposed to date back to the early days of the republic, or it would be at a much deeper level, traces of other roads of the early republic having been found at Ostia more than three yards below the present soil.

The shops, which are to be found at the east side of the Temple of Vulcan, are situated at a depth of six and a half feet lower than the imperial city. They consist of four rooms measuring about thirteen feet, and are a great antiquity, being believed by some authorities to belong to the times of the Gracchi (between 200 B. C. and 100 B. C.), or even earlier.

In a fine street, sixteen and a half feet wide, which runs parallel to the Decumano, are to be found two groups of houses with their second floor still standing. The thresholds of these houses were about a yard above the level of the street, and were reached by an outside staircase, of which

traces have been found. The façade had five entrances and many windows, the central largest door measuring ten and a half feet by more than eight and a half feet high. In the houses nearest to the Temple of Vulcan the entrance staircase is perfectly preserved, the steps being of marble and more than five feet wide. Three apartments open upon a landing from which you go up to the floor above. The rooms, identical in all the houses, are somewhat small, with strong walls covered with plaster, on which are to be found rudimentary paintings.

Each apartment had its balcony on the street, joining that of the next flat, so as to make a kind of corridor on the outside of the second floor. These buildings, which are preserved to a height never before found anywhere, in the unity of their design and arrangement resemble the modern flat, and are the first to give us an idea of how the middle classes were housed under the Roman Empire.

Moscow's Imperial Opera House recently sustained a loss of approximately \$250,000, when the beautifully painted settings for operas and ballets, amounting to nearly 180 pieces of decorative art, were destroyed by fire. One result will be that next season's repertory of operas and ballets will have to be much curtailed, as the new stage scenery can not be ready in so short a time. The Wagner decorations were among those lost.

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VANITY FAIR.

No one would suppose to read the columns of our metropolitan newspapers that we were a democratic people with a contempt for effete aristocracies. It was once said, and quite truly, that a European lord never appreciates the social values of his title until he has paid a visit to America. His hoots are never quite so polished by adulatory tongues as upon this side of the Atlantic. And when the lord is not present in the flesh we compensate ourselves by talking of him and describing him in our newspapers.

The latest excursion of the New York *Times* does not relate to an actual lord, but only a potential one, which is, of course, the next best thing. The *Times* has just served up to us a "special cable" from its London correspondent, who is rich in information from a "reliable source" about the lordly aspirations of William Waldorf Astor. The "reliable source" in such cases is usually a groom or a discharged valet whose conversational pearls may be garnered by the bushel by the simple expedient of a contemporaneous appearance at the harrier shop. Mr. Astor, it seems, is in a state of despondency at his failure to purchase a dukedom. He had set his heart upon this particular title and will accept no other. It is of no use to tempt him by dangling an earldom or a harony before his aspiring eyes. His motto is *aut Cesar aut nullus*. No lower step on the social ladder will satisfy this proud scion of the American nobility, who must have writhed in anguish when he read of the recent discovery in New York of the old storeroom once used for the furs on which the family fortune was built. Mr. Astor was prepared to pay the full market price for the coveted distinction. It is about the one thing that Mr. Astor can do with repute. But the worst feature of the whole situation was the fact that My Lord had actually paid out his good coin and without obtaining delivery of the goods. At least his forebears never made that mistake, canny traders that they were. What could he more harrowing to the commercial spirit? We are told that he had subscribed heavily to the funds of the Unionist party and thus proved his loyalty to God and the king and the true blue blood of old England, but no delicate suggestions of a dukedom has been wafted his way, and of course it was too late to stop the check. He should have postdated it or made some equally satisfactory C. O. D. arrangement. In fact we have only the assurances of the omniscient correspondent that even an earldom or a harony had been proffered to this representative of an unending democracy. And now it seems that Mr. Astor is disgusted. The *Times* correspondent says so in so many words, and if he does not know the state of Mr. Astor's mind then who does? His unequalled self-sacrifice in becoming a British subject has been thrown away. His contributions to the Unionist party may have been entered to his credit by the Recording Angel, but they have certainly been ignored here upon earth. He may have been storing up riches in heaven, but of what value is that, seeing that there are no dukedoms in heaven? And even his ownership of English newspapers has been fruitless so far as the dukedom is concerned. It is a sad and disheartening story. We ourselves have had some thoughts of subscribing to the Unionist party, but what's the use?

And so it goes on. We are all supposed to be so enormously interested in Mr. Astor and his ambitions. And when the ambitions have been exhausted as a topic there is always the Astor money to fall back upon with covert gloatings over the size of the Astor fortune, its probable disposition (exclusive information, as before), tidbits of conversational wit that have fallen from those great lips, askings and writhings and genuflections of adulation. Are there actually people who read this degrading stuff—other than nursemaids and footmen?

Congressman Britten of Chicago has drawn his scalping knife, donned his war paint, and declared war against the snobbery at Annapolis. He wants to know why a midshipman should be liable to a penalty of twenty-five demerits if he is seen carrying a piece of baggage in the streets of the city. Says the gallant congressman: "The sight of a husky midshipman walking along an Annapolis sidewalk by the side of a pretty girl hugging an enormous suitcase would make me ill. I suppose some commandant thought a midshipman with gallantry enough to tote a piece of baggage would lower the naval standards to the plane of a railroad station porter. But that's going to be all done away with. I'm going to stop that sort of thing if I never do another lick of work in Congress." The prettiness of the girl does not seem to be very relevant to the matter, and one might suggest that the spectacle of an old woman under like circumstances would be still more distressing, but no doubt Mr. Britten means well. More power to him! We may wonder if there is any other country in the world

where such snobbery as this would be tolerated. The Prince of Wales carried his own baggage when he was a midshipman, not having pocket money enough to pay for a porter. The sons of the German emperor were not above carrying their own baggage and doing many other things that would doubtless revolt the soul of the Annapolis aristocrat. Royal princes have even been known to carry their own babies. The Milwaukee *Wisconsin* reminds us appropriately that from time to time, much to the chagrin of patriotic Americans, who want to be able to feel proud of their naval academy, there come from Annapolis indications that the institution inculcates snobbery. Indignation was aroused a few years ago by the outrageous incident of the snubbing of a young lady who had been invited to a dance at the academy, but was ruled against by members of the faculty as socially unfit to tread the hallroom floor with future officers of the navy because it had been discovered that she had been engaged in the capacity of salaried companion by a wealthy woman of Annapolis. The victim of this outrage was the daughter of a Yale professor and a person of culture and refinement as well as grace and beauty, and the treatment to which she was subjected by the naval academy snobs rightly provoked a storm of criticism throughout the country. This is a republic—a democratic republic. Its foundations were laid by men who believed in the dignity of labor and who abhorred artificial distinctions based on the accident of inherited wealth and implying contempt for honest toil. Among Americans thoroughly imbued with the spirit which inspired the Declaration of Independence and the constitution there is no more disposition to tolerate the bigotry of aristocrats than that of the demagogues who appeal to envy of the rich and the well-to-do as an incentive to working people to enter into political conspiracies against the rights of those who happen to have money.

The London *Express* says that the evil of tipping is once again being discussed, and one enthusiastic "kicker" has included the table money paid for guests at most clubs as a tip, though the table money goes to the club funds (clubs habitually serving meals at little more than cost price), and never to the servants. Tipping is at least an ancient custom. In the eighteenth century an Italian visitor to England remarked that "it is polite to dine with the nobility, where you pay the servants for ten times as much as you eat." And an Irish peer replied to the Duke of Ormonde's invitation to dine: "If your grace will give me a guinea to pay your servants, I will. I am too poor, else!" An American actor who recently took an English house for the summer had a schedule of the tips his servants expected printed for the guidance of his American friends and put them on the bedroom mantelpieces. He had taken a particular dislike to a very British side-whiskered butler he had taken over with the house, and the list, after enumerating the sums to be paid to the chauffeur, the housemaid, and so on, finished with: "The guy with the black whiskers you will meet in the front hall—not a cent."

The Montreal *Gazette* notes that a college woman who has been investigating sociological conditions in New York "was surprised to find that the waitresses in a cheap restaurant where she worked for a while incognito were honest and kindly and happy." The *Gazette* wonders at her "surprise," and asks: "Does a person to be decent and good have to be a sociologist of independent means?"

A friend of mine (says a correspondent of the London *Chronicle*) took a lady to the Gentlemen and Players match at the Oval yesterday. She enjoyed herself greatly, and begged him to take her to the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's today. This, for certain reasons, he was unwilling to do, so excused himself on the ground that as he was neither at Eton nor Harrow he did not propose to go to the match. The lady, much nettled, retorted quickly: "Then why are you here, because you are neither a player nor a gentleman?"

With the object of giving to Oxford University a new contingent of American students every year, the Rhodes trustees have announced a change in the method of electing scholars. Instead of as hitherto choosing from the forty-eight states in two consecutive years and skipping the third year, the scholars will be chosen yearly in future from two-thirds of the states. The sixteen states to be omitted at the 1916 examinations are: Arizona, Delaware, Florida, Idaho, Louisiana, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Carolina, South Dakota, Utah, West Virginia, and Wyoming. From those states scholars will be selected in 1917, when another sixteen states will be omitted.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At the close of the première performance of a recent operatic novelty, one particularly unimpressible opera-goer was observed beating his palms together vehemently. "What are you applauding for?" asked a friend. "To show how thankful I am that the curtain is down at last," he replied.

The pompous judge glared sternly over his spectacles at the tattered prisoner who had been dragged before the bar of justice on a charge of vagrancy. "Have you ever earned a dollar in your life?" he asked in fine scorn. "Yes, your honor," was the response, "I voted for you at the last election."

A girl who saw the Atlantic Ocean for the first time was standing on the beach, gazing dreamily over the expanse of foaming water. "So this is the first time you've ever seen the ocean?" said her escort. "Yes, the very first time." "And what do you think of it?" "Ah!" she sighed in ecstasy, "it smells just like oysters."

Mischa Elman tells a story of his early youth. He was playing at a reception given by a Russian prince, and played Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata," which has several long and impressive rests in it. During one of these rests a motherly old lady leaned forward, patted him on the shoulder, and said: "Play something you know, dear."

James Payn once told the story of a visiting parson who was starting the prayer for rain when the clerk pulled his coat tails. "You mustn't read that, sir," he said. "But it's a prayer for a good harvest, my man," expostulated the preacher. "That's just it, sir," explained the clerk; "the visitors are our harvest, and we want none of your rain."

Two Manhattan physicians were enjoying the breeze from the front seat on the "hurricane deck" of a Riverside Drive bus one sultry afternoon last week when part of their conversation was overheard. It ran like this: "I performed an operation for appendicitis on the wife of a millionaire yesterday," said the stouter of the pair. "Yes," said the other. "What was she suffering from?"

In a newly published book of reminiscences a story is told of the late Sir William Harcourt. He was about to get into a hansom when a friend, passing in a brougham, offered to give the right honorable gentleman, whose avoirdupois was considerable, a lift to his town house. Sir William accepted the offer, and gave the disappointed Jehu a shilling. "Only a hoh, guv'nor?" he asked ruefully. "Certainly," was the reply. "I never got into your cab." "But, guv'nor," responded the Jehu, "consider the fright you gave the boss."

There is a young man in Boston whose one failing is a desire to be thought a descendant of one of "the old families," and his studio—he says he is an artist—contains a number of heirlooms. One thing which he takes particular pride in is a continental uniform, complete in every detail, with flintlock and powder horn. He was showing this to a young lady the other day. "My great-grandfather wore this suit when he gave his life to his country during the brave days of the revolution!" he said. The young lady inspected the uniform carefully, but could find neither bullet-hole nor sahra cut. She turned to him with a charming smile. "Oh! Was the poor old gentleman drowned?" she asked.

Mr. Dean, the head of a large manufacturing business, built up his success by his own dogged and persistent toil. He had never felt that he could spare time for a vacation. Not long ago he decided that he was getting along in years and was entitled to a rest. Calling his son Ellis into the library one evening, he said: "Ellis, I've worked pretty hard for quite a while now and have done pretty well, so I have about decided to retire and turn the business over to you. What do you say?" Ellis pondered the situation gravely for a moment, then his face brightened and he replied: "Say, pop, how would it do for you to work a few years longer and then the two of us retire together?"

Mrs. Newly-Riche had been invited to an exclusive private musicale at the home of one of the socially elect. It was her first appearance in the coveted circle and she was anxious to justify her presence among aristocratic music lovers by seeming well informed in matters musical. So she ventured a remark when all had become still, after the polite applause for the beautiful singing of the baritone star of the occasion. Leaning toward him eagerly and making herself as

conspicuous as possible, she said: "Oh, Signor Deceptone, I am so interested in the English composers; won't you please sing something by Sir John L. Sullivan?"

A Louisville man tells of an incident during the sessions held in his city of a Sunday-school convention with delegates from all the states. In answer to the roll-call of the states reports were verbally given by the various state chairmen. When Texas was called a big man stepped into the aisle and in stentorian tones exclaimed: "We represent the imperial state of Texas. The first white woman born in Texas is still living—she has now a population of over three million." Whereupon a voice from the gallery cried out in clarion tones: "Send that woman to Idaho—we need her."

A society of social matrons were having a meeting to discuss the never-ending question of cooks. It was the almost unanimous opinion of the assembly, after an hour's talk, that it was impossible to keep a cook more than a month without changing. "However," announced the president, "if any person knows of an exceptional case, let her speak." At this a new member timidly rose. "The exception is in my house," she said. "How long have you had your cook?" asked the president. "Over five years." The others stared in amazement. "Is this cook entirely satisfactory as a cook?" "My husband thinks not, but she stays, nevertheless." "How do you manage to keep her, then?" "Because she won't go." "Aha!" The president regarded the new member with pity and scorn. "Mrs. Tonson," said she, "instead of advancing a case in which a long-sought solution might have been found, you expose yourself as being worse off than any of your sisters. You show that by allowing this cook to stay over the month you have enabled the menial to attain and hold an ascendancy over you and your husband—just the thing this society has so long fought against! No doubt you regret your position." "I do not," Mrs. Tonson replied. "I am the cook!"

THE MERRY MUSE.

By the Candidate.

Who am I that I should speak
Condemnation of another?
He who sells his vote is weak,
But—how much is wanted, brother?

Something you would have me say
Of the "wickedness of princes"?
Well, then, be that as it may,
Truly, 'tis the galled jade winces!

Backward? Nay, I do not lag!
Of the issues now before us
I am for that grand old flag
That is proudly floating o'er us.

Of the tariff you would hear?
I believe, friends, in this crisis—
Do I make myself quite clear?
In high wages and low prices!

Currency? My views are sound,
Though to some they may seem funny;
Wealth for all men should abound,
I believe in—ready money!

There! I trust you're satisfied
I will serve in any station;
What I think you may decide—
Just give me the nomination!

—New York Sun.

Whueue!

They had cut off a Chinaman's queue,
And were painting his head a bright blue;
So the Chinaman said,
As they daubed at his head:
"When I sueue yueue, yueue! I rueue what yueue
dueue."

—Town Topics.

Highbrow Mother Goose.

Mary, twice adressed, yet strangely capricious,
How does your horticultural experiment progress,
With tintinnabulations,
And cockle incrustations,
And a correct alignment of feminine prettiness?

John and Jillina, with rare determination,
Mounted the slope of a natural elevation
With a common utensil to be filled with aqua pura.
John, it seems, stumbled, or suffered a prostration,
Subjecting his scalp to a painful laceration,
While Jillina followed after, in a rush of coloratura.

Mrs. Hubbard, advanced in years,
Approached her cupboard, with hopes and fears,
Intending to procure for her canine an osseous treat.
But once at her destination arrived,
She found that no particle had survived
And thus the wretched animal was left with naught to eat.

John Spratt, if confronted with adipose tissue,
Derived no enjoyment from mastication;
His better half (such are the strange laws of nature)
Made lean her particular detestation.
Thus, when they combined, they succeeded in cleaning
The platter by lingual manipulation.

—Sigmund Spaeth, in Life.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Payne have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Marie Payne, to Mr. Dudley Bliss, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. George D. Bliss.

From Canada comes the announcement of the engagement of Miss Minerva Hamilton and Mr. George Crooks of Calgary, Canada. Miss Hamilton formerly resided in Sausalito with her aunt, the late Mrs. C. H. Harrison. She is a sister of Mrs. Charles A. Wright and a cousin of Mrs. Josiah C. Beedy.

Mrs. Florence Bland of Belvedere has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Serena Bland, to Mr. Charles Preusser of Manila. The wedding will take place in Belvedere Tuesday, September 8. Miss Bland is a sister of Mrs. Thomas D. Parker, wife of Commander Parker, U. S. N. She is a niece of Mrs. Hugo D. Keil and Mr. Charles Miner Goodall.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Wheeler and Mr. Bradley Head took place Tuesday evening in St. Luke's Episcopal Church. The bride, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, was attended by her three sisters, Miss Olive Wheeler as maid of honor and the Misses Lillias and Jean Wheeler, who were the bridesmaids. Mr. Lawrence O'Toole was Mr. Head's best man and the ushers included the Messrs. Theodore Wilder, David Oiphant, Robert Weber, and the bride's brother, Mr. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Jr. After the ceremony, which was performed by Bishop William Ford Nichols, a reception was given by Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler at their residence on Washington Street. Mr. and Mrs. Head will reside in Piedmont upon their return from their wedding trip.

The wedding of Miss Lillias Wheeler and Mr. Matt Savage Walton of Lexington, Kentucky, will take place Wednesday, September 10.

Miss Bernice Bromwell, daughter of Mrs. L. L. Bromwell of Oakland, will be married Wednesday afternoon, September 2, to Mr. John Martin, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. John Martin of Ross.

Miss Florence Greaves, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Travis Greaves, was married Tuesday, July 21, to Mr. Charles Kindness Moore of Los Angeles. The ceremony, which took place in St. Stephen's Episcopal Church in Hollywood, was followed by a reception at the Hotel Beverly Hills. The bride was attended by her sisters, the Misses Dorothy and Marjorie Greaves, and Mr. Harry Alexander Bruce was Mr. Moore's best man.

The wedding of Mrs. Norma Preston Ames and Mr. Harry H. Scott took place Wednesday at the home on Washington Street of the bride's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Willard N. Drown. It was a very quiet affair, only relatives and a few intimate friends being present. Mrs. Scott is the daughter of Mrs. Preston and the late Mr. Edgar F. Preston and a sister of Mrs. Willard N. Drown and Mr. Frank Preston of Medford, Oregon. Mr. Scott is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott and a brother of Mrs. Walter S. Martin and Mr. Prescott Scott. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Scott will reside on Pacific Avenue.

The wedding of Miss Mary Torney and Ensign David Judson Callaghan, U. S. N., took place Thursday evening in St. Francis de Sales Church in Oakland. Miss Marie Rose Callaghan was maid of honor and the bridesmaids were the Misses Marguerite Sullivan, Aileen Rourke, Adele Lucke, and Margaret Durney.

Hon. George T. Mayne, Jr., American Ambassador to Russia, and Mrs. Mayne were the complimented guests at several elaborate affairs during their brief visit in this city. Colonel Hamilton Stone Wallace, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, and Mrs. John Brice were among the friends who entertained them at dinners. Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott gave them a luncheon Monday at the Hotel St. Francis and Miss Lily O'Connor was hostess at a luncheon at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young entertained a large number of guests at a dinner Friday evening at their home on California Street in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst.

Mr. James Reed was host Friday evening at a dinner and box party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holbrook.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin gave a dinner at their home in Burlingame in honor of Mrs. Norma Preston Ames and Mr. Harry H. Scott. Mr. Scott was the complimented guest at a stag dinner given last week by Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker.

News comes from Portland of the many entertainments given in honor of the Misses Beatrice Nickel, Harriet Pomeroy, and Rhoda Niebling, who are visiting friends in the northern city. Miss Jean Morrison was hostess at a luncheon Monday complimentary to Miss Nickel and Miss

Pomeroy, who were the guests of honor again Friday evening at an elaborate dinner given by Miss Louise Burns. Accompanied by her guests, Miss Burns later attended the ball at the Waverly Country Club, where Mr. and Mrs. Harry Teal entertained a number of young people in honor of their debutante daughter, Miss Ruth Teal. Miss Niebling was the complimented guest at a tea given by Mrs. R. J. Johnson. Among others who entertained in honor of Miss Niebling were Mrs. W. W. Cotton and Mrs. J. H. Dickson.

Mrs. George W. Gibbs was hostess at a luncheon Monday at Hotel del Monte in honor of Bishop William Ford Nichols and Mrs. Nichols.

Mrs. H. R. Warner was hostess at an elaborate bridge-tea Wednesday afternoon at Pebble Beach Lodge.

Mrs. Joseph G. Coleman, Jr., was hostess at a tea and garden party recently at her home in Santa Barbara. The affair was in honor of her aunt, Mrs. Charles Strobel, who is spending the summer at Miramar.

Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall entertained a number of friends at luncheon Friday at Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fickert gave a dance Friday evening at their home on Green Street. About thirty friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. Othello Scribner entertained a number of young people at a dance Wednesday evening at the Ingleside Golf and Country Club. The affair was in honor of their nieces, the Misses Marian and Kate Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin entertained a number of friends at a dinner recently at their home in San Mateo in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Hennen Jennings of Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Hamilton gave an informal dance at their home on Broadway complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst.

Miss Edith Mau was hostess at a bridge-luncheon in honor of Miss Erna Herman.

Mr. Charles Black and his daughter, Miss Marie Louise Black, gave a dinner recently at their home on Broadway and later accompanied their guests to the theatre. The affair was in honor of their house guests, Mr. and Mrs. Adelbert Blackmer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell entertained a number of friends at an informal dance last week in Monterey, where they are occupying the studio of Mr. Charles Dickman.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hobart gave a dinner recently complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. William Chase of New York and Mr. and Mrs. Jules Guerin.

Mrs. William Waldron entertained a number of friends at a luncheon and bridge party Thursday at her home on Clay Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sesnon gave a house party over the week-end at their country home at Santa Cruz.

Captain Sweeney, U. S. A., entertained a number of friends at dinner Saturday evening at the Hotel del Monte preceding the weekly dance.

Admiral Charles A. Gove, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gove entertained twenty guests at a supper party at their home on Yerba Buena Wednesday evening after the dance given by the Navy Relief Society.

Mrs. Kirby Crittenden was hostess at a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Mrs. Edmund Playfair and Miss Dahlis Playfair of Sidney, Australia.

Mrs. Eugene Hale Douglas was hostess at a reception at her home on Yerba Buena in honor of Miss Bernice Bromwell.

Lieutenant-Commander Wallace Bertholf, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bertholf gave a dinner Sunday evening at their home on Clay Street in honor of Captain von Schoenberg of the German cruiser *Nuernberg*.

Captain Louis Chappaleau, U. S. A., and Mrs. Chappaleau entertained the Thursday Bridge Club at their quarters in the Presidio.

Colonel Thomas Rees, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rees gave a dinner Friday evening at their home on Locust Street.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl returned yesterday to Lake Tahoe after a few days' visit in town. They came down from Tahoe Monday, accompanying their recent house guests, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse, and Mr. Francis Carolan. After a two weeks' visit at Webber Lake Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone will go to Lake Tahoe today to visit Mr. and Mrs. Kohl.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Moody and their sons have returned from a month's visit at the Webber Lake Country Club.

Mrs. Philip Kearney has returned to her home in Southern California after a week's visit in this city.

Mrs. Norman Whiteside of New York is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hammond, at their home on Broadway. Mrs. Hammond and her son, Mr. Leonard Hammond, have recently returned from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver and their children are occupying their cottage in Inverness after having spent two months in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. John Parkinson have returned to their home in Sacramento after a visit in Sausalito with Mrs. Parkinson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Richardson.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parmelee Eels have closed their town house and have gone to San Rafael, where they have rented the home of Mrs. Henry Glass. They have as their house guests their son-in-law and daughter, Captain Conrad Babcock, U. S. A., and Mrs. Babcock. Mr. and Mrs. John Lawson joined the family for a week-end visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. Scott have leased a home on Pacific Avenue near Broderick Street, where they will reside upon their return from their wedding trip. The house which was for-

merly the home of Mrs. E. W. McKinstry is being renovated and decorated and will be handsomely furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, who arrived last week from the East, spent the week-end in Pleasanton with Mr. Hearst's mother, Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst.

Miss Ethel Cooper has returned to town after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham and their little son, Bruce Kelham, are occupying a cottage at Bolinas. Mr. and Mrs. Jules Guerin were recently their guests for a few days.

Miss Mauricia Mintzer and the Messrs. Lucio and William Mintzer are established in San Rafael, where they have rented the home of Mrs. James A. Follis, who with her little son, Master Gwin Follis, has joined her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Gwin, in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sargent will move Monday into their new home on Lake Street after having resided for several years on Broadway near Pierce Street.

Dr. Albert Houston, Mrs. Houston, and their daughter and son are en route to Europe, where they expect to remain until the Christmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent and Mrs. Lent's sister, Miss Jennie Hooker, have returned from an automobile trip to Lake Tahoe.

Miss Gertrude Jolliffe has returned from a visit with her sister, Mrs. Herbert C. Moffitt, at Lake Tahoe. Miss Jolliffe and her fiancé, Dr. Herbert Allen, spent the week-end at Sobra Vista with Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith are expected home shortly from the East, where they have been visiting relatives since their arrival two weeks ago from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Wilkinson and their daughter, Miss Constance Wilkinson, are en route to their home in London after an extended visit in this city and Burlingame.

Mrs. Haig Patigian has gone to the Hollister ranch on the Sacramento River to spend several weeks. Mr. Patigian spends the week-ends with his family.

Mrs. Seward McNear and her daughter and son are expected home today from the East, where they have been spending the past three months. Mr. McNear has rented one of Mr. Bothin's houses in Ross for his family.

Mrs. George H. Howard and her sons, the Messrs. George Howard, Jr., and Henry Howard, have returned from a visit in Santa Barbara.

Dr. Thomas Addis and Mrs. Addis have closed their town house and have gone to Sausalito for the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot have returned from a motor trip through Southern California. They were accompanied by their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John Newton Russell, of Los Angeles.

Miss Ethel Lilley has returned from school and has joined her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lilley, in San Rafael.

Miss Maud O'Connor has joined her sisters, the Misses Cecilia and Cornelia O'Connor, at the Hotel Cecil after a visit in Coronado with Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spreckels.

Mr. Gordon Tevis and his guest, Mr. Scott Paradise, have returned from a motor trip to Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. James Jenkins and a party of friends have recently returned from a motor trip to Etna Springs.

Mrs. Ryland Wallace and her son, Mr. Bradley Wallace, have been spending ten days touring in the Tahoe country.

Dr. Joseph Marshall Flint and Mrs. Flint have

come from their home in New Haven to spend the summer in California. They are at present at Wynton, the country home on the McCloud River of Mrs. Hearst.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian de Guigne, Jr., will spend the next few weeks in Montecito, where they will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Felton Elkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin have returned from Lake Tahoe, where they spent several days with Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, who will entertain Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone during the next two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee will motor to Shasta County to spend a part of this month at Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Whitman have returned from a hunting and fishing trip in the Pelican Bay country.

Mrs. John Evelyn Page has returned to her home in Santa Barbara after a visit in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Cheney are spending the summer in Monterey, where they are occupying the studio of Mr. Harry Fonda.

Mr. and Mrs. William Reding and their daughter, Miss Louise Reding, have been spending the past two weeks in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Schilling are enjoying the summer in Woodside, where they are occupying the home of Mr. Schilling's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Schilling, who are traveling in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahla, Miss Leontine de Sahla, and Mrs. Clement Tobin were at last accounts at the Hotel Ritz in Paris.

The Misses Gertrude Hopkins and Kate Crocker spent the week-end in Menlo Park with Miss Genevieve Bothin.

Mrs. Martin Crimmins left last week for Santa Barbara, where she is the guest of Mrs. James Hall Bishop.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker have returned from an outing at Webber Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur T. Gracey and their little son will sail today on the *Saxonia* for Gibraltar and from there will go to Seville, Spain, where Mr. Gracey will be United States consul.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

The new buildings of the Sacred Heart College at Ellis and Franklin Streets were dedicated the first of the week with imposing ceremony. Archbishop P. W. Riordan conducted the exercises, assisted by Rev. Brother Gregory, president of the college.

Authorization has been given by the finance committee of the board of supervisors for the expenditure of \$131,000 for the building of four large sewer additions to the city's system. They include the Baker's Beach outlet to the Sunset and Richmond sewers, the Fulton and Forty-Eighth Avenue sewer, the Glenn Park extension, and the Fifth Street and Brannan Street outlets.

The will of Mrs. Mary W. Kincaid, until her death a member of the board of education, was filed last Monday by her son, George F. Kincaid. The estate's valuation is \$16,000, and consists chiefly of three pieces of property. These are the old family residence at 1200 Shattuck Avenue, Berkeley; an acreage holding in Mendocino County, and a mortgage on some realty in San Francisco.

Probation was asked on Monday for James F. Hogue, convicted of train robbery and awaiting sentence in the court of Superior Judge Dunne. Hogue held up a Southern Pacific train on the night of May 11. He claims that he turned robber to relieve the hunger of his wife and children. The case was continued until August 11.

Members of the police department paid tribute last Monday to Detective Sergeant George Mulcahy, who died after a short illness at his home, 3873 Seventeenth Street. He had been in the department twenty years.

Edward Burton de Groot, general secretary of the Playground Association of Chicago, has been appointed by the board of education as supervisor and director of public lectures, social centre activities, athletics, and the like, at a salary of \$4000 a year. This means the creation of a new department, the first of its kind on the Coast.

Albert Shaw, Jr., a photographer, 1486 Dores Street, was killed in a fall from the Yosemite trail last Saturday night. His hat

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blew off, and in trying to recover it he was carried over the face of the precipice, falling a thousand feet, his body lodging in a narrow ledge, whence it was rescued Sunday evening.

John Grammont, who on July 18 attempted to hold up a Sutter Street car at Grant Avenue during the supper hour, was committed on Tuesday to the State Asylum for the Insane at Stockton.

Donald Anderson, convicted of killing Conductor Louis Seymour on the night of April 19 while attempting to hold up a California Street car, Tuesday was sentenced to life imprisonment by Superior Judge William Lawlor.

The park commission reports that in the last fiscal year it had sundry revenues besides taxes amounting to \$40,121.39, of which \$32,468 was derived from payments made at the children's quarters, \$3342.85 from the beach chalet, and \$1200 from the sale of buffaloes. For construction and maintenance at Golden Gate Park the sum of \$242,050.69 was spent, and at the smaller parks and squares \$89,681.11.

Mrs. Georgia Pissis, widow of Albert Pissis, architect, has been granted a family allowance of \$1500 a month from her husband's estate by Judge Hunt. The estate is valued at \$500,000 and was bequeathed to the widow.

Through a youth who gives his name as Murphy the burglars who recently raided the home of George W. Young, 1442 Leavenworth Street, and stole \$350 worth of jewelry, silverware, and miscellaneous articles, may be traced and arrested. The boy appeared Tuesday at the Young home and returned to Mrs. Young a tin box containing several articles of little value. Accompanying the box was a note written on rough blue paper saying that if the boy was allowed to return to the sender of the note with \$10 "the rest of the junk" would be returned. He was arrested and has told conflicting stories.

The funeral of F. L. Turpin, senior partner of the Hotel Turpin and pioneer hotel man of this city, was held Wednesday afternoon at the Masonic Temple under the auspices of Pacific Lodge, No. 136, Free and Accepted Masonry. Interment was at Greenlawn Cemetery. He was a native of Lebanon, Pennsylvania, sixty-seven years of age, and is survived by a widow, son, and daughter. Beside Masonic affiliations, he was an Odd Fellow and a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, and for twenty years held the position of treasurer of the Grace M. E. Church.

John A. McGregor, president of the Union Iron Works, has been elected as a director

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of the Federal Reserve Bank, Class B, and has been notified of his choice by the Treasury Department at Washington.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Mrs. Cecil Marrack has returned from an outing in the Yosemite Valley and is again with her parents, Colonel Lea Feibiger, U. S. A., and Mrs. Feibiger at their home on Washington Street.

General Woodruff, U. S. A. (retired), and Mrs. Woodruff have returned from a month's visit in Seattle.

Colonel Hamilton Stone Wallace, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wallace spent the week-end in Woodside with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard.

Mrs. Gilbert Allen, wife of Captain Allen, U. S. A., has gone to Santa Cruz to visit Miss Josephine Lindley. Mrs. Allen has for several weeks been the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Kent.

Colonel J. M. Carson, Mrs. Carson, and their daughter spent a few days in this city en route from the Philippines to Washington, D. C.

Major Willard Newbill, U. S. A., is established in the apartment on Washington Street of Major Sherwood Cheney, U. S. A., who will leave today for his new post at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Lieutenant Albert Rees, U. S. N., departed Tuesday for Boston, where he will be joined in two weeks by Mrs. Rees, who is visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Schlessinger. For the past two years Lieutenant Rees has been stationed at Yerba Buena and after dismantling his home, preparatory to his leaving for the Atlantic coast, he and Mrs. Rees spent several days with Admiral Charles A. Gove, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gove.

Mrs. Merritt Hodson, wife of Ensign Hodson, U. S. N., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh B. Jones, at their home in San Rafael.

Lieutenant Kirkwood Donovan, U. S. N., and Mrs. Donovan will leave Mare Island shortly for Annapolis, where they will reside during the next three years. Mrs. Donovan was formerly Miss Dorothy Draper.

Mrs. Thomas Driscoll has gone to San Diego to visit her parents, Admiral Bacon, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Bacon. Mrs. Driscoll was accompanied by her two children.

Miss Margery Bull, daughter of Admiral James Bull, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bull, of Santa Barbara, will leave soon for the East to spend several months with relatives.

Captain Charles Howland, U. S. A., has been detached from the Vancouver Barracks and ordered to Alcatraz, where he will assume command September 1 of the military prison, relieving Colonel Charles M. Truitt, U. S. A.

Paymaster Frederick K. Perkins, U. S. N., has been ordered to the U. S. S. *Utah*, relieving Paymaster C. J. Peoples, U. S. N., who will proceed to Washington, D. C.

A third installment of "Rodin's Note-Book" will be published in the August Century Magazine, dealing with the great sculptor's portrait busts of women.

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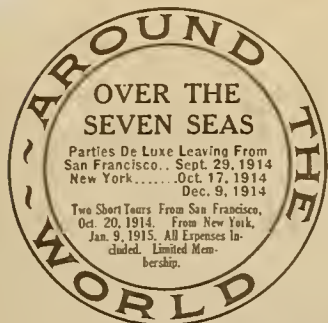
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Parson—How is it I haven't seen you at church lately? Hodge—I aint been.—Printer's Pic.

Knicker—What is the business problem? Bocker—Either shut up or shut down.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Bobbie (who has been sent over for the fifth time to find out how Mrs. Brown is)—All right, ma; she's dead.—Baltimore American.

Polly—When they came back from their wedding trip he had just \$2.60 in his pocket. Peggy—The stingy thing!—Boston Transcript.

"I like athletics for girls. You ought to see how my daughter can run up a rope." "And you ought to see how mine can run up a bill."—Baltimore American.

"Do you have any differences of opinion in your family?" "Terrible. Why, it couldn't be any worse if we were all members of the Supreme Court."—Life.

"I don't care if he is a millionaire! It's perfectly outrageous for you to think of spending your young life with that old thing." "Oh, that isn't all I think of spending, mother dear."—Life.

"Adam made a failure of the fruit business," said the old dorky, "but mebbe ef he'd never tackled it we never would 'a' knowed de juicy sweetness of de Georgy watermillion!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"Mr. Headforester, if you don't leave your dachshund at home we'll refuse to play with you any more." "What's the matter?" "He's always looking at our cards and making you signals with his tail."—Fliegende Blätter.

"I was outspoken in my sentiments at the club this afternoon," said Mrs. Garrulous to her husband the other evening. With a look of astonishment he replied: "I can't believe it, my dear. Who outspoke you?"—Notional Monthly.

The cultured young woman from Boston was trying to make conversation. "Do you care for Crabbe's Tales?" she asked. "I never ate any," replied the breezy girl from Chicago; "but I'm just dead stuck on lobster."—Judge.

New Proprietor of Public House (that levies a fine for every swear word)—Ere, Bill, that's a penny you owe to the parson's swear box. Bill—I'd better do what I done afore—put a 'arf crown in and 'ave a season ticket.—Punch.

"What are you going to do when you get home?" "I don't know yet," replied Senator Sorghum. "I've got to wait and see whether my reception by the town folks is in the nature of an ovation or the third degree."—Washington Star.

Mistress—Why, Mary, isn't this your Sunday afternoon out? Aren't you going for a walk this lovely day? Mary—Please, 'm, I'd rather stay in. You see, most of the people out on a Sunday is couples, and I don't like to be conspicuous.—Punch.

"How many people are there here, Pat?" queried the Englishman of an Irishman in Montreal. "Oh, about a hundred 'ousand." "Why, I thought there were over half a million?" "Well," said Pat, "there is—if yez count the Frinch."—Canadian Courier.

Caller—Very, very sad case—what was the cause of such a mental wreck? Keeper—He wrote a hundred good scenarios for the moving-picture companies and they finally accepted one. The shock was so great that he had a mental collapse.—New York Sun.

"My son, Hiram, is just crazy to go to college an' study pharmacy," said Mrs. Wheatley. "It may be all right," replied Mrs. Cornstossel, "but I think th' place to study farmin' is right here on the farm, where ye git practical experience."—Livingston Lance.

"Where did you go last Sunday?" "Duck hunting." "Get any?" "Yes. With a seventy-five-cent box of shells I bagged sixteen." "Gee, that was getting 'em cheap!" "So I thought at first, but the farmer made me pay a dollar apiece for them."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Lady Customer (pleasantly)—I hear you are getting married today, Mr. Ribbs. Let me congratulate you. Mr. Ribbs (the local butcher)—Well, I dunno so much about congratulations, mum. It do be costing me a pretty penny, I can tell you. Mrs. Ribbs as is to be, what with her trousseau, you know, an' the furnishing, an' the license, an' the parson's fees, an' then I 've to give 'er an' 'er sister a piece of jewelry each, and wot with one thing an' another she's a 'eavy woman, as you know, mum, thirteen stin odd, an' I reckon she'll cost me best part o' two shillings eleven pence a pound before I get her 'ome.—Punch.



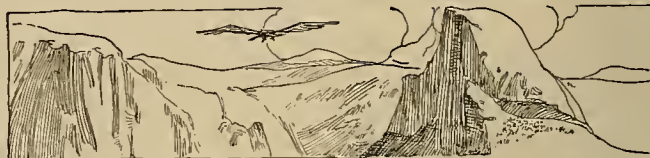
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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The War in Europe.

In tones intended to enforce conviction, and no doubt convincing enough to those who wish to be convinced, William of Germany declares that the sword has been forced into his hand. Desiring peace, protesting against war, he is forced into war under his obligations to allies and through the jealousies and resentments of malignant enemies. To the truth of all this William calls upon God to witness. The manner of it is eloquent. But the matter of it lacks what Mr. Roosevelt would call punch. It runs counter to plain facts and to normal reasonings. It does not resolve doubts which arise in every neutral mind.

The spark which has set Europe aflame was a demand made by Austria upon Serbia. The occasion, viewed largely, was trivial; the things insisted upon were impossible. Serbia could not have bowed to the affront and at the same time have maintained her self-respect—or the respect of the world. In truth the Austrian demand was a challenge to war. And it was

a challenge deliberately calculated. It is of course possible that Austria took this step without consulting Germany. We say it is possible, but it is not believable. It was an act certain in the nature of things to strike fire into the tinder pile of European jealousies and hatreds, and such acts in these days of instant communication are not done without consultation among the chancellories directly interested. Nobody believes—nobody ever will believe—that the German government, most interested party of all in the consequences, was left in ignorance while the interchanges between Austria and Serbia were in process. Austria would not have dared to take this step independent of German counsels or without assurance of German support. William asks too much of the world when he appeals for acceptance of this theory. He may, indeed, convince his own people, who naturally will wish to be convinced. But outside the sphere of immediate German sympathies the theory that the sword has been thrust into William's protesting hand will not go down. All the world, apart from Germany, regards this war as a war essentially and in fact initiated by Germany under motives obvious in their action if not in their inspiration.

The course of Germany during the week has tended to confirm this judgment. Why was the German army in practical mobilization at the very hour of Austria's demand upon Serbia? Why were German forces immediately marched beyond both the eastern and the western frontiers? Why, if the mind of Germany was for peace, was the neutrality of Luxemburg disregarded? Why did Germany put upon Belgium and upon the several signatories guaranteeing her neutrality the affront of an instant and direct violation of fixed engagements? These questions admit of but one rational answer.

At the same time it is difficult to understand how Germany can hope to come out of a general European war unscathed. With Russia certain to take fire on her eastern border, with France hot in the memory of old injuries and humiliations and more than eager for revenge on her western border, with England certain to be roused into action by the affront to Belgium—under these conditions how can Germany hope to escape ultimate and very serious consequences? There appears no rational answer to these suggestions. Yet there are those who attempt to answer by arguments founded upon the internal conditions of Germany. The war strength of the empire is at high-water mark. It can not, it is urged, be carried higher. Sooner or later war is inevitable; and from the German point of view it is perhaps as well to fight the fight out now as at some later time when Germany may be less and her enemies better prepared. The explanation is not entirely satisfying. But for the present, and in default of more complete disclosures, it will have to serve.

That Russia should move promptly in behalf of her Slav neighbor Serbia was inevitable. Either she had to sustain Serbia or abandon her pretensions—and her obligations—as the head and front of the Slav world. In the promptness and definiteness of her course she has done precisely what every student of world politics knew that she must do. How she will carry herself in the times immediately to come can only be guessed at. But the best judgment is that she will put into action forces which though occasionally baffled, as in the case of Japan, have never yet failed to sustain her larger purposes. The theory that Russia was broken in Japan does not under critical examination hold water. She was indeed beaten in one strenuous and long-sustained conflict at Port Arthur. Her fleet, it is true, went down in conflict near the Japanese coast. But viewed largely Russia's failure in the Japanese war was due to the fact

that she never really got to that war. Only her vanguard participated in it; her great reserved forces were not brought to bear upon the issue. Now under very different and more favoring circumstances she is to show the world what she can do. And when we consider her prodigious resources of men, money, and food, with her intense devotion to her political and religious creeds, there seems small question that she will make a record that will wipe out the memory of the Japanese fiasco.

Under the immediate provocations France of course was bound to act not only in support of her ally Russia, but in the cause of her own deeply-cherished resentments. The forty-three years which have elapsed since Sedan have not softened the bitterness of France towards her conqueror nor the fierceness of her resentment at the terms he imposed upon her. The wound to national pride made by the rape of Alsace and Lorraine has never healed. That France will now fight, not merely in the cause of Russia, but in the spirit of her own eagerness for revenge, goes without saying; and the object of her efforts will not so much be Austria as Germany. The hour for which she has been waiting for forty-three resentful years has struck, and whatever of valor and of power remains in the French nation will be put forth with all the fervor of a temperament which has proved its fighting value on a thousand fields.

On this side of the water we have never quite been able to understand the spirit of England in recent years towards Germany. Again and again there have been attempts to explain it—attempts ending not so much in rational and understandable arguments as in violent explosions of hatred, not unmingled with fear. Again and again the editor of the *Argonaut* has asked Englishmen, in their own country or sojourning here, why England should be fearful of German designs. The answer has always been the same, a resentful denial of the fact, followed by a passionate exhibition of its reality. It is based upon two considerations: First, the advance of German industry and commerce in spheres which England once monopolized and which she still regards as exclusively her own. Second, an undefined apprehension that German policy holds designs upon certain parts of the British colonial empire. The truth is that Germany in recent years and in many ways has been bearing in upon England in the competitions of the commercial world. The German stride has been longer, the pace has been quicker. Without conceding it, while admitting nothing, England has somehow felt herself on the losing side of a great game of conflicting purposes and interests. Now in commerce as in sport England is ever an unhappy and a surly loser. She has come to fear and to hate Germany; and for full twenty years she has been shaping her policies and in a sense mustering her forces against the day when Germany and Britain should face each other guns in hand. That day has come. England enters the conflict nominally in defense of Belgium, whose neutrality she is under bond to support. To intense national feeling she adds both a moral and a technical justification.

In the situation as it stands we see Germany and Austria practically face to face with the other powers of Europe. There are reasons why Turkey, in spite of her wish to be neutral, may be drawn to their support. But it is not easy to discover any other considerable element of force likely to ally itself with these countries. The three great powers of Russia, France, and England are in practical alliance, with Serbia, Montenegro, Belgium, Holland, and Japan—for with her accustomed promptness Japan has already announced herself as ready for the firing line—in opposing force. Italy is neutral, but is not likely to hold that status.

Bound as she is under the "triple alliance" to Germany and Austria, she is expected by so careful a student of affairs as Captain Mahan to fight on the other side.

What will happen in this situation is still on the knees of the gods; but from this distant point of view it looks bad for Germany and Austria. Many unexpected developments may spring up. For example, there is profound unrest in India, and it is possible, though not probable, that influences may be brought to bear that will fan a smouldering fire into an open flame. On the other hand Hungary, though part and parcel of the Austrian Empire and perhaps a full half of her fighting force, has long been disaffected towards the dual régime and may seize this occasion to establish a long idealized and profoundly desired national autonomy. Neither of these things are likely, yet both may happen.

One of the amazing things about wars old and new is that they rarely work out in accordance with common expectation. Rome was thought to be invincible, but she was smashed to atoms, and by barbarians whom she despised. At one time it appeared as if the empire of the Saracen would spread over western Europe. There seemed no force that could stay it. Yet out of the confusions and conflicts of a fierce age there came the leadership and cohesion which forced back the wave, ultimately driving it from Europe. And so throughout the ages. In relatively recent times Austria was expected to overwhelm Prussia, but in a war which lasted only ten days the apparently weaker force bore down the apparently stronger. By universal expectation France was bound to overwhelm Prussia in 1870. But she marched only to defeat. The world expected a non-combatant North to go down before a militant South in the war between the American states. But the event turned the other way. More recently it was expected that Russia would wipe Japan off the map. But Japan carried off the honors, such as they were, of that little war. Nobody has ever been wise enough to guess how a war between resourceful and spirited peoples will turn out. So in the immediate case it is the part of wisdom to sidestep temptations to prophecy and leave the field to the fighters. Apparently Germany is face to face with overwhelming conditions. But the end is not yet, and no man has the vision to know what it may be.

Sheer distance, traditional policy, good luck combine to isolate our own country in relation to the pending war. There seems not even a possibility that we may be drawn into it. We have no part in any of the motives back of it, and if we except the foreign elements in our population, we have no sympathies apart from those of natural human feeling. In truth there is little in our own situation, history, or ways of thinking enabling us to comprehend why this war is being waged. It seems nothing less or less wicked than a drama of stupendous folly in which nobody has anything to gain and everybody much to lose. So happily removed are we from the causes which keep Europe in a perpetual fever of anxiety and which enforce her to bend her back under the weight of colossal armaments, that the whole circumstance seems a sheer nightmare of folly.

Yet it would be too much to say that we have no direct interest in this conflagration. Whatever the outcome may be, whoever may win or whoever may lose, there will be prodigious waste, moral and material. Multitudes of men in the prime of life will fall; industry will suffer a universal paralysis; commerce, trade—all the normal and wholesome activities of life—will suffer distortion and distress. When the like of this happens in any part of the modern world all the world suffers for it. Loss anywhere, under the modern organization of society, means loss everywhere. Then there are the moral considerations. The spirit of war is a no less hideous thing than the physical phase of war. When nations array themselves against each other the effect is to stimulate the whole brood of unworthy passions. War carries with it and leaves in its wake, not merely physical, but moral desolation. It brutalizes not only those who engage in it, but those who either from far or near view it as a spectacle. So in any and every view there is cause to grieve that nations have not yet found ways to adjust their differences and to work out their destinies unshaken by strife and free from

the debasements which attend upon the excitements of passion and the brutalities of slaughter.

Certain men highly placed in our public life have, we think, with unseemly promptness and obvious satisfaction pointed out possible advantages to come to us in consequence of this immediate war. We may, indeed, gain something under the necessities of Europe for food products. Prices of what we have to sell are likely to advance. On the other hand the difficulties of delivery will certainly be great and the process costly. We have practically no ships in which we can send our products to those who will have need of them; and if the war should be protracted and bitterly contested the nations in conflict will find it difficult to convoy supplies across the Atlantic. President Wilson has suggested a scheme for bringing foreign ships under American registry, but there are difficulties in the way which probably do not present themselves to his purely academic understanding. Any wholesale movement in this direction would be nothing more or less than a subterfuge, and so a certain incitement to national resentments. The condition, however, does suggest the necessity for a recast of our policies—for doing away with the restrictive laws which have proved so positive a force in driving the American flag from the seas. There are those who argue that the reasons why we have no merchant marine are inherent in differences of general condition between our own and other countries. We have never been able to accredit this theory at its face value. We can not but believe that, given a free hand in the building and manning of ships, American enterprise would find the same measure of success in the sphere of ocean commerce that it has so signally won in other realms of human action. We have tried a restrictive policy and it has obviously failed. Now we would like to see the slate wiped clean. We would like to see the United States, untrammelled by restrictive laws, given a chance to try its mettle and exhibit its quality in competition with the world on the open seas. The present situation affords an invitation which ought to impress itself upon the country. The President and Congress should take the matter under earnest and immediate consideration. And we believe they ought to throw down the barriers which have so trammelled and hindered a strictly American commerce.

There would seem to be for us, if this war should be prolonged, an opportunity to build up natural and legitimate interests in regions which have been lost to us under one form or another of national policy. The great and growing countries of South America now look almost exclusively to Europe for manufactured goods. With the European import trade barred, there would appear to be an opportunity for American enterprise in the southern hemisphere. Ways and means of exploiting this opportunity ought, in so far as governmental policy may do it, to be freely opened. Here is a chance for constructive statecraft. Will President Wilson and Congress see it, and seeing it, make the most of it? We hope so.

The Senate and "the Programme."

Whenever it is proposed in the United States Senate, as happens every now and again, to apply the principle of cloture, in other words to limit debate, there is a general cry of protest. "Would you," it is asked, "shut off discussion of proposed legislation in the one forum which remains open? Would you, following the bad example of the House of Representatives, curtail the liberties and destroy the dignities of the Senate? Would you reduce the function of the Senate to that of a rubber stamp?" Democrats, Republicans, Progressives—all echo and reecho this cry. Yet the party in authority is now doing just this thing.

A case in point was strikingly exhibited in the proceedings of the Senate on Monday of last week, with Senator Brandegee of Connecticut as the central figure. Mr. Brandegee rose in his place having in hand amended copies of the several bills which together constitute President Wilson's anti-trust programme. These bills had been printed as they came from the House of Representatives, but not in their later amended forms. Not even members of the Senate themselves outside the particular committees having the bills in charge knew what the amended measures contained. "I want," said Mr. Brandegee, "to read these bills primarily for the information of

senators who know nothing of them in their modified forms; also that they may get into the *Record* and so before the country." Then there began a heckling procedure designed to annoy Senator Brandegee and to prevent the reading of the bills into the *Record*. The hecklers were of course all friends of the administration and supporters of the "programme." One senator after another rose to obstruct and delay—in other words to enforce practical cloture. Senator Brandegee has a clear, strong voice and can easily be heard throughout the Senate chamber. In fact he was heard. But a dozen administrationists one after the other protested that he spoke inaudibly, each obstructionist in the meantime doing his best to contribute to the volume of irrelevant and discordant noises. Then the point of no quorum was raised, making it necessary to call the roll, a procedure which consumes ten minutes or more. And for half a day Mr. Brandegee's determination to read the amended bills and so get them into print and before the public was met by a persistent and determined effort to defeat this very reasonable purpose.

Senator Stone, a Democrat, finally demanded the floor and presented an appeal for fair play. "I am," said Mr. Stone, "consistently and persistently opposed to cloture in the Senate. I believe in the largest freedom of real, intelligent, instructive debate, such as a senator sincerely means to be such. I take the view that a different situation is presented when senators day after day insist upon making the point of no quorum and calling the roll when it is known that there is a quorum, if not actually present in the Senate chamber, convenient to the Senate chamber and accessible to call. We have had the spectacle here for some time past of senators speaking for a short while and then some one rising to make the point of no quorum and going through the formality of a roll-call, thus consuming time. Then the senator resumes the floor and the same performance is repeated, and so on *ad nauseam*." Mr. Clarke of Arkansas spoke in similar vein, and as the result of this insistence Mr. Brandegee was permitted without further interruption to read the amended bills and so get them into such shape that those charged to act upon them might know what they were doing, and at the same time giving to the public opportunity to study the bills in their modified form. But it took practically a whole day to bring about a situation in which a senator in a body supposed to be open to free debate might present matters which he thought to be important, and which really were important, to the consideration of the Senate.

Having thus gotten the administration programme as amended in shape for discussion, Mr. Brandegee proceeded to an elaborate analysis of the legislation proposed. We have space to touch only upon a few of his main points, and we select those which illustrate the attitude of those in the Senate and out of it who are opposed to the pending measures. He could, Mr. Brandegee said, see no reason for a Federal Trade Commission in view of the fact that there was already a Commissioner of Corporations with powers quite sufficient for any view under the present proposal. There was, he said, no demand in the country for a commission sitting at Washington at great cost to supervise operations of business all over the country. The creation of a Federal Trade Commission, he said, is really to embark this government upon a socialistic programme. Furthermore, the work proposed for the commission can only be done by twisting the constitution from its original intent and to make it do something it was never meant to do. The situation gives Congress the power to regulate commerce among the states. This was done in order that one state might not block the use of the general highways against other states.

What would the founders of the constitution have thought, Mr. Brandegee asked, of the use of this provision as a basis for a Federal commission in Washington with authority to send out its inspectors to examine and order the private business men in this country in their own offices, to open their safes, their private letter-books, their contracts, their agreements with each other? They would have stood aghast at such a proposal. * * * The Democratic party heretofore has supported the principle of personal liberty. They have been against sumptuary laws, against inquisitorial proceedings, against the concentration of power here in Washington. They had some respect for state rights. They had some idea that their own constituents at home were capable of doing some things for themselves. * * * If the government is to manage the private business affairs of this coun-

try as they have managed the railroad affairs. I think the people will uprise and overthrow this whole scheme of commission government here in Washington. It will become intolerable. What activity in the United States of America is left to the people? * * * If the authority which this bill proposes is ever given to anybody in this country, we shall have ceased to be a free people. * * * The bill sets up five new grandees—Federal Trade Commissioners—at ten thousand dollars apiece to begin with, irrespective of its accretements, of its attachments, of its vast army of field agents, inspectors, and detectives. The cost will be tremendous and it will increase from year to year beyond all bounds. We know to what extent the forestry service developed under a previous administration.

These three or four bills have been tagged by a name which is intended to appeal to the people who are against the trusts. They go out to the country as though they were hills to hurt the great trusts. But this Federal Trade Commission bill is no anti-trust bill. The trusts can flourish under it. * * * To the few business men who favor this bill I can wish no greater calamity than to have it imposed upon them. * * * There is no demand for this bill in the country. If so, where is it? * * * This is manifested here by a refusal even to read the bill. I have talked with several senators, and it was perfectly evident that they didn't know what it was all about. I had to pull it out and show it to them before they would believe that what I said about it was true. * * * I am not criticizing the President for having his views about this business, but I do say that a President who will drag on Congress into doing what the country is not demanding, what the business interests are not demanding, but who holds us here because he is able to prevent his party from adjourning when it wants to adjourn, is exceeding his constitutional prerogatives, or else the Congress are abandoning theirs—one of the two.

Again the *Argonaut* must apologize for presenting this long extract from a senatorial discussion. We do so because it is necessary to an understanding of the sentiment of Congress that the public should have some reflection of what Congress is doing and saying; and our daily papers in their fear of offending some phase of public sentiment, or in their devotion to sensationalism, fail to give us any account worth mentioning of congressional proceedings.

It is evident that Congress, against its judgment and will, is being held in session for the enactment of laws which it does not understand nor seek to understand, and which it knows the country does not want. Even those who make up the majority and who are therefore responsible for what is done do not care to give themselves the trouble to know what they are doing. They are acting under orders from the administration—that is the whole story.

The purposes of the administration are purely political. There is no man in it, least of all the President, who has had any serious experience on the constructive side of business. But they know something of the game of politics. They realize that there is abroad in the country a sentiment against the trusts. They have formulated measures intended to cajole this sentiment and are pushing them through a reluctant Congress simply as a movement in the general scheme of popular politics, with little or no regard to effects as they relate to constitutional rights or to the business life of the country.

Pensions and the "War Charge."

Mr. Carnegie's salaried pacifists figure out that sixty-three cents of every dollar of the Federal revenue is expended for "war purposes," leaving only thirty-seven cents out of every dollar to be applied to the general charges of the government. This fiction—for it is a fiction—has been widely accepted and it is being used as a basis for some tremendous homilies having both financial and moral applications. Now the cost of our army and navy departments with their numberless attachments and connections is heavy enough in all conscience, running as it does approximately to \$300,000,000 per year. But this is far short of the sixty-three per cent of the Federal revenue figured out by Mr. Carnegie's bright young men. The difference is to be found under the head of money paid out for pensions, which now foot up the royal sum of \$160,000,000 per year, or approximately \$1.60 per capita.

Pensions properly are not a war charge. They represent in part what has been grandiloquently called a national debt of honor; but broadly and more accurately they represent a weak sentimentality, a colossal scheme of graft and an organized system of paying private political debts with public funds. No country on earth ever gave to a certain privileged class such direct bounty as this government gives to those who can by hook or crook acquire the label "old soldier" or "soldier's widow" or "soldier's orphan."

Spanish-American war "widows" are now pensioned, and this Congress is preparing to go back to the vicious old system whereby any young girl who marries a tottering "war veteran" on the edge of the grave may draw a pension for the remainder of her life. Legislation now proposed, coupled with the Spanish-American War Widows' bill, will work an increase of about \$7,000,000 per year in the pension outlay.

It is worth while, in protest against the measure now proposed, to pause a moment and consider what happened a few years back under the system which is now in the way of revival. A pensioned "veteran" became an object of high speculative value in the matrimonial market, since the "widow" of such a veteran automatically became a pensioner upon his death, and so continued to the end of her life. Old pensioners were eagerly sought after by very young women of a certain class for no other purpose than that the latter might eventually—the sooner the better—acquire the widowed status with its obvious and direct advantages. Around every Soldiers' Home there grew up a colony of designing females, many of them very young, working their wiles upon the imbecilities of age. Many thousands of women today are carried on the pension rolls and will so continue to the end of their lives, because they were artful enough to inveigle weak-minded old "vets" into marriage. In many instances marriage was purely a form, very often without any realization on the part of the particular veteran in the case. Poor old "dodos" out from a soldiers' home for an hour's sunning, would be drawn into roadside resorts, plied with liquor, and then put through ceremonies which had no other value or significance than the creation of another pensioner with a life-long grip upon the public treasury.

Speculative matrimony is only one and among the very cheapest ways that the pension charge has been piled up. Each Congress increases the bill anywhere from \$200,000 to \$500,000 per year, putting on the rolls coffee coolers, skulkers, deserters, and others not able to meet even the wide-open rules of the regular laws. This is the private pension bill graft which President Cleveland tried so hard to kill. At the present session of Congress one man seventy-three years old has gotten on the roll as the dependent child of a Union veteran. He is old enough to have served in the Civil War, but he did not risk his precious skin. Now he is pensioned because his father either did serve or is alleged to have served. Any man who served ninety days in the period of the Civil War is now entitled under the general laws to a pension. Thousands upon thousands who never smelled gunpowder are carried upon the rolls. Still by some sentimental quirk of the public mind, the people of the United States stand for paying to these men pensions to the end of their days.

A very large percentage of our earlier pensioners went on the rolls because it has never been the policy of the United States adequately to prepare for war. When war comes we herd into the ranks all comers, the incompetent, the diseased, the unfit, and above all the untrained, who know not how to take care of themselves. In the attempt to improvise armies we fill hospitals and graveyards. Battles kill fewer men than camp fever.

By some twisted logic this wholly unmilitary pension cost is held up as a reason for not spending money legitimately in preparing for war. Every proposed appropriation for the army is opposed on the ground that already we are spending too much for military purposes—military purposes always being made to include the half-million dollars per day which we pay out to pensioners, probably half of whom have no moral title to governmental help.

Our pension roll is so honeycombed with graft that to those who know the inside of things a place on it carries the imputation of dishonesty. The whole scheme is shameful in the extreme, but few in public life have the courage to raise their voices against the system. The "old soldier" vote must be conserved. One party is as bad as the other. The earlier abuses were fostered and promoted by Republican management. But this Democratic Congress, in enacting the Sherwood "dollar-a-day" bill, went a step further than anybody had dared go before. The Northern Democratic congressmen had to be helped out in districts where the "old soldier" vote is a factor. The military authorities, be it said to their credit, do what they may to keep out the unfit, but politics dominates the policy.

And every party does its share to expand and multiply the iniquities of the system.

Editorial Notes.

Easily excited persons in California and throughout the country are giving themselves a lot of worry over the plight of some hundred thousand or more American travelers now in Europe. In the turmoil and stress of the times banking arrangements ordinarily efficient and convenient have broken down, and Americans with ample letters of credit are unable for the moment to provide themselves with pocket money. No doubt a good many of these travelers, unaccustomed to disturbing emergencies of any kind, will suffer more or less in their minds. But serious sympathy will be wasted upon them, since no one of them all is likely to go hungry or bedless because of a temporary interruption in the machinery of business. All practically are in possession of evidences of credit, and they are in civilized countries where the value of securities—especially of American securities—is perfectly well understood. There will be a disposition everywhere, not only for humane and sentimental, but for business reasons, to help them out. Our official representatives are in every city and town, and they have been instructed by the Washington government to use all the resources at their command to promote the convenience and comfort of traveling compatriots. All will get home in due time none the worse for the experience.

The only Americans in Europe likely to suffer serious inconvenience are teachers and students of small means, who have gone over upon the basis of narrow banking margins and who may be compelled to remain beyond the period of their calculations and subjected to expenses beyond their available means. All such will be helped out, if not by the better provided ones, then by the agents of the government. No one of them is in serious danger of lacking the means to live or ultimately the chance of getting home. If all ordinary means of making the trip across the Atlantic should fail, then the government will send transports to bring home all who may wish to come. In the meantime all Americans in Europe who have sufficient liberality of mind to be interested in anything beyond their own necessities are in the thick of interesting events. And what stories they will have to tell of anxious hours and heroic experiences!

Not all the hardship, let us reflect, is on the other side of the water. With banking facilities *nil* and with transportation broken, there will now be a period in which American women may have either to wear their last year's gowns and bonnets or make shift with such poor substitutes as may be found in Fifth Avenue, Grant Avenue, or elsewhere. It will be some time probably before our ultra-fashion element, the real sufferers and true heroines among us, will be able to find out what the demimonde of Paris is wearing and doing. They will have to worry along instructed only by their own necessities and relieved only by such resources as our own poor country can yield. This phase of the situation presents a very real distress, a truly pitiable condition of things. But there seems no way of evading it. We shall have to accept the discomfiture as best we may.

The case is one which exhibits conspicuously the inexperience, the resourcelessness, so to speak, of our State Department. America is now the one country in the world in a position to deal positively with the warring governments of Europe, all of them together or any one of them singly. Why in the name of common sense has not Mr. Bryan demanded, for a limited period at least, the neutralization of the great transatlantic passenger liners? The expedient seems as simple as it is necessary, and there is no doubt that if it had been urged from Washington in terms of some positiveness it would have been accepted by all the warring countries. Then for a time at least there would have been no interruption of ordinary and non-belligerent traffic, no disturbance of mail communication, no bother of any kind. The trouble with our State Department as organized at present is that it carries no weight. In the hands of Mr. Bryan it is just a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal to which nobody listens and which nobody heeds. Under the late Mr. Hay or Mr. Root it was different. The department not only knew what to

do, but it knew how to go about it. And it had the standing in the foreign world which intelligence supported by positiveness and backed by large powers is certain to command.

It is commonly believed at Washington that the President intends to appoint Attorney-General McReynolds to the associate justiceship made vacant by the death of Judge Lurton. The appointment would be respectable, but hardly more than that. Mr. McReynolds has had no judicial experience and his rank as a lawyer is not notably high. Before he came into the service of the government in the anti-trust cases a few years back he was a professor in the legal department of a little jerk-water university, having been drawn into that position from a very modest practice as a country lawyer. He has, to be sure, had some experience since. But it is not the kind of experience tending to develop large powers as a lawyer or the judicial attitude of mind. Mr. McReynolds is temperamentally, by propensity and by habit, a prosecutor rather than a judge. It would seem that the President might easily go farther and fare better.

Mr. Garrison, also of the President's cabinet, would make an admirable justice of the Supreme Court. He has the solidity of mind as well as the habits of mind which make a good judge. However, Mr. Garrison would be a distinct loss to the cabinet. He is easily its most clear-headed and calmest member. He had more to do with men and things than any other member of the President's official family. He has a more impressive professional background, and in every relationship in which his office places him he has exhibited poise and common sense. Mr. Garrison would distinctly strengthen the Supreme Bench. Mr. McReynolds, without being an absolutely unfit man, would bring nothing to the bench in the way of increased wisdom or public confidence.

What has happened to the Colonel? Here for something like three days the world has been in throes and the Colonel's voice does not mingle in the general uproar. It is the first situation in fifteen years or more in which the Colonel has not appeared as a noisy if not indeed as a guiding spirit. Can it be that this wholly unaccustomed reticence has its roots in political calculation? Of course we have a German vote and an English vote and an Irish vote and a French vote and an Italian vote and a Slavonic vote. Mayhap the Colonel has taken counsel of a fine political instinct and has cramped the ardor of a spirited temperament to the end that he may tread on no political toes in the present turmoil of sentiment and sympathy. Or, maybe, it may be that pesky throat, which exhibits an interesting power in just the right emergencies over the Colonel's natural tendencies to hasty and impetuous assertion of his view of things.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"The Argonaut" Concurs.

OAKLAND, August 4, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: In your notice of Crippen's "Clay and Fire" you quote him as saying that our ten and five-dollar gold pieces "were undoubtedly the noblest coins produced in any country in two hundred years."

Now I may be a Philistine, but I have failed to hear any person with artistic sense approve the St. Gaudens designs for our five, ten, and twenty-dollar gold pieces. They violate every principle of coin design as established by Greek art, adopted by the Latins, and followed by the moderns. Nor are the designs consistent with themselves. On the ten-dollar piece we have a head in profile. So far it is correct. Art requires the profile. But why that head of a white girl, with locks of hair over the cheek and ear, surmounted by a vast headdress of mutilated tail feathers of some impossible bird? It is not art except in caricature. In coin designs birds and animals are idealized or conventionalized. The bird on the ten-dollar piece is an attempt to avoid both, and present nature. The result is neither an eagle nor a mud-hen. No one ever saw an eagle in such a position, nor with such an arrangement of feathers, nor such feathers on the second joint of the leg. The figure is utterly without dignity, naturalness or nobility.

The twenty-dollar piece attempts to present a female figure, full front, and the result is contemptible. There is no grace, beauty, poise, nor point in it, from the ridiculous little nose and frowny hair to the uninviting bare leg, with knee raised and exposed for no purpose demanded by art or human interest. I have passed over the five-dollar piece, which does not rise to the level of the art of a beer slug.

The coins which these superseded were justly regarded here and abroad as the purest in heraldic design and beauty of any gold coins in the modern world.

I regret that Mr. Crippen errs in saying that the five and ten-dollar pieces of St. Gaudens were driven out of the mints by public disfavor. They ought to have been, but were not, and must remain to offend good taste until Congress orders them to the melting pot.

JNO. P. IRISH.

Since 1899 it is estimated that the wireless telegraph at sea has been responsible for the saving of more than 5000 lives.

NOTES FROM THE ARENA.

What is that mysterious something that is called racial sympathy? Is it induced by a mere sentiment created by contiguity, language, religion, and tradition, or is it more definite than this, some actual distinctive potency that runs through human veins and that divides race from race, something of the nature of the inherited cell of Professor Weismann, which is transmitted from father to son and which explains resemblances and traits? When we look at the Slav peoples we are compelled by the facts to incline toward the latter theory. For the Slav races are not now contiguous. They have neither the same language nor the same religion, and surely a mere vague realization of a common origin can hardly account for a certain unified passion that runs all through these people and that is likely to defy both frontiers and local patriotisms. The Slavs number about 140,000,000 souls, a host large enough to be formidable, and strong enough to pull Europe out of her hed, as indeed it threatens to do. About 100,000,000 of Slavs are in Russia. There are 15,000,000 Slavs in Poland, and they seem determined to remain Slavs in spite of the dividing barriers between them that have been drawn by a benevolent Europe in the hope of preventing them from doing what they seem now resolved to do. The Czechs number 5,000,000, and the Slovaks 2,500,000. The remainder are made up of Servians, Bulgarians, and Roumanians. A combination of evil statecraft and fate has scattered these people broadcast over eastern Europe. To a great extent they are divided by religion and language. They find themselves in many different armies, and not always indisposed to fight with each other. But they remain Slavs at heart and responsive to this strange and mysterious call of blood.

As I tried to show last week, the movement toward a Slav federation began several years ago, and its history shows many a great name not usually identified with the subterranean policies involved. The world has not yet forgotten Pobiedonoszeff, the late procurator of the Holy Synod, that grim and implacable man, a sort of Russian John Knox, whom we commonly associate with the destructive work of Jew-haiting rather than with the constructive work of the Slav federation. But the Slav federation was very close to his heart. With the deep and cunning insight that belongs to the temperament of the churchman rather than to that of the patriot, Pobiedonoszeff knew well that religious unity was essential to political unity, and so he made it his supreme object to win all erring Slavs from Catholicism back to orthodoxy. That all Slavs should speak Russian was also important, but secondarily so. Pobiedonoszeff believed in the fighting force of men who say their prayers, and rather a sensible belief, too, come to think of it in the light of history. A cynical observer once said that if the Japanese could only be Christianized they would then cease to say their prayers and could be easily conquered. But it is surprising how men will fight after a brief inner communion with the God of peace. Pobiedonoszeff believed that when all Slavs said their prayers in the same language there would be "something doing" in the Slav world. His was not an ingratiating figure. He was one of those lean men who lie awake of nights against whom it will be remembered the world was once warned by Caesar. He was ascetic and filled with the quiet, quenchless fire of the fanatic. It was an ill day for the Czar when Pobiedonoszeff died, since his place was at once to be taken by the nasty Sludges, who by their peepings and peerings into spiritualism raised the superstitions of their master almost to a mania.

The latest of these ill-smelling creatures is Rasputin, whose life was attempted a few days ago by a fanatical adherent of his equally malodorous predecessor, Iliodor. If Russia should go to war her chief danger would be the sway that these necromancers exercise over the mind of the Czar. But let us give credit where credit is due, even to his majesty the devil. It is said that Rasputin prevented war between Russia and Austria eighteen months ago at the time of the Balkan unpleasantness. But Rasputin has now changed his views and is doing all he can to provoke hostilities by means of his table-turning juggleries and his voices from the nether world. This change is due to the fact that he tried unsuccessfully to get his daughter into one of the most exclusive girls' schools of St. Petersburg. Evidently Rasputin is not wholly above the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. The woman who tried to kill him said that he was anti-Christ, which shows her to be a person of some intelligence and discrimination. She knelt in the street and handed him a letter, and while he was reading it she stabbed him. The Czar is said to have been much grieved and to have made constant inquiries as to his friend's condition, but unfortunately there seems good reason to expect his recovery. When one looks at Iliodor and at Rasputin one looks at Russia.

Since the close of the Balkan war we have been allowed to peep behind the scenes and to learn something of the forces that brought that war to pass. That the Balkan states should have been able to show such entire and such sudden agreement with one another was evidence of carefully matured plans that with an equal care were kept out of sight. But now there need be no doubt that Russia was actually the engineer standing behind the levers and in full control of them. The intention of Russia was to secure a Slav combination in southern Europe that must necessarily redound to the advantage of the Pan Slav movement, no matter against whom it was directed. None the less Russia expected to direct it against Austria, and the war with Turkey was meant as little more than a provocation or as a bait to Aus-

trian intervention. The astuteness of the Russian diplomacy was never better shown, and for its immediate motive we have to look to the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Russia fully expected that the war with Turkey would sooner or later cause Austrian interference, and it was certainly intended to do so. The aggressive behavior of Serbia toward Austria at that time was a calculated move in the game. It was meant to provoke war with the Allies, but Austria did not want war under such conditions. She knew well the meaning of the Servian affronts, and she knew also that if she resented them, as she was expected to do, she would find herself instantly at a disadvantage. So she swallowed them with Christian meekness, but none the less she determined to remember them until the cards should be more favorable, that is to say until the Balkan League should quarrel among itself. That time has now come, and the assassination of the crown prince gives her precisely the pretext that was sure to come sooner or later and that Austria would herself have manufactured in good time.

The strength of the various armies is already fairly well known, although it may be confessed that such figures as these have very little meaning so far as practical realization is concerned. They produce about the same effect upon the mind as the astronomer who tries to explain to us the immensities of inter-stellar space. We find further evidence of Russia's foresight and intention when we remember that she has lately enacted the retention with the colors of the Fourth Class for an additional period of three months, which increases her peace establishment to 1,700,000 men, or 2,000,000 during the winter months. This gives her a total of 3,500,000 fully trained men and 800,000 partly trained men. But there is always a mystery about the Russian army. Only the initiated know just how big it is. General Blume, the German military expert, says that Russia can place 6,665,000 trained men in the field and that she could easily add another million and a half of partially trained men. Russia's army bill in 1914 was \$445,000,000. Against this unthinkable horde of men Germany could place in the field 3,530,000 trained soldiers and Austria-Hungary 2,000,000 trained soldiers. If France were involved it would mean 1,500,000 to the Slav side. England's army is only 275,000, and therefore does not count. But England's navy would count heavily against whatever vulnerable points she could find.

It may be remembered that a few years ago Count Tolstoy made a curious prediction that seems now in a fair way to be fulfilled. The story was told, I think, by his niece, who said that the German Emperor and King Edward once asked the Czar to obtain for them some special communication from Count Tolstoy, and preferably one dealing with the state of Europe and of the nature of a prophecy. The Czar, not wishing to enter into direct relations with the great novelist, sent for his niece and asked her to approach her uncle and to secure his compliance with the request of the foreign monarchs. The count, she said, was somewhat perplexed by the task set him, but eventually he recalled a dream or vision that had often recurred to him and that might, he thought, be of sufficient interest to repeat. It was to the effect that about the year 1914 there would be a great war in the Balkans and that this would be followed by a European upheaval that would continue for about fifteen years. During its progress a great military genius would appear who was to be a "Slav-Mongolian" and that he would dominate Europe by force of arms. Count Tolstoy's niece said that she took down this story from her uncle's dictation, wrote it out carefully, and carried it to the Czar, who presumably transmitted it to King Edward and the German Emperor. I am repeating the story from memory, but it is substantially correct and it becomes of interest at the present juncture. We all of us hasten to disavow any sympathy with superstitions, but few of us are so very superior as to refuse to listen to them.

SIDNEY CORYN.

At a cost of \$12,000,000, requiring five years to complete, the Cape Cod Canal has been opened. It unites Buzzard's Bay and Barnstable Bay by a waterway of a minimum depth of twenty-five feet and a minimum width of 100 feet at the bottom. The canal's width and depth are greater than those of the first Suez Canal, and the tonnage through it probably will be for many years more than twice that of the Panama Canal. The canal is thirteen miles long between thirty-foot depths in the two bays and eight miles long from shore to shore. In colonial days engineers examined the grounds many times, and George Washington ordered a report on the cost. There were five attempts to open a canal before this one. Twenty-five thousand vessels sail around Cape Cod every year, and 2131 vessels have been wrecked on Pollock's Rip, where there are 1082 hours of fog annually.

The theory that glass bottles serve to focus the sun's rays in such a way as to cause forest and brush fires is current in California. In the course of seven years' study of the causes of fires in this state, however, the forest service has never been able to find a single instance in verification of the theory. Furthermore, experiments have been conducted by forest officers for the express purpose of verifying it, but so far without success.

The Philippine Islands produce approximately 10,000,000 gallons of alcohol yearly. Almost all of this is made from the sap of the nipa palm that grows in great abundance in various swamps of the country.

THE HICKS-BROWN DIVORCE.

Also the Effective Results of an Advertisement.

There is always a beginning to an end. What it was in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Hicks-Brown I do not pretend to know. What I know most about is the end and the appendix. Of course all the differences leading up to the last act were thoroughly aired in court and in the newspapers, but it was the final act of brutality on Mr. Hicks-Brown's part that was especially dilated upon, and for weeks this "fiend in human form" was execrated by dames and damsels all over this broad land, and Mrs. Hicks-Brown was an object of heartfelt commiseration on all sides.

I am inclined to think that if Mr. Hicks-Brown had been more like the men who are held up as model husbands by the knowing members of certain ladies' societies, he and Mrs. Hicks-Brown—she whom only two short years since he had promised to love and cherish—would be living in peace and amity, to say nothing of conjugal happiness, even unto this day; and if Mrs. Hicks-Brown had been anything but the only child of a very rich and foolishly indulgent papa, things might have been different. But Mr. Hicks-Brown was just as much used to having his own way as was his pretty spouse, and the natural result were family rows, more or less insignificant in character. At first Mr. Hicks-Brown was inclined to give in, just as all dutiful hubbies are; but he saw the shoals of trouble on to which this course was causing him to drift, and concluded, after mature consideration, that it was *his* will that should dominate in the Hicks-Brown family, and he fixed his plan of procedure and governed his actions accordingly. Mrs. Hicks-Brown, with feminine insight, perceived at an early stage of the game what her lord's intentions were; and as she had always been accustomed to have *her* way, she decided that it was too late to begin knocking under—and there you have what was presumably the beginning of the end.

It was a dog—not only a dog, but a young-lady dog that Mr. Hicks-Brown termed a "measly, dogdast pug"—that caused the climax. This was in the day when the pug was in fashion. If there was any creature on earth that Mr. Hicks-Brown loathed and despised it was a pug, and his hetter half, aware of this antipathy, had, with characteristic feminine perversity, availed herself of the first opportunity to possess herself of one of those interesting animals.

He stood it, however, as long as he could, but the end had to come.

Mr. Hicks-Brown was an architect, and it came to pass that he had on one occasion been invited to prepare the plans for a public building. The plans were drawn and accepted by the committee, which, however, returned them to him for certain important alterations; and they were laid on the table in his den, to be attended to when he returned home in the late afternoon of a certain day.

Now it so happened that Vic, the pug aforementioned, was of an inquiring turn of mind, and she chose this very afternoon for an exploring tour in the upper part of the house.

When Mr. Hicks-Brown entered his den, about five o'clock, he saw at once that portions of his plans were missing, and, supposing that his wife had taken them to show to some visitor, he hurried downstairs.

"Where are those plans?" he asked.

"What plans, dear?" softly inquired Mrs. Hicks-Brown, sliding her caramel into one cheek, and still keeping one eye on a particularly thrilling page of the yellow-back novel in her lap.

"What—what plans! Do you mean to say you didn't take those Calumet Building plans from my table?" asked Mr. Hicks-Brown in some agitation.

"Oh-h!" said his spouse, mildly surprised. "Why, it must have been those that Vic had."

"That—Vic—had!" howled Mr. Hicks-Brown. "And pray, where are they now?"

"Don't get excited, dear. Were they anything in particular? Vic had some old, soiled pieces of cloth playing with them awhile ago; but I supposed they were some you had thrown into the waste-basket, so I burned—Henry! What are you going to do?"

But Henry did not answer. He strode over to the cushion whereon the offending Vic was taking her afternoon *siesta*, gripped her firmly by the nape of the neck, and, despite his wife's hysterical protests, opened the door and kicked the howling animal into the street, and, not satisfied with this, when Mrs. Hicks-Brown would have rushed to rescue her pet, he took her by the shoulders and forced her into a chair, noting with grim satisfaction as he did so that a couple of street arabs were making off with Vic.

That day Mrs. Hicks-Brown went home to her mother, and two weeks later she was a member of the divorce colony in a Western city, seeking freedom from matrimonial bonds on the ground of "cruel and inhuman treatment," which she expected the court, when her case was presented, to understand as having been applied to her, instead of to Vic.

In the state where Mrs. Hicks-Brown sought her divorce, it took only three months to establish a residence, and the legal formalities consumed very little time; but, strange to say, Mrs. Hicks-Brown did not find it easy to pass the time. The first three or four

weeks, in her flurried state of mind, she did not notice—but after that time passed very slowly indeed. Strange as it may seem, life apart from Mr. Hicks-Brown was very, very dull—and lonely. Yes, she had been hasty—too hasty—but there was no turning back now. She had burned her bridges, and, besides, had ever a Lovedale retraced a step once taken? No! And she held her pretty nose a little higher and tried to look haughtily don't-care-ish, all the time feeling very miserable indeed.

Everything seemed to conspire to add to her load of sorrow. She was pointed out on the street as a "colonist"; men about the hotel where she boarded tried to thrust their attentions upon her; and although she met, through the pastor of the church she attended, and at the home of her attorney, many of the nicest people in the city, she was almost entirely ignored in a social way, and it galled her immeasurably. She, a Lovedale—yes, and a Hicks-Brown; for even if the man who had bestowed the last name on her *did* work for a living it was a name to be proud of—to be ostracized by these insignificant country people, half the men among whom attended balls in Prince Albert or cut-away coats! The idea! As if she cared! And yet she did care a great deal.

And Mr. Hicks-Brown? He was working away as though fighting time. He never gave himself a moment, if he could help it, for thought. Not a word had passed between him and a member of the Lovedale family since the day his wife had flung herself out of the house and returned to her parents. He heard she had gone West for a divorce, and it made him wince, but he shut his mouth more tightly and went at his work still harder. There were times when he had to think, and they were not pleasant times. There was one in particular. A few months before, he had begun to build, unknown to his wife, a handsome new house in her favorite suburb—and the time came for him to occupy it, and *she* was not there to enjoy it. His younger sister, an orphan, who had just finished school and had come to live with him, was delighted with everything. She ran all over the house, fairly gushing with pleasure, and did not know that her brother, sitting amid the confusion of furniture in the front hall, was thinking of how much some one else would have been pleased. And there were two big tears on his cheeks when he remembered himself and arose to superintend the work of arranging furniture.

Everybody who reads the papers remembers the Hicks-Brown divorce trial—how the defendant paid no attention to the suit; how the judge, in granting a decree without alimony, scored the fair plaintiff for seeking a divorce on such trivial grounds, and assured her that he allowed a decree only because it was plain to be seen that it was a case of incompatibility; and how, two days after receiving her decree, the plaintiff left suddenly and everybody said, "I told you so—I knew she'd go as soon as she got it."

But everybody does not know that the reason she left so suddenly was that she received a telegram announcing her father's death, or that when she reached home she found that he had died a bankrupt.

Hicks-Brown knew it, and his heart ached with the longing to go to her aid—and then the Hicks-Brown pride came to the surface, and his heart hardened with a cold snap, and he bent himself to his work harder than ever.

One morning, as he rode into town, Henry Hicks-Brown was thinking how lonely his sister must be sometimes out there in that slow little suburb, and an idea struck him. "By Jove!" he thought, "it's the very thing. There are lots of nice girls who would jump at the chance to be companion to so jolly a girl as Lottie." And he stopped at the *Sol* office and left a "Want" advertisement, which stated that a young lady desired a companion who was able to speak French and possessed sundry other accomplishments; must furnish best references; would receive liberal salary, etc. Apply in person at residence, No. — Grove Street."

Mabel Hicks-Brown, discussing ways and means with her mother at their slimly furnished breakfast-table next morning, saw this advertisement. "It's the very thing, mamma, and I'm going to see about it today. Something must be done, and I'm the one to do it, so—"

"But, Mabel, it seems so—so—why, the idea of—"

"There, there's no use saying a word, mamma. We can't be choosers any more." And so it was settled.

At four o'clock that afternoon Mabel Hicks-Brown rang the door of the house on Grove Street indicated in the advertisement and was admitted by a trim maid, who seemed to know her errand, and ushered her into a pretty drawing-room on the right.

Somehow the room had a familiar look. At least there were things in it that seemed familiar. That picture in the dark corner—she must have seen it before. She rose to look at it, and as she did so some one came hurriedly into the room. Turning, she stood face to face with Henry Hicks-Brown.

For a full half-minute they stood staring at each other, stunned. Then Mabel, weak from the strain of the weeks and months just passed, gave a shuddering sob and sank to the floor.

Ten minutes later she found herself upon the divan in the corner, with a pair of strong arms about her and a very dear face close to her own, while a deep,

tremulous voice whispered: "Mabel, can't we—can't we make it all up? Tell me, little girl."

She told him, right then and there; and half an hour after that they stood in the study of the parsonage close by—Hicks-Brown would have it so—for all the world like a pair of elopers, and what had taken nearly five months to untie was retied in five minutes.

And that was the real end of the celebrated Hicks-Brown divorce case—the part that only a small minority of the newspaper-reading public knows about.

R. L. KETCHUM.

In South America, it is estimated, no less than 10,000,000 mate drinkers are to be found, for yerba mate, or Paraguayan tea—*Ilex paraguayensis*—was known and used long before the discovery of either of the Americas. The mate plant is really an evergreen tree, which grows from ten to twenty feet in height, is very bushy and beautiful, and resembles an orange tree. It has no spines, the leaves are bright green, the small flowers are of a yellowish color, and the tiny berries are purplish black. In gathering the natives go out and cut the branches from the trees found in the forests and pile them up in the form of a haystack. After all available material has been gathered the piles are then carried to their villages, where they undergo a process of torrefaction, or smoking, for about three days, and the leaves are then broken up into powder and are ready for the market. Paraguayan tea resembles our tea and coffee in that the chemical analysis of the leaves shows that they contain, in addition to the essential oils, chlorophyll, resins, and other vegetable ingredients, both tannin and caffeine. In recent years considerable quantities are being exported to Great Britain, Germany, and other European countries, and experiments are being made with the view of using it in the army supplies of these countries.

Flour milling is generally considered the most important industry in Hungary. There are 21,000 flour mills in operation, about ninety per cent of which are small mills that supply only the demands of the localities in which they are situated. The remainder are steam mills equipped with the most modern machinery and prepared to compete in the world's markets. Hungary grows large quantities of wheat, and certain grades of it are among the best in the world. At present it sometimes happens that so large a percentage of Hungarian wheat is bought by the Austrian mills through the co-operation of the Austrian railways that the Hungarian mills are forced to import Russian wheat. Hungarian coal mines, operated by the government, are unprofitable. Recently it was estimated, based on past years, that the net loss to the government on all the coal mines it owns and operates would be at least \$300,000 for the present year.

Recently the largest electric lamp in the world was lighted in the New York navy yard. On a clear night the beams of this giant searchlight will be visible more than one hundred miles away. There is no other lamp like it in existence. It is called the Beck searchlight and is the invention of Heinrich Beck, a German scientist, who has been conducting the tests of his lamp for the United States government. For coast defense a sixty-inch reflector is now in use. Such a reflector attached to the Beck searchlight gives 1,000,000,000 candlepower as against 180,000,000 candlepower now obtainable.

The copper-charged water from the Czar mine at Bisbee, Arizona, is discharged into a flume with a gentle incline, which is filled with all kinds of metal junk. The tin cans of the little city are all used this way, and an occasional carload is shipped in from camps near by. The process is known as replacement, and consists of minute particles of iron being removed by the copper-charged water, while a particle of copper replaces it. The recovery of pure copper is a considerable item in the course of a year.

Built at the almost prohibitory cost of \$200,000 a mile, the Sao Paulo railroad in Brazil last year earned on its main line more than \$100,000 a mile, and was able to pay fourteen per cent on its common stock. The largest part of its earnings come from coffee. It probably earns more money per mile of road than any other railroad anywhere on either American continent. It is a little over eighty miles in length.

Next to the United States and Russia, India is the largest wheat-producing country. The Tata Iron Works in Bengal, employing 8000 men, have laid down iron in San Francisco at less than the price charged by the United States Steel Corporation. India's system of irrigation stands easily first in the world, being far more extensive than that of Egypt or America.

For the first time since 1839 has an American crew won the Grand Challenge Cup, the English water classic. This feat has been accomplished by the Harvard second crew, which after defeating Leander and Winnipeg, recently won the final race from the Union Boat Club crew of Boston. The race was rowed over the famous Henley-on-the-Thames course.

MAETERLINCK AND OTHERS.

The London Season Ends with Three First Performances.

This has been a busy week for first-nighters, for during the final days of the "Season" they have had their choice of no fewer than three first performances, the last on the list being the initial licensed production of Maurice Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna." Thereby hangs a tale. The "Belgian Shakespeare's" *pièce en trois actes* was written twelve years ago, and while it was still fresh from his workshop some of his London admirers arranged for its immediate performance on the stage. But they had reckoned without the lord chamberlain. That potent Pooh-Bah of the English stage was shocked at what he deemed the indecency of "Monna Vanna"; the story goes that in reading the French original he mistook "*nue sous son manteau*" for "*nue sans son manteau*" and hence reached the conclusion that the heroine was to appear in *puris naturalibus*. Whatever Lady Godiva may have done in Coventry in the good old days, it would never do to allow the subjects of King George to be corrupted with the vision of a lady "*nue sans son manteau*." Consequently "Monna Vanna" was scored across with a big blue pencil and pigeonholed in Mrs. Grundy's secret cabinet.

But now J. T. Grein and his Independent Players have arisen and Pooh-Bah has relented. Perhaps he has learned a little more French in the interval. Whatever the explanation, Mr. Grein, who the other day got Ibsen's "Ghosts" rescued from Mrs. Grundy's ban, has succeeded in convincing the powers that be that "Monna Vanna" is not so naked as she looks, with the result that she appeared in all her beauty on the stage of the Haymarket Theatre without a single Londoner being a penny the worse.

For, after all, "Monna Vanna" is like the bulk of Maeterlinck's other plays in that it is concerned more with unseen emotion than visible wickedness. The story has some kinship with the Godiva legend. At the end of the fifteenth century Pisa was besieged by the Florentine general, Prinziavalli, who, when the city was at his mercy through failure of food, offers to send the citizens a new supply of food and ammunition on condition that Monna Vanna, the beautiful wife of the Pisan commander, shall visit him in his tent naked save for her mantle. With the spirit of Lady Godiva, Monna Vanna accepts the proposal, only to find that Prinziavalli is an old and devoted lover who has no thought of attempting her virtue. At this crisis some of the enemies of Prinziavalli come upon the scene, and to escape them he flees to Pisa with Monna Vanna. But the heroine's husband refuses to believe that she is as pure as when she left the city, and in the end she has to affirm she has been ravished in order that she may save Prinziavalli from her husband's vengeance by professing her eagerness to become his gaoler.

In such a bald outline as the foregoing the tent scene may suggest more than the reality conveyed. As a matter of fact it was far more restrained than some of the bedroom scenes of modern plays. In short, the anticipation was more exciting than the reality. During the dialogue of the first act, in which much was made of the humiliation to which Monna Vanna was to be subjected, it seemed probable that the visit to Prinziavalli's tent was to be a shocking affair; but when the scene changed to the tent no one save Constance Collier could have told whether her attire consisted of nothing more than her cloak. No doubt Maeterlinck intends us to regard the incident as a symbol of something, perhaps of the nakedness of truth; but to make it figure so persistently in the plot is to create doubt of the disinterested love which Prinziavalli declares he has cherished for so many years. As presented by Mr. Grein's Independent Players "Monna Vanna" will corrupt no morals. And now that it has been performed under official license and morbid curiosity has been satisfied the probabilities are that its future representations will be confined to the dilettante rather than the commercial stage.

Another novelty of the week was provided by Charles Mannors at his Prince of Wales Theatre opera season in the form of a first English version of Wilhelm Kienzl's "Der Evangelimann," otherwise "The Pious Beggar." The German version has been given at Covent Garden, but it has been left to Mr. Mannors to present the opera in a version understandable by the cockney. In a way the story is suggestive of Longfellow's theme in "Evangeline," although the chief characters are two brothers. Mathias, the younger, is the accepted lover of Martha, who, however, is desired by the elder, Johannes. That he may supplant his brother in Martha's affections Johannes causes Mathias to be accused of a crime which entails a twenty years' imprisonment, a sentence which leads Martha to commit suicide. When he is released from prison Mathias returns to his native place as an evangelist, and being told of a sick man who is in dire need of comfort visits him and finds his own brother. The climax, of course, is a confession and a forgiveness.

With such a theme it is obvious that the success of the opera depends largely upon whether the music answers to many moods. Dr. Zienzl survives the test triumphantly. His score is as varied as the book he illustrates. That is to say, there are love passages and pathetic passages and religious passages, while humor

and the sterner emotions are as worthily portrayed. At several stages there is a lack of dramatic interest, but that flaw is practically hidden by the resource and melodic wealth of the score. One of the most effective scenes was that of the bowling-green incident, the swinging valse of which may easily become a popular item for restaurant programmes. The duet between the lovers, too, is a graceful number. As a whole the opera is likely to render excellent service in educating music lovers to an appreciation of more ambitious works.

Even to appreciate such a more advanced opera as Riccardo Zandonai's "Francesca da Rimini," the third novelty of the week which was produced at Covent Garden in a superb manner. Inasmuch as the libretto is a condensed version of Gabriel D'Annunzio's famous play the real novelty of the production was confined to Signor Zandonai's music, although there was a certain amount of interest in the manner in which the play was adapted to the purposes of opera. Save for the prominence given to the battle scene, the adaptation was workmanlike; that so much emphasis had been placed on the struggle between the Guelphs and Ghibellines tended to obscure the love motif of the tragedy. As played by Eleanore Duse the text which D'Annunzio has elaborated from Dante's concise version of Francesca's moving story loses none of its force through amplification, but the needs of opera are so different from those of drama that some further condensation will be necessary if Signor Zandonai's work is to take its place among the classics of music.

Much of the success which was achieved by the present version was due to the rare beauty of the stage pictures. Of these the most appropriate to the story was the boudoir of Francesca, a richly decorated Florentine apartment which formed an ideal setting for the famous reading scene between the two lovers. High praise, too, is due to the research which had its culmination in the antique weapons of the battle scene, the fire-buckets, the arrows and slings, the manganels and other implements of ancient warfare, although, as has been said, it was that elaborate episode which delayed the progress of the story. When that has been toned down the opera will be a valuable addition to musical literature, for Signor Zandonai is richly dowered with the art of delicate charm and poetic expression. Poetry, indeed, is the chief characteristic of the entire score, which from beginning to end is suffused with the tender melancholy of Dante's version of Francesca's fatal passion. HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, July 24, 1914.

In twenty years Buenos Aires has almost trebled its population and become the largest city in the world south of the equator, the largest Spanish-speaking city in the world, the second largest Latin city—Paris alone outranking it—and the third largest city in the Western world. Immigration is, of course, largely responsible for this rapid increase, but the city's birthrate, 34.1 per thousand, has cut considerable figure. Buenos Aires has the finest jockey club in the world, the most expensive theatre in the Americas, the most remarkable newspaper building in the world, and the most elaborately housed municipal waterworks station. Not only is Buenos Aires the greatest South American seaport, but in point of entrances and clearances of vessels engaged in foreign trade it is ahead of even New York, while in tonnage and value of foreign commerce it ranks next to New York in all the Americas. It is the greatest wool-exporting port in the world, late returns showing that it has crowded Sydney, Australia, out of first place. In exports of frozen and chilled beef Argentina leads the world; next to Russia it exports more wheat than any country in the world; in the production and export of linseed it leads the world; while in the export of corn it more than trebles the United States, and, of course, leads the world. Relative to the newspaper building mentioned, in a descriptive article in a recent issue of the *Monthly Bulletin* of the Pan-American Union, Edward Albes writes: "The building is on the Avenida de Mayo, not far from the Plaza, and is said to have cost over \$3,000,000. In addition to the newspaper plant the owners of *La Prensa* (The Press) maintain at their own expense a free medical dispensary, an able physician and assistants, who prescribe for and attend charity patients; a law office where the poor may go for free legal advice; a free library; and a free employment agency. A large concert hall, beautifully decorated with paintings and frescoes, is maintained for its staff of employees, who also have a gymnasium and a private restaurant. Finally a suite of rooms is maintained, consisting of a banquet hall, smoking-room, ladies' boudoir, reception-room, and sumptuously furnished bedrooms for the accommodation of distinguished visitors from foreign countries as guests of the nation in general and of *La Prensa* in particular. These apartments are not inferior in their furnishings and artistic decoration to many of the renowned palaces of European royalty."

Private capital invested in timber lands, mills, logging railroads, and other forms of equipment in this country reach an enormous aggregate, and the lumber industry, which employs 739,000 persons and has an annual output valued at one and one-sixth billion dollars, is the third largest.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Spelling Bee at Angel's.

Waltz in, waltz in, ye little kids, and gather round my knee.
And drop them hooks and first pot-hooks, and hear a yarn from me.
I kin not sling a fairy tale of Jinny's fierce and wild,
For I hold it is un-Christian to deceive a simple child;
But as from school yer driftin' by-I thowt ye'd like to hear
Of a "Spellin' Bee" at Angel's that we organized last year.
It warn't made up of gentle kids—of pretty kids—like you,
But gents ez hed their reg'lar growth, and some enough for two.

There woz Lanky Jim, of Sutter's Fork, and Bilson, of La-grange.
You start, you little kids, you think these are not pretty names,
But each had a man behind it, and—my name is Truthful James.

There was Poker Dick from Whisky Flat, and Smith, of Shooter's Bend,
And Brown, of Calaveras—which I want no hetter friend.
Three-Fingered Jack—yes, pretty dears—three fingers—you have five.

Clapp cut off two—it's sing'lar, too, that Clapp aint now alive.
'Twas very wrong, indeed, my dears, and Clapp was much to blame;

Likewise was Jack, in after years, for shootin' of that same.
The nights was kinder lengthenin' out, and the rains had just begun.

And all the camp came up to Pete's to have their usual fun;
But we all sot kinder sad-like around the har-room stove.
Till Smith got up, permisskiss-like, and this remark he hove:
"Thar's a new game down in Frisco, thet ez far ez I kin see
Beats euchre, poker, and van-toon, they calls the 'Spellin' Bee.'"

Then Brown, of Calaveras, simply hitched his chair and spake:
"Poker is good enough for me," and Lanky Jim sez, "Shake!"
And Boh allowed he warn't proud, but he "must say right thar

That the man who tackled euchre hed his education squar."
This brought up Lenny Fairchild, the schoolmaster, who said
He knew the game, and he would give instructions on that head.

"For instance, take some simple word," sez he, "like 'separate.'"

Now, who can spell it?" Dog my skin, ef thar was one in eight.

This set the boys all wild at once. The chairs was put in row,
And at the head was Lanky Jim, and at the foot was Joe.
And high upon the bar itself the schoolmaster was raised,
And the har-keep put his glasses down, and sat and silent gazed.

The first word out was "parallel," and seven let it be,
Till Joe waltzed in his double "l" betwixt the "a" and "e";
For, since he drilled them Mexicans in San Jacinto's fight,
Thar warn't no prouder man got up than Pistol Joe that night—

Till "rhythm" came! He tried to smile, then said, "they had him there."
And Lanky Jim, with one long stride, got up and took his chair.

Oh, little kids, my pretty kids, twas touchin' to survey
These hearded men, with weppings on, like schoolhoys at their play.

They'd laugh with glee, and shout to see each other lead the van.

And Boh sat up as monitor with a cue for a rattan,
Till the chair gave out "incinerate"; and Brown said he'd be durned

If any such blamed word as that in school was ever learned.

When "phthisis" came they all sprang up, and vowed the man who rung

Another blamed Greek word on them be taken out and hung.
As they sat down again, I saw in Bilson's eye a flash,
And Brown, of Calaveras, was a-twistin' his mustache;

And when at last Brown slipped on "gneiss," and Bilson took his chair,

He dropped some casual words about some folks who dyed their hair.

And then the Chair grew very white, and the Chair said he'd adjourn;

But Poker Dick remarked that he would wait and get his turn;

Then, with a tremblin' voice and hand, and with a wanderin' eye,

The Chair next offered "eider-duck," and Dick began with "I."

And Bilson smiled—then Bilson shrieked! Just how the fight begun

I never knowed; for Bilson dropped, and Dick he moved up one.

Then certain gents arose and said "they'd business down in camp";

And "ez the road was rather dark, and ez the night was damp,
They'd"—here got up Three-Fingered Jack and locked the door and yelled;

"No, not one mother's son goes out till that thar word is spelled!"

But while the word were on his lips, he groaned and sank in pain.

And sank with Webster on his chest and Worcester on his brain.

Below the har dodged Poker Dick, and tried to look ez he
Was huntin' up authorities that no one else could see;

And Brown got down behind the stove, allowin' he "was cold,"
Till it upstod and down his legs the cinders freely rolled;

And several gents called "Order!" till, in his simple way,
Poor Smith began with "O, R, or"—and he was dragged away.

Oh, little kids, my pretty kids, down on your knees and pray!
You've got your eddication in a peaceful sort of way;

And bear in mind that may be sharps ez slings their spellin' square.

But likewise slings their howie-knives without a thought or care—

You wants to know the rest my dears? Thet's all! In me you see

The only gent thet lived to tell about thet Spellin' Bee!

He ceased and passed, that truthful man; the children went their way.

With downcast heads and downcast hearts—but not to sport or play.

For when at eve the lamps were lit, and supperless to bed
Each child was sent, with tasks undone and lessons all unsaid.
No man might know the awful woe that thrilled their youthful frames,
As they dreamed of Angel's Spelling Bee and thought of Truthful James.

—Bret Harie.

A STEPDAUGHTER OF THE PRAIRIE.

Margaret Lynn Describes the Growth of a Child's Mind Where There Are No Artificialities.

Margaret Lynn, perhaps alone among living writers, helps us to understand the effect of the prairie upon the mind of the child. Upon those illimitable plains it is the unexpected that rarely or never happens. The consciousness of the city child is necessarily directed upon the things that are beyond itself, upon outside events and upon the happenings of the unforeseen. But where can the unknown lurk in the great open, how can one overtake romance upon the prairie? The mind of the prairie child is therefore turned upon itself, turned inward. There were, of course, some few books in the author's childhood, books that came more or less by chance and that were parentally supervised, and these, too, seem to have played a curious psychological part. The realities of life, she tells us, were those incidents that had their counterpart in books, and this seems to be a reversal of the usual process. Whatever she found in reading, especially in poetry, she craved for her own experience. Books were the realities, and life outside of books the illusions that must be put to the test of literature.

One of the main features of prairie life was the "stoppers." Towns were far apart and roads uncertain, and it was easy to acquire a reputation for hospitality. The farm seemed to be the right distance from every place to make it convenient for travelers to stay and the "stoppers" were of all sorts:

There was once an opportunity that we regarded as rare. One sleety night an unkempt little old man came driven in, asking, or rather offering to accept, supper and a bed. Maudy had my mother out to look him over, and for a moment she stood doubtful, divided between compassion and housewifely scruples. But it was a bitter night, and the sleet on the window decided her. The old man meanwhile stood with an air of indifferent dignity, as if waiting to see whether his offer was to be accepted. It was not until Maudy had set his supper that he made his greatness known. He was, he said, appointed by the government to inspect all cases of bog cholera in Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska; and he was, moreover, next to Fowler, the greatest phrenologist on the continent. Then he looked up under his eyebrows at the little row of youngsters watching him from behind the kitchen table, and made some offhand reference to my too well-known dislike for home duties. And, while I blushed and the boys grinned and nudged me, the old man mentioned, with a casual air, Henry's difficulties with arithmetic; then, as we stood appalled, he followed up these thrusts with other home truths and a side reference to Maudy that made her glower at him across her dish-pan.

Of course the preachers were ubiquitous. They were of every kind and denomination, but most of them had the slight disadvantage from the child's point of view of a tendency to overmuch praying, and just after breakfast on a summer morning, when so many things were waiting to do, any prayer was long enough:

But on the whole, to our discredit be it said, we did not find much entertainment in the preachers. I am afraid the only one whose periodical return we hailed with delight was the one who made faces. He seemed to have his facial muscles under control so long as he kept his eyes open, but as soon as he closed them, as in prayer, he began to make the most amazing contortions, as if his face played pranks as soon as it was out of sight. The elders, with their eyes properly closed, did not see him. In fact, the position directly in front of him was at a premium, to be schemed or bargained for, and from it we watched him in awful delight, mingled with fear lest our mirth should escape bounds.

Upon one occasion there was a visit to the city under the auspices of Uncle Henry, who seemed to look upon the city as the great educator and upon every one who knew nothing of the city as benighted. Uncle Henry could not bring up all the arrears of a neglected education in the limited time of a single trip, but he could at least show some of the things that were worth while, like elevators and illuminated signs. But the educational experiment seems to have been a failure. The children were not much impressed. They were interested in the people, about whom they could learn nothing, but they had no appreciation for the buildings, and as for the "pathetic made park" they did not think much of it:

But, on the whole, the day was not a success. Uncle Henry found us dull little stupid to play the guide to. He, I privately suspect, had seen himself in the rôle of a beneficent and well-informed fairy, showing off the city to us with urban toleration of our ignorance and amusement at our excitement. But instead of being entertained—and indirectly flattered—by our wondering and ecstatic comment and deliciously amusing blunders, which he could repeat to the people at home as illustrations of Western ignorance, he found us stolid and inarticulate. We failed to wonder in the right place or we admired in the wrong place, and Arthur said over and over, "Well, you certainly are queer kids."

These country children were amazed to find how little their city friends had read, and wondered that their parents were not ashamed of them. There were not many books on the farm, and the foundation of the library had been laid by the austere taste of a New England great-grandfather and his evidently like-minded son. But from a Covenantan ancestor came various "Lives" of Cameronians and Covenanters, with collections of sermons and Scotch poetry. And of course there was always Sir Walter:

Then from some romantic feminine source—a great-aunt, I think—came volumes of early Victorian verse, with faint sentimental pencil lines on the margins, and an occasional "Sweet!" or "True!" in a genteel hand. From her, too, must have come the "Ladies Book of Anecdotes" and certain best-sellers of another time, now long past their day, like dried-up and passé toasts, such as "Children of the Abbey"

and "Alonzo and Melissa." We didn't have to open these books to know whose name we should find daintily set on the fly leaf. They were usually small, with faded colored bindings and gold stamping. Lady hands had held them and slender pencils had marked them, and they had come to us unsmudged and unthumbed. There was no likeness between them and the plain, shabby brown books of the Puritan or the Covenantan.

There were few books in that library left uninvestigated, but the author tells us that she smiled in more sophisticated years to think that there had been a time when she judged a book by a merely superficial standard, such as the attractiveness of its title or the amount of dialogue it contained. But the introductory mistake she made as to the probable relative value of the solid paragraphs of "Robinson Crusoe" and the promising pages of conversation in "Sandford and Merton" or the "Rollo Books," for instance, taught her a salutary lesson:

The fact is, we found, it is unwise to pass by any book without a thorough investigation. I shuddered later to think that I had made three separate attempts to read "Ivanhoe" before I could get past its initial lesson in linguistics and politics. And what if I had not made a fourth attempt—with certain salutory movements that took me past his barrier. For a long time we ignored the golden "History of Granada," supposing it to be an ordinary history, and the luscious "Life of John Martin," bound in dull brown with plain lettering, which we had passed over as a mere biography. Such mistakes as these made us wary. Diamonds might lurk anywhere. It behooved us to be up and looking.

The discovery of imagination was a red-letter day in the author's life. She found that imagination could be engaged in one way, while the hands were busy in another. Or she could lie awake in bed and begin on her story where she had left it off last—unless some reading or happening of the day had set her off on a new trail. That was certainly a momentous find:

But on the Great Day I learned something. In our well-disciplined Calvinistic family the working theory was that duty was the moral bread of life, and that no child was too small to have duties in proportion, and to be required to do them. It was a most irksome theory. The Stern Lawgiver stalked unwelcome among us younglings and hampered us at undesired moments. But for me, I wore her shackles lightly after this important day when, called at a most exciting moment of a story to finish some shirked towel-hemming, I found that I could carry on my absorbing fiction while my reluctant hands were toiling prosaically. What did it matter if my hands held a dish-towel and my needle was sticky, and if my thread knotted and became embarrassingly grimy? My real me was far away, doing tremendous things. No wonder it was a great day. From that time on, neither the presence of people nor occupation to which I should have given my mind, hindered me from weaving my airy fabric of the things to be desired.

Romance came very slowly. Marriage seemed to be one of those inevitable but uninteresting things for which some sort of place had to be found in the general scheme. Whatever heroes and heroines wanted they would naturally get at some time or other, and all the books seemed to provide for this, but why they should want such things as husbands and wives seemed inexplicable:

As for the trifling factor that preceded or brought about the married state, that, or he, was quite negligible. No lover rode across the mirror of my inventions. That was the one thing that belonged strictly to a book, though everything else was transferable. I had not seen one in real life, nor yet conceived of one outside of print. Indeed I had not paid much attention to that element, even in fiction. Pure love-stories were carefully excluded from our reading, so far as might be, and romantic affection I had found a rather vague feature in the stories I had read. I was used, of course, to having heroes and heroines want to get married, just as they wanted money or an inheritance, or the punishment of their enemies. There were only two objects in a story, so far as I had observed. One was that the hero should get what he wanted, whatever that might be, and the other that the villain should be adequately and satisfactorily punished. If the hero wanted to get married—as I summed up the yearnings of the lover's passion—why, let him. I could follow the story of his impassioned strivings with faithful sympathy, since it was all in the story; though why Ivanhoe, for example, was possessed with a desire to settle down uneventfully with Rowena, when he could have gone on and had further exciting adventures, I really couldn't see. But the concrete reward of love seemed to be as definite an objective point as taking a castle or fighting in a tournament, and I was for success for the right man, whatever he might want.

School days receive some of the attention that their importance deserves. The author remembers the Fifth Reader with special distinctness because the Reader that interested the children was always the one in advance of that which they were supposed to be studying. It was borrowed from the bigger girls for a sort of unofficial perusal. The Fifth Reader, she says, was in advance of her longer than any of the others, so she knew it best. She had heard that there was a Sixth Reader, but it was like a digamma or an ideal; no one had ever really seen one. Even the big girls never reached it:

Learning to read meant learning to read aloud. It didn't make any difference whether we learned to get the meaning from a "selection" by reading it to ourselves. The thing was to be able to pronounce the words out loud and to give the definitions at the bottom of the page. There were two rules for reading. One was to let your voice fall at the end of a sentence and not to read over a comma; the other was to read all the words in italics very loud, those in capitals *fortissimo*. That was a rule we could appreciate. There was a result to which definite measurement could be applied. In the Fourth Reader was a soft little poem which ended with a tender epitaph, printed in small capitals; we came out strong on that epitaph. When we read in concert, as we were fond of doing, for reasons which the sociologist and pedagogist know, one could have heard "Somebody's Darling Lies Buried Here" a quarter of a mile away.

There were small quarrels among the children at intervals, and the demon of sex privilege seems to have

raised its head, but not without well-merited reproof. The carrying of the lunch-basket sometimes proved a difficulty. There were intricate issues of precedence and succession and privilege and physical superiority and age and sex and who did it last and vigor of conscience and proportion of appetite and some occasional problems which no system could foresee:

Mary shamelessly pleaded privilege of sex and age. But I, being a suffragist by birth, and so prideful as to be loth to acknowledge physical inferiority, accepted my turn as a matter of principle and only contended that I should not have more than my turn. Having brothers is a great quickener of moral courage. One day Henry, who was at times sophistical beyond belief, proved by some masculine system of logic that if women ought to vote I ought to carry the bucket as often as both he and John; and they set the lunch at my wrath-paralyzed feet and went racing off. The spirit of Deborah and Semiramis and all the rest of them descended upon me. I placed the bucket in a fence corner, hid it with a clot of tickle-grass, and went high-mindedly on. The look on the faces of the boys when they discovered my act sustained me in many an hour afterward; and they never tried the experiment again. After being generously supplied from our neighbors' buckets at noon, we resurrected our own lunch on the way home and ate it in restored amity, tinged with respect on the part of the boys. I was pleased to notice. Henry carried the bucket home.

The great suffrage question was already looming large on the public horizon and news of the war was carried to the farm by visitors and sometimes by the itinerant preachers:

That night when Maudy was putting us to bed—we were tired for once and willing to retire early when the motion was suggested to us—the voice of an itinerant Methodist preacher, who had timed his travels so carefully that he arrived at our house just at suppertime, kept rising to us from the porch below. The preacher had looked in at the convention on his way, and his thoughts were on politics and large matters of statecraft. He discoursed broadly of democracy, and then dropped to a detail—I missed the connection. "Woman is the greatest moral force in the world," he said authoritatively, "—er, that is, one of the greatest, of course. The Lord never intended her to take part in government. She has always ruled by love and gentleness, and if she tries any other way she will lose her priceless influence."

The scrap-book, of course, was an honored feature of the farm life. The author tells us that she was always staying Maudy's none too patient hand just at the moment when she was taking a newspaper to start a fire or to cover a shelf in order that she might rescue some bit of poetry from such unnatural fate. One could not expect to find very much in newspapers, but now and then there was a poem of Tennyson, and of course one could find "Maud Muller" or a "Psalm of Life" in the upper right-hand corner of almost any newspaper:

I didn't greatly love Shakespeare as yet, but I thought it my duty to preserve from dishonorable neglect any stray hits I found in the newspapers. That was merely a duty. There were other acts of the same kind which were a sort of religious joy, as when I found a scrap of "Lalla Rookh" or "The Vision of Sir Launfal" set, in out-of-place brightness, on the prosaic sheet of a farm paper, among lucubrations of veterinary science and discussion as to whether cows should be milked twice or three times a day. These things I rescued as brands from a sacrilegious burning, and saved them to shed a light from another world on the too modern pages of my scrap book. A poem from a book became peculiarly mine when I found it thus detached and gathered it into my possessions.

One of the periodical visitors to the farm was Mrs. Harris, who seems to have been worldly, as city people sometimes are. She brought with her an outside element. Other visitors ignored their own circumstances for the moment while they interested themselves in those of their hosts. It is true they would sometimes institute comparisons with the East hinting at the lacks or drawbacks of the West, but generally courtesy bridled their expression. But it was not so with Mrs. Harris. She had no impersonal interests. To her nothing was interesting in itself—only as it was interesting to herself:

There was one thing in particular in which Mrs. Harris showed her exotic quality. If there was any one thing which distinguished prairie life, it was that no one talked much about money. Such talk was simply not there at all. I suppose there must have been a current of consideration of costs and prices and markets running along under the more important affairs of life. Certainly there were some things we could have and some we could not. But who wanted luxury, anyway? We did not know what the relative financial standing of our visitors was—or even of our neighbors, for that matter, although we guessed that some were poor and others were not.

With Mrs. Harris it was different. *Poor* was not a mysterious, half-romantic word with her. She knew every man's income, or had her own shrewd estimate of it. "He is rich," often dropped from her respectful lips. She could discourse for hours—and did—on the furnishings of her friends' houses and their physical equipment for living. She mentioned prices and values. Figures came aptly to her tongue, and she knew what people paid for things; much seemed to depend on that. As for us, we heard prices mentioned, to be sure, but as practical facts, not as matters for admiration. Not even the men who hought land talked so much about money as Mrs. Harris did.

Here we must leave a book of unusual interest and value, and leave it with regret. It is one that should not be overlooked either by those who read only for interest or by those who read for knowledge. It throws a light upon the mind of the child that we should be sorry to miss, and that is far more illuminating than many a learned treatise by those who seem to have forgotten that they were once children themselves and that memory may sometimes be the best of all possible instructors.

A STEPDAUGHTER OF THE PRAIRIE. By Margaret Lynn. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Grannie.

This is the story of a grandmother, as its name implies, a grandmother who has a whole host of children and grandchildren and she loves each one more than all the others, as is the holy practice of grandmothers. Grannie says that to be completely happy "a woman can be a wife, may be a mother, but must be a grandmother. If she can at the same time fill each capacity she may count herself among the immortals." Stories of grandmothers are not always ingratiating at a time when we demand from our novelists that hideous monstrosity called a "punch," but here we have a story that is a work of art, one that is full of delicate humor, fine characterization, and of all the lovely tints of human nature. "Grannie" is a sheer delight from cover to cover.

GRANNIE. By Mrs. George Wemyss. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.

Where No Fear Was.

We are not sure that Mr. Benson has helped us very largely toward the conquest of fear. He says exquisitely what others have said less well. He polishes the commonplace until it shines, but we look in vain for any real perception, any departure from well-worn paths. He tells us that anticipation is worse than the reality and he tries to give some comfort to those who fear death in spite of their religion. And it is here, as in other places, that the author shows his inability to shake himself free from conventional thought. We do not fear death in spite of our religion, but because of it. Religion for a thousand years has bent its energies to a magnification of the fear of death, and not to its abolition. It has been compelled to do this in order to sell its wares. The dread of dying has been the one supreme asset of dogmatic theology. Another example of conventional thinking is to be found in Mr. Benson's complacent statement that "man has been enabled by organization to establish communities in which fear of disaster plays little part." Where are these communities? We should like to get a corner lot in one of them. One might suppose, on the contrary, that the supremely dominant characteristic of civilization is fear—not fear of tigers, or assassins, or cannibals, but fear of loss and disease and unemployment and disapprobation. The average citizen of today is hag-ridden by fear and to an extent possibly unprecedented.

Mr. Benson could hardly write other than exquisitely, but we hardly feel that he has substantially helped us or added anything to a positive knowledge of fate and fortune that is the only remedy for fear.

WHERE NO FEAR WAS: A BOOK ABOUT FEAR. By Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net.

At the World's Heart.

A volume of verse by Mr. Cale Young Rice is an event of poetic America, and one well worthy of respectful attention. His publishers recently produced a ten-volume edition of his poems, and it is fairly safe to say that they will still be read in ten years' time—and how many modern poets are there who will have such a life span as this? Mr. Rice is untouched by modernity. He has no metred praise for things that make us sick, for sensuality, or quackery, or pretense. He does not tell us that we are about to legislate or reform ourselves into paradise or ask us to ecstasize over our "glorious age." On the contrary, he seeks for the ideas that are eternal and he expresses them in faultless language and with a sincere dignity that is attractive and compelling. It is true his ideas are not of a bold originality. He does not cause the heart to throb or the pulses to beat. He says nothing that makes us angry or exultant or incredulous. But he does give us the impression of a fine mind that is full of a delicate imagery and that is always watchful for beautiful things.

AT THE WORLD'S HEART. By Cale Young Rice. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Ave. Salve. Vale.

Mr. George Moore's trilogy has met, so we are told, with a great success. Probably it is true, but literary success and literary value are two different things. We are invited to admire Mr. Moore's frankness, but frankness nowadays seems to imply the telling of disagreeable things about one's self and, what is far worse, about one's friends. It is not important to know all that a man thinks and feels unless the thoughts and feelings are exceptional or beautiful. We are not concerned with those uprisings into the mind of a sensuality that is common to the human race. We are all aware that man is akin to the brute, but descriptions of the ugly claims of that kinship have no proper place upon white paper. It is only a distorted taste that welcomes them. They have no news value and they have no art value. That Mr. Moore wondered what he would have for breakfast

at the funeral of his mother may be a proper subject for grave mental analysis at the right time and place, but as a mere piece of autobiography it becomes disgusting. It is one of the things that distress us and that we hide. One wonders why the self-revealer should so often favor the *cloaca maxima* for his explorations.

Mr. Moore is even less felicitous when he is dealing with his dear friends, who must cordially hate him. Is there nothing worth recording about the men and women of literary Ireland except their smallnesses? Are Mr. Moore's eyes adjusted only to trivialities? Of course it is all interesting enough. It is audacious, brilliant, and epigrammatic—in fact the sort of thing that Voltaire and Thersites might have produced in unison. But we lay aside the volumes with the feeling that Mr. Moore has tried to make us think ill of those of whom we should like to think well, and of whom we ought to think well. For example, Mr. Yeats. We feel that the volumes are little more than the expression of a scintillating spite.

Ave. Salve. Vale. A trilogy. By George Moore. New York: Brentano's.

Balzac.

The Current Literature Publishing Company is to be congratulated on its edition of Balzac, which promises to be a valuable and ornamental addition to the library. Volume IV, just to hand, contains "The Rise and Fall of Cesar Birotteau" and "The Secrets of a Princess," with an introduction by W. P. Trent. Mr. Trent asks if "Cesar Birotteau" was worthy of the pains that Balzac gave to it, and he believes that the answer will be almost unanimously in the negative. But he does believe that Balzac succeeded in making a great picture of a modern, obscure Socrates drinking his hemlock, that the novel, although not a masterpiece, does not represent time and labor wasted, and that Cesar, although not a Socrates, is a pathetic and moving character. The volumes of the edition are handsome in appearance and the type of comfortable size.

LA COMEDIE HUMAINE OF HONORE DE BALZAC. Volume IV, "Scenes from Parisian Life." New York: Current Literature Publishing Company.

The Man Inside.

Read the first three chapters of a detective story and then turn to the last page and you will find invariably that the criminal was the one person whose innocence seemed unimpeachable. This rule holds good with "The Man Inside." Senator Carew is discovered dead in his automobile. He has been stabbed to the heart with a sharp-pointed letter-file, and although you may think in the guilelessness of your heart that you can identify the black-hearted scoundrel you will find that you can not and that the fell deed was done by some one else. It may be said that the author has played the same game on us before, and with much success.

THE MAN INSIDE. By Natalie Sumner Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30 net.

Nova Hibernia.

Perhaps Mr. Monahan will not give much pleasure in Ireland by his review of the Irish poets and dramatists of today and yesterday, but he will give much pleasure to those who love to hear the truth from a vigorous and seeing mind. Ireland, says Mr. Monahan, is extraordinarily conventional and conservative. The stage figures must not be interfered with, and the stage figures are those of priestly creation and intended for the purposes of priestly domination. Moore and Griffin and Banim suffered from this intolerance, and now Yeats is its victim. No Irishman must be tolerated but the stage Irishman, whose every detail is governed by custom.

Mr. Monahan selects some nine or ten Irish poets and writers and tells us exactly what he thinks of them. He sets down naught in malice, but he is at no pains to say pleasant things. And it is just this faculty of direct truth-telling that is his chief charm and that makes his essays distinctive and enjoyable. Mr. Monahan is one of the chief figures in American literature, not only because of his vigorous candor, but because he has a vision that recognizes essentials and permanences.

NOVA HIBERNIA. By Michael Monahan. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.50 net.

Henry of Navarre, Ohio.

Stories of the love-making of boys are always interesting, especially when the procession of girls is sufficiently long and the last one on the list sufficiently nice. This is the kind of story given to us by Harold E. Porter, otherwise known as "Holworthy Hall." The boy, Henry Chalmers, is satisfactory in every way, a fine example of young America at its best, and the girls are all that girls ought to be, especially the one who figures so prominently on the concluding pages.

HENRY OF NAVARRE, OHIO. By Harold E. Porter. New York: The Century Company; \$1 net.

CURRENT VERSE.

In the Zoo.

Exiles, they tread their narrow bounds
Behind the iron bars.
Where'er they turn the hand of man
Their straining vision mars,
Save only when at night they gaze
Upon the friendly stars.

See! There a golden eagle broods
With glazed, unseeing eyes
That never more will sweep the snows
Where blue Sierras rise;
And there, sick for his native hills,
A sullen panther lies.

What dreams of silent polar nights
Disturb the white bear's sleep?
Roams he once more unfettered where
Eternal ice floes sweep?
What memories of the jungle's ways
Does that gaunt tiger keep?

Such wistful eyes the hartebeest turn
Beyond their cramped domain.
They seem to see the yellowing leagues
Of wind-swept veldt again.
And look, a springbok lifts his head
As though he smelled the plain.

Exiles, they tread their narrow bounds
Behind the iron bars,
For thus the ruthless hand of man
Each God-made creature mars.
But oh, what hungry eyes they raise
Up to the friendly stars!
—George T. Marsh, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

Rich Man, Poor Man.

Highway, stretched along the sun,
Highway, thronged till day is done;
Where the drifting fae replaces
Wave on wave on wave of faces,
And you count them, one by one:
"Rich man—Poor man—Beggard—Thief;
Doctor—Lawyer—Merchant—Chief."
Is it soothsay?—Is it fun?

Young ones, like as wave and wave;
Old ones, like as grave and grave;
Tide on tide of human faces
With what human undertow!
"Rich man—Poor man—Beggard—Thief!"
Tell me of the eddying spaces,
Show me where the lost ones go;
Like and lost, as leaf and leaf,

What's your secret grim refrain
Back and forth and back again.
Once, and now, and always so?
Three days since, and who was Thief?
Three days more, and who'll be Chief?
Oh, is that beyond belief.
"Doctor—Lawyer—Merchant—Chief?"
—From "The Singing Man," by Josephine Preston Peabody.

Song of the Tramps.

The eager hands will never take us back,
The loving eyes will never draw us home,
With the changing heaven o'er us, and the white
road stretched before us,
Sure the world is ours to revel in and roam—
We have padded it alone, afar, apart,
We have roughed it to the ultimate extremes,
Where the blazing dawn-tints kindle, or the sun-
kissed rivers dwindle,
In a land of fairy fantasies and dreams.

Oh! the dreaming and the fancy and the hope,
The wonder and the worry of it all,
The gypsy blood that's flowing through our veins
will keep us going
On the road while thrushes sing or sparrows fall;
By meadows yawning lazily and slow,
By streamlets singing songs of wild desires,
And the eyes of heaven peeping will keep watch
above us sleeping,
And the dawn will see the ashes of our fires.
—From "Children of the Dead End," by Patrick MacGill.

A Tulip Garden.

Guarded within the old red wall's embrace,
Marshaled like soldiers in gay company,
The tulips stand arrayed. Here infantry
Wheels out into the sunlight. What bold grace
Sets off their tunics, white with crimson laces!
Here are platoons of gold-frocked cavalry
With scarlet sabres tossing in the eye
Of purple batteries, every gun in place.
Forward they come, with flaunting colors
spread,
With torches burning, stepping out in time
To some quick, unheard march. Our ears are
dead,
We can not catch the tune. In pantomime
Parades that army. With our utmost powers
We hear the wind stream through a bed of
flowers.
—Amy Lowell, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

When a selling company buys a book by the dozen copies to place in the hands of its own salesmen on the road, for their inspiration and benefit, it is a good endorsement of the book. When several such companies do the same thing, quite of their own volition, it may be considered remarkable. "Personal Power," by Keith J. Thomas, is the volume which has commanded this unusual recognition. It helps many a man to find himself and his work, and to succeed in that. It shows how ambition may be a safe guide, and stimulates it. "Success is possible for everybody" is the basis of its thirty-one chapters, the last of which deals with "The Reward of Power." And almost the last words are, "Let your motto be, 'I believe in myself.'"

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Brief Reviews.

"The A B C of Salesmanship," by Thomas D. Rust (R. F. Fenko & Co.), is largely made up of quotations without any particular arrangement and in praise of the ordinary virtues that would decorate all men, and not only salesmen. But they are well selected and good to read, while the author's own contributions are sensible and stimulating.

Among the many volumes intended to teach sex hygiene to children is "Ten Sex Talks to Boys," by Irving David Steinhart, M. D. (J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1 net). While praising the spirit of the book and the direct nature of its teaching we may still question the wisdom of this sort of instruction, as well as the idea that any human being was ever deterred from wrongdoing by a fear of physical penalties. As has recently been well said, medical students are well equipped with this sort of information, but it seems to have no effect upon their behavior.

New Books Received.

TELLING THE TRUTH. By William Hewlett. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE ROUSING OF PARKSIDE. By William Ganson Rose. New York: Duffield & Co.; 50 cents net.

Issued in the Ginger Series.

OSCAR WILDE AND MYSELF. By Lord Alfred Douglas. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$2.50 net. Stating the nature and circumstances of the friendship between Oscar Wilde and the Marquis of Queensberry's son, a relation about which rumor has always been rife.

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW. By Louise W. Kneeland. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net. A volume of verse.

THE SHADOW BABE AND OTHERS. By Jessamine Kimball Draper. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net. A volume of verse.

MIND AND SPIRIT. By Thomas Kirby Davis, A. M., D. D. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net. Religious psychology.

ON LIFE AND LETTERS. By Anatole France. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.75 net. Issued in an English translation of the works of Anatole France. Edited by Frederic Chapman.

THE CAVENDISH FAMILY. By Francis Bickley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.50 net. A history.

THE LA TREMOILLE FAMILY. By Winifred Stephens. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.50 net. A history.

Recognition by the government of the inventor of the railway mail car after half a century has come in the shape of permission from the Postoffice Department for the erection in the postoffice at St. Joseph, Missouri, of a tablet to William A. Davis, postmaster there over fifty years ago. This honoring of the man who did as much to advance the service as any other single individual has come only after thirty years of strenuous effort on the part of relatives, who started the fight for recognition in 1884, ten years after Davis's death.

All Books that are reviewed in the Argonaut can be obtained at

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Socialism.

The seven chapters that compose this volume appeared originally in the pages of *Everybody's Magazine*, and the interest that they aroused is sufficient justification for their present issue in more permanent form. Whether any one is actually influenced for or against socialism by public discussion is a moot point. Socialism, like religion, is probably more a matter of temperament than intellect, of emotion than reasoning. But the skilled movements of gladiators are always fascinating, and here we have skill in a very high form as well as broad-gauge thinking and courtesy. Mr. Hillquit and Dr. Ryan have all the equipment for the entertainment that they furnish, and we may leave them to the certain applause of their supporters and admirers.

The importation of religion into such a discussion is perhaps inevitable, but it is unfortunate that the discussion should leave a general impression that the struggle is in any sense at all between a religious system and an economic system, or that religion implies a particular church. Ethics and morality are of course rightly involved, since Socialism presumes to interfere with individual conceptions of right and wrong and to break down the barriers imposed, not only by economics, but also by conscience. But religion and morality are not necessarily based on religious systems of creed. They would exist quite as strongly without any churches at all, and therefore the attitude of the Catholic church as such ought to be irrelevant to such a discussion. Nor can we see what the persecution of Galileo can have to do with the matter, or the offenses of Bruno. To this extent we may think that the ring has been rather badly kept while applauding the gallantry of the combatants.

SOCIALISM, PROMISE OR MENACE. By Morris Hillquit and John A. Ryan. D. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

Letters from a Living Dead Man.

Elsa Barker, already well known in literature, tells us that the communications upon which this book is based were received by her by the process known as automatic writing, and she definitely guarantees the exact accuracy of her statements. The communications were received while she was in Paris, and at the time she did not know that their supposed writer was dead. The messages consist of a minute description of post-mortem life, which is represented as a sort of illusive continuation of the present existence and the present consciousness. They will of course be judged by the reader in the light of his own preconceptions, as indeed most things are judged, but there are very few who will fail to find them intensely interesting or who will be unwilling to accord to Elsa Barker herself—who must not be confused with the "author"—the fullest credit for sincerity and good intent.

LETTERS FROM A LIVING DEAD MAN. Written down by Elsa Barker. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.25 net.

Tarzan of the Apes.

This story succeeds in being wildly, ridiculously impossible, and at the same time interesting. It is an account of a white baby that is stolen by apes and reared in the forest as an ape. Doubtless such things have happened, but we feel that our credulity is strained when Tarzan learns to read from some books that he finds in the old hut that was inhabited by his parents, but when at last he falls in love with a white girl and she with him we feel the stirrings of a sturdy skepticism. But this is nothing to what follows and that the reader must discover for himself. He will laugh comely, but he will probably persevere to the last page.

TARZAN OF THE APES. By Edgar Rice Burroughs. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.30 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Harper & Brothers have just put to press for reprints the following books: "Shop Management," by Frederick W. Taylor; "Astronomy with the Naked Eye," by Garrett P. Serviss; "How to Know Architecture," by Frank E. Wallis; "Manners and Social Usages," by Constance F. Woolson, and "Padre Ignacio," by Owen Wister.

Although Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, the author of the remarkable new novel, "The Three Furlongers," which is to be published by the J. B. Lippincott Company in September, has already to her credit there novels published in London, she is now making her first how to American readers. "The Three Furlongers" appeared in England under the name of "Three Against the World" and has caused a great deal of discussion in literary circles there.

When Louise Kennedy Mabie was gathering local color aboard a Great Lakes ore-boat for her new story, "The Lights Are Bright," she passed several days and nights

heneath the blanket of a Lake Superior fog. The captain insisted, as all lake captains do, that a woman on board was a hoodoo. If either of his two women passengers came on deck he began to look for trouble. "When you're below it begins to lighten up," he would say; "the minute you appear, down comes the gloom." Though he attempted to make his words seem a joke, Mrs. Mabie was sure that he meant it in the depths of his sailor heart.

In 1909 Dr. C. W. Saleeby, under the title of "Parenthood and Race Culture," told the story of the eugenic movement up to that date. He now, on the lines of his recent lectures at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, reviews its progress during the past five years, incidentally showing how greatly its conceptions have been modified by Mendelism. He deals many a shrewd blow at the open opponents of eugenics. And he protests quite as vigorously against those who seek to identify the science with the theories, which he regards as brutal in spirit, immoral in principle, and impossible in practice. The work is published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, and is entitled "The Progress of Eugenics."

"Home Occupations for Boys and Girls" is the latest from the pen of Bertha Johnston. "Mother finds some happy work for idle hands to do" is the thought Miss Johnston has had in mind in preparing this volume. Suggestions are given for amusing and employing children of all ages. The great value of the ideas lies in their practicability and their usefulness. The volume is published by George W. Jacobs & Co.

Among the many men honored by King George of England at his recent birthday celebration was the famous Antarctic explorer, Douglas Mawson. Dr. Mawson was made a knight in recognition of his great achievements in the South Seas. His new book, "The Mawson Antarctic Relief Expedition," promises to be by all odds the most interesting of the autumn publications in the field of travel and exploration. It will be profusely illustrated from photographs taken by Sir Douglas Mawson, and will be published by the J. B. Lippincott Company at an early date.

"The Establishment of State Government in California," by Cardinal Goodwin, is a study of California history from 1846 to 1850. The introductory chapter traces the extension of American influence over the territory from an early date to the completion of the conquest. This is followed by a more detailed account of the period of military rule and the political unrest resulting therefrom. The work of the convention of 1849 and the election, organization, and important enactments of the first legislature are given due consideration, as is also the topic of the admission of California into the union. In the final chapter are included statistics on the population and resources of the new state in 1850. The book is published by the Macmillan Company.

"Recent American Diplomacy" will be the title of the book on which W. Morgan Shuster, former treasurer-general of Persia, is working. It will be issued by the Century Company this fall, and it will cover affairs in Mexico up to the minute of going to press.

Of the ten thousand and more books published in America the New York State Library has selected 100 best books of 1913, including the following four by the John Lane Company: "Home Furnishing," by George Leland Hunter; "Changing Russia," by Stephen Graham; "James Fennimore Cooper," by Mary E. Phillips, and "Japanese Flower Arrangement," by Mary Averill.

The hook of the year in England is Mrs. Katherine O'Shea's life of her husband, Charles Stewart Parnell, the Irish leader. It romped through the first edition of 5000 copies, although the price was a guinea, within a week or so. This was because it had a human and "compelling interest," which brought in the general reader and drove him either to buy or borrow the book.

Alpheus Hyatt Verrill, author of the recently published "Harper's Book for Young Gardeners," tells of a boy he knew who made a splendid profit from his garden by raising only unusual varieties. As he was always the first person in the neighborhood to try novelties he had no difficulty in disposing of his entire crop to the local hotel. By the time his competitors realized there was a demand for his variety of corn, saddleback beans, yellow beets, okra, and other like products, the wide-awake gardener had a new and better variety to offer.

Mary Gaunt, author of "A Woman in China," was the first white woman who ever crossed Liberia, and she also made a journey of 1400 miles in West Africa, accompanied only by negro servants and hearers. Her latest journey was through the region which had been terrorized by the notorious brigand, White Wolf, and Miss Gaunt was continually

meeting with warnings of the brigand. She saw many towns which had been burned and looted by White Wolf's band, but she herself escaped all real dangers and is now in London, where she is lecturing on the country through which she has so recently traveled. The success of her earlier book, "Alone in West Africa," will probably be more than duplicated by the recognition given to her new volume, "A Woman in China," which will be published this autumn by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

Rupert Hughes, whose new book, "What Will People Say?" (Harper's) is perhaps the most-talked-of novel of the season, considers "The Scarlet Letter" as probably "the greatest novel ever written in America," and "no novel in English literature," he believes, "has nobler dignity than Hardy's 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles.'" The form of abuse with which the author of these two masterpieces were assailed is likely to be turned upon any writer, he declares, "who puts his truest ideas of life into a novel; but," suggests the author of "What Will People Say?" "how much better to build a statue whose firm, white marble can endure mud that the first rain washes off than to carve inane statuettes of candy which the first rain will destroy."

It is announced that Stanton Coit, whose recent book, "The Soul of America," has been very favorably received here, is to make his fourth lecture tour of this country this fall, continuing into the first of next year.

May Sinclair's "The Return of the Prodigal," published late in June, has already gone into its second edition. It is issued by the Macmillan Company.

The success of Romain Rolland's "Jean Christophe" is even surpassing the most sanguine expectations of its publishers, Henry Holt & Co. The first book of the trilogy is just being sent to press for its eighth time, while the third is being printed for its fourth, and the intervening book, "Jean Christophe in Paris," already has four printings to its credit. This story of a great musician is largely based on Wagner's life.

Moffat, Yard & Co. announce as a new feature of their business the establishment of a dramatic department for the marketing of plays and motion-picture scenarios, the dramatization of novels, and the novelizing of plays.

W. L. Cribb, author of "Greylake of Malterby," one of the two English novels that will be issued August 22 by Henry Holt & Co., does for Lincolnshire in this his first novel something of what Hardy has done for Wessex and Philpotts for Dartmoor. The story is set among the shepherds and small farmers on a long, green lowland by the sea. Mr. Cribb, as a government official, has been stationed for over ten years at Louth, Lincolnshire. The book has been growing for seven years.

The claim is made by Frederick Upham Adams in his book, "The Conquest of the Tropics" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), that the founders of the United Fruit Company were the real pioneers in tropical sanitation, and that this work antedated that of the United States officials on the Panama Canal Zone: "It is generally believed and understood that not until the United States government assumed full charge and responsibility for the construction of the Panama Canal were the problems of tropical sanitation attacked and mastered. Without desiring to detract in any

way from the merit which is due Colonel C. Gorgas and his staff of sanitary workers, it must be recognized that the United Fruit Company and the companies which preceded it in Costa Rica, Colombia, Cuba, and elsewhere antedated the Panama Canal Commission in successfully combating tropical disease on a large scale."

The Houghton Mifflin Company announce the publication this fall of a new edition of "Ezekiel" as a companion volume to "Ezekiel Expands," a remarkable collection of stories of a little negro boy, by Lucy Pratt. Of "Ezekiel Expands" and its author the Boston *Transcript's* "Listener" recently wrote: "Lucy Pratt is the daughter of an old-school Abolitionist Republican editor of before the war up the state in Massachusetts, and the youngest of three of his literary and story-writing daughters—with a brother in missionary work for the Unitarians. It may be easily understood how she went to Hampton with eagerness, enthusiasm, and a mission to study the race problem and join in the 'uplift.'"

Among the sacred cities of the East, Antioch holds a high place, for it was here that the first Christian church was founded; it was, moreover, the centre from which St. Paul conducted his missionary campaigns to convert the Gentiles. In those days Antioch was a prosperous and thriving city, boasting of a population of half a million souls, while splendid Roman palaces and villas dotted the banks of the River Orontes, which flows through the town. Today (says the *Wide World Magazine*) it is a sleepy, old-world place, occupying scarcely one-tenth of its ancient area, and certainly possessing none of its former glory. Nevertheless it is in many ways a delightfully quaint and picturesque Eastern city, with narrow, tortuous streets, every other house in which appears to possess an architectural style of its own.

Max Hirsch, one of the best-known men in the grand opera field, has been engaged by Max Rabinoff as manager with the company for the 1914-1915 American tour of Pavlowa and her troupe and orchestra. Pavlowa's third trip across this country and back again starts with two performances in New York on November 3 next. In February the organization returns to New York to appear for ten weeks at the Century Opera House in conjunction with the Dippel Opera Comique Company. Hirsch presided over the box-office of New York's Metropolitan for twenty-seven years, first as assistant treasurer, then as treasurer. When Andreas Dippel moved to Chicago to manage the grand opera there, Hirsch went with him.

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PRODUCERS AND THE PUBLIC.

The great theatrical producers of the United States have been looking things in the face during this last two or three years of dull business and have realized and virtually acknowledged that the practice of having colossal and costly productions has become Frankensteinian in its effects upon themselves. The unwilling monster is alive, but who wants it? Surely not the public, that has failed to patronize such favorites as John Drew and Nat Goodwin when they sought to reinforce their normal drawing power with massive productions. True, they gave support to "Kismet" and "Omar, the Tent-maker," which relied considerably upon scenic splendor and the minute realism of costly accessories to attract public patronage. But the failure of numerous attractions in the thickly circuitized East shows that there has come a pause in the affairs of theatrical men that they would do well to heed. It is quite common to hear the head of a house count up the cost of taking his family to a first-class theatrical performance, shake his head, and renounce the pleasure. Prices in both first and second-class theatres have come down, yet still they hesitate, for there are the moving pictures. Take "Caboria," for instance. The original enormous expenditure was made, but after that follows the innumerable film duplications of these magnificent pictures all over the world at trifling expense. Thousands upon thousands will go to see this photographed spectacle, which will completely satisfy their desire for scenic splendor, and how can the big producers compete financially against such odds?

This is the time for them to get together and come to some sort of agreement which would bind or restrict them to a much greater moderation in the meticulous detail and expensive effectiveness of their settings. More particularly as, from the point of view of art standards, they err. Personality, talent, and the interplay of character and motives are what should prevail in the actual drama. Within the last decade or so there has been a tendency to exalt physical qualities unduly among stage people. A beautiful woman with a minute voice, inconsiderable talent, but a natural turn for dress and physical effectiveness, when displayed against the garish trappings of musical-comedy shows, can make her name known all over the country, while her more gifted rivals may be looking for engagements. Dress is unduly exalted. Take, for instance, the case of a young actress in stock, who, after wearing a pretty gown during a five-minute stage scene, ventured to appear in it again a few weeks later in another play. She was immediately informed by the manager that her costumes were not supposed to reappear in successive plays. Of course the proprietor has to pay a higher salary and the public higher prices for their seats in consequence.

The public, of course, enjoys these things, but it is difficult to be convinced that they prefer furniture and clothing to personality and talent, and it is not as if the way were not made clear. Gordon Craig's ideas are bound to be recognized, for the suggestions offered by a few, very few, details of artistically painted scenery make far more appeal to the imagination, which is not allowed its natural liberty and range when stifled by an excess of the obvious. A stone-colored background upon which is painted an oriel, window, or a massive column, or a lofty portico, is quite enough to convey the idea of a castle without adding antique furniture, armor, family portraits, and all the mass of accessories which draw away attention from the human protagonists and distract the observant eye and mind from the mental issues that should claim their attention.

Upon one of Eleanor Duse's American trips her scenery consisted of painted manila sheets, which filled into so small a compass as to conduce greatly to the diminution of transportation expenses. Yet I do not believe that her sombre talent glowed less deeply and impressively against that inexpensive background.

THE ORPHEUM.

The lover of music may have his innings in vaudeville this week. And, for that mat-

ter, it is practically all vaudeville and moving pictures at present, a summer idleness in the matter of legitimate drama prevailing at the more important theatres.

There is, by the way, a possibility in the theatrical horizon which the big Eastern managers may be taking into account. With practically all Europe involved in the war-cloud what is going to become of the famous European stars of the stage? Some of the men, no doubt, will be drawn into the maelstrom of war, but with the theatrical business of their entire continent paralyzed it looks as if some of the celebrities might turn their eyes longingly toward prosperous and peaceful America. It remains to be seen whether managers will take the risk of importing them here, always provided they could secure transportation at such a time.

And what a time it is! Why, the present records of this modern, matter-of-fact, joggling old earth have become actually epic. With flames of patriotism leaping over oceans and sweeping the earth, with fleeing travelers held back in strange lands by the paralysis of shipping, with the mighty forces of war mobilized in gigantic array, with reports of battles on sea and marvelous conflicts in the clouds, with manifestos from sovereigns that have the martial appeal and religious tone that recall ancient history, vaudeville seems rather small and trivial. Our beating pulses call for something epic, heroic, sublime! War, we well know, is hell, but there is in the air that strange, racial impulse that calls for natural self-preservation. The sons of the different fatherlands tremble for the existence of the home nation and pant for the opportunity to help to preserve it. America is peaceful, but every man and woman with a soul above beef or millinery is surrendering him or herself to the general excitement and taking the side of one or another nation in the general conflict. So, unless we go and gasp and exclaim and thrill at "Caboria" all over again, vaudeville seems a little ineffective during the present crisis. That is, until you are seated, listening to its manifestations, and then you find that the habit is strong on you, and that, after all, as long as our nation is in a state of peace we can not get along without our vaudeville.

As I have stated, it is largely musical at the Orpheum this week. The Chinese tenor still sweetly warbles the sentimental ditties of American or English composition, and his hit continues.

Miss Chrystal Herne has changed her rose-colored gown, but not her playlet. That will come yet, however. Pure, sentimental squash, unrelieved by a single hillock of comedy, is not to the taste of vaudeville audiences. I don't doubt that Miss Julie Herne, when she perpetrated "Dora," thought that she was writing down to a vaudeville audience, whereas she really went below their level. However, there is a certain austere New England charm about the soft tints and carefully draped slenderness of Miss Chrystal Herne, and one can derive much innocent enjoyment from observing the District Attorney in the throes of histrionism and registering profound sadness, reawakened love, polite incredulity, integrity rebutting suspicion, noble self-abnegation, and haughty contempt.

The Wharry Lewis Quintet made a hit with its vocal and instrumental selections, the vaudeville custom of setting the stage attractively in a dim light, with comely young people discoursing sweet music therein, proving at all times a popular one. Popular numbers are selected, with due heed to the music being of good class, and the variety of instruments—for they have a pianist, a cellist, a flutist, and a violinist—blending in a delightful harmony, above which floats the rich notes of their vocalist, a pretty girl with a fine mezzo-soprano voice.

The most important number on the bill this week is also of a purely musical nature. Miss Vinie Daly being the centre thereof. Miss Daly is an operatic star, it seems, having sung with honor at Hammerstein's London Opera House and at the Royal Opera at Bucharest. Although Miss Daly is an American, and clearly entitled to an American name, it seems to me that "Vinie" is rather a giddy cognomen for a lady who has attained to the dignity of singing in grand opera. However, the voice is all right if the name is not, the lady being the possessor of a high, smooth, polished soprano, which partakes partly of the lyric, partly of the dramatic quality. She sang from "Madama Butterfly," "La Bohème," and "Carmen," and gave each number with artistic finish and dramatic effect, for she gesticulated, posed, and even danced so well that each one had the effect of a scene from opera, instead of a concert selection. Miss Daly was handsomely gowned, and in the "Carmen" selection was even costumed in character. She is plump, good-looking, and temperamental, though rather materialistic, and all she wants to suggest a very successful Carmen is that her eyes be as black as her hair.

Another so-called musical number belongs rather to the freak variety, although the performer, a dapper Frenchman named Rellow,

"creator of the mentaphone novelty," is very expert and clever and even surprising in his gift for striking musical notes merely by the concussion of his two hollowed hands. In fact he was quite mysteriously adept in the production of these strangely manipulated yet undoubtedly true notes, which sometimes seemed to be produced by striking the bones of his head and face with his hands, and sometimes by mingling the breath expelled from his lips with that produced by clapping together his hollowed palms. The orchestra, of course, supplied the body of the music, but his strange notes gave, in rapid staccato, the thread of melody in what seemed a series of breath and bone detonations. Altogether I think Mr. Rellow may plume himself upon being quite unique in his particular line, the novelty and skill of his performance serving to hold the audience entertained and completely absorbed.

Another novelty act, by the two Wards and Adelaide Bell, which is a mixture of contortioning and acrobatics, was also entertaining, the contortionate dancing of Adelaide Bell being the most noticeable feature of it. This young lady's hip joints work with such remarkable detachment that when her feet toy with her head we have a curious sensation that she has a double allowance of hands.

"The Piano Movers," made over and rather attenuated, is now, I should say, traveling on its last circuit in vaudeville land. It still serves, for it really has satire on the time-consuming workman as its basis, but its humor is not very keen, and the laughter that greets it is rather fainter than of yore.

THE PANTAGES THEATRE.

The Pantages Theatre is featuring two numbers this week, one of which appeals to the sense of novelty, while the other tickles the risibles. The first is a puppet, or manikin show, produced and presumably manipulated by Lillie Jewel, who has broken away from the ages-old conventions of the puppet plays, and shows her various figures dancing the tango, bronco-busting, and playing baseball. The figures, which are possibly half life size, are seen on a mimic stage, handsomely curtained, with a large loge on each side filled with manikins, some of which clap resoundingly at each curtain. The performing manikins are suspended by strings and go through various spasmodic movements, which, though frequently too extreme, are at times surprisingly life-like. The strings are attached to their various members, so that they dance, kick, run, wave their arms, and bat or toss the ball. The amusement over the antics of puppets is of course lessening, but still does not seem to die out, although Europeans are more constant to them than Americans. They have played an honorable part in the pages of literature, and we may meet them in the fascinating chapters of "The Snowman," one of George Sand's best and most picturesque romances, and in the classic pages of "Wilhelm Meister" we read of the pleasure Goethe's hero experienced in seeing and hearing the story of David and Goliath conveyed by the agency of little wax puppets, who, like Miss Jewel's manikins, had their speech represented by unseen assistants.

The other number featured this week is the Hendricks and Belle Isle company in "The Schoolmaster," a wild, hurly-burly picture of imaginary life in a schoolroom—the schoolroom of comic tradition, in which the schoolmaster is a constitutional flagellant, the girls are all good, and the boys all bad. It is called "a laughing picture of a school that never was," which sufficiently conveys some idea of the amusing absurdities that prevail. There is a thick hum on the stage all the time, through which one catches the automatic beat of the schoolmaster's wooden whacker, the school "pieces" of the girls, the protestations of the bad boy, the reportings of the "tattle-tale," and the rival antics of the teacher and the school black sheep, a long, thin, flexible being with an expression so ridiculously like that of a confirmed terror who passes his life in protestations of innocence that the imagination, affected by the general schoolroom aspect of things, actually clothed him with some sort of reality. He and the schoolmaster, who alternated confirmed suspicion and ferocity with a lively inquisitiveness in the vagrant impulses that swept over the black sheep, were really very funny, and although one felt almost ashamed to laugh at such extreme absurdity, laughter was irresistible and had to be succumbed to.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Marie Sukloff, now living in New York, escaped from Siberia. The narration of her perilous and thrilling escape, from the time of her dash to freedom nine days after an operation for appendicitis until she crossed the frontier to Manchuria and China, is a feature of the current *Century Magazine*. The article was written originally, of course, in Russian; but the spirit has been caught admirably by the translator.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. E. B. Cooley, who has announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for Congress in opposition to the veteran Joseph G. Cannon, is a practicing physician of Danville, Illinois.

Sultan Ahmed Mirza, recently crowned Shah of Persia, is only sixteen years old. He acceded to the throne in 1905 on the death of his father, but the crowning was deferred until his sixteenth birthday.

Archduke Charles Francis Joseph, heir to the throne of Austria, and whose country has declared war against Serbia, was born at Persenber in 1857. The new heir to the Austrian throne is popular with the Austrian people. His wife was born May 9, 1892. Both are unusually democratic and have a dislike for imperial red tape in family matters.

Ira Nelson Morris, the new minister to Sweden, is a native of Chicago, where he was formerly secretary and assistant treasurer of the packing house of Morris & Co. He was also an officer or a director in a number of corporations, but withdrew from active business in 1906. He was commissioner to Italy last year in behalf of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

Dr. Jacob P. Schaeffer, newly elected professor of anatomy and director of the Daniel Baugh Institute of Anatomy and Biology, Jefferson Medical College, is one of the foremost anatomists in this country, and is recognized abroad as a leader in anatomical teaching. He is a native of Pennsylvania, and received his preliminary training in the public schools of that state. At present he is professor of anatomy at Yale University.

Miss M. A. Czaplicka, who holds a traveling fellowship of Somerville College, has left England under the auspices of the Oxford School of Anthropology for St. Petersburg, en route for Siberia. Miss Czaplicka, who is already well known for her anthropological studies of the aborigines of Northern Asia, is undertaking an expedition for the purpose of studying on the spot the native tribes of the Yenisei Valley, anthropologically and linguistically. It is Miss Czaplicka's intention to spend a year in the Yenisei region.

Dr. Hideyo Noguchi, who has been made a member of the Rockefeller Institute, has for the last ten years done important medical research work for the institute. Dr. Noguchi is a Japanese and has spent a large part of his life in this country. He first became connected with the institute in 1903, when he was appointed a research assistant. Soon after he was made an associate member. Among the most important of his discoveries have been the germs of hydrophobia and of infantile paralysis.

Francisco Carbajal, provisional president of Mexico, has never served in the army. He is one of the most distinguished lawyers in Mexico. Previous to becoming minister of foreign relations in the Huerta cabinet he was president of the Court of Justice, a body answering the character to the Supreme Court of this country. Prior to that time he was one of the magistrates of the court under Diaz. He is of excellent Spanish family, a native of the State of Tabasco, aged forty-one years. In boyhood he displayed a leaning toward the law, and once a practicing attorney, his success was assured.

William Parker Burton, who will sail *Shamrock IV* for the America Cup, is a member of the Yacht Racing Council, and was one of the delegates to arrange the international rules of yacht racing. For twenty-five years he has devoted himself to yachting. He stands at the front of the yachting sailors of his time, with a long series of victories over the best professionals as evidence of his superiority in handling a boat. He has not made the sport merely play, but has followed it with the same serious concentration that he gives to his business. He has sailed in 618 matches in his own boats—he has sailed in more than 1000 races in all—he has taken 235 first prizes and 140 others, a total of 375. In addition to being a first-class sailor, he is also a good huntsman, and since 1912 has been joint master of the Essex and Suffolk pack of hounds.

Fairly large bats are the vampires of New Guinea, which alight on any projecting part of the body, in preference to the toes, into which they bite a small hole from which they proceed to suck the blood. They fan the wound with their wings—to deaden the pain, the natives say—and the victim seldom awakens before much harm is done. These horrible creatures suck as much blood as they can, fly away and disgorge it, and then return for more.

Estimates place the amount of royalties received in thirty years by the Bayreuth house of Wagner at not less than \$1,500,000. Last year the sum of \$93,986 was received.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Holbrook Blinn and the Princess Players.

Holbrook Blinn and the members of the Princess Theatre company arrived in San Francisco last Tuesday, coming direct from New York City to fulfill a limited engagement at the Columbia Theatre.

Mr. Blinn and the Princess Players created a sensation during their appearances for the past two seasons in New York at the Princess Theatre in presentations of one-act plays of European and American authorship. The programme offered by this company includes four complete one-act plays at every performance, and during the San Francisco engagement, which begins next Monday night, August 10, the entire repertory will be given. For the first week Mr. Blinn has selected four of his biggest hits, two of them having come from the Grand Guignol, Paris, the theatre from which some of the most sensational one-act plays have been brought. "Hari Kari," by Julian Johnson, a California writer, created no end of discussion when first produced. It deals with diplomatic life in Washington, and is to be offered along with "En Deshabille," a delightful French farce; "Fear," a strong dramatic work which received its first production at the Grand Guignol, where it proved the big hit of the season; and "The Bride," a clever comedy.

A splendid group of players make up the personnel of the Princess company, and it will be interesting to note that Emelie Polini, the talented actress who won great honors in many of the principal feminine rôles in the one-act plays presented at the Princess Theatre, will be seen in San Francisco; Harry Mestayer, well known here, also Vaughn Trevor, Jean Murdoch, Langdon Gillett, Lewis Edgardo, and others.

The greatest praise has been bestowed by press and public upon Mr. Blinn and the Princess Players for their remarkable entertainment, which is described as creating alternately the thrill and the hush. An interesting season is in prospect at the Columbia during the stay of the Princess Players. Matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum bill for next week presents a very attractive appearance. It will have as its principal headline feature Bertha Kalich, the emotional actress, who has selected for her vaudeville appearance in this city a vehicle worthy of her perfect art, the epilogue of Echegaray's famous drama, "Mariana," in which she achieves in the title-rôle one of the greatest triumphs of her brilliantly successful career and thrills and holds her audiences spellbound from the rise to the fall of the curtain.

James T. Duffy and Mercedes Lorenze will appear in the miniature musical comedy, "Springtime," which consists of songs and patter by Mr. Duffy. Both artists possess the charm of youth and personality. They sing well, dance gracefully, and indulge in brilliant wit and repartee.

The "Transatlantic Trio" will present a whimsical act in two parts. In the first they render vocal, instrumental, operatic, and classic selections. In the second they costume in the fashion of fifty years ago and sing and play music of that date. For encores they use popular modern hits of today.

A special added feature and one which will arouse particular interest in society circles will be the appearance of Mlle. Louise La Gai, première danseuse at the Grand Opera, Paris, and her Twelve Society Monogram Girls. Mlle. La Gai has been recently instructing the co-eds of the University of California in dancing, and the girls who are to assist her are her most successful pupils. They are styled Monogram Girls from the fact that their initials only are published, owing to the fact that their parents object to their full names appearing in print. The programme of Mlle. La Gai and her terpsichorean company will comprise "La Masque, Pierrot and Pierrette," "La Gai Gavotte," "Ballet des Roses," and "La Gai Valsevienne."

The holdovers will be Edmond Hayes and company in "The Piano Movers"; Ward, Bell, and Ward; Rellow, creator of the Montaphone novelty, and the successful prima donna, Vinie Daly, in songs from the operas she has sung.

Grand Opera at the Pantages Theatre.

The highest salaried and most pretentious vaudeville offering ever presented Pantages patrons is the Imperial Grand Opera Company of twenty operatic vocalists, which opens at the popular Market Street vaudeville theatre on Sunday. Alexander Pantages booked the aggregation direct from Milan, Italy, and the little troupe of foreigners has proven a tremendous success over the circuit. Signor Ernesto Gargano is the musical conductor of the company, with Mlle. Liane Doree, a beautiful young French prima donna, and Signora Regina Sanctis as the principal sopranos. Forty-five solid minutes of the old favorites

will be offered. The repertory consists of excerpts from the following standard operas, to be rendered in Italian: "Carmen," "Faust," "Il Trovatore," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Lucia di Lammermoor," and "Rigoletto." Scenery and costuming will be absolutely correct in every detail. It is anticipated that the little cast will create a furor in the musical world of San Francisco's little Italy.

The balance of the bill is high-class and numbers Maidie de Long, the irresistible young character comedienne, whose rôle of the "haseball bug" last season was such a hit. Godfrey and Henderson in a sprightly skit, "All Aboard for Abroad," is another feature.

Amedeo, the wizard of the accordion; Jack and Jessie Gibson with their original uncycles; Jack Golden and his wife, two great local favorite funmakers, and the Lewis Sisters, première dancers, will complete the rest of the show.

The Grand Guignol, Paris, the theatre of blushes and thrills, from which Holbrook Blinn secured his inspiration for the Princess Theatre, New York, is a playhouse which is capable, through its performances, to startle even the gay Parisiennes. The one-act play of "Fear," which is included in the first week's programme of four one-act plays at the Columbia Theatre, was a Grand Guignol sensation.

It is not unlikely that among the one-act plays for the second week of the Princess Players at the Columbia Theatre will be the amusing comedy called "It Can Be Done," which is from the pen of Laurence Rising, a young San Franciscan, who has just had produced at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, New York, a new play called "Apartment 12-K." "It Can Be Done" is laid upon the observational platform of the Twentieth Century Limited.

Jean Murdoch, one of the real beauties of the American stage, is one of the most valuable members of Holbrook Blinn's Princess Theatre players. She made an especially strong hit in the very risqué play called "Any Night," in which she plays the rôle of the daughter.

George Relf, who created the part of Joseph in Sir Herbert Tree's London production of "Joseph and His Brethren," has been engaged by George C. Tyler, managing director of the Liebler Company, for an important rôle in the forthcoming production of Edward Sheldon's spectacular romance, "The Garden of Paradise."

"The Miracle" played to more than \$2,000,000 during its run in London, and the financial backing of the enterprise in this country will be on a scale commensurate with its magnitude, the entire sum necessary to produce and conduct the spectacle for four weeks being deposited in advance by the backers of the play.

When "Parsifal" was released for universal production, some there were who bemoaned the act, taking the narrow view that it should ever be reserved for Bayreuth. They feared that it would greatly lessen the attendance at the annual Bayreuth Festival, which meant, further, smaller distribution of money on the part of visitors. That their fears were groundless is best testified to by the opening of the festival with "The Flying Dutchman," followed by "Parsifal." All the best seats for the performance were disposed of in advance and late comers were fortunate if they could obtain a fairly good view of the performances. Ticket speculators did a lucrative business. The season opened under the general direction of Siegfried Wagner, and the two principal conductors, Dr. Karl Muck, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Michael Balling, successor of Hans Richter at Manchester, have the cooperation of twelve of the leading kapellmeister of the Continent. Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink is the "bright particular star" of the season. She was cast as Mary in "The Flying Dutchman," and alternates in the part with Margarete Brunsch.

In Great Britain an influential council has been formed, with the object of maintaining a vigilant watch over the moral and hygienic conditions of the picture house and the films shown in it, and to develop the better side of the cinematograph in the interests of education and citizenship. Among those who have accepted office on the council are the Archbishop of Armagh, the Lord Provost of Glasgow, Sir Horace Plunkett, the Duchess of Marlborough, Sir A. K. Rolitt, Sir John Kirk, G. B. Shaw, C. Bathurst, M. P., and the headmasters of Eton, Rugby, and Winchester.

Sir Herbert Tree has for some time had under consideration the scope of the festival which will be given at His Majesty's Theatre in 1916, in celebration of the tercentenary of

Shakespeare's death, and has now decided on his plans. The festival will consist mainly of a cycle of the chronicle plays, beginning with "King John" and ending with "King Henry VIII." In this enterprise Sir Herbert has already received promises of cooperation from many of the leading actors of the day, and the festival will thus be widely representative of the English stage. It is hoped that this tribute to Shakespeare's memory will be a world-wide one, and that it will include representations of the Shakespearean art of Germany, France, Italy, and America.

"Madonna of the Louvre," by Huber Benjamin Osborne, which won the \$1000 given by Adele Blood for the prize play by a Canadian author, was given its première at Shea's, Toronto. It was received with much favor by a crowded house.

An unusual step was taken by Alma Gluck at her recital recently in London. No complimentary tickets were given out. "How am I going to find out what my standing in London really is," Miss Gluck is reported to have said, "if a portion of the house is given away?"

A surprising fact in connection with the London season was the apparent lack of interest in concert activities and the smallness of audiences. Mme. Tetrazzini sang to a house barely half full, and many other recitalists of eminence were in a similar plight.

Henry W. Savage will send two of his successes to the Pacific Coast and through the Canadian Northwest this season. They will be the operetta "Sari" and the morality play "Everywoman."

Canadians are very proud of Edmund Burke's achievements, for the Dominion has produced few singers who have met with greater success. Burke's tour of America with Melba and Kubelik, following his achievements in opera in England, Europe, and Australia, served to establish him, once and for all, among the foremost singers of the day. In England Burke is regarded as one of the most brightly shining of Covent Garden's male stars. The baritone began his operatic career in the small houses of the Riviera, where the pay is small but experience good. He soon received an invitation to the Egyptian Royal Opera, and after that he spent three years in the admirable company of the Brussels Opera.

Harold Bauer thinks that piano students waste a great deal of time on so-called "methods." He believes that under ordinary circumstances such methods are apt to be long and laborious and do not reach the vital points of piano playing. "In my own case," said Bauer in a recent interview, "I was forced by necessity to make headway quickly. I went to Paris years ago as a violinist, but there seemed no opening for me then in that direction. There was an opportunity, however, for ensemble work with a good violinist and cellist. So I set to work to acquire facility on the piano as quickly as possible. I consulted all the pianists I knew as to what to do. They told me I must spend months on pure technic first, before I could hope to play at all; but I told them I had no time for that. So I went to work to study the effects I needed. It didn't matter to me how my hand looked on the keyboard; whether my fingers were quite flat or whether they stood on end. I was soon able to get my effects and to convince others that they were the effects I wanted. Later on, when I had more leisure, I took more thought about the position of my hand and fingers. But I am strongly convinced that much time is spent uselessly on externals, which do not reach the heart of the matter."

No hay being raised in Cyprus, the Cypriote refuses the government offer to thresh his corn by machine at nominal cost, saying in defense of the ancient method still prevailing that the oxen will not eat machine-chaffed straw. As a consequence straw is the chief fodder. The ancient Roman tribulum is largely used. It is a board about six feet long and two feet wide, studded with sharp-edged flakes of flint. In use it is dragged by oxen or donkeys over the corn spread out on the hard earthen threshing-floor, separating the grain and at the same time bruising and chopping up the straw. Threshing-time is enjoyed alike by children and animals, the former riding on the primitive implement, and the latter gorging themselves with a hearty meal, for in Cyprus the biblical command, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," is still faithfully observed.

M. Brunier of Lyons, France, has left \$80,000 in his will to furnish an annual prize to any Frenchwoman, wife of an Alpine guide, who inhabits a mountain village 3281 feet above sea level and who must be the mother of seven children born at that altitude.

Chinde a Quaint Land.

Chinde is a tiny piece of land at the mouth of the Zambesi, under the British flag, and leased to the government by the Portuguese as a station for goods in transit on their way to British Central Africa. An amusing story is told in connection with an enormous flagstaff standing proudly in the middle of the so-called town, over which much controversy occurred at the time of its erection. Its chief purpose was for signaling men-of-war far out at sea, Chinde also being the headquarters of the naval river gunboats. Consequently, the flag hoisted was the white ensign, which the Portuguese referred to as the "war-banner of England" (says the current issue of the *Wide World Magazine*). The authorities, being at this time by no means friendly, officially objected to this flagstaff on account of its "heel" being in the ground. This, they asserted, denoted possession of the land, which in reality was only leased, their laws only allowing a flagstaff of a foreign power to be suspended from the walls of a building or erected on a roof. To obviate this difficulty, a small corrugated-iron shed, not much larger than a pigeon-house, was built round the offending heel, giving it the grotesque appearance of a fishing-rod growing out of a mushroom. The British, however, gravely declared that it now complied with the Portuguese laws, as it appeared to stand on a roof. So it remains, a curious monument of a piece of international "bluff."

Ruskin's house at the top of Herne Hill, London, is no more. It has recently been torn down, for the neighborhood is in a state of transition. It was the house of an old merchant prince. Ruskin's father was himself a rich man, and he settled there amidst a host of London's business magnates in 1823. Young Ruskin was then four years of age. When Ruskin gave up the house to his cousin, Miss Agnew (Mrs. Arthur Severn), he reserved the use of the study for himself, and also the use of the bedroom of his boyhood. His little study will be remembered as the room in which he completed "The Stones of Venice" and wrote his work on "Modern Painters." The spacious gardens and the rural atmosphere of Denmark Hill and Herne Hill of Victorian days are gone forever. New and smaller houses have sprung up, and more are yet to come. A few of the old capitalists are still left, but the majority have moved further into the country. Some of the old houses are enjoying a fresh lease of life as "pensions" or boarding-houses for city workers, but the time is not far distant when the district will be wholly transformed into a red-bricked suburb. Although the house of John Ruskin has disappeared, however, his association with Denmark Hill and Herne Hill will be remembered by Ruskin Park and Ruskin Walk.

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VANITY FAIR.

That men are now subject to a marital supervision from which their grandfathers were exempt is a matter of common knowledge, and it may be admitted that they bear the yoke with a surprising patience. Nasty creatures that they are, they probably know that it is good for them and that it is only the certainty of detection and retribution that keeps them at all within the straight and narrow path of rectitude. The dictagraph already appears in the lists of the furniture store as an article that no well-conducted household can dispense with (\$1 down, \$1 a week), but now a menace yet more portentous is rising on the domestic landscape, and one that seems likely to destroy the last vestiges of privacy.

We read all about it in the *Nineteenth Century*, a journal not usually addicted to frivolity. It is written by a lady, who describes the sympathy that existed between herself and the man to whom she was engaged and that enabled her to bring to hear upon the relationship a sort of psychic vision that defied time and space. But let her speak for herself, as she seems quite competent to do. She says: "During my marriage engagement years ago to a man to whom I was greatly attached, so close were we in sympathy that we were able to link up our minds by merely thinking of one another. We became at once conscious, one of the other, as though of an actual presence. With eyes closed, one became aware of luminosity, of shifting color; felt a sense of warmth and comradeship, sometimes caught glimpses of features. I would know whether it was well with him; whether he was happy, unhappy, angry, or depressed. And this whether he was in England or abroad. Sometimes there would be no response. I knew then that he was sleeping or was closely preoccupied. In the latter case if I persisted, concentrating my thought, I would succeed in the course of a minute in engaging his attention. For two years this thought exchange went on daily, hourly. I would know from a telepathic wave the moment at which he received a letter from me. On entering a room, even a railway station in which he had been an hour or two earlier, I was aware at once of magnetic waves characteristic of his identity, and always, of course, more potent with proximity. So vivid sometimes were these impressions that I have looked into a station waiting-room, convinced that he was there."

Now this sort of thing will have to stop. Even the most unimaginative among us can see how easily it might verge upon the improprieties. There are times and seasons when the only intrusion that we can tolerate is that of Providence, and of course we can not help that or we certainly would. We have now had about all the supervision that we can stand. The wife who wishes to know what her husband has been doing has already full opportunities to learn all that is good for her. She can ask him, and he will always be willing to communicate to her a version of the facts that constitutes an admirable blend of accuracy and prudence. He will present to her a tribute of truth with such modifications in the way of emphasis and dilution as a wise diplomacy may suggest. But this use of magnetic waves and the like, which seem able to disclose all that we have been doing within the last hour or so is going a little too far. There ought to be a law against it.

Here is a chance to earn \$20 in real money. The *Ladies' World* has offered a cash prize to that amount for the best letter in answer to the boldly original inquiry, "Shall Women Propose?" We seem to have heard that question before, but then we can not expect an entirely new problem every day, even from feminists. Any reader may compete, young or old, male or female, in the asylum or out of it. There are no conditions of age, sex, or previous condition of servitude.

The question, says the ladies' editor, is not a wild one. Why, we are asked, should a self-supporting woman, efficient, healthy, and of good mentality, wait all the years of her life for a man to ask her in marriage? Why, indeed? And then the editor makes a slip, natural enough in one who has upon her shoulders so prodigious a care. She says that the clinging vine is not now so common nor so popular as of old. "The nineteenth century admires the poised, forceful, deep-hearted woman." But this is the twentieth century, dear lady, the century of hopes and emancipation. Is it not so?

We do not propose to compete for the \$20, yearningly as we feel toward it. We should probably make a beast of ourselves with it unless the tailor got it first, which he would probably do. But we can hardly regard this question as a living one. It is already the woman who proposes, and it was ever so. Perhaps it would be better to say that it is the woman who dictates marriage. She does not do so in the plain language of the com-

mon people, but she does it. Did you ever see a representation of the old gladiatorial combat between the net and sword? Nine times out of ten the victory was with the net. There was no escape from its soft and almost impalpable mesh. And that is how the woman proposes. But if woman is now to adopt the more direct but less effective methods of speech then we would suggest a twenty-dollar cash prize for the best form of graceful declination. That is where the ruh would come in. How would you decline an offer of marriage from a woman? Would you decline it at all? Could you do such a thing? But perhaps women will not necessitate such a step. Verbal proposals from women are now directed to wife-murderers and the like, whose flower-decked cells are evidence of those deeper emotions that only crime can call into audible expression. But it would surely be better to leave that kind of proposal to that kind of woman.

We are all a little tired of definitions of a gentleman. We scan them carefully until we find some requirement that we are conscious we can not fulfill and then we reject them. Most men's ideal of a gentleman is themselves.

But now and then we find something particularly good, and we recognize it to be good even though we recognize at the same time our own shortcomings. Such a definition has lately been printed by the *London Times*, and we are at least grateful for its condemnation of that disagreeable cant that identifies a gentleman with a Christian. The two go well together, says the *Times*, but it is because they are different. The Christian has a religious belief in the equality of men because they all have immortal souls. The gentleman may not believe that they have immortal souls at all, and he may have a profound disbelief in their equality.

"As a finished product, the gentleman seems to do everything very easily; but that ease, like the ease of habit, can only come by effort. He is socially secure; but, whatever his station, he was not born so, for no man ever is socially secure by birth, even if he was born to be a king. The test of a gentleman is the pleasure others take in his society, and not in his wit or his virtue or his learning, but in their ordinary social relations with him. And this pleasure he can not give merely by being on good terms with himself. On this point we in England have a heresy at which foreigners laugh and which encourages us in our bad manners. We think that the complete gentleman may be shy, and we are indulgent to shyness even in middle age. The French are not; they think that it is a man's social duty to overcome shyness, that he has no right to be an oaf even because he thinks poorly of himself. But we, because it is better to be shy than blatant, make a virtue of shyness. And yet the shy man may be a passive gentleman, but he is not an active one. You may find him very delightful if you draw him out; but the active gentleman draws you out and makes you feel that you are more of a social success than you had ever suspected. This is a real virtue in him, even though it be one that he could not have acquired without ease and leisure. You may call it a class virtue, therefore; but every one of his class does not possess it, and he would not possess it if he had not made the most of his opportunities. He is, socially, an artist; and he could not be that unless he had the disinterestedness of an artist, unless he admired, for their own sake, the qualities which he has acquired. At any rate, no man can become a gentleman because he hopes to get on by doing so. He may get on, but his efforts to be a gentleman will only make people remark all the more that he is not one, just as they say of the successful charlatan that he is not an artist."

The first annual report of Commissioner Ewing of the United States Patent Office states that "the work has not been more than eighteen to twenty months behind, as a rule. There was complaint, and very properly, of many cases greatly delayed. There were 4007 cases between five and ten years old, sixty-nine of these having been in the office as long as fifteen years, and 780 being more than eight years old. While these constituted about four per cent of the total business of the office, their importance, and the work they entail because of their complicated nature, are far out of proportion to their number."

After all the Russian operas have failed to score the really big success of the Drury Lane opera season. The surprise has been "The Magic Flute," which proved unexpectedly popular. One critic wrote: "One could feel their settling down before some famous aria, then listening with rapt attention, and, at the close of the aria, relapsing with a slight rustle and waiting till the last note in the orchestra died away before breaking out into noisy clapping of hands."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The young man carefully removed the cigars from his vest pocket and placed them on the piano. Then he opened his arms. But the young girl did not flutter to them. "You," she said coldly, "have loved before."

On a wet, miserable, foggy day in London Charles Lamb was accosted by a beggar with: "Please, sir, bestow a little charity upon a poor, destitute woman. Believe me, sir, I have seen better days." "So have I," said Lamb, handing the poor creature a shilling, "so have I. It's a miserable day, even for London."

In an asylum two worthies named Sandie and Tam formed a plan to make their escape. Sandie said to Tam: "Bend down and I'll get on yer back and get on the tap o' the wall and haul ye up." Sandie got on the top of the wall and slid down the other side, saying: "Tam, I think ye'll better to bide anither fortnight, for you're no near sane yet."

At the Fifth Avenue Hotel a man who had suddenly become wealthy from an oil-well venture had left his family, which had accompanied him to the city, in their rooms so long that they had become uneasy about him. At last he returned to the rooms, and to the anxious inquiry of his wife, "Where in the world have you been so long?" he responded, calmly: "I've just been in the cuspidore, walking pro and con."

A "horny-handed son of toil," who had been married less than a year, was complaining to a friend of his wife's extravagance. "How is a man going to save anything for old age?" he said. "I no sooner get home than it's 'Tom, give me a dollar, give me fifty cents, give me fifteen cents,' for this, that, and the other thing. I just can't stand it." "Why, Tom, what in the world does your wife do with so much money?" "I don't know—I aint give her none yet."

A young practitioner appeared before a pompous old judge who took offense at a remark the lawyer made criticizing his decision. "If you do not instantly apologize for that remark," said the judge, "I shall commit you for contempt of court." "Upon reflection, your honor," instantly replied the young attorney, "I find that your honor was right and I was wrong, as your honor always is." The judge looked dubious, but finally said that he would accept the apology.

A junior barrister was hurrying across to the law courts when he almost collided with a cab. The driver, who had pulled up with a jerk, pronounced his opinion in plain English about absent-minded people. "Couldn't you see the bloomin' 'oss?" he asked, with withering sarcasm. "See him!" gasped the startled barrister, looking contemptuously at the animal between the shafts. Then he stepped on to the curb. "I didn't see your horse when I stood in front of him," he added, "but I can see something when I look at him sideways."

A gentleman was descending the ice-covered surface of a steep street in Toronto when his feet went from under him, and he slid down in a sitting posture. He had not gone more than a few yards in this position when his legs came in contact with a lady who was crossing the street, causing her to sit down hurriedly on him. They proceeded thus together at an increasing speed, and shot out on to the square below, when the gentleman, coming to rest, said: "I beg your pardon, madam; you must get off here. I don't go any farther."

Economy has its pains as well as its pleasures, if the experience of an old Virginia darky counts for anything. One spring, for some reason, old Mose was going round town with the face of dissatisfaction. When questioned, he poured forth a voluble tale of woe in these terms: "Marse Tom, he come to me last fall an' he say, 'Mose, dey's gwine to be a hahd winter, so yo' be keeful an' save yo' wages.' An' Ah believe Marse Tom, yassuh. Ah believe him, an' Ah save, an' save, an' when he winter come it aint got no hahdship, an' dere Ah was wid all dat money on mah hands!"

He was a new customer from the country, and he had given a fairly large order. The courteous old senior partner was conducting him over the establishment, and the various improvements caused Mr. Giles boundless astonishment. A table telephone interested him as much as anything. He had never seen anything of the sort before. "It's a great convenience to us," explained the senior partner. "You see, I can communicate with all

our departments without moving from my seat here. Wish to try it?" Replying in the affirmative, the visitor got himself switched on the packing room. "Have Mr. Giles's, of Mudbury, goods been sent off yet?" he inquired. Back came the answer: "No, we haven't packed 'em yet. We're waiting for a telegram from his town; he looks like a slippery customer."

Grabbing her handbag, the size of a small portmanteau, and her Pomeranian dog, and clutching a muff that by its size must have once held a young bear, the lady of ample dimensions intimated to the passengers of the car that she wished to alight. "Conductor," she exclaimed furiously, "I thought I told you to put me off at Granville Road!" "But, madam—" "Don't start making excuses!" she retorted. "But you asked—" began the conductor. "Oh, yes, I know all about your not being able to remember where every one wants to get off! I'll report you for insolence if you argue any further!" Gently assisting her to alight, and signaling the engineer, the conductor touched his cap. "I'm sorry, madam," he said, with a smile, "but I only wanted to say that Granville Road is half a mile further on."

He had heard and read a lot about Ireland, but had never been in the country before. As he passed through an almost uninhabited district he came upon a cottage. He drew near, and, to his horror, beheld a poor old woman seated on a stone outside the hut, with all her humble belongings gathered around her. An eviction! Then what he had read was true, after all. He looked at the resigned face of the old dame, seated with her household goods around her, alone in that desolate land. He must do something. Walking up to her he tenderly placed a five-pound note in her thin hand. He noted with some pleasure the look of amazement that grew in her eyes as she realized this generosity. "Tell me, what is the trouble, mother?" he asked gently. "Thank ye, kindly, sir! It's me old man inside whitewashin' the place from top to bottom!"

THE MERRY MUSE.

The List.

A hat, a hall, a mask, a mitt,
A track suit and three sweaters,
A punching bag, a golf outfit,
A sheaf of eo-ed's letters;

A volume on biology,
A nose at football broken,
A bulldog and a family tree
Of which we'd had no token;

Five suits to wear upon the street,
A dress suit, a Tuxedo,
Ten pairs of shoes, one pair of feet,
The fine nickname of "Speedo";

A lordly air, a trace of Greek,
A look of satisfaction,
A mode of speaking quite unique,
A breach of promise action;

A mackinaw that fairly yelled,
Of tangles quite a knowledge,
A note explaining why expelled—
These Jack brought home from college.
—Halter G. Doty, in Judge.

The Unromantic Poet.

When daylight comes and hirdies fly,
And morning sips her dewy cup—
You know the usual romance—well, I
Simply get up!

When noontide comes, and every thought,
Not vegetarian, turns to meat,
This hour has its romance, we're taught—
But I—I eat!

When evening comes, and sunset's hue—
Well, you know what is always said—
I take a quite prosaic view,
And go to bed!
—La Touche Hancock, in New York Sun.

Then and Now.

"Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice erept in and out."
'Twas thus John Suckling one time wrote,
That he was right I have no doubt.


His figure was a happy one;
Skirts then were built in such a way
That little feet might seem to run
Like mice about their hems, and play.

But not today, oh, not today
Could poet use that simile!
Skirts now are made in such a way
That even more than feet we see.

Compare them now with little mice
And everybody grins and laughs;
Today the simile persists
Would say they look like tall giraffes.
—Puck.

Always Is It Thus.

To buy her presents his cash is spent,
And her words of thanks were sweeter than
honey,
But when he had squandered his last red cent
She married a youth who saved his money.
—London Globe.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Henriette Blanding, to Mr. Chauncey Goodrich. Miss Blanding is a sister of Mr. Tevis Blanding and a niece of Mrs. Frederick Sharon. Mrs. Edith Coleman Blanding, Miss Lena Blanding, Dr. Harry L. Tevis, and Mr. William S. Tevis. Mr. Goodrich is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Goodrich and a brother of Mrs. James Whitney. The wedding will take place in September in Belvedere.

Mrs. Florence Bland has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Serina Bland, to Mr. Charles Preusser of Manila. Miss Bland is a sister of Mrs. Thomas D. Parker and a niece of Mrs. Hugo D. Keil and Mrs. Charles Minor Goodall. The wedding will take place Tuesday, September 8, at the bride's home in Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Newell Harmon of Belvedere have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Minnie Keith Harmon, to Dr. Alfred Tuckey. Miss Harmon is a granddaughter of the late Mr. William Keith. Dr. Tuckey is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Tuckey of Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Mason of Sierra Madre, California, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Kate Fielding Mason, to Lieutenant Alfred S. Rockwood, U. S. A.

Mrs. E. A. Stent was hostess at a luncheon Saturday at her home in San Mateo in honor of her house guest, Mrs. J. Eugene Freeman.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris entertained a number of friends at dinner Friday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, who were the complimented guests again Saturday at a luncheon given by Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin at their home on Broadway.

Miss Metha McMahon was hostess Thursday evening at a dinner at her home on Washington Street in honor of Miss Margaret Goodrich of New York, who is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hearst.

The Misses Sophia and Elizabeth Sullivan entertained a number of friends at tea Friday afternoon at their home in Belvedere. The affair was in honor of Miss Serina Bland, whose engagement to Mr. Charles Preusser has recently been announced.

Mrs. Henry Crocker entertained a number of young people at a luncheon Thursday at the Francisco Club in honor of her daughters, the Misses Marian and Kate Crocker.

Miss Marian Zeile was the complimented guest at a theatre and supper party Wednesday evening given by Miss Nina Jones at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Ralston White was hostess at a bridge party Friday afternoon at the Marin County Golf and Country Club. The affair was in honor of her sister, Mrs. Lawrence Metcalfe Symmes, who was the complimented guest again Monday evening at a dinner given by Paymaster Jonathan Brooks, U. S. N., and Mrs. Brooks at their home at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Schmiedell entertained a number of young people at a dance Thursday evening at the Lagunitas Club in Ross in honor of their daughter and son, Miss Doris Schmiedell and Mr. Edward Schmiedell, Jr.

Mrs. Remi Pierre Schwerin was hostess at a luncheon and bridge party Wednesday afternoon at her home in San Mateo.

Miss Beatrice Nickel entertained a coterie of friends at luncheon Tuesday at her home on Laguna Street.

Miss Elva De Pue was hostess at an informal tea Wednesday afternoon in honor of her house guest, Miss Lala Simpson of Woodland.

Miss Beatrice Miller entertained a number of friends on a motor trip from Santa Barbara to San Diego in honor of her house guest, Miss Marie Louise Black.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Powers gave a dinner Thursday evening at the Palace Hotel. The affair was in honor of Lieutenant-Commander Wallace Bertholf, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bertholf and Mrs. Ernest Seton-Thompson of New York.

Mrs. M. P. Jones was hostess at a bridge-luncheon Monday at Pebble Beach Lodge.

Miss Anne Peters entertained a coterie of friends at dinner Saturday evening at Hotel Del Monte. Accompanied by her guests, Miss Peters later attended the hop at the Presidio in Monterey.

Mrs. Watson D. Fennimore entertained a number of friends at a bridge-luncheon Saturday at the Francisco Club. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Charles Dickey Goldthwaite of Los Angeles.

Miss Florence Braverman was hostess at an informal dance Saturday evening at her home on Washington Street in honor of Miss Hazel Bliss of New York.

Miss Mary Bates entertained a number of friends at an informal bridge party Wednesday

afternoon in honor of Mrs. James Lowe Hall of Portland, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Stuart Baldwin.

Mrs. Steward Whitney gave a matinee party Saturday, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Miss Ethel Bacon was the complimented guest at a luncheon Monday given by Mrs. Kenneth Macdonald, Jr., at her home in Ross.

Mrs. Kirby Crittenden was hostess at a luncheon Tuesday at the Hotel St. Francis. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Edmund Playfair and Miss Dahlis Playfair of Sydney, Australia.

Captain Frank Hutton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hutton entertained a number of friends at dinner Friday evening at their home at Fort McDowell. The affair was in honor of Lieutenant Thomas Rees, Jr., U. S. A.

Mrs. Earl Shipp was the complimented guest at a bridge party Tuesday afternoon given by her cousin, Miss Katherine MacAdam, at her home on Washington Street.

Lieutenant Lester Baker, U. S. A., was host at a thè dansant Thursday afternoon at Fort Miley. The affair was in honor of the Misses Margaret Goodrich and Hazel Bliss of New York.

Mrs. Frederick Funston entertained a number of friends at dinner Tuesday evening at her home at the Presidio.

Captain Victor Houston, U. S. N., and Mrs. Houston entertained a number of friends at dinner Thursday evening on board the U. S. S. St. Louis at Yerba Buena.

Paymaster John Harman, U. S. N., was host at an informal tea Sunday afternoon on board the U. S. S. Jupiter.

Mrs. Wallace Bertholf was hostess at a luncheon at the Palace Hotel Monday, when she entertained in honor of Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. Parker Symms, and Mrs. Frederick Freeman.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris and Mr. Horace Davis Pillsbury have returned from a visit in the McCleod country.

Mrs. Alexander Garceau has recently been the guest of Mrs. Russell J. Wilson at her home in Burlingame.

Judge Charles Slack and Mrs. Slack spent the week-end in San Rafael with their son-in-law and daughter, Judge Edgar Zook and Mrs. Zook.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Parsons have returned to town from Fort Seward, where they expected to spend the summer. Owing to the illness of their little son they were obliged to abandon their plans for their usual summer outing.

Mr. and Mrs. James Jenkins are again occupying their home in Mill Valley after having spent a month in Bolinas and a few weeks with Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahla, Miss Leontine de Sahla, and Mrs. Clement Tobin have arrived in Paris after a visit in Lisbon, Portugal.

Mr. Arthur Evans has returned from an outing in Lake County, where he has been motoring with a party of friends.

Miss Gertrude Hopkins has returned from San Rafael, where she has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Warren Dearborn Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fennimore have given up the apartment on Pacific Avenue where they have resided since their marriage two years ago, and have moved into a new home which they have recently purchased on Lake Street.

Mrs. John Stedman has come from South Bend, Indiana, to visit friends and relatives in this city. She is at present the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker in Belvedere. Mrs. Stedman, who will be remembered as Miss Birdie Deming, is a cousin of Mr. William H. Crocker and Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet and Mrs. Fannie McCreary.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Austin Wood have moved into their new home on Pacific Avenue near Presidio Avenue.

Mr. George H. Howard and his son, Master Henry Howard, have returned from a visit with Mr. Harry Bowie at his camp in Mendocino County.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and Miss Phyllis de Young have opened their country home, Meadowlands, in San Rafael, where they will remain until October. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin and their two little daughters will be with them for several weeks.

Mrs. George Van Bergen has arrived from Boston and is visiting Mrs. Nicholas Van Bergen.

Mr. and Mrs. Aylett Cotton, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis are spending the summer near Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Hanchett and their daughters, the Misses Lucy and Alice Hanchett, have returned to their country home at Capitola after an automobile trip through Southern California.

Mrs. Lawrence Metcalfe Symmes had a reluctant good-bye to her many friends when she departed for her home in the East to join her husband, who, unfortunately, was unable to accompany her to this city. Mrs. Symmes, who was formerly Miss Dorothy Boericke, has been spending a month with her parents, Dr. William Boericke and Mrs. Boericke, and her twin sister, Mrs. Ralston White, in Mill Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. McGregor and their daughter, Miss Kathel McGregor, are established in their new home, which they recently bought from Mr. Herman Shainwald.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker and their three little sons returned from a month's outing in the Tahoe country, and after a few days' visit at their home in San Mateo left Friday for Miramar, where they will remain during the month of August.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver and their family have returned to Inverness after a few days' visit in their town house.

Mr. Gordon Tevis has returned from a week's visit at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali and their two little daughters have returned to their home on

Walnut Street after having spent the past two months in Woodside with Mrs. Avenali's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn.

Mrs. James Lowe Hall and her little daughter have returned to their home in Portland, Oregon, after a month's visit with Mr. and Mrs. A. Stewart Baldwin at their home in Presidio Terrace. Mrs. Hall was formerly Miss Mildred Baldwin.

Mr. David Duncan, Jr., has arrived from El Centro to spend a month with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Duncan, in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar J. De Pue and their daughters, the Misses Elva and Corenna De Pue, have gone to Lake Tahoe to spend several weeks.

Mrs. Seton-Thompson is visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Powers, at their home in Carmel-by-the-Sea. Mrs. Seton-Thompson, who was formerly Miss Grace Gallatin, is the daughter of the late Mr. Albert Gallatin of this city.

Mr. Henry Foster Dutton has returned from a three months' visit in Honolulu. He will be joined shortly by Mrs. Dutton, who remained with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Harry MacFarlane.

Mrs. Martin H. Glynn, wife of Governor Glynn of New York, returned last Thursday to her Eastern home after a two weeks' visit with Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Dutton and their daughter, Mrs. Douglas Waterman, left last week for a two weeks' motor trip in the Tahoe country.

Miss Cora de Marville is spending the summer with relatives in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Meyerfeld and Mrs. Florence Schloss have returned to their home after spending the last three months at Del Monte.

Colonel Frank B. McCoy, U. S. A., arrived last week from Alaska with the Thirtieth Infantry, which will be stationed at the Presidio until further orders.

Captain Charles R. Stone, U. S. A., and Mrs. Stone will spend two months with relatives in this city en route from Georgia to their new station in the Orient.

Mrs. Robert McMillan has come from Boston to spend the summer with her parents, Judge T. Z. Blakeman and Mrs. Blakeman. Mrs. McMillan is the wife of Captain Robert McMillan, U. S. A., who has recently been promoted to regimental adjutant and ordered to Fort Totten, New York.

Mrs. Robert Crystal Hummer, wife of Captain Hummer, U. S. A., who has been visiting Major Robert B. Grubbs, U. S. A., and Mrs. Grubbs at Fort Miley, has gone to Fort McDowell to spend the next few weeks with Captain David P. Wood, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Robert Campbell.

Mrs. Frank Wheaton, widow of General Wheaton, U. S. A., has arrived from Denver and is visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Colonel William A. Nichols, U. S. A., and Mrs. Nichols.

Major William C. Bennett, U. S. A., has been detailed to service in the Quartermaster Corps at Fort Snelling, Minnesota.

Colonel Hamilton Stone Wallace, U. S. A., has returned to town after a six days' leave of absence.

Major William T. Littlehant, U. S. A., superintendent of the Yosemite National Park, has been relieved from duty and ordered to the Presidio, Monterey, to join his regiment. There are to be no soldiers on duty at the Yosemite, as the care of the park will pass exclusively to the hands of the Interior Department, which will appoint a civilian superintendent.

Major Herman Hall, U. S. A., recently relieved from duty as chief of the Philippine Constabulary, in which he held the rank of brigadier-general, will probably resume his duties as chief in January.

Captain Harry S. Howland, U. S. A., has recovered from his recent illness and has been ordered to join his regiment at El Paso.

Lieutenant-Colonel Amos W. Kimball, U. S. A., has been ordered to Texas City for temporary duty as quartermaster of the Second Division.

Brigadier-General George Bell, Jr., recently promoted from colonel of the Sixth Infantry, and now in temporary command of the border

patrol troops in Texas, has received orders to proceed to Vancouver Barracks and assume command of the Seventh Brigade. General Bell is expected to come to San Francisco immediately. His family is still at the Presidio and he will make a stop here before proceeding to his new station.

Lieutenant-Commander Alexander N. Mitchell, U. S. N., has reported as commanding officer of the receiving ship at Mare Island, where he has joined Mrs. Mitchell, who has recently been visiting her sister, Mrs. George E. Perkins, in Oakland.

The personnel of the board for the final trials of the collier *Jupiter* was announced in a telegram received at Mare Island from the Navy Department. The board consists of Rear-Admiral Charles F. Pond, Commander W. M. Crose, Lieutenant-Commander Franklin D. Karns, and Lieutenant-Commander Clarence S. Kempff. The trials began Monday, August 3.

Admiral Uriel Schree, U. S. N., and Mrs. Schree were at last accounts in London.

Lieutenant-Commander Wallace Bertholf, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bertholf moved yesterday to Yerba Buena, where they will reside for the next two years.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Fairlie has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Fairlie, who was formerly Miss Grace Wilson, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James K. Wilson.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Fraser Douglass has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

The home of Dr. Alfred Baker Spalding and Mrs. Spalding has been brightened by the advent of a son.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Judd Ryan has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

The funeral of the late Chief Justice William H. Beatty was held on Thursday afternoon from Trinity Church. Death, due to heart trouble, occurred on Tuesday afternoon at the family home, 2409 Octavia Street. He was a native of Ohio, aged seventy-six years, and had planned to retire next January. He accompanied his father to California in 1853, but returned East to complete his education. In 1858 he returned, and in 1861 was admitted to the bar. Between 1863 and 1880 he lived in Nevada, and in 1875 was elected to the supreme court as associate justice. He served as chief justice from 1878 to 1880. It was during his service on the Nevada bench that his ability as an analyst of the law first attracted attention. He made for himself a splendid reputation as an authority on mining law. He practiced law in Sacramento until 1889, when he was again elevated to the bench, this time to the supreme court of this state.

Miss Agnes G. Regan, principal of the Bernal Grammar School, has been appointed to fill the vacancy on the board of education occasioned by the death of Mrs. Mary Kincaid. Miss Regan entered the school department in 1887 and has been a school principal since 1897.

Fred Woods, eighteen years old, has been placed in detinue, suspected of breaking into the home of Mrs. George W. Young, 1224 Leavenworth Street, and stealing a number of articles. He is accused of writing a letter later offering to return the loot for money. He had a gold watch and several other pieces of jewelry which are said to have been stolen from the Young home.

Total enrollment in San Francisco's public schools for the first week of the term shows an increase over last year's figures of approximately 3000 pupils. The total in ninety schools is 44,093, with the figures from sixteen still missing. Superintendent of Schools Alfred Roncovieri estimates the uncompiled figures at 10,000, making a grand total of 54,000 school children.

Reports read by the retiring officers at the one hundred and twenty-third semi-annual meeting of the general relief committee of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, held Sun-

day morning, indicate that during the past six months the committee has expended \$8413 in assisting members of 166 lodges or their families.

While visiting at Corte Madera, Marin County, George W. Shaw, a founder and director of the Pioneer Automobile Company, died suddenly of heart disease Friday of last week. He was a son of William Shaw, commissary of police.

Mrs. William Allen Kirkpatrick, daughter-in-law of Colonel J. C. Kirkpatrick of the Palace and Fairmont Hotel Company, died Thursday of last week in her rooms in the Fairmont, after a six weeks' illness. She has held a prominent place in society and amateur theatrical circles. Interment was made in the Masonic Cemetery at Woodlawn.

The board of supervisors have adopted the appropriation of \$3600 out of the urgent necessities fund to pay the claim of Josephine Lynch, widow, against the city for the death of her husband. Lynch, employed by the board of public works, was asphyxiated last year in a sewer.

Miles T. Baird, son of the wealthy pioneer family, was arrested the first of the week on a bench warrant charging him with violating his probation. A year ago he was convicted of passing a worthless check. He is now accused of failing to report to the probation officer.

The work of asphaltting the streets of the exposition was begun Monday. More than 4,000,000 square feet of asphalt are to be laid. An asphalt plant with a capacity of 20,000 square feet daily has been installed on the grounds.

George R. Shreve, of the firm of Shreve, Treat & Eacret, died at his home in San Mateo last Tuesday. He was one of the best-known business men of San Francisco for many years. Decedent was the husband of Jennie W. Shreve, and the father of Rebecca, Elizabeth, and Agnes Shreve. The funeral was held on Thursday from St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, San Mateo.

Mrs. William B. Hooper, widow of the late Major Hooper, owner of the old Occidental Hotel, which was destroyed in the 1906 fire, was found dead on Wednesday night in her room in the Manx Hotel. Heart disease was the cause of death. Since the death of her husband Mrs. Hooper has divided her time between her home in Mountain View and San Francisco.

The various members of the staff employees of the foreign department of the Crocker National Bank assembled on Thursday evening

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of last week at a dinner in a downtown restaurant. Various speeches were made, John Clausen, manager of the foreign department, presiding.

Allen I. Chickering resigned on Wednesday as president of the San Francisco Commercial Club. Stress of personal business was given as his reason. He will remain as one of the directors of the club. Philip S. Teller was chosen to fill the vacancy.

For the first time a woman has become a member of the San Francisco board of public library trustees, the ten men on the board having chosen Miss Laura McKinstry of 2988 Pacific Avenue to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Sheldon G. Kellogg.

The funeral of Timothy J. Moynihan, late president of the T. J. Moynihan Boiler Works, was held at 9:30 o'clock Friday morning from St. Mary's Cathedral. He was eighty years old, came to San Francisco from Ireland in 1857 and started life here as a boilermaker.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Gray has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Gray was formerly Miss Laura Sberman.

Jamaica rum 214 years old is promised to the directors of the Wistar Institute of Anatomy of the University of Pennsylvania at the centenary of the institute in 1992. At that time a dinner will be arranged for the directors for the specific purpose of drinking the rum. A bottle of Jamaica rum was left unopened in Philadelphia by British officers upon their evacuation of the city in the War of the Revolution, and its history since that time is recited upon a card tied to the neck. The card was written by Isaac Wistar, founder of the institute. Mr. Wistar inherited the bottle from his uncle, Franklin Jones. In 1894, two years after he founded the institute, he presented the bottle to the institute, with the request that it be held for the centenary celebration. The bottle is of green colored glass and holds about three pints.

Arnold Dolmetsch, who tried in vain some years ago to convert American music lovers to his belief that the modern pianoforte is inferior to the harpsichords and clavichords of the days of Handel and Bach, still holds forth in London, where, some weeks ago, he gave another of his unique concerts in which these old-fashioned instruments were exhibited and played, together with obsolete viols of the seventeenth century.

The famous old prison near Liverpool has been converted into a motion-picture theatre.

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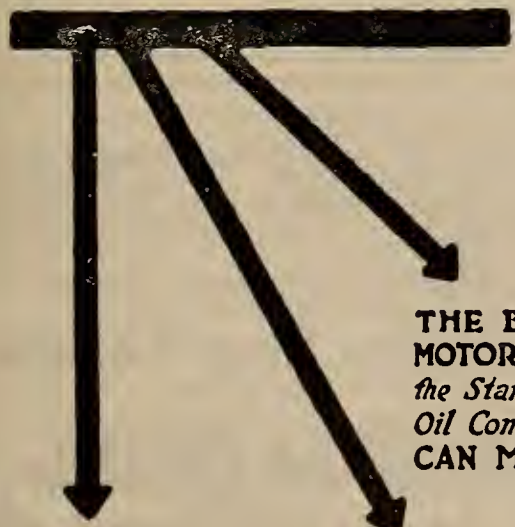
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Wigg—Why don't you settle down and take a wife? Wagg—I don't know whose wife to take.—Club Fellow.

Smythe, Jr.—What's "overhead expense," pop? Smythe, Sr. (behind his paper)—Your mother's millinery.—Puck.

Hampton—Dinwiddow told me his family is a very old one. They were one of the first to come across. Rhodes—Not at the grocer's.—Judge.

Ella—Allow a horrid man to kiss me? Never! Stella—Neither would I. But, thank goodness, there isn't one among all my male acquaintances.—Town Topics.

Owner of Car—Why did you leave your last place? Chauffeur—The guy I worked for went crazy. Started shingling his house when his car needed new tires.—Puck.

Silicus—When is the proper time to congratulate a bride and groom? Cynicus—After they have lived together for at least a year and are still happy.—Philadelphia Record.

Cheery Passenger (in non-stop express)—Well, I must say it's quite a relief to me to 'ave a gentleman in the carriage. It's twice now I've been alone and 'ad a fit in a tunnel.—Punch.

The Serious Girl—I always work to be engaged at a higher salary than the year before. The Frivolous Girl—And I always try to be engaged to a higher salary than the year before.—Judge.

Interviewer—May I ask why you paint nudes exclusively? Celebrated Artist—Certainly! Styles in women's clothing change so fast that a costume picture would be out of date before the paint was dry!—New York Times.

"Fadder," said Isadore, "our teacher read us today of two rich mens. Von made his fortune py honest business, und de odder von made his py fraud. Vich would you radder pe?" "Vich made de most?"—Boston Transcript.

Boy—Bin 'ere long, mister? Angler—About an hour. Boy—You aint caught anything, 'ave yer? Angler—No, not yet, my lad. Boy—Ah, I thought so, as there wasn't no water in that pond till all that rain last night.—London Opinion.

Shop Forewoman (to great musician, practicing on the French horn)—The factory over the way send their compliments, and will you switch off on to another note 'cos a lot of the 'ands 'ave mistook it for the dinner hour.—Tatler.

Settlement Worker (visiting tenements)—And your father is working now and getting fourteen dollars a week? That's splendid! And how much does he put away every Saturday night, my dear? Little Girl—Never more than three quarts, ma'am.—Puck.

"Do you understand this building loan scheme?" asked the prospective investor. "Sure! They build you a house and you pay so much a month. By the time you are thoroughly dissatisfied with the place it's yours," replied the knowing one.—New York Globe.

"My dear," said Mr. Closefist's better half, "I think that I had better see the doctor about my hearing." "Nonsense," retorted the tight one, "your hearing is as acute as ever. What put that idea into your head?" "Well," was the response, "they say that money talks, but I haven't heard it say a thing for months."—Dallas News.

"Let me plow this field." "Thanks." "I'm canvassing this district for Congress," said the willing worker, after finishing the field. "Do you own this fine farm?" "Oh, no," replied the other man. "I'm the candidate on the other ticket. The farmer has gone to town, but I assured him the field would be plowed by the time he got back."—Topeka Journal.



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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The War and the Exposition.

It goes without saying that the war in Europe, particularly if it shall be long sustained, must have important effects in relation to our exposition. First and most obviously it will put limitations upon European exhibitors. None of the countries involved in war are likely to invest much money or energy in what may be regarded as a holiday enterprise far from the home base. The war, too, will give to ocean fleets other than our own abundant occupation elsewhere. But a comprehensive and beautiful exposition may still be furnished forth by what is surely pledged and by what may be supplied by our own country and adjacent countries in the Pacific Ocean. The best of every fair, be it great or small, is that which is provided by the art and industry of the country in which it is held.

Nor can we expect, if the war shall last long, any great attendance of Europeans. They will have neither the means nor the disposition to go gallivanting about the world. On the other hand, the war in Europe is likely to divert to California multitudes who in

the ordinary course of their journeyings would go elsewhere. The "summer trip" is in this country a fixed institution and a habit. Its larger objective is Europe. With the gates of Europe shut it will look elsewhere. Many thousands who under normal conditions would never have thought of making the trip across the continent will surely come to us in 1915. On the whole we think it reasonable to hope that our losses will be offset by our gains under the limitations and effects of the war.

Motives of Conflict.

What is it all about—this fury in Europe? The question may well puzzle the wisest, since in this as in all wars there must enter many covered and perhaps unconscious motives. After it is explained that primarily it is a war of races, Slav against Teuton, Teuton against Gaul, there remains to be added that there are in it elements connected with the antagonisms of religion, of commerce, of colonial ambition, of political motives, of a hundred considerations legitimate or sinister. When there has been recited the political and commercial motives which have drawn England into the conflict, there remain still other considerations which as they are brought to light appear each to be an essential note in the carnival of discord.

Austria brought on the war by putting upon Serbia demands which would not be conceded with self-respect and which under the ultimate relationships of nations and races were bound to bring Russia and Germany into the ring. What Austria, regarded apart from her affiliations with Germany and under severe scrutiny of her individual interest, could have expected from war it is difficult to see. Already the empire of Austria-Hungary is a clutter of races, beset by inconsistent, unmixable, persistently antagonistic tendencies and purposes. Possession of Serbia could but add another to her already over-full measure of racial, religious, and political problems. It could mean nothing more or better than a permanent cause of trouble with Russia. It could not bring an important element either to the wealth of Austria or to her fighting strength; and since Serbia has no outlet upon the sea it could yield nothing to the support of her commercial ambitions in the Mediterranean world, assuming that she cherishes such. Apparently Austria has entered into war without any motive either adequate or worthy. She has much to lose through war; she has nothing to gain. We can only reconcile her course in stinging Serbia to action by the assumption that what she did was under the direction of Germany and in the interest of German ambitions.

It is easy to comprehend why Germany might have desired war, although we must presuppose that her plan included the bluffing of England into a policy of neutrality. Since the rape of Poland, Germany has gone on adding one province or country after another to her domain. East, west, and south, she has extended her frontiers by drawing in regions more or less affiliated with her and more than less connected with her imperial projects. Western Poland, Bavaria, Alsace-Lorraine, Schleswig-Holstein tell their own story. It is in the nature of things that Germany should like to further extend her dominion. Denmark is openly within the scope of her covetous eye; likewise Holland, Belgium, and the independent duchy of Luxemburg. And she has possible designs on small countries to the southeast, as illustrated by her friendly attitude toward Turkey in times past as well as in the recent war in the Balkans. Germany is presumptively in a high state of military preparedness. Her military and naval organization is at high-water mark. This makes at all times an eager war faction or party. Then Germany has internal troubles for which war might be a cure.

On top of all she is under the rule of an able and ambitious man in whom the spirit of war, inspired by inherited tendencies and stimulated by military exercises, is an obvious passion. It is possible that William of Germany, who in the face of all arguments and denials still appears the initiator of this war, has thought the present a favorable time for Germany to strike for that larger dominion which has been openly an object of his ambitions. The calculation, viewed from afar, appears visionary and reckless, destined to suffer rebuke and to yield a harvest of disappointments. But both William and his people have in recent years developed a blinding conceit. Military prestige and commercial success have conspired to blow big the bladder of Germanic self-esteem. Possession of an army appraised by the world as the best fighting machine ever in existence, and believed at home to be invincible, has had the effect of carrying high the flag of racial assumption—an assumption marked by many of the forms and aspects of imperial arrogance.

The motives of France lie on the surface and may easily be interpreted. It rankles in the breast of every Gaul that his country was beaten, shorn, and insulted in the war of 1870. It is in the memory of every French peasant that either in his own person or that of his parents he was a contributor to the vast indemnity which Germany demanded and collected in recompense, not merely of her expenditure in war, but as a mark of her hatred of a conquered foe. The German flag in Alsace-Lorraine has stood before the eye of every Frenchman as a mark of national humiliation. France has been waiting her opportunity, of late years with growing eagerness under the consciousness of her increasing financial and military resource. Her opportunity has come under circumstances which justify what is really a war of vengeance and reprisal by the appearance of a generous support of a confederate and ally.

England goes in this war because in the view of her political and military authorities the integrity of her empire demands it. If Germany should, as she plainly wishes, extend her empire by adding the eastern coast of the North Sea from Skaggerrack to Ostend, she would then be in geographical position to meet England on the sea, plus a prodigious addition to her financial and military resources. The prospect is a veritable bugle call to every Englishman. To the American mind there appears no reason why England should take fire with alarm at the prospect of free German access to the sea. The fact would seem to bear no more serious relation to the fortunes of England than the possession by France of a score of ocean ports. But English judgment, English sentiment, will not have it so. From the English point of view Germany fronting the ocean means loss of the prestige, loss of the special power and authority which gives assurance and security to the British Empire. So England goes into the war sympathetically indeed with France and Russia, but less in their behalf than in her own, under her conceptions of what is essential to imperial integrity and national honor. She finds a pretext in German contempt of the neutrality of Belgium, but it is only a pretext. The real motive is fear of the aggrandizement, the expansion, the arrogance of Germany.

Italy for the moment stands neutral. By the letter of her engagements she should assist Austria and Germany. But this engagement was made forty years ago under motives which no longer exist. By her affinities, by her fears, and by her ambitions, she stands affiliated, not with her nominal allies, but with the opposing nations. Her Latin blood, her connections social and commercial, incline her to sympathy with France. Her ambitions look to expansion of her dominion to include

Trieste, Dalmatia, and control of the Adriatic Sea. While today Italy stands neutral, it is in the stars that tomorrow she will stand with France, England, and Russia, thus practically completing the ring of fire forming around Germany and Austria. Nor may Germany, in view of her own course in Belgium—a course in bald contempt of a formal engagement—charge her with false faith.

The attitude of Belgium and Holland needs no explanation. These countries exist as independent states, not in consequence of their own powers, but in respect of that balance of power compounded of the jealousies, fear, and hatreds of the great states. They know that, left to the mercy of her unrestrained ambitions, Germany would swallow them precisely as she has swallowed Schleswig-Holstein. She covets their seaboard even more than their wealth. England's fear of Germany as a potential sea power is their defense—hence they stand with England. Sweden, on the other hand, fears Russia; her course will be guided by her calculations as to what will best serve her motives of self-protection. Turkey, unless she shall be restrained by fear of Italy, must as the conflict develops side with Germany. Russia's eye is upon her territories in Europe, and particularly upon Constantinople; and she can best combat Russian pretensions by joining her forces to those of Russia's foes.

What the next few weeks may bring forth nobody may now prophecy with any confidence. In truth, so rigorous is the censorship that nobody knows what is doing, and we have only calculations on paper by which to estimate the comparative powers of the combatant countries. Under the circumstances speculation naturally busies itself with what success or failure may bring forth. Success, so far as we can see, could yield nothing of real advantage to Austria, while failure is likely to lose to her her southwestern provinces, including her stretch of seacoast on the Adriatic. Success for Germany has a larger prospect. It would give her her choice—and she would choose liberally—of a world of rich possessions. There is, besides Denmark, Holland, and Belgium on the west, Poland at the east. And there would be reprisals in a hundred forms from England—indemnity, colonies, what not. Success for Germany would not only make her the gamecock of the Continent, but it would transfer to her much of the world prestige which now belongs to England. On the other hand, failure must cost Germany dear. Alsace-Lorraine would undoubtedly be lost. Probably the Polish provinces would go. Schleswig-Holstein would certainly be restored to their affiliations or established as independent states. The independence of Holland and Belgium would be strengthened. Severe limits would probably be placed upon German armament on land and at sea. Success for Russia would mean much. She would almost certainly take over the provinces of eastern Germany and she would probably demand of England that she be left free to work her will with Turkey and come at last into possession of Constantinople. She has long had a covetous eye upon Sweden; and here again she might put upon her allies the demand that she be permitted to pursue the march which years ago took in Finland and now looks to absorption of the region west of the Bothnian Gulf. Failure would mean little or nothing to Russia. Her security lies in her very bulk. She might, indeed, lose to Germany a western province or two, and she would have for the time at least to abandon her hopes relative to Constantinople. Success for France will not only yield to her a full measure of revenge, but it would give her her lost provinces and with them possibly the Rhine, at least as far north as Belgium, as her eastern boundary. Failure, on the other hand, would weaken her position by destruction of the independent states of Belgium and Holland and place her more positively and surely under the menace of the hated conqueror of 1870.

What we may style the greater world interests of this conflict are two—one connected with the possible rise of Russia to be the dominant power on the Continent, the other with the possible loss of the British fleet. Russia is a cormorant among the nations. She has swallowed northern Asia, three fourths of what was once Sweden, a goodly part of Turkey, more than half of Poland. Nor is her appetite satisfied even yet. As we have already said, she has a covetous eye upon

Sweden and her yearning for Constantinople is a historic passion, intensified by long waiting. There is not a doubt in any informed mind that Russian success in the war will be the forerunner of demands which, if conceded, would make her by all odds the controlling factor in continental affairs. Whoever in these days pleads for sympathy in behalf of Germany fails not to invite attention to a Europe dominated by Russia. Nor is the suggestion without significance—a very emphatic significance. It is not pleasant to think of this still half-savage colossus as the overlord of the European world. At the same time it is to be remembered that Russia, swollen even to the extent of her utmost ambition, would still be no match for the other countries of Europe in combination. And that they would combine against her goes without saying. Just as German pretensions, supported by the vast German armament, now excites fear and resentment among the nations, so a reinforced Russia would stimulate the same sentiments. Curiously it is no part of the practice of nations, especially in their conflicts, seriously to regard secondary and ultimate effects. In their individual ambitions nations do, if we may borrow a phrase from billiard parlance, play for position. But in situations like the present, they deal with what is before them, with what is immediate and obvious, leaving remoter consequences for future adjustment and subject to the general rule which subjects the most successful and the most ambitious to the wing-clipping process.

A tremendously important, if not indeed the paramount, interest in this conflict lies in the forces on the water. English prestige rests upon the control of the sea. Loss of the British fleet would mean destruction of the empire. Broken of her sea power, England would lie famine-stricken at the mercy of her conqueror. She would have to make peace or starve. Anything might follow. With what solicitude, therefore, must England look upon the fleet which now in its main strength is mobilized in the North Sea. On paper England has sea power sufficient to hold the blockade against the German fleet in the Baltic and at the same time to keep open the lines of navigation essential to her food supply. Whether in fact she can do this—whether with her right hand she can hold the German fleet in check and with her left patrol the wide oceans—remains to be seen. Here in our judgment, from the standpoint of world interest, is the dramatic crux of the present situation.

All the countries involved in this great struggle are more or less dependent upon America for supplies necessary to their existence or to sustained military activities. Russia, indeed, can feed herself and her armies. Austria-Hungary should be able to do the same, unless the Adriatic should be closed against her, as it will be if Italy comes into the conflict. Germany can make shift to feed her people, but she will be hard put to it at the same time to supply her armies. France can feed her people, but she will have to have supplies from abroad to keep the war mess full. England is absolutely dependent upon imports. If the war shall be extended at the point of time, whoever wins or loses must look to America for food. It follows, therefore, that in one way or another the sea must be kept open, or that the risks of transit must be accepted by the buying nations. America's market will in many ways be limited. In some ways it may be enhanced, especially at the point of prices. And in this connection it must be remembered that if there shall be a large demand and great prices for American products in Europe there must be reflection in high prices at home. If we are to sell food dear abroad we must find food dear at home.

The real opportunity for America, in so far as war may make opportunity, lies in those regions and countries which customarily look to Europe for manufactured goods. The rising world of the Pacific Ocean will have many demands which we alone, under the contingencies of an extended war, will be in a position to supply. The same holds true with respect to the countries of South America. Here, we repeat, is our opportunity, not merely for transient profit, but for permanent advantage. The situation is an invitation to an American enterprise in regions which long ago we should in a commercial sense have made our own.

Our problem is that of transportation. It can be met only by a radical and immediate recast of our

laws with respect to the ownership and operation of ocean commerce. Unless we can buy ships in the world's markets, unless we can be free to man them wherever labor offers and at whatever rates, we may as well dismiss all hopes. We might during the period of war extend our commerce under restrictive laws, but we could not maintain it in competition with Europe. With the return of peace the commercial fleets of Europe will again drive us from the seas unless the bars which have so long blocked ocean enterprise shall be cast down and kept down. It is indeed a time for constructive statecraft, for liberal enactments under the dictates of expert intelligence. We have not always acted wisely in the face of such opportunities. The fear is that we may not do so now. Common sense points the way, but the prejudices, the timidities, the blighting traditions of politics may block the path.

Mexico.

We are reminded from day to day by the news dispatches (now in respect of larger events relegated to supplementary pages) that things are going on in Mexico pretty much after the usual fashion. The Federal party appears to have faded away. The Constitutionalists are practically in possession of the country—indeed they seem to be master of pretty much everything excepting themselves. Success has had its common effect upon men of their kind. It is destroying whatever there was of real or apparent unity in their purposes. General Carranza still bears the style of "Constitutionalist" chief. But the constitution to which he is devoted is not that in formal existence, but one which he proposes to create. True to savage standards, he declines to enter into engagements called for alike by humanity and policy. He will enter the City of Mexico, not as a deliverer, but as a conqueror. He will probably employ policies softer than his threats of three months ago, but he will give no assurances to that effect.

General Villa, erstwhile subordinate of Carranza and still nominally a secondary figure in the Constitutional party, exhibits a significant reluctance to bring his forces into union with those of Carranza. He continues to find excuses for delay. The motive is plain enough. Villa does not intend to contribute in the character of a secondary character to Carranza's triumph. He has views of his own—no doubt well-developed purposes of his own. He is now in military possession of the north, whence apparently come all triumphant forces. With Carranza in the City of Mexico, Villa will be in the position Carranza was in when Huerta was in the capital. But he will be stronger than Carranza ever was in that he is individually an abler soldier and has a stronger personal hold upon the men and the material resources of the north. If we read the indications of his course aright, his plan is the creation of a northern republic to be made up of the tier of states adjoining the American border.

The situation tends to justify the arguments of the *Argonaut* presented from time to time during the past year to the effect that peace in Mexico can not come out of the conflicts of warring native elements; that peace when it does come will come, not from within, but from without. Carranza, now established in revolutionary authority, would no doubt be glad of peace. He would like to have Villa and the rest of the revolutionary crew lay down their arms and submit themselves to his authority. But the normal element of these fiery factionists is not peace, but war. They are essentially men of war. Their individual importance, their chances of aggrandizement, lie in continuance of war. And so unless outside pressure shall be applied in Mexico there will be no peace—there will simply be a change in the deal, but no modification in the game.

In the meantime the position of the United States tends to embarrassment. Practically it was the Washington government which unhorsed Huerta and drove him from the country. The Constitutionalists did not of themselves triumph; they triumphed under the counsels and with the aid of the United States. But now that Huerta is gone the Washington government has apparently no authority and small influence with the men whose success it promoted. Carranza replies to all suggestions with courtesy, but he makes no compliance. Villa listens in sullen and savage silence. What has been won they regard as won by themselves. They

acknowledge no obligations and accept no restrictions at the hands of those who have helped them. What are we going to do about it? Neither President Wilson nor Secretary Bryan apparently knows any more about it than he did six months ago.

Our armies are still in camp—one at Vera Cruz, the other on the northern Mexican border. They are still watchfully waiting, busy only in fighting mosquitoes and rubbing sand out of their eyes. From top to bottom—for commanders-in-chief to mule-drivers—they are disgusted, worn, unhappy. They see no prospect either of going forward or of being recalled. And to a man they know that ultimately, if peace is to come in Mexico, it will have to be fought for. They resent delay. So, we believe, do intelligent men everywhere in the United States.

Judge Beatty.

The death of Chief Justice Beatty, coming as it does upon a period of political confusion and at a time when men of the first class are more disposed to private than to public life, is a circumstance of depressing emphasis. Here was a man whose whole life practically was given to public service. The instinct of leadership in things intellectual and moral was born in him, schooled in him—so developed in him, in truth, that it dominated and characterized the man. Opportunities for self-aggrandizement in a material sense were many in Judge Beatty's youth. But they made small appeal to one whose mind turned always from considerations of private to those of public welfare. While others of his day and age were absorbed in the strifes and excitements of the pioneer era, Judge Beatty gave himself calmly to studies which made him a master of the scholarship of the law. When fortune beckoned to him as a young practitioner in Nevada he calmly passed her by and took upon himself the duties of judicial life. Later returning to California, he hearkened again to the voice which appealed to him in the name of public responsibility. So it was with Judge Beatty throughout his life. He passed by natural stages from one post of duty to another until he came finally to the position which he held with distinction and honor to his death.

By nature and by training Judge Beatty was a magistrate. He had the solidity, the mental poise, the integrity which go to the making of an ideal judge. Yet there was that in his nature which oftentimes made the enforcements of the law painful to him. His sympathies were acute; he instinctively sought for the best in men and things; and though he saw clearly the line of legality, the severities of justice were in him always tempered by a certain tenderness of spirit. Intrepidity of mind he had. But there was in him nothing of that fierce exhilaration which oftentimes gives men—even judges—a kind of delight in the severities of justice.

Wide reading within and without the sphere of the law, close and sane observation of men and things, gave to Judge Beatty a profound sense of the value of fixed institutions. He appreciated as few men do the importance of maintaining the judicial establishment of the country above the whims, the emotions, and the rancors of changing times. He saw clearly the dangers embodied in movements tending to bring the judicial character under the direction of popular and transient feeling.

Always a man of high moral courage, Judge Beatty made no diplomatic concealments of his opinions. He practiced no evasions in his expressions, public or private. In brief, Judge Beatty was among the few men of his day, standing apart alike from the interests of business and the passions of politics, who could be depended upon at all times for acute and honest judgments. The loss of such a man anywhere at any time is a public misfortune—indeed a public bereavement. Especially at this time, when intelligence, candor, and authority are qualities singularly lacking in public life, the passing of a man like Judge Beatty is truly a public misfortune.

Armies and Navies.

A glance at the actual military and naval strength of the European allies shows how relatively small are the forces that have so far been engaged. The various fights at Liege and along the Franco-German frontier are interesting enough and doubtless important enough from the strategical point of view, but so far as mere numbers are concerned they can be nothing but the

prelude to the colossal struggles that are in preparation behind them and that can not long be delayed. It is not easy always to determine the actual war footing of the powers engaged, especially in view of the strenuous efforts to call every available man to the colors. The official figures are therefore likely to be an understatement rather than an overstatement of the case, but the official figures alone are almost inconceivable in their magnitude. The most reliable of these estimates of the number of available men presents a tabulation somewhat as follows:

Germany	4,000,000
France	3,000,000
Russia	6,665,000
Austria-Hungary	2,000,000
Great Britain	1,000,000
Belgium	180,000
Servia	230,000

But these figures must be regarded as inadequate to represent the probable population of the war arena. Italy will almost certainly join the struggle, and her war strength is 1,200,000. Roumania and Bulgaria have 500,000 men between them, and it must be remembered that these Balkan States go to war *en masse*. Nor does the above tabulation include the extraordinary levies that are always more or less available, such as the German Landstrum, which has now actually been summoned. It is evident that the total number of land combatants can hardly fall much short of 20,000,000 men, and it may easily exceed that figure.

The naval strength of the allies is hardly less impressive, as will be seen from the following tabulation:

THE NAVIES.				
	Dread-noughts.	Battle-ships.	Battle-cruisers.	Armored cruisers.
England	20	40	9	51
Germany	13	20	4	9
France	4	18	0	20
Russia	0	8	0	6
Italy	4	8	0	10
Austria	2	6	0	2

SMALLER FIGHTING UNITS.				
	Light cruisers.	Torpedo boats.	Destroyers.	Sub-marines.
Great Britain	125	109	209	72
Germany	54	80	133	24
France	14	166	73	73

But here, too, we are in danger of under rather than of overestimates. For example, there are many war craft of all kinds that are nearing completion and that are not here included. Certainly some of them will be ready for use long before a declaration of peace. Then again Great Britain has already seized for her own use various warships building in her private yards for other powers. Nor has any allowance been made for the navy of Japan, which will certainly be used in Asiatic waters if there should be a call for it in compliance with treaty obligations.

Death of Mrs. Wilson.

The wife of the President of the United States has a rôle of singular delicacy. Without official status, she has yet definite obligations of an official kind. She is the hostess of the house wherein are dispensed the hospitalities of the nation. Upon her tact and grace of character rest considerations of the highest importance. The White House is not a domestic establishment, but a public institution. In its organization and administration there lie responsibilities the very reverse of domestic. Not every mistress of the White House has understood this, and failure to understand it has been the rock upon which more than one well-meaning woman has foundered. Success on the part of a mistress of the White House calls first of all for renunciation of pretty much all the motives of ordinary social life. It is required that she shall surrender the privacy of her home, that she shall not intrude individual preferences as to the objects of its hospitality, and on top of that she shall carry into formal and perfunctory activities the atmosphere of gracious womanhood. In brief, to be a successful mistress of the White House a woman must put aside pretty much every motive excepting her sense of duty to her husband and to his position—a fair receipt, by the way, for successful wifehood in any sphere.

Under the tests of character and temperament which the mistress-ship of the White House imposes Mrs. Wilson bore herself with an admirable sufficiency. She came to Washington from conditions bearing small relation to the ceremonialism of official life. A woman of excellent standards and of what we may style trained refinement, she was yet practically without experience in those phases of social usage which are imposed upon the household of a President. The posi-

tion was one to destroy the poise of a light heart, to intimidate deficiency of character, to exhilarate ambition. Mrs. Wilson exhibited none of these weaknesses. The character, the breeding, the kindliness which had served her as the wife of a young professor, later as wife of the president of a great university, again as wife of the Governor of New Jersey, served her in the new and larger sphere. She developed no vanities, no fads, no phases of individual willfulness. She attempted no schemes of social or sumptuary reform. She accepted her place as she found it, carried herself in it with both positiveness and modesty, and filled it with dignity, to the approval of the country, to the credit of her husband, to her own honor.

In a word Mrs. Wilson as mistress of the White House was conspicuously successful, and the secret of her success lay in a whole-hearted subordination of private to public motives. Her character was compounded in eminent degree of the pure gold of common sense—a common sense which expressed itself in universal courtesy, in just the right measure of womanly assertion, in a delicate and tactful reserve, and in the atmosphere of well-bred concession which gives charm to social life, be its obligations large or small.

In Mrs. Wilson's death the nation suffers the loss of a fine example of representative American womanhood. It suffers, too, in its sympathy with a President already burdened beyond his strength, and who must now bear the heavy load of a personal sorrow. Mere words are impotent, truly, in the presence of vital bereavement; yet there should be a measure of comfort for Mr. Wilson in the knowledge that the heart of the whole country is moved by sentiments in accord with his own.

Announcement.

Mr. Sidney Coryn's article on the "Theatre of War," on the fourth page of this number of the ARGONAUT, is the first of a series which from week to week will deal with the physical and military aspects of the conflict in Europe. No man in California, we think—no man anywhere—is better qualified than Mr. Coryn to interpret the events of the war as they shall unfold themselves. He knows Europe as well as he knows San Francisco; he is free as any positive man can be from prejudice or bias; and we hardly need to add that he has the writing gift. He will take the reports as they come, sift and compare them, measure them by his personal knowledge of the countries involved and his acquaintance with their histories, and appraise them carefully. Readers of Mr. Coryn's articles as they appear from week to week may have the comfortable assurance that they are getting as nearly as is possible the kernels of unfolding events without the overabundant chaff with which the news sheets are filled.

As the progress of events shall make them necessary or desirable, outline maps will be employed to illustrate Mr. Coryn's articles.

As an indication of the ultimate outcome in the great delta of Egypt, where 1,500,000 acres of wash salt land awaits development, towards the end of 1912 about 800 acres of absolutely waste land at Biala were taken in hand. The land was so heavily impregnated with salt that for ages nothing had grown on it. A scientific system of irrigation and drainage was laid out, under direction of Lord Kitchener, at a cost of \$50 an acre, and it was then handed over to the fellahen in five-acre plots for cultivation. Last year the land was washed, and a crop of rice was grown, giving a satisfactory yield. After the rice crop the salt distribution was measured, and the percentage was considerably reduced. To the great astonishment of the fellahen cultivators, a permanent result had been achieved in one year, which under the ordinary system prevailing in the country would have taken three or four years to accomplish. Cotton is now, therefore, being satisfactorily grown on a fair proportion of this area, and it is expected that it will bring from \$75 to \$100 an acre.

When the main drainage of London was undertaken, about 1856, careful inquiries were made as to the most suitable bricks to use, and those made from the gault, a tenacious blue clay lying between the upper and lower green sands under the chalk, were selected. Nearly the whole of the original main drainage works of London were built of these bricks, which are strong and durable, with smooth surface and regular shape. The sewers have now been in use about fifty years and are in excellent condition, though slightly worn on the invert.

More than half of the world's population live in the tropics of the Old World. Under British rule alone are over 325,000,000 tropical natives.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.

A British premier said once that one of the great advantages of a foreign war was the impetus that it gave to the study of geography. Today the whole world is poring over the map of Europe. Names that hitherto have been little more than names have become suddenly lurid with importance and interest. Frontier lines that have seemed to belong to the permanences of the world are shifting and wavering before our eyes. When this present conflagration has been extinguished it may be that the map-makers will have a busy time of it and that we shall all have to go to school once more to study the new geography of Europe and the new apportionment of that war-wracked continent.

It is not an easy matter to write intelligibly of the state of the war arena in the Old World. We read of fierce fighting in Belgium, of fighting that is probably still fiercer in the neighborhood of Mulhausen in Southern Germany, of German raids into Russia, and of Austrian attacks upon Serbia. We can dismiss the combats in Russia and in Serbia as of relatively little importance so far as the main drama of the war is concerned. It is true that the fighting in Serbia has been severe, but the centre of gravity has shifted far to the west since the first drawing of the sword in eastern Europe. None the less the situation in the far east will bear watching. If Austria succeeds in quickly submerging Serbia she will be able to liberate her armies for her own defense against Russia on the north, and she will need them there soon, and also for the aid of Germany against France, and to this end she has already dispatched several train loads of troops into Germany. Moreover, we do not yet know what Bulgaria and Roumania will do, while it is quite on the cards that Mohammedan Turkey may decide to follow the Christian example and make a little war on her own account. In that event the whole of the Balkans would be once more ablaze, with unforeseeable consequences. But in the meantime we can dismiss this particular phase of the situation as dwarfed almost to the point of disappearance by the movements of the Titans in the west. The fighting on the Russian frontier is probably equally unimportant and more in the nature of sporadic raids than anything else. There is nothing to show that there are any considerable Russian forces near the German line nor likely to be for some time to come. Russia is a colossus and moves with a colossal slowness. Her railroads are few and far between and her distances are immense. We may possibly see the spring upon us before the Russian millions are ready to make their weight a factor in the great game. If the gods are attentive to German prayers the Kaiser will be able to crush France and still find leisure to turn around and deal with Russia. But the gods are sometimes secretive about their preferences.

But when we have read all that there is to read about Liege and Namur to the north, and Longwy and Mulhausen in the south, we shall still have an uneasy feeling of being wholly in the dark as to what is going on. In point of fact the war has not yet begun. What we actually see are no more than the opening moves of the pawns skirmishing for position and advantage. We are not yet looking at the war, but at a vast screen set up in front of the true actualities. The attack upon Liege and its extraordinarily gallant defense are undeniably interesting, but it would be far more interesting to know what is going on behind the scenes. Probably some 10,000 men have been engaged at Liege, but when we compare this little force with the unthinkable vast masses of men that are somewhere in the mysterious background we see how small an affair it is. Of the location of the real armies we have practically no idea, and it is not a little wonderful that so many millions of men should be able to move so secretly. But they are moving. There need be no doubt about that. Tremendously and relentlessly they are approaching each other from both sides of the frontier, and when the veil is finally lifted it must be upon a veritable ocean of blood, and the suspense is becoming almost unbearable. Nor is it likely that anything has been left to the decision of the moment. It is said that when Von Moltke was asked what had been declared in 1870 he pointed to the

drawer containing the necessary orders and went to sleep again. Germany is known to have elaborated her plans for a war against three simultaneous enemies, and whatever she is now doing is prearranged.

But why are the Germans so anxious to take Liege? Their reasons for the invasion of Belgium are clear enough. A glance at the map shows Belgium as intervening between Germany and the northeast frontier of France, and that Belgium might so intervene and thus act as a sort of buffer was the reason for her creation and for the international guaranty of her inviolability. But since Belgium was to be used by the Germans only as a sort of bridge into France we may wonder why General von Emmich did not simply pass to one side of Liege and Namur, leaving behind him a containing force, and so push on to his main objective. Why did he arouse the Belgians to an unnecessary fury by assaulting Liege—and apparently doing it none too well—when he might have avoided a fight without injury to his chief purpose? Did he think that the walls of the city, like those of Jericho, would fall at the sound of the military trumpets? If so, he is now undeceived. The Belgian official reports say that the Germans have already lost 35,000 men, including 9000 prisoners, and that all the larger forts are still intact. Probably the official reports are exaggerated so far as the German losses

of excavations just large enough for the accommodation of a gun mount and its supplies, the whole being covered with a steel cupola which rises about three feet from the surface of the ground, of great thickness and strength, and from its small size nearly invisible. Captain Carden of the United States Revenue Cutter Service says that these cupolas can not be demolished by the heaviest gun fire ordinarily available to armies in the field. They contain a single opening for the gun, and the whole structure revolves so as to give an all-round fire. The Germans have a somewhat similar contrivance for home defense known as the Gruson turret. This turret is from four to five feet thick and is impregnable to shots from 110-ton guns. The Belgian cupolas are practically the same as the Gruson turrets, but smaller, and they have been so placed as to command most of the bridges over the Meuse as well as all the main road approaches to the city itself. The Germans must, of course, have been aware of the existence of these ingenious defenses to which the Belgians undoubtedly owe their continued success. Whether the forts will be able to resist indefinitely remains to be seen, but it may be noted that their object is to delay the invader rather than either to destroy him or to turn him back. And they have certainly delayed him.

OUTLINE MAP OF WESTERN EUROPE.



are concerned, but those losses must be large. When Von Moltke was leading his army into France in 1870 he passed by Metz, leaving Prince Friedrich Karl to take it at his leisure. It is by no means essential that an invading army should sweep up all the fortresses on its way. If Liege had been left to the care of a containing force it would have been rendered harmless, it would have been isolated from Brussels, and the Germans might now have been well on their way through Belgium, their heavy losses would have been saved as well as their prestige, and they would not have created the fearful rancors which will now make the guarding of their communications a serious and difficult matter. Possibly the truth of the matter is that Von Emmich underrated the resources of the Belgians in his determination to teach them a salutary lesson. It seems now certain that the main forts have not been taken, that the possession of the town itself is of secondary importance, and that the whole Belgian nation has been aroused to a fury that must measurably increase the difficulties of the German advance. It may be said, too, that every day's delay in front of Liege is a day gained in the preparations of the French army that is somewhere massing itself to defend the Franco-Belgian frontier. Von Emmich may, of course, have had good reasons for what he has done. The reduction of Liege and also of Namur may be an essential part of the German plan, but it is hard to guess what those reasons or that plan could be.

The fortifications of Liege are of a peculiar nature, and unlike anything to be seen in America. They consist largely

To attempt to forecast either the date or the scene of the first great battle is little more than guesswork. As has already been said, we do not know where the armies are. We do not even know to what extent their mobilization is an accomplished fact. The military correspondent of the London Times believes that the armies can not come into contact before about August 17, and that there may be no battle before August 22. Nor does he profess to have any clear idea of where the fight will take place. The French commander-in-chief is said to be in the neighborhood of Mulhausen, where the French are reported to have had some success, although with "serious loss." So great is the secrecy preserved that the relatives of the wounded are not told where their friends received their hurts. They are allowed to know only the fact that their names appear on the casualty lists. We may reasonably suppose that the French defenders are moving in several armies to cover the frontier between Sedan in the north and Belfort in the south, and that the first great battle may be in the neighborhood of Mulhausen and within range of the guns of Belfort.

Belfort is one of a range of forts that are supposed to guard the French frontier. The four largest are at Verdun, Toul, Epinal, and Belfort, but we may doubt if the authorities are placing any great reliance upon these grim structures. Attention has already been drawn to the policy of Von Moltke in the war of 1870. He did not allow the forts to interrupt his advance for a moment. He simply detached a sufficient number of men to invest them, and passed on with his main army toward Paris. He said that the taking of Paris was the one thing that mattered. The forts fell one by one, but it would not have mattered whether they had fallen or not. With Paris in German hands the end of the war was in sight. With so triumphant an object lesson before them we can hardly doubt that the Germans will now try to repeat that miraculous success and by the same tactics. They will regard the French army as their only obstacle, and if they can crush the opposition in the field they will press on to Paris and leave the forts to investing forces. Therefore everything seems to depend upon the first battle which will either open or close the road to Paris. But this at least is certain. The French armies of today are not like the French armies of 1870. At the moment when the French emperor was giving credulous heed to the official assurances that the army was ready to the last button on the last tunic there were masses of his soldiers without shoes and who were actually allowed to march away to battle with their feet tied up in towels. There will be no such scandals today. There will be neither inefficiency nor poltroonery. The light of empire has been taken from the French armies and their bravery will be discounted neither by official incapacity nor by official corruption.

A concluding word may be said on the position of the navies, and here our ground is still more uncertain, since the

ocean is usually willing to keep a secret and always prone to obliterate a footprint. The French navy seems to have evaporated. Not a whisper reveals its whereabouts. Among the European ocean forces the French navy ranks third, consisting of four dreadnoughts, eighteen battleships, twenty armored cruisers, and the usual swarm of mosquitoes. But France has more submarines than any other navy in the world, possessing seventy-three of these pests as against Great Britain's seventy-two and Germany's twenty-four. In this connection it is important to note the recent assertion of Sir Percy Scott that the day of the dreadnought has passed and that future naval battles will be decided by the smaller craft. As to this, *nous verrons*, but if Sir Percy Scott should be right we may expect to find France playing a large rôle on the water, or rather under the water. In the meantime we may guess to our heart's content as to the whereabouts of France's navy.

To a lesser extent the same may be said of the British navy so far as its home force is concerned. Certainly it is somewhere in the North Sea and intent upon the doings of the German fleet, which is safely ensconced on the inside of the Kiel Canal. England's eastern coast must be protected at all costs, not only against the chances of German attack, but also that the Atlantic food passages may be kept open. In spite of a generally confident expectation of a great naval battle in the North Sea there seems no good reason why such a conflict should be inevitable. The German ships are safe where they are. They are numerically inferior to their British enemies. The alternatives of a battle would be success or complete destruction, and the ships might be of much greater eventual service to the east than to the west. They can not be attacked where they are now, while to send them through the canal might be a very hazardous operation. That the English government has given permission to her trading ships to enter the North Sea is evidence that the German ships are not considered to be a menace, while the temporary withdrawal of that permission a few days ago probably meant no more than that some small German craft had slipped through the cordon and was suspected of prowling about in search of unconsidered trifles.

How far will the experience of the common soldier count in the present conflict. If *experientia* does actually *docet*, then the enemies of Germany have a considerable advantage. The Austrian soldiers have had practically no experience at all. Germany has done a little fighting in Africa and in China, but this can hardly be considered to count. France has had her armies in Morocco, but the conditions here, too, are different from those in Europe. Russia is still saturated with the experiences of the Japanese war, and it is well to remember that the Russian soldier distinguished himself in that war and that the Russian army suffered from its officers, and not from its men. The Russian soldier has the kind of stolidity that counts, and it may be said, too, that the Russian soldier has a virtue and usually a piety that are mighty military assets. So far as the British army is concerned, it has the bitter experiences of the Boer war, and if there is anything salutary about adversity the profits from South Africa should be of a substantial kind. Here again the common soldier won renown. He was the victim of his officers. Von Moltke never said a truer word than when he described the British army in South Africa as an army of lions led by asses. If England has succeeded in impounding the asses where they can do no harm it will be well for him. But has she? Probably the best soldiers now in the field are the Servians. They have been fighting for two years and have not yet washed the blood from their many wounds. Moreover, they are not rotten with commercialism, and but for the fact that bigger things are pending elsewhere we should have time to see and to admire some of their splendid fighting against the Austrians.

SIDNEY CORYN.

Owing to the fact that Sweden has enormous peat deposits, many attempts have been made during the last few years to invent and develop devices for utilizing these deposits. Many experiments have been made in stoking stationary engines, and the results have apparently been satisfactory. Quite recently experiments have been made in stoking railway engines, and it is claimed that these efforts have also been crowned with success. The heating power of Swedish peat is such that one and eight-tenths tons of clod peat are equivalent to one ton of English steam coal. A young Swedish engineer has been conducting the experiments with railway engines under official control. With a device invented by himself he has made trial stokings with pulverized peat on one of the state railway engines with coal and peat simultaneously, and has even made one and three-tenths tons of peat do the work of one ton of coal. As a result of these tests peat-powder stoking has been introduced on the Halmstad-Nassjö Railroad and the Kalmar Railroad, besides which the Swedish state railways have procured a trial railway engine for peat-powder stoking. The Finnish government railways are now constructing four railway engines to be stoked in this manner.

The number of rare minerals found to exist in Tasmania is constantly being added to, and the latest addition is molybdenite, which is used in the manufacture of "molybdenum steel," to which it gives a special hardness and toughness that makes it suitable for use in propeller shafts, guns, and boilers. It is also used, to lesser extent, in the making of pottery glass and other things. The price of molybdenite is now \$2500 a ton, or nearly four times the present price of tin.

TO THE DEEP.

The Picture That Changed Hogan's Decision.

A mountain of gray-green water slipped greasily out of the white fog. It careened the crude raft perilously, so that the two men clung desperately to the loose ends of the lashings that sprawled untidily about the tiny deck. The small tin box that held their slender store of food evaded Hogan's convulsive grab for it, and slid gently over the side. A few bubbles broke the oily surface of the water, where presently a saturated cardboard box appeared, floating almost submerged. Hogan scrambled weakly across the uneven floor and snatched it with a tremulous paw. He peered eagerly into the water, but nothing else came up. The enveloping fog drew its folds closer about the heaving little platform.

Clutching his treasure, Hogan crawled to the centre of the raft, and clawing open the dripping box, dumped a pitiful handful of sodden crackers on the planks. He poked an inquiring finger into the mess, and spread it apart to dry the better. Then, after a long, contemplative stare, he turned a dispirited look upon his companion. He, huddled in a heap on the water-soaked floor, gazed listlessly into the blank wall of fog.

"Aint that hell!" began Hogan, apathetically. Then, stimulated by the thought of the catastrophe, his voice rose to shrill volley of vituperation that sunk as suddenly into a whining monotone and presently died away. After an interval of silence he turned to the other man. He spoke in a curiously monotonous undertone.

"Fleming." There was no response. Again the almost lifeless whisper. "Fleming! Damn ye, quit starin' like that!" Rolling over, he laid a heavy hand upon the shoulder of the silent figure. The man started, then turned a pair of dull blue eyes on his disturber. "D'ye see what's happened? The grub's gone!"

"Gone?" echoed Fleming.

"Yes, gone—plumb gone to the bottom of the bloody ocean!" Hogan spat disgustedly into the water. "That's what's got to feed me and you till we're picked up—if we are picked up," he added, after a hopeless stare into the enveloping mist.

Into Fleming's vacuous face there slowly crept a look of comprehension, which gave place to one of terror, as he eyed the mess of dripping dough. The dullness left the blue eyes. Into them leaped the spirit of primitive man, fighting for life against the elemental forces of the universe. An animal cry came from his parched throat. He stretched out a dirty claw towards the little heap.

"Naw ye don't!" growled Hogan, snatching at his wrist. "Me 'n you's on starvation rations now. We eats half a cracker apiece—at dark!" He loosed the wrist with a final wrench which made the victim wince, even while there smoldered in his eyes the impotent wrath of the cave-man against his stronger adversary. The raft slipped sluggishly over the diminishing waves. Gradually the fire in Fleming's eyes died to a dull glassy stare. He crouched, picking idly at a splinter in the rough plank, sunk in apathy.

Hogan's bloodshot eyes roved from his companion to the little heap of pulpy dough, then to the tiny cask of water. He reached out a tentative hand and shook the vessel. His eyes came back to the other man, sprawled out on the planks. They contracted. An evil glint shone in their depths. The corners of his mouth lifted in an ugly snarl, that showed the yellow fangs.

"Six days, I figger, till we hit the steamer lane," he muttered. "This grub may keep one of us alive till then. Hell! It's me or him!"

His fingers closed about a heavy iron bar that lay in a tangle of cordage on the deck. His eye measured the distance to his companion's head. He hunched himself a little closer, tentatively fingering the weapon, as if to test its weight. Apparently satisfied, he raised it slowly.

Fleming stirred languidly, then rose to a sitting posture, staring eyes burning into Hogan's. The latter hastily dropped his bar to the deck, but Fleming seemed unconscious of the movement. His gaze left his companion and wandered past him into the fog. He slowly rose to his knees, stretching out his arms. As Hogan watched him, spellbound, the fire in his eyes faded, the dullness returned. With a gasp, he sank back upon the boards.

"Wot's gettin' inter ye?" growled Hogan, with relief at the other's return to sanity. Fleming passed a trembling hand across his brow. "I thought I saw them," he gasped. He fumbled a moment in the pocket of his tattered coat, unconscious of the sailor's presence. He produced a stained and broken photograph, over which he pored a moment. Then the nerveless fingers relaxed their grasp, the figure sprawled upon the boards again, and the dull eyes stared into the drifting pall of mist.

Hogan studied the recumbent figure for a long moment, then he reached forward and took from the unresisting fingers the bit of cardboard, which he stared at with curious eye.

"Why, Lord lumme, it's a babby—and a woman holdin' it! Aint that a picture," he meditated, softly, to himself. The wildness died out of the heavy features, something almost like a smile appeared in the puckered corners of the bloodshot eyes. He turned the picture in his great paws, haltingly spelling out the in-

scription on the back. "A wife and babby—hi," he muttered, throwing another glance at his companion. He stared a long moment into the close-wrapped mantle of the mist. "They need ye, I reckon." He took another look at the tattered photograph, then pushed it slowly back towards Fleming.

His eye turned to the shroud of fog and the dark waters that worried the raft. A dash of spray soaked him to the knees. He shrank from the chilling contact with a shuddering gasp. "It's hell!" He turned to his companion, crouching in the centre of the platform, aimless fingers toying with the photograph. Again his gaze sought the heaving waste about them. "A wife and babby!" he muttered in a scarcely audible undertone. Balancing with the motion of the raft, a chance-flung hand fell upon the iron bar that lay upon the deck. His fingers closed around it. He handled it a moment, lashing it with a bit of cord about his wrist. He cast another glance at the crouching father, then, with a choking gasp, swung the weighted hand swiftly overboard. The body followed in a twisting dive. The dark waters parted, bubbled a moment, then a hurrying billow smoothed away all trace. The pall of mist drew its folds about the tossing bit of wreckage.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1914.

H. B. SPOWE.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Carl Schurz Vrooman, the new Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, succeeding Beverly T. Galloway, is a writer on public questions. He is a trustee of the Co-Workers' Fraternity of Boston. He graduated from Harvard University.

General Luigi Cadorna has been appointed commander-in-chief of the Italian army to succeed General Pollio. General Cadorna has commanded an army corps in Rome and has taken a brilliant though short part in the Lybian campaign. His appointment is favorably received in military circles.

Dr. Mary Mills Patrick, president of the Constantinople College for Women, has been honored by the Sultan, who has conferred on her the Order of the Shefakah. The order is in recognition of her services in the cause of higher education for women in the Near East. Mrs. Patrick is an American.

Count Shigenobu Okuma, who was recently appointed premier of Japan, is seventy-six years old. The count has been the head of the treasury department, minister of the interior, and minister of agriculture and commerce. He is the founder and president of Japan's largest private university, and a renowned horticulturist and cultivator of orchids.

Charles Summer Hamlin, whom President Wilson has appointed as governor of the Federal Reserve Board, is a Boston attorney who was Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury, 1893-7, and was again appointed last year. He was a commissioner at the convention between Russia, Japan, and this country in 1897. He also served at the convention between Great Britain and the United States to determine the fur-seal controversy. For a year he lectured on government at Harvard. He is the author of "Index Digest of Interstate Commerce Laws" and other publications.

General Joseph Joffre, who has been placed in supreme command of the French army, was trained as an engineer, and while on duty in Madagascar constructed the harbor of Diego Suarez, the principal one in the island. The mobilization plans for the French army were drawn up by General Joffre last April. General Joffre is sixty-two years old. He has been married ten years, but is childless. He is of medium height and stout, with a massive head, very fair hair, and thick, drooping moustache. He is noted for his excellent horsemanship. French military men express full confidence in his skill.

General Sukomlinoff, the Russian minister of war, unlike most of his predecessors at the war department, is a Slav and a Russian Nationalist, and was formerly military governor of Kieff. His work, until summoned to assume the task of reorganizing the military forces of Russia as minister of war, was entirely with the strategic problems of Russia's western frontiers. He took part neither in the Chinese nor Japanese wars, nor in any of the Asiatic campaigns. But he fought brilliantly in the Turkish war under the celebrated General Dragomiroff. He went to St. Petersburg with the reputation of being the ablest strategist, the most clever organizer, and the most brilliant commander of the entire army. By profession he is a cavalryman.

Sir John Jellicoe, admiral of the British navy, has long been marked out as the man to command the fleet in time of war. He is fifty-four years of age, eight years younger than Sir George Callahan, whom he succeeds, and has profound knowledge of the naval seaman's art, large experience in handling fleets, and possesses the confidence and regard of the officers and men afloat. Since 1912 he has been Sea Lord of the Admiralty. He entered the navy in 1872. For services in the Egyptian war he received the Khedive's bronze star. From 1892 to 1901 he served in Chinese waters. He acted as chief of staff to Vice-Admiral Seymour during the attempted relief of the Peking legations. The German emperor conferred on him the Order of the Red Eagle for services in China.

THE SAILING OF "LA LORRAINE."

"Flaneur" Describes the Scene When the French Reservists
Went Home to Battle.

Those who witnessed the sailing of *La Lorraine* are not likely henceforth to indulge in the usual cant about peaceful citizens sent unwillingly to war at the bidding of ambitious rulers. These twelve hundred French soldiers might have been judged from their demeanor to have been going to a wedding or a fête rather than to a battlefield. They were joyful and exultant. They were as men who had been living for that very day and who now saw their heart's desire unfolding before them. Certainly they were under no compulsion except the compulsion of honor and of patriotism. They might have remained in America, and their only censors would have been their consciences. Probably the ship could have been filled twice over but for the formalities in which the French official heart rejoices. No man was allowed to sail until he had satisfied the French consul that he was actually a reservist, and this was done by the production of mysterious little books of a biographical kind and covered with stampings and initialings that were doubtless eloquent of good behavior and of satisfactory military record. The visitor on a casual search for tragedy might easily have been misled. For example, there was a little man who turned up at the last moment and who seemed to be supplying tragedy enough for the whole company. He had come straight from Philadelphia and he shouldered his baggage and proceeded to march up the gangway with the full assurance in his brave little heart that he was a man of the kind that his country needed. But alas! the formalities had not been complied with. He had not been to the consul. His little biographical book lacked the all-essential signatures, and so the tragedy broke forth. For the moment he was stunned by the realization that he could not go, and then came the tears. But there was Gallic sympathy in abundance for him and many exhortations to courage. They called him "mon enfant," and assured him that there were other ships and that all would be well. He, too, should surely fight for his country, but there must be patience.

But in the real tragedies there were no tears. The French are said to be an emotional race, but they seem to confine their emotions to the things that do not very much matter. There were no tears here except from the little man from Philadelphia who was not allowed to go. There were mothers who came to say good-by to their sons, and wives who came to say good-by to their husbands. But these did not cry. They said *au revoir* with tightening lips that tried to smile and that did actually smile. And then these women sang the "Marseillaise" with steady voices while they strained their eyes for a last glimpse of son or husband or brother on the crowded decks of *La Lorraine*. There were five thousand people on the pier, but there seemed to be no tears. The prevailing note was one of stern exultation.

There was every prospect that the voyage itself might be an eventful one. Captain Maurras was by no means loquacious, but he had the air of being able to say many things if the spirit should move him, which it did not. The *Olympic* had just come in, and Captain Maurras went over to talk with her captain and to learn what he could about possible hawks in the chicken yard. There were stories of German cruisers waiting outside, and especially of the *Dresden*, *Strassburg*, and *Karlsruhe*, although it is hard to see how there can be German cruisers in these waters unless they have discovered some way to cruise without coal. The results of the confabulation were not apparent, but Captain Maurras had a debonaire face, and when he did speak at all it was to comment on the twenty-one knots an hour of which his ship was capable. The *Dresden* was the only German ship with a nominal speed equal to his own, and he had been informed that the *Dresden* had something wrong with her engine-room and could not be relied on for more than thirteen knots. Then, too, there was an impression that either a French or an English warship was in attendance somewhere out at sea and that he would be convoyed, but on this point Captain Maurras would say nothing. Perhaps he knew nothing, and it is surprising what a reputation for sagacity may be acquired by an adroit and timely silence. But however that may be, *La Lorraine* sailed away confidently and as though she had not a care in the world, and her progress down the river was a triumphal march. The five thousand people whom she left on the pier were evidently determined that the strains of the "Marseillaise" should carry as far as the human voice could hear them, and then there were the other ships that were passed on the way and who did what they could, at least to provide an inspiring noise. There were no cheers from the Hamburg-American docks over at Hoboken, but if *La Lorraine* had been a German ship with German reservists on board there would have been a crowd of equal size on the pier with just the same enthusiasm, although the cheers and the singing would have been somewhat more guttural in tone. Close to *La Lorraine* was the *Munich* of the Atlantic Transport Line, and as English and French are now knit together for the first time in their history, or nearly the first time, in a real *entente* of red blood the crew of the

Munich thronged the rigging and gave back cheer for cheer. They even tried to sing the "Marseillaise," and at least produced a colorable imitation of the air, although the pronunciation doubtless left much to be desired. But the will was taken for the deed and there were no critics.

La Lorraine was not the only ship that sailed that day and that braved the terrors of the German cruisers. The Cunarder *Lusitania* followed her French sister within a few hours, but she waited until midnight and then slipped quietly away like a dark ghost with all her lights out. Passengers were told that they would be allowed to have light in their staterooms for exactly half an hour after the pier ropes had been thrown off, so that unless they were willing to go to bed in the dark it would be well for them to put that half-hour to the best use. There were only about a hundred passengers on board. It was freely said that there were two British cruisers outside waiting to convoy the *Lusitania* across the Atlantic; but nothing definite could be learned on this head. The *Lusitania* herself is a fast boat and she could probably show a clean pair of heels to anything except the swiftest warships. There will of course be plenty of other steamers who will risk the Atlantic passage, but their number will depend upon eventualities. A very few gladiator warships known to be wandering up and down the Atlantic lanes will have a disheartening effect upon the traffic, but on the other hand it may easily be that the course will be kept open, and in that event there will be no great difficulty in crossing to Europe. But of course there will be no pleasure travel. Europe is not exactly a pleasure resort at the moment, nor likely to be for months or years to come, and the great piers at New York will miss the hum and bustle to which they have been used for so many years. Will they ever come back?

NEW YORK, August 7, 1914.

In the interior of Venezuela and Colombia toro coleado is a feature of fiesta days. A principal street of the town is roped off and a wild bull is liberated. From eight to ten mounted horsemen enter the improvised arena, their only defense against attacks of the bull being their superb horsemanship and a knowledge of how to twist the bull's tail in such a manner as to cause him to tumble over. While the attention of the bull is attracted by some of the party, a horseman dashes from the rear at full speed, gives a dextrous twist, and over rolls the bull. This sport is not without its danger, and almost every coleado festival adds to the hospital list. The honor of being champion bull-tail twister develops keen competition, for the winner is crowned with flowers by the prettiest girl in the village. Some performers become so expert as to be sure of their twist at a specified point, the great achievement being to bring the animal to the dust just in front of the balcony of one's ladylove.

The ancient Berbers who still live in the mountain territory of Kabylia were never conquered by Roman, Goth, Vandal, Arab, or Turk. They made their first obeisance before the firearms of the French under the Second Empire. Through all these millenniums they have lived in their populous villages perched high on the tops of steep hills. Around them in all directions is a zone of trees, with pasture above, beginning at about three thousand feet, and the oft-conquered open valleys below. Here for unknown ages the Berber has lived among and from his trees. There are four staples of life in Kabylia—dried figs, olives, bread, and meat. For miles there is one unending succession of villages set in this open forest of figs and olives.

More recent investigations indicate that the graphite deposits in the vicinity of Passau, Bavaria, may be a source of great wealth to the country, and also one of the main graphite supplies of the world. Passau is a picturesque town, situated on a tongue of land formed by the confluence of the Danube and the Inn rivers. It lies near the Austrian border and owes its importance to the Danube navigation. Passau graphite has been utilized for several centuries and crucibles made of it were used by the alchemists of the middle ages. The price is constantly rising, not by reason of speculation, but because the more available supply is being gradually exhausted.

The most important producer of quicksilver in the United States is the famous New Almaden mine of Santa Clara County, California, which contains over one hundred miles of underground workings and which has produced steadily since 1850. California produced quicksilver to the value of \$627,228 last year, leading every other state, but at the same time showing a decrease from the output of 1912 of nearly a quarter of a million dollars. The quicksilver industry of the entire country, however, fell off to such an extent that with the exception of 1908 the production last year was the lowest since 1860.

A new Greek law forbids the emigration of boys over fourteen, except on deposit of a sum varying from \$40 to \$400, according to age, the deposit being recoverable if the subject returns and performs his military service.

OLD FAVORITES.

"God Save the King."

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King!

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall.
Confound their policies,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On Thee our hearts we fix,
God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him he pleased to pour,
Long may he reign.

May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King! —Henry Carey.

The Watch on the Rhine.

A voice resounds like thunder-peal.
Mid clashing waves and clang of steel:—
"The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
Who guards today my stream divine?"

CHORUS—Dear Fatherland, no danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine!

They stand a hundred thousand strong,
Quick to avenge their country's wrong:
With filial love their hosoms swell,
They'll guard the sacred landmark well!

The dead of a heroic race
From heaven look down and meet their gaze;
They swear with dauntless heart, "O Rhine,
Be German as this breast of mine!"

"While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot hand,—
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!"

"Our oath resounds, the river flows,
In golden light our banner glows:
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine:
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!"
—After the German of Max Schneckenburger.

Russian National Anthem.

God, the all-terrible, Thou who ordainest,
Thunder Thy clarion and lightning Thy sword.
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God, the all-merciful, earth hath forsaken
Thy holy ways and slighted Thy word;
Let not Thy wrath in its terror awaken,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God, the omnipotent, Mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard;
Save us in mercy and save us in danger,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

The Marseillaise.

Ye sons of freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads hid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary.
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian hand,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms, ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings, confederate, raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze;
And shall we hew the view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
To meet and vend the light and air;
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would hid their slaves adore:
But man is man, and who is more?
Then, shall they longer lash and goad us?

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, hewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield.
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms, ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

—Adapted from the French of Rouget de Lisle.

Most famous and costly of all Hungarian vine products is Tokay wine, from the vineyards covering the slopes of the Hegyalja range of hills, near the town of Tokay in northern Hungary. The best grade, known as Essence, is rarely found outside the royal cellars. The small half-pint bottles of Essence Tokay, fifty years old, sell for from \$5 to \$15 apiece. Essence Tokay has long been considered peculiarly the wine of crowned heads and princes and is rarely, if ever, for sale.

THE HAPPY IRISH.

Harold Begbie Tells Us of a Trip Through Ireland in Quest of Political Knowledge.

Mr. Harold Begbie has done well to produce in volume form the series of letters about Ireland written by him for the London *Daily Chronicle*. They are more valuable than a hundred parliamentary debates. From the literary point of view they are sparkling and terse, while their impartiality is evident upon every page. Mr. Begbie went to Ireland not in support of a political cause nor to plead for a measure or a party. He went to look at the people for himself and to report facts and not theories. Theories, he says, can practically be made to order. An honest man, going to Ireland with no prejudgments in his mind, might easily return from his study with inspiration, arguments, citations, and economical data for two distinct books. One book would persuade the world to call for Home Rule. The other book would convince the world to maintain the Union. "I can conceive," says Mr. Begbie, "of a perfectly just and righteous man writing both these books."

But his own book is a decided plea for Home Rule. Addressing himself to the various aspects of the problem and to some of the forebodings that have been so rife, Mr. Begbie certainly succeeds in striking a note that will seem novel to the average reader. He believes that a Home Rule parliament, so far from being radical, would be intensely conservative, and that it would be the death blow to Socialism in Ireland:

One night I sat in my hotel at Belfast with a singularly enlightened member of the working-class, a local leader of the Socialist party. We discussed for some time the wages paid in Belfast factories, the conditions of labor, housing, and the Insurance Act, of which he is an enthusiastic supporter. Then we turned to the general question of Socialism. Towards the end of our colloquy I said to him, "Are you quite sure that you will get all the social reforms you require in Belfast out of an Irish parliament?"

His eyes expressed surprise, he regarded me for a moment with astonishment, then, laughing as one who sees his way out of perplexity, he demanded with amusement, "You don't think I'm a Home Ruler, do you?"

The incredulity of his tone surprised me, for it expressed a far greater contempt of Home Rule than ever I had heard on the lips of perverted Orangemen.

"Are you not?" I inquired.

He replied, with decision: "I should think not! No; I'm a Unionist, out and out. England is absolutely essential to us. An Irish parliament would be entirely Tory. It would do nothing in the direction of Socialism, quite the reverse; it would be the most Conservative government in the world. But we can screw out of England all we want, bit by bit, and she can help us to pay the bill!"

We are told of a conversation between an Irish bishop and an old man who remembered the great famine of '47 and '48. The people disputed with the starving sheep for the ends of the turnip roots in the ground, and "then it came to chewing nettles and docks and even grass. I've seen people nearly mad for food chewing a handful of rank grass":

"And the people died?"

"Like flies, me lord; and particular the little children. They died so fast there was no time for decent burial. A big box was made; it was driven round on a car; the poor dead bodies were picked up in the road or taken out of the houses, put in the box, and then carted to the burying-ground. A great pit was dug there, and into that pit the dead bodies were tumbled out of the box, one atop of the other. Terrible times! It was wonderful, me lord, how people died in them times. They died standing, died leaning against doors, dropped down sudden in the road. I remember me father coming on a man who was resting against a wall. Me father was a terrible man for his pipe, and he offers his pipe to that poor fellow, and ses he, 'Take a pull, man, it will warm you,' he ses. Then he went off to get a car for the man; but when he got back the poor fellow was leaning in the same position, dead as dead."

The bishop talked freely about the state of Ireland and the dreary catalogue of her blunders in her government, blunders that seemed mainly due to a rank stupidity rather than to a want of heart, to a lack of imagination rather than to a lack of benevolence. Ireland, he hoped, might be saved from the curse of commercialism and so become a sort of harbor of refuge, a retreat, an oasis:

"I love to dream that Ireland may live isolated and yet in the midst of those tumultuous nations who are abandoned to commercialism, a place where men may come from other lands, as it were to a retreat—a place where they may refresh themselves with faith and establish in quiet the central touch of the soul with God. I love to think of Ireland peopled by a humble and satisfied humanity, the villages extending through the valleys, the towns never out of contact with the fields, the cities famous for learning and piety, the whole nation using life for its greatest end, its ultimate and eternal purpose. It would be surely a good thing for the British Empire to have such a sanctuary at its heart. Might not such an Ireland be of service to England, if only in reminding your democracy that no wages can buy happiness? Are you not in some danger in this respect?"

The author has a good deal to say about the bugbear of religious intolerance, and he seems to think that it is just a bugbear and nothing more. Intolerance is the specialty of the North rather than of the South, of the Protestant rather than of the Catholic, a view with which we are inclined heartily to agree. Discussing the matter of religion with the bishop we find a reiterated plea that it is hard to controvert:

"You have seen something of the influence of the Irish priest. You are not a Catholic, but do you see anything in that influence which is evil or dangerous? Does not the parish priest, whatever be his dogmas, teach virtue and the love of God? Do you know of any country in the world where the priest is more closely and intimately associated

with the family life of the nation, where his influence is more powerful for beauty, kindness, and chastity? Again, do you know of any clergy in the world with fewer black sheep among them than the clergy of Ireland?"

"I am not afraid. Time will bring changes, life will advance, knowledge will modify even those opinions which seem to us now of primary importance; but the essential characteristic of the Irish nature will endure, and that characteristic is the religious sense. Ireland will never be infidel."

Religious difficulties are far less emphasized in the South of Ireland than we have been taught to believe. Mr. Begbie tells us of a bank official in an exclusively Catholic town who aspired to the managership, but who feared that his Protestantism would prove an insuperable obstacle. But he took courage, knowing the kindness of his clients, and went among the chief people of the town asking if they would support his application. He met with not a single refusal. Everybody he asked signed his application:

Two Catholics in the town, speaking to me of this bank manager, used almost identical words. One of them said: "Mr. — is a gentleman, a real gentleman; there's nothing I wouldn't do to oblige him." The other: "We would all do anything for Mr. —, because he's a true gentleman." Neither of them could tell me whether he was a Home Ruler or Unionist.

The bank manager himself said to me: "It is quite certain I should never have got the post if I had been a Unionist politician; but my religion made no difficulty at all. My experience of Catholics is this: they do not ask what a man believes in religion, but they object to a man, Catholic or Protestant, who is opposed to the national demand for Home Rule. I have never, in the whole course of my experience, come across one single instance of Catholic intolerance."

Mr. Begbie accompanies the bishop on his inspection of the local school and finds that his counsel to the pupils includes secular as well as religious matters, and that domestic hygiene comes well within the scope of his clerical ministrations:

And in the next room the bishop demands: "And how many girls had straitout for breakfast this morning?" Titters and confusion from this elegant class of young ladies almost marvellous! "What, only one! Shameful! Dreadful! Well, now let us see: how many had tea?" A general uprising of elegant hands and slender arms. "Appalling!" cries the bishop; "oh, shocking, shocking!" Laughter, simpering, and naughty whispering among the fillies. "Well," says the bishop, "although tea can not compare with good porridge it is a pardonable sin—but remember, only pardonable when it is freshly made. Now, who can tell me why stewed tea is bad?" A blushing maid volunteers: "Because tea contains tannin." "And what is tannin used for?" "For hardening leather." "Quite right; so if you don't want to have stomachs as tough as leather you won't drink stewed tea, will you?" Then he explains, smiling and gracious, that poor people in Ireland lose their teeth and their appetites, become wretched and feeble, because they destroy their digestions with horrid black stewed tea.

But it was not the bishop alone who ridiculed the idea of religious intolerance on the part of the Catholic majority. Mr. Begbie tells us of a country doctor who took him with him on his rounds and who answered his questions with the utmost freedom and with a wealth of illustration derived from his intimate contact with the people:

Another story the doctor told me. One of his patients, brought to death's door, had a long talk with the priest. On the following day he said to the doctor with extraordinary animation, "Doctor dear, that Father Murphy's a very strange man; I'm thinking he's out of his mind altogether!" "Out of his mind!" exclaimed the doctor; "not at all! Father Murphy is a most able and sensible man. Why, whatever makes you think—" "Wait now, till I tell you, doctor dear. I was asking him, do you see, about the Protestants, asking him what would happen to them at the Judgment Day; and I said, said I, that it was a terrible lot of people to go all at once into hell. And what think you he said, doctor dear—this Father Murphy? Can you imagine it? Will you believe it? He said to me, and it's God's truth I'm telling you, doctor, that maybe Protestants wouldn't go to hell at all, at all, that many of them, to his certain knowledge, stood just as fine a chance of getting into heaven as Catholics! That's what he said, doctor. He said that. He did, doctor dear. If it's the last word I speak, that's what Father Murphy said to me. Doctor dear, the man's mad. To tell me that, and me a dying man! I said to him, 'Father Murphy,' says I, 'if it is possible for Protestants to go to heaven, can you tell me then, I says, why should I have been a Catholic all my life?' Och, but sure the man's out of his mind!"

Mr. Begbie presents us with a very considerable volume of testimony to the same effect and from a variety of people in various walks of life. He tells us of a conversation with a Protestant man of business in a town in the South of Ireland who "laughed away the suggestion that under Home Rule Ireland would become a difficult country for Protestants." The intolerance was on the side of the Protestants and not of the Catholics, said his informant, and quoted many examples in support of his contention:

"It will give you an idea of Protestant intolerance when I tell you, a man in my position, that I dare not, dare not, from a business point of view, declare myself a Home Ruler. If I did so I should certainly lose three-fourths of my Protestant clients. The Catholics come to me, knowing that I am a Protestant, and ignorant that I give my vote at every election for Home Rule. Now, does not this alone convince you that bigotry and intolerance are on the side of Protestants?"

Finally we have the testimony of a Quaker, who could certainly not be suspected of Catholic sympathies. Mr. Begbie asked the Quaker if he had no misgiving on the head of Catholic intolerance. "There is no such thing," he answered, "except in the imagination of Orangemen":

"You think that Catholics would be fair and just?"

"They are fair and just now, why should they be anything else under Home Rule? They could boycott us now, they could make it impossible for us to live, without breaking the law in any way they could drive every one of us out of the south of Ireland. Our bread and butter, do you not see, depends upon them. We are only a handful, they are a multitude. But they trade with us, they show us consideration,

and they manifest no resentment against our prosperity. I find them in business singularly straightforward and honest. I wish I could say the same thing of all the Protestants. Now, why should people who for centuries have lived with us on the most amicable terms, who might have ostracized us, who might have boycotted and ruined us without incurring the smallest danger, and who, by our ruin, might have gained our prosperity—why should they suddenly, just because Ireland manages her own affairs, put us to the sword? The idea is preposterous! In spite of the contempt shown them by certain Protestants, they have always manifested to us a feeling of respect and friendliness. I have a great admiration for the virtue and honesty of Irish Catholics."

The author tells us of a conversation with an old Fenian, who predicted that any betrayal on the part of the government at this stage would assuredly call out the old spirit of violence and that Ireland would be thrown back once more on the bitter memories of her tragic history. And he tells us what some of those memories were:

"Ah, if I could tell you all I have seen and known in this very neighborhood," cried the Fenian. "I remember old men being flogged and hanged, I remember the most respectable men in this town being thrown into prison for a speech to their fellow-countrymen on the glory of liberty and patriotism. Those things made a very great impression on my mind, but they did not assume a political significance; they simply made me hate the police and loathe the law of the land. But one day, when I was still a boy, I went with my father for a drive, and I saw a sight that made me from that moment a politician. It was a wet day, and as we drove up to the house of a land agent we saw the tenants, who had called to pay their rents, taking off their boots outside the house before they entered. I asked my father why they did so. He laughed bitterly and said that it was always done—it was a part of a tenant's duty to his landlord. At that moment there came to me not only a feeling of patriotism, but a feeling of manhood." He flung back his head, squared his great shoulders, opened wide his eyes, and, half smiling and half threatening, exclaimed, "I felt myself to be no serf! I would have felled that man to the earth—whenever he was—who ordered me to take my boots off at his door! And from that day I dreamed of giving my life for Ireland, dreamed of rescuing my land from the humiliation and debasement of a foreign tyranny; there was nothing I would not then have done to win my country's freedom. And there's not an Englishman worth the name who in like conditions would not have the same passions smouldering in his breast. I assure you that spirit of nationality was like an agony gnawing at our hearts. I met an old poor man the other day, a little farmer not many miles from here, who recognized me, greeted me by name, and shook my hand; then he said to me in a whisper, smiling with a hundred memories in his eyes, 'I've still got her.' That was enough. It was like a Freemason's sign between us. He meant that he still kept his old Fenian's musket!"

The incessant appeals to a rather blatant patriotism, thinks Mr. Begbie, are not only childish, but positively mischievous. The mere repetition of parrot phrases are supposed to be an effective bulwark against disloyalty, whereas their only effect is to make of patriotism something mean, provincial, second-rate, and offensive:

In England there are people who think that the best way to resist the democratic movement is to encourage what they call "patriotism." One is continually meeting in the country some earnest soul who believes that by the singing of "God Save the King" as often as possible, by teaching children to salute the flag, and by organizing parades and pageants on the occasion of national anniversaries—never mind how many slums there may be, how much sweating, how much inequality and discontent—they will effectually slay the dragon of Socialism. One finds the same fatuity in Ireland. People make one almost hate the tune of the national anthem by the inappropriate occasions on which they rise to sing that rather un-Christian prayer, almost make one loathe the flag by the affectionate, cloying terms in which they speak of it, and almost make one wish that England had never won a battle or founded an empire by the boastfulness and triumphant Caesarism with which they drag these attainments into contemporary politics. They not only do nothing to hinder Socialism but they tend to make of patriotism something mean, provincial, second-rate, and offensive.

Mr. Begbie devotes the latter part of his book to Ulster, and it is certainly a hideous picture that he draws of industrial conditions and of the degradation—but not moral degradation—that they have wrought among the workers. Industrialism, he is inclined to think, is the enemy of the human race, and while it would be interesting to reproduce many of his silhouettes, space will permit of one only:

Some of the houses are like the ancient cabins which once disgraced rural Ireland, and are now only to be seen occasionally. But here in these courts and alleys of Belfast they are joined together, they are grimy with the dirt of a manufacturing city, and they smell with the acrid bitterness of heggary and want. I was so stifled in some of these dens that I could scarcely breathe. The damp, the foul smells, the ragged beds, the dirty clothes of the poor wretches huddled together in these dark interiors assailed me with a sense of such substantial loathing that I felt physically sick. The faces of the children literally hurt my eyes.

I find that Miss Margaret Irwin, secretary to the Scottish Council for Women's Trades, experienced this same feeling of repugnance and nausea. She declares that the Belfast worker is worse housed than the Scotch. "In one particular instance," she says, "I encountered such filthy conditions that for the first time in many years of experience in this work I found myself unable to enter the house, and had to conduct the interview from the doorway. The house was quite unfit for human habitation."

Mr. Begbie's book will not rank with the profound treatises that the Irish problem has called so multitudinously into existence, and with which we could so cheerfully dispense, but it will probably have a far more profound effect upon the average reader, who can hardly fail to be profoundly impressed with the directness of its evidence and with the excellent taste and skill with which that evidence is presented. Certainly it is one of the books to be read and, being read, to be remembered.

THE HAPPY IRISH. By Harold Begbie. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

A Lad of Kent.

This is a worth-while story of England of the last century, when smuggling was a profitable and almost an honorable pursuit and when men were hanged for sheep-stealing. But it is something more than a story. It is a faithful picture of the days of the stagecoach and of the highwayman, the days of the French wars, when the press gang recruited for the king's navy by the simple expedient of taking by force every able-bodied man within reach. The hero is a young boy of doubtful parentage who is living with his guardian and careless of everything except boy's pursuits and the difficulties of getting enough to eat. Then the coils of fate begin to fall around Philip. He seems to be so far a person of importance that attempts are made to murder him, and so he passes through endless adventures among smugglers and desperadoes until at last the problem is solved and a good many unpleasant persons meet their deserts. The story itself is well worth telling, but the way in which it is told is evidence of careful workmanship and a skill beyond the ordinary.

A LAD OF KENT. By Herbert Harrison. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

The Great Society.

There could be no more fascinating study than an analysis of the general social organization of a large modern state, and perhaps no study could be more important. We have reached a point where we may reasonably ask ourselves if that organization is likely to cohere and, if so, what are the cohesive forces and what the disruptive forces? We all belong to the great society, but what are the links that attach us to it? Are those links intellectual, or instinctual, or what? Are we aware of being parts of a society or do we look upon our social environment as something in the nature of fate and a fate that we distrust and dislike? In other words do we regard the great society as a friend or an enemy? Or are we indifferent to it?

It is a large inquiry, and the author examines with some critical care the theories that have occupied the field. Social psychologists have usually taken one disposition to explain all social phenomena. Thus we have the Habit-Philosophers, the Philosophy of Fear, and the Philosophy of Pleasure. There is the collective consciousness or the psychology of the crowd which seems to be in the nature of a contagion, and there are also conceptions of imitation, sympathy, suggestion, love, and hate. All these are forces that hold us in sociological relations, but no one of them can do so alone, and if society is to continue it becomes necessary to identify the forces that make for cohesion and intelligently to strengthen them. The mechanism of the great society should be so devised as to provide as many points of contact as possible between the society and the individual so as to give him the fullest opportunities for self-expression and so to increase his interest in and his loyalty to a social organization that makes for his happiness. And in seeking to do this it is necessary to bear in mind that human consciousness is not simple, but highly complex, that it is instinctual as well as intellectual, and that the summary of human needs requires a careful analysis rather than a rapid generalization. The one thing for which humanity is looking is happiness, but as soon as we begin to ask ourselves what it is that makes men happy we find ourselves confronted with a question that it is not easy to answer. The object of the author seems not so much to find the answer as to show the ways in which it must be looked for, and he does this with an insight and a clarity that are admirable.

THE GREAT SOCIETY. By Graham Wallas. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

At the Sign of the Van.

It is not easy to comment upon Mr. Monahan's writings, because he writes about everything, like a dictionary, and with that delightful inconsistency that comes of a pliable mind. Nor is there any need to praise Mr. Monahan, at least to those who have read the *Papyrus*, and all discriminating persons read the *Papyrus*. A goodly part of this book is made of reprints from that admirable periodical and we are glad to have them in this permanent form. The rest consists of what Mr. Monahan calls escapades, and it is a good name. Mr. Monahan is distinctly human, but he has just enough detachment from the herd to give him independence of judgment, and he has always the saving grace of laughter. In this volume of 438 pages there are sixty-six essays, and they seem to cover the whole field of things that we talk about. It is quite a good plan to delay judgment until we know what Mr. Monahan has to say, and we shall find it in the index. It will contain no hypocrisy, no platitudes, and no insincerities. And by way of evidence here is an extract from the page at which the book happens to open: "The woman-worship in this

country, which is a stock source of wonder to Europeans, began with the rise of large fortunes in the last generation. About the same time that the American got hold of 'big money' he discovered sex in a finer hedonistic sense than it was known to his fathers. It suited his vanity also to discover higher intellectual qualities in the weak beings who were to show off his wealth. So his pride and his pleasure went together, and by dint of both he set up the grotesque adoration of women—that is to say, of mental and physical inferiority—which excites the derision of Europe. That is a strictly true but unpoetical statement of the genesis of the American goddess whom Gibson has crayoned and the magazines have 'featured' into a season of popularity. She was always a sham and an unreality, but to pretend to belief in her is still a badge of the social elect and a stigma of the class conscious."

AT THE SIGN OF THE VAN. By Michael Monahan. New York: Mitchell Kennerly; \$2 net.

The Hour of Conflict.

Mr. Hamilton Gibbs tells an ingenious story and one that seems to suggest the workings of a higher law in human affairs that rectifies all things if we have but the patience to wait. When Everard Fortescue Leyden gets into trouble at the university and is sent down he betakes himself to France, ostensibly to study, but actually to play golf and to have a good time. Incidentally he makes love to a village girl, and when he tells her that he must leave her with the usual vague promises to return she throws herself into the sea and he believes that she has been drowned and that he is practically her murderer. Then come the years of remorse and a peculiar poignancy of grief as he realizes that he actually loved Toinette. Eventually he attempts suicide, and in the vagaries of approaching insanity he wanders once more to the little French village with the vague idea that Toinette is waiting for him in the sea and that he must join her there. He does actually attempt suicide for the second time, and by drowning, but he is rescued, and then the clouds suddenly lift and he recognizes the workings of a beneficent fate. The idea is an admirable one, and it is admirably carried out in a novel that is distinctly above the average.

THE HOUR OF CONFLICT. By Hamilton Gibbs. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

Education.

Dr. Edward Lyttelton is headmaster of Eton and may therefore be credited with a competent knowledge of his subject when he writes on the character of the modern boy. Dr. Lyttelton is unwilling that the school should be saddled with a responsibility that does not rightly belong to it. The school, he says in effect, can only build on the foundations that have been laid in the home. In other words the good boy can be expected only from the good home, and without the daily example of virtue furnished by the parents the school can do no more than impart facts, and in order that there may be no mistake about his meaning he tells us that "good home training means bringing up children in surroundings which quietly and persistently illustrate the principles taught by word of mouth; where unselfishness is not only heard of, but seen every day." Parents must see to it that they order their own lives on the same model that they would see adopted by their children. The author's conception of religious teaching may not find favor everywhere, but at least we all know and approve of the instruction in unselfishness that he advocates. And here, of course, is the main difficulty. Unselfishness is not a popular virtue except in theory. It is negated by the materialism upon which our civilization is now based, and it seems to be incompatible with what we have generally agreed to call progress. Dr. Lyttelton sees the difficulty, and he combats it with energy and with a certain irony that shows him to be no mere theorist. His book is one that should certainly be read by parents who are willing to assume their responsibilities, even though it may mean a re-ordering of their own lives.

THE CORNERSTONE OF EDUCATION. By Edward Lyttelton, D. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net.

Karl Witte.

It will be remembered that some time ago Dr. Boris Sidis astonished the educational world by a description of the methods followed in the training of his son and that seemed to be productive of an extraordinary rapidity of mental growth. It is true that in this case we have to await for adulthood to confirm the success of the plan adopted and that has now been so much discussed as to need no extended reference. But that a youthful precocity is not inconsistent with an old age of undiminished mental vigor is now shown by an important volume that has been translated from the German by Professor Leo Wiener. It relates to the education of Karl Witte by practically the same methods that were employed in the case of young Sidis.

Karl Witte was born about a hundred years ago. When he was nine he was familiar with five languages besides his native German, and had read Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Cicero, Ossian, Fenelon, and Metastasio. Before he was ten he had matriculated at Leipsic University, at fourteen he had received the degree of Ph. D., and at sixteen he was made a Doctor of Laws and was appointed to the teaching staff of the University of Berlin. Karl Witte lived to be eighty-three and he preserved his remarkable faculties until the end. The story of his life is well told and can hardly fail to be a valuable contribution to the educational problem.

At the same time it is not a conclusive contribution. Nothing of the kind will ever be conclusive until we shall be able to measure the congenital capacities upon which the educational structure is to be reared. For example, Witte's father was a clergyman of simple habits who is described as "of uncommonly original and forceful ways of thinking." How far was the mind of the son rendered exceptionally receptive by inherited capabilities and tastes? In what way shall we apportion the success of the training between inherited traits and the methods that used those traits as a base? Would the average child of average heredity and parental influence show similarly happy results? Would it be likely to show any results that would compensate for what must be to a large extent the loss of childhood? We might also ask ourselves if the mere acquisition of intellectual knowledge may not be rated at too high a value. But in the meantime the book ought to be read as a valuable psychological study and irrespective of our adhesion to its main contentions.

THE EDUCATION OF KARL WITTE. Edited with an introduction by H. Addington Bruce. Translated from the German by Leo Wiener. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50 net.

The Primal Lure.

Stories of the great frozen north and of the Hudson Bay forts should always have an audience among those who are surfeited with the sickly artificialities of the conventional novel. For here even sin and violence become relatively wholesome by comparison with their urban varieties, and nature herself seems to put a certain cleansing touch upon iniquity. But not all such stories are so well written as this, with its surprising picture of Lois Le Moyne, accused by the factor of stealing the post register and imprisoned and persecuted by him until the great sickness comes, and then the Indian raid, and Lois rises to the heights of a sublime self-sacrifice. The author has an equal skill in the narration of stirring events and in the depiction of unusual character. The description of life at Fort Lu Cerne is vivid and convincing, and the story as a whole is one to be remembered. But is it a fact that the Indian medicine women practiced transfusion of blood? The method was crude and even horrible, but it seems to have been effective.

THE PRIMAL LURE. By V. E. Roe. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Brief Reviews.

There comes a time in the affairs of men when we are all more or less interested in the preservation of the hair or in repairing the ravages of *anno domini*. To this end Dr. Richard W. Muller has written a volume entitled "Hair," and he tells us of "its nature, growth, and most common affections with hygienic rules for its preservation." It seems to be the only book of its kind written from the strictly scientific standpoint and illustrated with cuts that make us delightfully and thrillingly sick. The only difficulty is to determine of which particular form of hair disease we are the proud possessors. The volume is published by the William R. Jenkins Company, Sixth Avenue and Forty-Eighth Street, New York.

The detective story is not usually a deco-

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tion to the fiction of the day, but it will probably be supplied so long as the demand remains, a demand that results from an unhealthy appetite. Mr. T. W. Hanshew is already known as the author of "Cleck, the Man of the Forty Faces," and this seems to have been so successful that we now have the record of the further life and adventures of that remarkable detective genius under the title of "Cleck of Scotland Yard." If the detective story is to be written at all it should be well written, and Mr. Hanshew has certainly produced a most readable yarn. It is published by Doubleday, Page & Co. Price, \$1.25 net.

The most picturesque figure in the annals of Italian librarianship is undoubtedly Antonio Magliabecchi. While his official position as librarian to Cosmo III, Grand Duke of Tuscany, gave him considerable prominence, he is remembered more especially for his personal characteristics and his vast store of self-acquired learning. He has been described as a literary glutton, and the most rational of bibliomaniacs, inasmuch as he read everything he bought. His own library consisted of 40,000 books and 10,000 manuscripts. His house literally overflowed with books; the stairways were lined with them, and they even filled the front porch. In worldly matters Magliabecchi was extremely negligent. He even forgot to draw his salary for over a year (says the current *North American Review*). He wore his clothes until they fell from him, and thought it a great waste of time to undress at night, "life being so short and books so plentiful." He welcomed all inquiring scholars, provided they did not disturb him while at work. . . . Perhaps the most extraordinary librarianship was that enjoyed by Diderot, who about 1765 decided to sell his library in order to provide a dowry for his daughter. The Empress Catherine of Russia heard through Grimm of the straits to which Diderot had been reduced, and instructed her agent to buy in the library at the owner's valuation. In this way Diderot received not only sixteen thousand livres, but he was graciously requested to consider himself the librarian of the new purchase at a salary of one thousand livres a year. Moreover—and this begins to sound like a fairy tale—Diderot was paid the salary for fifty years in advance.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Within Prison Walls.

The author, who is chairman of the New York state prison reform commission, recently determined to get at conditions from the inside. Therefore he had himself committed as an ordinary prisoner and spent some days in Auburn prison. Now he tells us all about it, but we are frankly unable to see any particular value in the experiment. Voluntary imprisonment is not imprisonment at all, since the necessary state of mind must be wholly lacking. Moreover, there have been hundreds of men who have been sent to prison in the usual way and whose testimony is available. Many of these men are able to give that testimony quite as intelligently as Mr. Osborne himself, and surely we are not now quite such idiots as to assume that a convict is presumably untruthful.

Of course the book is interesting. Any such book must be interesting, but it leaves the general impression that a prison is not quite such a home of horrors as it is usually represented. Possibly that is due to the fact that Mr. Osborne was not a real prisoner, for example, that he had not to face the possibility of his wife dying while he was confined nor the certainty that the police would refuse to allow him to earn an honest living on his liberation.

WITHIN PRISON WALLS. By Thomas Mott Osborne. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Sir Thomas Barclay, the "man behind the Entente," has written a book on the subject, taking up the time between 1876 and 1906. The inside story of his tremendous achievement is intensely fascinating and throws full and fresh light upon the attitudes of the great powers in the present complications between Austria and Serbia. The book has just been published by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company will publish a large number of interesting books in the fall months. Among the important issues for September will be the following: "Bulfinch's Mythology"; "Hints for Young Writers" and "I Had a Friend," by Orison Swett Marden; "The Man Napoleon," by William Henry Hudson; "Women of the Classics," by Mary C. Sturgeon; "Stories from Browning," by Rumey C. Turnbull; "Stories from Wagner," by J. Walker McSpadden.

Angel de Cora and Lone Star are the names of two real American Indian artists whose illustrations are to appear in "The Little Buffalo Robe," a juvenile of Indian life, to be issued October 17 by Henry Holt & Co. Practically all the illustrations are by students in the art department of the Carlisle Indian School.

"On Life and Letters," a book just published by the John Lane Company, is a translation of M. Anatole France's "La Vie Littéraire," the famous series of articles contributed to *Le Temps*. Each volume is complete in itself, and this second series contains some of the master's best critical work.

There is soon to appear a memoir of one of Ireland's great fighters, "Charles Stewart Parnell," which will be published September 19 by Henry Holt & Co. It is by his brother, John Howard Parnell, and naturally gives full details of the statesman's early years, home life, education, and the circumstances that gave the bent to his fighting career. John Parnell spent much of his life in America, living for many years in Georgia and Alabama, and the book is full of details of the activities of the American branches of the Irish Land League, etc.

Herman Whitaker's new novel, "Cross Trails," which Harper & Brothers recently published, is another of those clear-cut dramas of human emotion set against the background of man's unending struggle with nature, such as the author gave us in "The Planter," "The Settler," and "The Mystery of the Barranca." In "Cross Trails" the scene is a lumber camp in far-off Manitoba, and the time is the winter of the year in which the Canadian Pacific first crossed the plains.

With the great sale in Canada of cheap imports it is much to the credit of Mr. Locke, who has been referred to as "the kindest spirit in English letters since Lamb," that his "Fortunate Youth," according to the last monthly report, heads the list of best sellers in the entire country. "The Titan," by Theodore Dreiser, is next on the individual publishers' list.

Elinor Pruitt Stewart, author of "Letters of a Woman Homesteader," recently published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, some years ago was left a widow, with a two-year-old daughter and no means of support. After a period of "going out by the day" she became housekeeper to a Wyoming homesteader. The letters of which the book is

composed were written to a former employer in Denver. They tell a connected story of pioneer life, full of buoyancy and pluck and the spirit of adventure.

The late Theodore Watts-Dunton, one of the great modern critics, whose last work will appear in the fall in an introduction to "The Keats Letters," is widely known for an essay on poetry for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. It rises from science to literature and its definitions have become common property.

Blast, the new quarterly published in New York and London by the John Lane Company, has just issued its first number, under the editorship of Wyndham Lewis. It is the organ of the most progressive English artists and writers. What the *Yellow Book*, copies of which now command fancy prices, did for its generation *Blast* has undertaken to do for this.

To the many people who annually visit Southern California P. J. Cooney's love story, "Dona of the Old Pueblo" (Rand, McNally & Company), should have a large element of interest. The story deals with the annexation of California, and hundreds of men are still living in Los Angeles and thereabouts whose fathers or grandfathers took part in the struggle, and still more who are personally acquainted with many of the characters. All of the scenes are located in and around Los Angeles and Pasadena. The book will appear this fall.

"At the Shrine and Other Poems," just published by the Stewart & Kidd Company, is from the pen of George Herbert Clarke, professor of English in the University of Tennessee. He has contributed frequently to many of the American and Canadian magazines, has written several critical monographs, edited Bacon's essays, and also has edited a volume of selections from Shelley. The poems contained in this volume have appeared for the most part during the last decade. Mr. Clarke is an Englishman by birth, a Canadian by education, and an American by long residence.

In his new book, "Memorials of Eminent Yale Men," Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes includes the biography of James Fenimore Cooper, who was for three years a member of the Class of Yale, 1806, until his expulsion from college for some boisterous prank. The book is published by the Yale Press.

"Nathan Hale," writes Secretary Anson Phelps Stokes, in his "Memorials of Eminent Yale Men," "is the hero of the campus. No graduate so symbolizes to the undergraduate of today the biggest manifestation of the Yale spirit as this able student and manly youth who gladly gave up his life in his country's service." It is, therefore, a pleasure to the Yale University Press to publish a life of Nathan Hale, with many original letters and portions of the diary of that hero. Professor H. P. Johnston of the College of the City of New York is an authority on that period of American history. He has made a special study of the career of Nathan Hale, and his new life of him will be issued among the earliest fall publications.

"War and Waste," by Dr. David Starr Jordan, is attracting renewed attention in view of the European conflict. It is published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

"The Art of the Book" will be the next permanent volume special number of the *International Studio* (John Lane Company). A large review of the best modern artistic book production in America, Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Sweden. Pages of text have been specially set up in the finest modern types. William Dana Orcutt, perhaps the best-known authority, edits the American portion. The numerous illustrations include examples of typography, title pages, decorations and ornaments, tooled bindings, paper covers, end papers, and illustrations in line. The editors have undertaken this task after several years of constant requests.

What is really the most historic Bible connected with the government is in the care of the clerk of the United States Supreme Court. It is the Bible on which every Chief Justice has taken his pledge of allegiance since Washington became the seat of government in 1800. And, more than that, every attorney who has practiced before the Supreme Court since that date has taken his oath also on this small book, five and one-half inches long and three and one-half wide. It is a little red morocco volume, with the words "Holy Bible" printed in tiny gold letters on its back, but it wears a black leather slip to protect it from the stress of time. It was printed in 1799.

H. G. Wells has a new novel, which is soon to be run as a serial before publication in book form. The title is "Bealby," and the story is a return to the manner of "Mr. Polly." It deals with a servant who runs away from his situation and wanders through England with tramps and caravan folk. It seems likely that it will lead to a sequel.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Some Sidelights on the Poet, Who Wished to Prevent His Memoirs Being Written.

Writing out of the depths of his storehouse of knowledge, his words carrying a rare personal charm, Sir Henry Luce discusses Alfred Tennyson in the *Nation*:

A friend who visited him a year before his death was surprised to find how shriveled, withered, and frail he seemed to be. A few scanty locks were all that remained of the abundant hair once the most striking feature in his appearance. His face was brown and wrinkled. One touched tenderly the thin nervous hand he stretched forth, lest peradventure it might be crushed in the grasp. Although it was early autumn and there was a fire in the room, Tennyson sat on a couch with a rug over his knees, and round his shoulders the familiar old cloak fastened at the neck with a brass frog.

The only time I saw him in London he was walking in the park. . . . A notably tall man in spite of his stoop, growing somewhat stout, still walking with long strides, he carried a stout stick, but did not seem to feel the necessity for its assistance. A long unkempt beard obscured the lines of his face. It was further disguised by a pair of uncompromisingly large spectacles. In supplement of these there dangled over his closely buttoned cloak a pair of gold-rimmed pince-nez, probably used for reading, while the spectacles served for distant sight. He wore a broad-brimmed, time-and-weather-worn felt hat, slightly slouched, trousers guiltless of gloss or fashionable cut. . . .

An effort was made to obtain for him some provision that should enable him to devote his time to the cultivation of his genius free from sordid cares. Carlyle, rarely enthusiastic about his contemporaries, warmly championed the cause, besetting Monckton Milnes with entreaty to see the thing done. Wemyss Reid had a story related to him by Monckton Milnes of a conversation between Carlyle and Milnes that throws a flood of cheerful light on the men and the times as far as the latter affected Tennyson.

"Richard Milnes," said Carlyle one day, withdrawing his pipe from his mouth, as they were seated together in the little house in Cheyne Row, "when are you going to get that pension for Alfred Tennyson?"

"My dear Carlyle," responded Milnes, "the thing is not so easy as you suppose. What will my constituents say if I do get a pension for Tennyson? They know nothing about him or his poetry, and they will probably think he is some poor relation of my own and that the whole affair is a job."

Solemn and emphatic was Carlyle's response:

"Richard Milnes, on the Day of Judgment, when the Lord asks you why you didn't get that pension for Alfred Tennyson, it will not do to lay the blame on your constituents. It is you that will be damned."

When Milnes at last conveyed the request to Sir Robert Peel he found the premier as ignorant of the works of Tennyson as at a later period Lord Palmerston confessed himself to be of those of the poet Close. Milnes sent him a copy of "Locksley Hall" and "Ulysses," with the result that Tennyson got his pension of £200 a year, which he enjoyed to the end.

Shortly before Tennyson died there came upon the market the manuscript of portions of his earlier work, and some original editions containing interlineations by his pen. He was

exceedingly wroth at this incursion upon his privacy, the more so as he was powerless to prevent it. What made it the more painful to him was the recollection that the manuscripts and volumes had been given to intimate friends. That they should now be offered for sale, like old chairs or tables, was a circumstance peculiarly calculated to vex the poet's soul.

He took the best possible means of preventing his memoirs being written, keeping no record of his correspondence, much less building up a diary.

"I will take good care," he said to a friend permitted to join him in the companionship of a pipe, "they shall not, when I am dead, rip me up like a pig."

Rarest among the treasures of book collectors is a copy of the first edition of Tennyson's "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical." This is the first work to which Tennyson put his name, and it bears the date 1830. The peculiarity about it is that it includes a number of poems by Arthur Hallam, whose name will live forever, since it is written between the lines of "In Memoriam." When Tennyson and Hallam were young men they projected a joint publication of their verse. It was actually carried out, as this volume testifies, but only a few copies seem to have been printed. In a note to one of his verses Hallam writes of "my friend whose name is prefixed with mine to this volume." Oddly enough, Arthur Hallam's name does not appear in the imprint, but some one has written with pen and ink after Tennyson's name "and Arthur Hallam." The same hand writes at the head of the second part of the little volume, "Poems by Arthur Hallam, Esquire." Many of Hallam's poems, like Tennyson's, were addressed to anonymous persons or to friends, whose names are indicated by initials. The touch of a vanished hand, doubtless that of Arthur Hallam himself, the original owner of the volume, fills up in one or two places the initials, spelling out the names—Sir F. H. Doyle, J. Milnes, Gaskell, and Richard Milnes.

While Tennyson was habitually resentful, even to rudeness, of the approach of strangers, he made surprising exceptions. Mr. Phelps, sometime American Minister at the Court of St. James, told me of one:

A gentleman of Omaha called upon him with the modest request that he would assist him in obtaining a number of autographs of eminent Englishmen. This visitor was, indeed, not insistent upon exclusion of eminent Englishwomen, and if Mr. Phelps could obtain for him a few friendly lines from the queen they should have an honored place in his native town hall, on whose behalf he had undertaken the commission. Mr. Phelps was struck with the quiet pertinacity of the man, and helped him to a good many valuable autographs.

Appetite growing with what it fed upon, the gentleman from Omaha declared he could not go back without obtaining a specimen of the poet laureate's handwriting. Mr. Phelps said he did not know Lord Tennyson personally, and from what he had heard of him thought he was not approachable on the subject.

"But," he said, "you write to him yourself in your own way; tell him your business here, and what you want from him."

The gentleman from Omaha obeyed the instruction, and after a few posts there reached him a manuscript copy of the first page of "In Memoriam" in Tennyson's own handwriting, signed by his name.

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The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum will present next week a great new show. Mlle. Natalie and M. Ferrari, the latest European terpsichorean sensation, will head the bill, presenting the classic and modern dances which have made them famous. They are said to eclipse all their predecessors and to furnish one of the most delightful acts ever presented in vaudeville. The Hayward Stafford Company, the bright particular stars of which are Harry R. Hayward and Frances Stafford, will appear in Mr. Hayward's new sketch, "The Devil Outwitted," which contains a complete story and holds attention from the outset.

Miss Josephine Dunfee, the gifted young prima donna, will prove a pleasant feature of the programme. The concert and operatic stages have known her for several years. Miss Dunfee's first appearance on the operatic stage was as prima donna for the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company, in which she sang a large repertory. In vaudeville Miss Dunfee has arranged a programme which includes one operatic number, but is composed principally of lighter music.

Will Rogers, "the Oklahoma Cowboy," will exhibit his skill with the lariat. He does not, however, rely entirely on his wonderful ability with the rope for his success, for he is the possessor of a sly and quaint humor which is extremely effective and greatly increases his popularity.

Britt Wood, "the Juvenile Jester," who in the guise of a "boob" recently made an immense hit by the manner in which he played upon a harmonica, will return for next week only, in compliance with a generally expressed wish.

Marie and Billy Hart will display their ability and versatility in their own novel comedy skit, "The Circus Girl," which proved an immense hit both in London and New York.

With this bill the Transatlantic Trio and the eminent actress, Bertha Kalich, will conclude their engagements.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

George E. Delmore and William de Graff Lee, two of America's foremost athletic gymnasts, are the main box-office attraction on the billboard of eight brand new acts which opens at the Pantages on Sunday. Both men enjoy the distinction among vaudeville performers of being the most artistic athletic acrobats before the footlights. They work on swaying trapezes and aerial ladders pitched at an angle that almost defies the law of gravity, and offer a routine of stunts that are genuine "thrillers."

Another big feature on the bill is the special tour of dainty Olive Briscoe, the fetching singing comedienne. Miss Briscoe has an exclusive routine of patter and songs written for her by Junie McCree, and her mimicry is one of the most effective and entertaining in vaudeville.

Charlie Reilly, the handsome young Irish tenor, with his own company, is returning with a new playlet of the Emerald Isle by Walter Montague, entitled "Irish Hearts." The sketch abounds in pretty love situations and Reilly sings several Irish ballads.

Bombay Deerfoot, who lays claim to being a genuine Sioux Indian, has a real novelty in rope lassoing and juggling.

Belle and Jones have a neat singing act with clever repartee.

A beautiful posing offering, featuring Esma Kartoff, premiere danseuse, assisted by eight dancing girls, will show "A Grecian Idyll."

A long, lanky comedian is Peg, who with his cute little partner, has one of the fastest fun-making skits on the bill. Comedy movies will round out the show.

The Jew in Music.

Nearly every great composer has been called a Jew some time in his career. Mozart (whose real name was Mozart, without the M) had Jewish features. When he was brought before Maria Theresa at Vienna that great empress sharply asked: "Has the child been baptized?" On being told he had, she said: "A genius must not be a Jew." Apocryphal or not, this is an interesting story, though not so much so as Rossini's witty request: "Don't bury me in a Jewish cemetery." Rossini was a Roman Catholic of Hebraic origin. Verdi looked Jewish. So did Weber—the latter "suspiciously" so. A. E. Keeton in an article a few years ago in the London *Contemporary Review* ("The Jew in Music") didn't hesitate to suspect Chopin—Szopen was the real Polish name, a Jewish one. Chopin's father hailed from Nancy, France, a city of many Jewish inhabitants. Even Beethoven does not escape. Saint-Saëns had Jewish blood in him, as had Berlioz, Borodine, Arthur Sullivan (Seligman), and Bizet, the composer of "Carmen" (says Puck). Bach was more Jewish looking than Wagner, but was of Hungarian origin. Wagner's mother's name, Berta, is Jewish. She was as Jewish in appearance as

Geyer. Schumann's name is Jewish-German, but he was pure Saxon. Schubert was Austrian. Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer and Goldmark, of course, are Jewish. Richard Strauss is a puzzle. His name is unqualifiedly Jewish, his father looked like one (he was first hornist in the Munich Opera), but Richard is an out and out Bavarian. His mother was a Pschero, daughter of the Munich brewer. The music of Wagner, Strauss, and Goldmark is notably Oriental in color and intensity. All the celebrated singers and virtuosi were, with few exceptions, of Jewish origin: Thalberg, Rubinstein, Paganini (who looked as Jewish as the "Kol Nidrei"), Joachim, Wieniawski, Karl Tausig, Joseffy, Rosenthal, D'Albert, Busoni, Godowski, Pachmann, Lilli Lehmann, Milka Ternina, the Garcia family—Spanish Jews; Patti, on the Patti, not the Barili side; Josef Hofmann, Mischa Elman; the list is as long as from here to Jericho. No one need be ashamed to be musician or virtuoso of Jewish origin, though I know some that are; they even change their names to fool themselves, but do not fool the world.

Tina Lerner and Willy Burmester Coming.

The "assisting artists" will be a most important and interesting element in the symphony concerts of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra's forthcoming season. The instrumentalist or singer securing an engagement must be of great and matured ability. Two "assisting artists" of the first rank secured for the coming season are Tina Lerner, the beautiful and talented Russian pianist, and Willy Burmester, the eminent German violinist. Miss Lerner, whose beauty and personality are a combination of winsome charm and forceful magnetism, has successfully appeared with practically all the great symphony orchestras of Europe, and her tour has been an unbroken series of triumphs. Willy Burmester's appearances are of exceptional interest. The idol of Berlin, the musical centre of the world, Burmester is declared, by all so fortunate as to have heard him, to be a truly great player. For years he has concertized in every European art centre with success, his drawing power in Germany, Austria, and Russia being equaled only by Ysaye. Miss Lerner's and Mr. Burmester's appearances are under the direction of Frank W. Healy, and will be confined to two recitals at the Cort Theatre and two appearances as soloist with the orchestra.

Sulgrave, quaint old England village, attired herself in holiday raiment recently, when historic Sulgrave Manor, the home of the ancestors of George Washington, was formally handed over to members of the centenary committee as a gift to the American people. The sum of \$42,500 was subscribed in Great Britain for the purchase of the property. At the ancient doorway of the manor the Duke of Teck handed the keys to Ambassador Page. At Queen Eleanor's cross, erected by Edward I, and which now stands in a new portion of the city of Northampton, the spot where the emigrating Washingtons took leave of the family, the centenary party was received by the mayor and local officials of Northampton, also in robes. A reception and luncheon followed in the Guildhall. The mayor and committee members then visited the country seat of Earl Spencer, whose ancestors were related to the Washingtons, and viewed other Washingtonian shrines.

Recently in the Crystal Palace, London, 6500 school children played the fiddle, 3500 being heard in the afternoon, the others in the evening. The children ranged in age from eight to sixteen. Owing to the great number of players, the conductor-in-chief had to be helped simultaneously by two sub-conductors. One would suppose the results must have been execrating, but one of the leading critics avers that "the performances were most stimulating."

The Prix de Rome of music has been awarded this year to Marcel Dupré. The subject of the cantata this year was "Eros and Psyche," containing, as usual, the three rôles which are written for soprano, tenor, and bass. The artists who executed M. Dupré's composition were Mlle. Montjovet, MM. Foix and Dupré, of the Opéra Comique, accompanied at the piano by that very accomplished player, Jean Verd.

Applause is never accorded the artists at the Moscow Art Theatre. Curtain calls are never allowed. Realism and naturalness, above everything else, are striven for. Priests are not allowed to witness theatrical performances in Russia, but several of the leading churchmen in Moscow never fail to see all the productions at the Art Theatre—from behind the scenes.

"Sari," the operetta which Henry W. Savage is putting on tour, is pronounced Shar-ee, neither syllable being accented. Mizzi Hajos, who is Sari, is Mitzie Hy-os when her name is correctly spoken.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Wayside Spring.

The essence of the dew.
Brewed in hush o' night
And stored by fairies in
Alembics silver bright.

This is what is found
Bubbling brightly up
Where a rocky heart
Is fashioned like a cup.

This is what the gods
In the ancient days
Drank, and after gave
The glory of their praise.

Never drink was brewed
In a secret cell
By a chemist skilled
In magic and in spell

That with this clear brew
Ever can compare,
Or in such degree
Perfect pureness share.

Here it bubbles up
In bountiful supply,
Offered freely to
Any passerby!

—Arthur Wallace Peach, in *New York Sun*.

Recontre.

Sometimes in these alien streets,
Here in this strange time and place,
Almost, I stop to speak to you—
Thinking I see your face;

Your Very-Self, your eyes,
Your poised and perfect head;
Almost I start and say your name—
Forgetting you are dead.

—Arthur Ketchum, in *International Magazine*.

Summer's Sleep.

Summer's asleep on the hill.
Lying under the trees,
Rippled o'er by the breeze,
Her limbs are stretched, rosy and still.

The cattle have eaten their fill.
The heat is ashimmer;
The fields are aglimmer;
The plowman goes plodding;
Corn tassels are nodding;
The catbird is panting
Just where the twig's slanting;
Through the meadow goes sparkling the rill.

With tired lids, listless and still,
Cheeks redder than berries,
Lips stained by wild berries,
Lies Summer asleep on the hill.

—Frank "Driftwood and Faam," by Cary F. Jacobs.

As Days Go Down the West.

As days go down the west, and tender stars
All rimmed about with heavens blue come forth
And set their light-ships in the trackless sea
Whose highways stretch away from south to north,

I think how days have risen in the east
And flashed like meteors from hill to hill,
Set full of sunny hours, till evening came
To close them like rose-petals soft and still.

And that my work but poorly hath been done,
And that my day in idleness hath set,
With saddened eyes I look into the west
And watch it pass away with keen regret.
Those precious moments lost in dreaming mood,
Those perfect hours forever past me by!—
Small wonder that new stars are blurred with tears,
And old days wafted heavenward with a sigh.

—Marion Manville, in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

In Crypts Uncandled.

I think they wear a mask of apathy
Who have for long been dead: the kind of pride
They knew in life seems moves each to hide,
As best he may, the yearning none might see
In crypts uncandled, where, eternally,
They weave their dreams: the tide death failed
to stem,

Of gentle self-respect, still pledges them
To feign indifference to what may be.
Yea, in that Winter, where no seeds are sown,
Save those of loneliness, who loiter there,
As in an antechamber, veil despair,
Meseems, beneath a hebetude of stone:
So many Springs gone by, while yet they hope
For the lost latch, haply have smothered hope.

—Mahlon Leonard Fisher, in *the Forum*.

"Peace Be with You."

"Peace be with you!" Where is there peace, I cry,
And where can freedom find a safe retreat?
In storm and strife one century goes by,
Another comes with gory hands and feet.

The Prince of Peace again is crucified,
For Justice from her high estate is hurled;
The ancient metes and bounds are thrust aside
By Caesars who would have and hold the world.

The hosts go forth as in the days of Saul,
And Gog and Magog gather for the fight;
And lo! the Celt, the Saxon and the Gaul
Divide His raiment with the Muscovite.

The Mongol hordes are on the march once more,
Their Dragon banners flaunt the eastern sky;
From Manchu battlements we hear the roar,
And faint and far the Macedonian cry.

"Vengeance is mine," He saith; "I will repay."
What He hath promised that will He perform;
And if, unmindful of His sovran way,
We sow the whirlwind, we shall reap the storm.

—From "The Wailing of the Rose and Other Poems," by Lucius Harwood Foote.

Display of Guerin Originals

Commencing August 15 there is to be an interesting display of the reproductions of Jules Guerin's originals at Paul Elder's, lasting through the following week. Most noteworthy are his gems of Egypt. One that stands out in dignified grandeur as a memory is a ruined portion of the "Columns of the Sun" in Baalbec. "The Great Colonnade of the Temple of Luxor," with its reflection in the ripples that wash its base, is but another example of a study in blue. One more of moment is the "Mount of Olives" as seen from Jerusalem, marked by its low domes and turrets in colorful effect. Others are "The Market Place of Damascus," "The Church of Santa Maria Della Salute" in Venice, and the notable "Doge's Palace."

Koshroma, where the first Czar of Russia was crowned, is a pretty town of 45,000 inhabitants. It is also known for its beautiful monastery of Ipatiev, founded in 1330, but the town itself is much older. It was in this old monastery that Mikhael Feodorovich Romanow, who later became Czar, was hidden when pursued by the Poles. He was founder of the dynasty of the Romanows and the ancestor of the present Czar. Before him the house of Rurik had ruled over Russia for seven centuries.

Electricity and Crops.

Some of the Yolo farmers, finding that with pumps driven by electric power they can obtain an abundant flow of water just when they need it, are raising at least two or three crops a year, one of grain and one of corn or pumpkins, all on the same tract of land; which clearly shows that diversified farming has taken a foothold in Yolo County. Of alfalfa from five to six crops are harvested each year, yielding from eight to ten tons per acre.

In installing a pumping plant the first thing to do is to locate the water-bearing stratum of gravel by boring a small test-well. After finding the distance to gravel, the quality and thickness of the stratum, a series of wells, usually twelve inches in diameter, are bored and cased up with a casing properly perforated. By testing each well with a small six-inch centrifugal pump, it is an easy matter to determine the size of pump that may be connected to two or more wells to give a certain volume of water. Any reputable pump firm can tell the power required to lift that volume of water. The farmer is then in a position to enter into a contract with the Pacific Gas and Electric Company to furnish the required horsepower for a term of years. The company, which now supplies two-thirds of the people of California with "Pacific Service," so thoroughly covers its great territory that it is a simple matter for it to string a wire to the farm and so give the tiller of the soil the required power without delay.

Now that irrigation has so far developed the farmer is looking to additional uses for electric power. The dairyman, especially, finds that by installing motors to chop feed or to fill silos he obtains an economic advantage. Another feature is the introduction of refrigerating plants for cooling milk and cream before shipment to the larger centres of distribution, such as Sacramento and San Francisco.

All this, including pumping, refrigerating, and economic fodder-handling, together with the use of electric light in the dairy, tends to closer knit the farm life with the business life of the metropolis.

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PANTAGES

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VANITY FAIR.

Ver, few people outside of France knew that something very like a social revolution had been accomplished when Mme. Poincaré, wife of the President of the French Republic, rode beside Queen Mary during the recent royal visit to France. None the less this was probably the first occasion when the wife of a French president has been accorded anything like an official recognition, but whether this was due to the energy of Mme. Poincaré herself, or the gallantry of her husband, or to the pressure of the feminists, or to the desire of progress, or to the approach of the Kingdom of Kingdoms, nobody seems quite to know. But there was Mme. Poincaré indisputably from a real queen, and it is said that a good many Frenchmen were unable to distinguish between the real queen and their distinguished compatriot, who was "just as good" and perhaps even better.

After all there seems no reason why the wives of rulers should be accorded any official recognition. Other wives do not demand to be identified with their husbands' official positions. The wives of doctors do not insist upon being present at operations, nor do we read of the wives of generals who accompany their husbands to battle. Lawyers may be seen in court unaccompanied by their better halves, and even newspaper men perform their exalted functions without feminine solace or support. Why, then, should the wife of a President expect that her husband shall take her to business with him?

The French have always been sensitive about the intrusion of women into governmental matters. They are supposed to be a sentimental people, but actually they are intensely businesslike, far more businesslike than we are. They look upon their president as occupying an official position in just the same way as a judge or a policeman, and they have strong objections to anything with a dynastic flavor about it or with the suggestion of a family caste. But then of course the French have had some experience of the official woman, and the memory of her smarts. Marie Antoinette was the cause to a large extent of the Revolution and of the ensuing Reign of Terror. The Empress Josephine was by no means a heroine, and Marie Louise was even less so, while the Empress Eugénie may fairly be described as the evil genius of the French people and one of the substantial causes of the calamity of the Franco-Prussian War. It would have been better for their country if these ladies had been less conspicuous and if their influence upon state affairs had been less pronounced.

It fell to the lot of President Loubet and also of President Fallières to entertain queens, but these gentlemen looked upon their duties as of an official kind and to be carried out without the intervention of their wives. If the queens wished to go for a drive it was the function of the presidents to accompany them, and they did so without any fuss or feathers, just as any other official would have performed the functions for which he was paid. There was no common-sense reason why the president's wife should intervene any more than the president's mother or the president's maiden aunt. The captain of the warship that accompanied the royal yacht did not think it necessary to take his wife with him on the bridge. Why should the president think it necessary to take his wife with him in the carriage? The French people elected M. Poincaré as their president. They did not elect Mme. Poincaré to any position whatever. They did not care whether or not there was a Mme. Poincaré. They said in effect that it was a matter that concerned M. Poincaré alone. None the less they have acquiesced in the innovation. Doubtless they perceived that the lady wished to be visible, and having experience in such matters they knew that the lady would do whatever she had resolved upon doing. So they merely shrugged their shoulders, which is often the only thing that can be done. It may be said that since this interesting event the safety of France has passed into the hands of men and that the feminists are likely to be a little less clamorous in their demands for a share in the government of the country. It seems too bad, because it is only yesterday that we were assured that the rule of fire had forever been reeled from a world far advanced in its devotion to the sacred cause of peace.

A correspondent asks for a comment in this column upon two news items, one from an American the other from an English newspaper. The first of the two items records the following opinion expressed by Miss Jane Phelps, professor of physiology in the Michigan State Normal School. Miss Phelps says: "I tell the true story to children before they have reached their fifth year and make them understand from the first with the nude of each sex. . . . Children of both sexes, and adults as well, should be taught to dress together freely, frankly, and without prudish apology." Now in the main this seems to be good advice, but with reservations. It may be said

that the adult pioneers who follow it will probably have a rough time from an undiscerning police. Certainly children will never be injured by anything that they are taught to regard as normal and commonplace. But that is just where we find the confusion in such matters as this. We confuse what is primarily wrong with what is only secondarily wrong, that is to say with what is wrong merely because we think it to be wrong. Let us remember carefully that thinking a thing to be wrong does actually make it wrong. We do not excuse an act by pointing out that only a convention has been broken and that the act itself is not essentially or primarily wrong. It is not primarily wrong for a woman to smoke a cigar on the open street. Morally there is no difference between smoking and gum-chewing, but to smoke a cigar on the open street is actually wrong because those who see a woman doing this will assume her to be a woman of loose morals and will therefore become victims of undesirable suggestion. In some countries it is the height of indelicacy for a woman to show her face. She may show nearly everything else, but not her face. If she does show her face she will be considered as a wanton, and therefore she will be doing wrong—not because she shows her face, but because she offends a convention and therefore excites thoughts in others that they would be better without. An abstract right and wrong is by no means the test of action. By all means let us change our conventions by the more rational training of children or otherwise, but an open defiance of convention is neither wise nor right. Adults might bathe and dress together in perfect propriety and purity. It is not the nude that is offensive, but the nude that shows a guilty consciousness by partially biding itself. But what would be the effect upon others who knew them to be doing so or saw them doing so? Conventions may be slowly dissolved, but their sudden destruction is usually calamitous.

The other paragraph, from the London Times, is to the effect that "Prebendary Webster, rector of All Souls, Langham Place, speaking at a meeting of the Alliance of Honor last week, said he would to God that we might have an alteration in the dress of our present day. He hardly knew what to do sometimes when he found himself in an omnibus opposite some lady who had got an open dress. It was most disturbing, and sowed the seeds of passion in men. It was not right that walking through the public streets or riding in public conveyances we should be exposed to these unseemly exposures of our cities. He also attacked certain theatrical plays, and said he had found very quickly and very clearly that if he wanted to remain pure he must stop away from the theatre."

Prebendary Webster is evidently a man of some courage, but we may doubt his discretion in thus saying things, presumably to a mixed audience, that most women are constitutionally incapable of understanding. The usual reply of the averagely good woman to a complaint of feminine undress is that male morals must be at a very low ebb to be affected by such things. But male morals are not lower than those of women. They are simply different, and it may be said that if women were to make efforts toward a general self-restraint one-half as strenuous as those habitually made by decent men toward a particular self-restraint the moral status of women would be higher than it is. Virtue is not a passive quality. It is the successful resistance to temptation, and where there is no temptation there is no resistance, and therefore no virtue. A mysterious nature, for reasons of her own, has given to men certain inclinations that are tempestuous and cyclonic. The normal woman knows little or nothing of these. Prebendary Webster probably spoke the exact truth, a very foolish thing to do when talking to women, an indiscretion rarely committed by men who know that they must perpetually hold up a mask and speak through it when in the presence of the other sex.

The population of the German Empire at the end of the first half of 1914 is put at 67,812,000. This compares with 66,981,000 in the previous year and shows an increase practically the same size as was recorded from 1912 to 1913. Comparisons with the growth of the population in France give striking figures. In 1872, following the Franco-German War, France had a population of about 36,000,000, only 5,000,000 less than Germany. In 1911 she had less than 40,000,000, and the number has declined since then. Thus her increase in forty-two years has been less than 3,000,000, against an increase for Germany of 26,000,000.

Richard Strauss's most ardent admirers do not claim that his "Legend of Joseph" is a success, yet it is said he has received \$25,000 for a season's exclusive control of it.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A young couple were sitting in the concert café and listening attentively to the orchestra. "What's that they're playing?" he asked. "Aren't you ashamed," she answered, "not to recognize that! Why, that's Handel's Tango!"

A Scot of Peebles said to his friend MacAndrew: "Mac, I hear ye have fallen in love wi' bonny Kate McAllister." "Weel, Sanders," Mac replied, "I wis near-verra near-dac'n' it; but the bit lassie had nae siller, so I said to maself, 'Mac, be a mon.' And I wis a mon, and noo I jist pass her by."

Two business men were lunching in Fifth Avenue when an old graybeard stumped by. "That's Brown. He works for me," said the first business man. "He's an honest-looking chap. Has he got staying powers?" asked the second business man. "He has that," said the first. "He began at the bottom of the ladder in '76, and he's stayed there ever since."

The hostess asked the solid man of her guest list to take a talkative young woman in to dinner. The girl did her best to keep up the conversation, ranging from Wall Street to the Mexican War and back. Only once did the solid man desert the unfailing affirmative, and that was when she asked: "Do you like Beethoven's works?" "Never visited them," he replied. "What does he manufacture?"

While admitting the general usefulness of the genus "flapper" as correspondence clerks a broker tells of a terrible happening, caused by his signing a letter in a hurry. The letter was duly dispatched, but was speedily returned by the client with some rather sarcastic remarks. On looking at the concluding sentence he found the typist had written, "business here has been on a more moral basis today." Of course what he said was "normal."

This is a story of a gunboat in Belfast Lough a short time ago. The nearest Ulster volunteers heliographed a message to her commander on a Sunday morning asking if any men were coming ashore to church, as, if so, they wanted to form a guard of honor. The commander signaled back, "Fifty men coming ashore to church." The guard of honor was formed and lined up to receive the men as they came ashore. "Which church?" asked the commander of the guard of honor. "All to St. ——— to mass," was the startling answer. The guard of honor dishanded at once.

Much over a hundred years ago, when degrees were more in demand than at the present time, Pitcairn, then at Edinburgh, in order to affront a Dutch university, where he himself had graduated and where degrees had been much prostituted, sent for a diploma for his valet, which being granted, he sent for another for his horse, to which last request the rector replied that with a view to oblige him they had consulted their records for a precedent, but that they could not find one, though, under the name of Pitcairn, it appeared that the university had once conferred an honorary degree upon an ass.

The pompous man drove up to the station, sprang down from the seat of his vehicle, and looked around inquiringly. It was evident that he wanted somebody to watch his horse. Then he spied a simple-minded lad and said, "Boy, watch my horse till I come back." "Surc," said the boy, taking the reins. Just then the locomotive whistled and the horse, rearing suddenly, started at full speed up the road. The boy stared after the fleeing animal, and, as the owner appeared, exclaimed with relief: "It's a good thing you came now, sir, for I couldn't have watched him much longer. He's most out of sight now."

In the old days, when oral examinations were still the thing, a California examining board was pummeling an applicant with questions from Blackstone, Kent, and other legal lights. "I didn't study anything about these fellows," complained the applicant. "What did you study?" asked one of the judges. "I studied the statutes of the state," he replied. "I studied them hard. Ask me a question about them and I'll show you. That is where I got my legal knowledge." "My young friend," said one austere judge on the examining board, "you would better be very careful, for some day the legislature might meet and repeal everything you know."

It all happened in the smokeroom of one of the liners as she was approaching Liverpool. He had during the voyage freely given evidences of his immense importance, but on this occasion he even triumphed over his former exploits. "Yes, gentlemen, I may fairly

say that I have seen about all worth seeing in the civilized world. I have visited the Holy Land; I have been to Jerusalem, Rome, Athens, Paris, Vienna. I have seen the finest pictures, the grandest natural views, the greatest sculptures, the——" Just at that moment a voice broke in: "Say, mister, have you ever had the D. T.'s?" "No, sir, I am proud to say I have not," he answered in a shocked voice. "But why?" "Well, then, all I can say is, you have seen nowt."

Dante Gabriel Rossetti once showed Whistler a sketch and asked his opinion of its merits. "It has good points, Rossetti," said Whistler. "Go ahead with it by all means." Later he inquired how it was getting along. "All right," answered Rossetti, cheerfully. "I've ordered a stunning frame for it." In due time the canvas appeared at Rossetti's house in Cheyne Walk, beautifully framed. "You've done nothing to it since I saw it, have you?" said Whistler. "No-o," replied Rossetti, "but I've written a sonnet on the subject, if you'd like to hear it." He recited some lines of peculiar tenderness. "Rossetti," said Whistler, as the recitation ended, "take out the picture and frame the sonnet."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Gone Glimmering.

Where is the what-not, the old-fashioned what-not That stood in the parlor corner, With its jumble of junk that would trouble a trunk?

(Well, where is poor little Jack Horner?)

Where is the gallery, the old tin-type gallery Where we all had our pictures taken While we sat on a chair or a sofa of bair?

(Well, where is the theory Bacon?)

Where is the cycle, the old high bicycle, That we knew as "the ordinary," On which we took badders that left us like deaders?

(Well, where are the lamb and Miss Mary?)

Where is the album, the autograph album, That used to repose on the table, Writ full of bad rhyming and lovey-dove chiming?

(Well, where is the Tower of Babel?)

Where is the agent, the lightning-rod agent, Who used to invade "Possum Hollow And scare into buying the farmer's wife crying?

(Well, where is the ancient Apollo?)

Where is the suitlet, the seersucker suitlet, We used to adore with its crinkle, Until it was rained on and it we then gained on?

(Well, where is old Rip Van Winkle?)

—Robertus Love, in St. Louis Republic.

The South Is Going Dry.

Lay the jest about the julep in the camphor balls at last, For the miracle has happened, and the olden days are past!

That which made Milwaukee famous does not foam in Tennessee, And the lid in old Missouri is as tight locked as can be:

And the comic-paper Colonel and his cronies well may sigh, For the mint is waving gayly, and the South is going dry.

By the stillside on the hillside in Kentucky all is still, And the only damp refreshment must be dipped up from the rill.

Nawth Ca'llina's stately ruler gives his soda glass a shove, And discusses local option with the So'th Ca'llina guy.

It is useless at the fountain to be winkful of the eye, For the cocktail glass is dusty, and the South is going dry!

It is "water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink!" We no longer hear the music of the mellow crystal clink;

When the Colonel, and the Major, and the Gen'l, and the Jedge Meet to have a little nip, to give their appetites an edge;

For the cgg-nog now is nogless, and the rye has gone awry, And the punch-bowl holds carnations, for the South is going dry!

All the nightcaps now have tassels, and are worn upon the head! Not the nightcaps that were taken when nobody went to bed;

And the breeze above the blue-grass is as solemn as is death, For it hears no pungent clove-tang on its odorific breath;

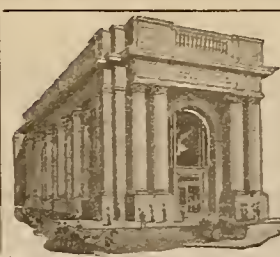
And each man can walk the chalk-line when the stars are in the sky, For the fizz-glass now is fizzless and the South is going dry!

Lay the jest about the julep 'neath the chestnut tree at last, For there's but one kind of moonshine, and the older days are past,

The water wagon rumbles through the Southland on its trip, And it helps no one to drop off to pick up the driver's whip;

For the mint beds now are pastures, and the cork-screw hangeth high; All is still along the stillside, and the South is going dry!

—The Times of Cuba.



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Total Resources..... 40,245,218.89

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JUNE 30th, 1914:

Assets.....\$38,656,635.12

Capital actually paid up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00

Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,857,717.65

Employees' Pension Fund..... 177,888.71

Number of Depositors..... 66,357

For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1914, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared.

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Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut... 6.45

Century and Argonaut..... 7.10

Callier's Weekly and Argonaut..... 5.25

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Harper's Weekly and Argonaut..... 6.90

House Beautiful and Argonaut..... 5.85

International Magazine and Argonaut... 4.30

Judge and Argonaut..... 7.85

Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut..... 7.85

Life and Argonaut..... 7.85

Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut.... 5.15

Littell's Living Age and Argonaut..... 9.10

Mexican Herald and Argonaut..... 9.20

Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut..... 4.85

Nineteenth Century and Argonaut..... 7.40

Onting and Argonaut..... 6.00

North American Review and Argonaut.. 6.90

Overland Monthly and Argonaut..... 4.50

Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut..... 6.00

Puck and Argonaut..... 7.85

Review of Reviews and Argonaut..... 5.15

Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut..... 6.15

Smart Set and Argonaut..... 5.60

St. Nicholas and Argonaut..... 6.10

Theatre Magazine and Argonaut..... 6.30

Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut..... 4.30

Weekly New York Tribune Farmer and Argonaut..... 4.25

Woman's Home Companion and Argonaut 4.75

Youth's Companion and Argonaut..... 5.50

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. George Winter of Mason City, Iowa, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Helen George Winter, to Mr. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Jr. Mr. Wheeler is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler of this city. He is a brother of Mrs. Bradway Heald and the Misses Lilias, Olive, and Jean Wheeler. The wedding will be an event of the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Mason have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Katherine Fielding, to Lieutenant Alfred S. Rockwood, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

Mrs. Lawrence A. Chevalier of Alameda announces the engagement of her sister, Miss Winifred Sara Gertrude Holleran, to Mr. Ambrose Francis Gegan. Mr. Gegan is the son of the late Ambrose Francis Gegan, a pioneer of San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Anita Bertheau and Mr. John Fulton will take place Thursday, August 19, at the home on Vallejo Street of Miss Bertheau's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cesar Bertheau. Miss Helen Bertheau will be her sister's maid of honor, and the chosen bridesmaids are the Misses Helen and Margaret Fulton. Mr. William Devereaux will attend Mr. Fulton as best man and the ushers will be the Messrs. Rudolph and Richard Bertheau.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Powers gave a reception recently at the Arts and Crafts Club at Carmel. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Powers's sister, Mrs. Ernest Seton-Thompson, wife of the well-known writer.

Mrs. Frederick Kohl entertained a number of friends Sunday evening at a dinner at the Casino at Tallac.

Miss Dorothy Churchill entertained a coterie of friends at a luncheon Thursday at her home at Napa.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Boardman gave an informal dinner Tuesday evening in honor of their niece, Miss Dora Winn, and her fiancé, Dr. Lovell Langstroth.

Mrs. Norman Livermore was hostess at a luncheon Monday at her home in Ross in honor of Mrs. Charles Goldthwaite.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Clark gave a picnic Monday at Camp Ahwahnee in the Yosemite Valley, where they are spending several weeks.

Miss Leslie Brown was the complimented guest at an informal tea given by Mrs. William Romaine Friday afternoon at her home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin entertained a number of friends at dinner Monday evening in honor of Baron von Schroeder, who left a few days later for Germany.

Mr. Jeremiah Lynch was host at a dinner Thursday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George T. Mayne, who left the following day for Russia.

Miss Mauricia Minter entertained a coterie of friends at a moonlight picnic Monday evening at El Campo.

Miss Marian Zeile was the complimented guest at a dinner given by Miss Florence Henshaw Saturday evening at the home in Santa Barbara of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Henshaw.

Mrs. George Howard entertained a number of friends at the thè dansant Monday afternoon at the Potter Hotel in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. William Matson was hostess at a bridge-luncheon Wednesday in honor of Miss Anna Van Winkle, who will leave shortly for the East to take a post-graduate course at Vassar College.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Farnham entertained a number of children at a masquerade dance Tuesday evening at their country home in the Santa Cruz Mountains. The affair was to celebrate the birthday of their son, Master Sylvanus Farnham, Jr.

Miss Anita Bertheau was the guest of honor at a luncheon Wednesday given by Miss Johanna Volkmann at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. Thomas Driscoll was the complimented guest at a luncheon recently given by Mrs. T. K. Tully at the Santa Barbara Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Porter Ashe entertained a number of young people at an informal dance Tuesday evening at their home in San Rafael. The affair was to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of their son, Mr. Robert Rathbone.

Mrs. George P. Tallant was hostess at a bridge-tea recently at her home on Upper Garden Street in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Allen West entertained a number of friends at a luncheon recently at their home in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Duval Moore gave a dinner recently at their home in Ross in honor of Mrs. Leslie Metcalfe Symmes.

Mr. and Mrs. William Chase were the guests of honor at a tea recently given by Miss Isabelle Percy at her home at Carmel.

Captain Franklin Hutton, U. S. A., and Mrs.

Hutton entertained a number of friends at a dinner Sunday evening at their home at Fort McDowell.

Mrs. Wallace Bertholf was hostess at a bridge-luncheon Monday at the Palace Hotel in honor of Mrs. Remi P. Schwerin and Mrs. Frederick Freeman.

Paymaster John Harman, U. S. N., gave a tea on board the U. S. S. *Jupiter* Sunday afternoon, when a dozen friends enjoyed his hospitality.

Mrs. Roland Schuman entertained a coterie of friends at a tea Tuesday afternoon at the home on Pacific Avenue of her parents, Judge Jeremiah Sullivan and Mrs. Sullivan.

The wives of the officers at the Presidio gave a thè dansant Tuesday afternoon at the Officers' Club in honor of the officers of the Thirtieth Infantry, who have recently returned from Alaska.

Colonel John W. Joyes, U. S. A., and Mrs. Joyes entertained a number of friends over the week-end at their home at the Benicia Arsenal.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Arno Dosch sailed last Saturday for Europe, where they will remain indefinitely. Mr. Dosch has accepted a contract to act as war correspondent. Mrs. Dosch, who was formerly Miss Elsie Sperry, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Sperry of Woodside.

Mrs. Eugene Bresse and a party of friends have returned from an automobile trip to Crater Lake and Klamath Falls.

Mrs. Edgar J. De Pue and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker left last week for Lake Tahoe. Accompanying them were the Misses Elva and Corenna De Pue, Marion, Kate, and Julia Crocker, Beatrice Nickel, Leslie Miller, and Flora Miller. They have been joined by Miss Ruth Zeile, who has been visiting friends in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and their daughters, the Misses Josephine and Edith Grant, returned recently to their home in Burlingame after an outing at their ranch near Mount Hamilton. Miss Josephine Grant has been spending the past week in Capitola with the Misses Lucy and Alice Hanchett.

Sir Ralph Spencer Paget and Lady Paget and the Hon. Mr. Richard Chidester are en route to England, having been called home by cable. They spent a day in this city en route from Bishop to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaillard Stoney have returned from Cisco, where they have been visiting Mrs. J. H. Robertson.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Greer and their little daughter have returned to town after a month's visit in Los Gatos.

Mrs. Frederick Vandevender Stott has come from New York to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tiley L. Ford.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip E. Bowles were at last accounts in London, where they are making every effort to return to America.

Mrs. A. P. Hotelling and her daughter, Miss Jane Hotelling, are in London awaiting an opportunity to return home. They had anticipated remaining abroad until the holidays.

Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith is again occupying her apartments at the Fairmont Hotel after a four months' visit in Europe. Mr. Smith remained in New York, but is expected home in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hopkins left last week for a visit at Lake Tahoe.

The Misses Ernestine McNear and Ysabel Chase have returned from Montecito, where they spent two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Felton B. Elkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Felton have returned from a month's visit in the East. They are occupying the apartment of Mrs. Felton's mother, Mrs. William R. Smedberg.

Mrs. Charles D. Goldthwaite has returned to her home in Los Angeles after a visit with her sister, Mrs. Arthur Fennimore. Mr. and Mrs. Fennimore have been spending the past week at Castle Crags.

Mrs. Herbert C. Moffitt returned Sunday to Lake Tahoe, where she is established with her children for the summer. Mrs. Moffitt spent a week in town superintending the remodeling of her home on Broadway. Dr. Moffitt's sister, Mrs. John Lynch, with her children and little Marguerite Doudleley, have come from the East to spend several weeks with Dr. and Mrs. Moffitt.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell and her daughter, Mrs. George H. Howard, of San Mateo, have returned from Santa Barbara.

Miss Helen Chesebrough has been spending the past two weeks with Miss Kate Brigham at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Davenport have gone to Lake Tahoe to spend two weeks.

Miss Frances Jolliffe has arrived safely in New York from Europe, where she has been spending the past six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Horsley Scott have arrived in Medford, Oregon, where they are the guests of Mrs. Scott's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston.

Mr. Murray Sargent has arrived from New Haven and has joined his wife and young son in Woodside, where they have been spending the summer with Mrs. Sargent's mother and sisters, Mrs. James Cunningham and the Misses Sara and Elizabeth Cunningham.

Mrs. B. J. Hoffacker is contemplating leaving shortly for her annual trip to New York to visit her son, Mr. John Hoffacker, and her sister, Mrs. Philip Wooster.

Dr. James S. Whitney and Mrs. Whitney, who went to Europe on their wedding trip, were at last accounts in Berlin. Mrs. Whitney, who was formerly Miss Elizabeth Goodrich, is a sister of Mr. Chauncey Goodrich, fiancé of Miss Henriette Blanding.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Miss Arabella Schwerin, and Master Richard Schwerin are planning to leave September 15 for New York. They will be accompanied by Masters Russell Wilson and Osgood Looker, who with young Schwerin will re-

turn to the Pomfret Preparatory School in Massachusetts.

Mrs. Richard Hammond has returned from San Mateo, where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker.

Mrs. Ozro W. Childs and her daughter, Miss Emmeline Childs, are established at the Hotel Potter, having given up the cottage of Mrs. William A. Brackenridge, who has returned from Pasadena to Montecito. Miss Childs is receiving congratulations upon her exhibition dances at a thè dansant which was given for the benefit of the Cottage Hospital. During her visit with Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Dean last winter Miss Childs made many friends in this city.

Miss Alicia Morgan left last week for Lake Tahoe, where she will spend two weeks with friends enjoying an outing in the Tahoe country.

Miss Lily O'Connor left last week with Mrs. William Holmes McKittick for Santa Barbara. Mrs. McKittick is rapidly recovering from her recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. James Fennell of Chico and their daughter, Miss Mary Helen Fennell, have joined a coterie of friends who are spending the summer in Inverness.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Page and their four little sons are home again after an outing on Bolinas Bay.

Major John C. Gilmore, Jr., Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., adjutant of the Pacific Coast Artillery District, whose headquarters are at Fort Miley, is ordered to proceed to Fort Worden to act as umpire in the field exercises to be held by the companies of the Coast Artillery Corps stationed at the Puget Sound coast defense between August 15 and 28, returning here upon completion of such duties.

Captain William R. Platt, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., inspector-instructor of militia for this state, will be in attendance at the camp of instruction of the Coast Artillery Reserves to be held at Fort Winfield Scott between August 15 and 29. He will have general supervision over the work of the reserves while in camp.

Mrs. Christopher Dudley Pierce, wife of Captain Pierce, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., is visiting her brother, Major Samuel Bottoms, U. S. A., at his apartments on Van Ness Avenue.

Lieutenant Howard Granville Sharpe, U. S. A., and Mrs. Sharpe are visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Steinhart, in Santa Clara.

Lieutenant Lester Baker, U. S. A., has returned to Fort Miley after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hogan and Miss Dorothy Hogan in San Mateo.

Brigadier-General Charles J. Bailey, U. S. A., who has recently been appointed commander of the artillery district of New York and New England, with headquarters at Fort Totten, New York, has been ordered to report to Major-General Barry, U. S. A., to command a station in the Philippines.

Lieutenant George H. Wright has arrived from the Philippines for a brief visit.

Major Haldimand Putnam Young, U. S. A., and Mrs. Young have returned from a visit in Nevada City and will soon move into their new apartment on Webster Street near Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Robert McMillan, formerly Miss Leontine Blakeman, is visiting her parents, Judge T. Z. Blakeman and Mrs. Blakeman, at their ranch in Sonoma County. Since her arrival her husband, Captain McMillan, U. S. A., has been promoted to regimental adjutant and ordered from Boston to Fort Totten, New York.

Captain Robert H. Fletcher, U. S. A., and Mrs. Fletcher sailed July 30 for Europe after a visit in Crawford, New Jersey, with General Leon A. Matile, U. S. A., and Mrs. Matile.

Mrs. Henry Kent Hewitt left Wednesday for the East to meet her husband, Lieutenant Hewitt, U. S. N., who is en route home on the U. S. S. *Nebraska*. Mrs. Hewitt, who was formerly Miss Floride Hunt, has been spending the past two months with her mother, Mrs. Randall Hunt. Since their marriage a year ago Lieutenant and Mrs. Hewitt have resided at Annapolis.

Admiral Charles A. Gove, U. S. N., left last week for Coronado, where he will spend several weeks.

Mrs. Kirkwood Donavin and her little son have

gone East to join her husband, Lieutenant Donavin, U. S. N., at Annapolis.

Mrs. Roland W. Schumann has gone to Coronado to join her husband, Paymaster Schumann, U. S. N., who arrived Monday on the U. S. S. *California* from Mexican waters. Mrs. Schumann was accompanied by Miss Edith Rucker.

The home in Oakland of Mr. and Mrs. John Van Sicklen has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Van Sicklen was formerly Miss Susan Harold of Fruitvale.

The home of Dr. Alfred Baker Spaulding and Mrs. Spaulding has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Spaulding was formerly Miss Mary Polhemus.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Brownell has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Brownell was formerly Miss Sophia Pierce.

Organized and managed by the Oregon-Washington Railroad and Navigation Company, a great corn show will be held at Walla Walla, November 25-28. It will call the attention of the world to Washington and Idaho as corn-producing states, and results of the widespread publicity which this unusual event will receive will in the end redound greatly to the benefit of the states mentioned. A corn show is something of a novelty in the extreme West, where fruit exhibits generally hold public attention. In this instance competition is open to every one in the territory tributary to the Oregon-Washington Railroad and Navigation Company's lines in Oregon, Washington, or Idaho. All prize-winning exhibits are to become the property of the company for exhibition and seed purposes.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Auditor Thomas F. Boyle has filed with the supervisors a statement of the total expenditures of the city for the past fiscal year, amounting in the aggregate to \$19,159,934.97. Of this sum \$4,283,106.42 was for general salaries, \$2,200,782.67 for salaries and maintenance in the board of works, \$1,879,187.76 for the common-school fund.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Beatty, widow of the late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court William H. Beatty, is bequeathed his entire estate in his will, which has been filed for probate by his son, Henry Oscar Beatty, who is named as executor. Justice Beatty's only specific bequest was of his law library, which he devised to his son.

Lieutenant-Commander George C. Sweet, United States Navy, has been appointed censor of the Pacific Coast wireless stations, and arrived at the Hotel St. Francis on Sunday to take up his new duties, which will continue as long as the European war.

A large force of men and teams is at work grading Corbett Road—hereafter to be known as Portola Boulevard—along the line of St. Francis Wood. Under the agreement with the city, Portola Boulevard is to be graded, widened, and realigned from the intersection of Sloat Boulevard over the hills toward the city for a distance of 6000 feet.

On Friday of last week Mayor Rolph accepted the resignation of Henry U. Brandenstein from the board of fire commissioners. Brandenstein, in resigning, explained that he was not in sympathy with the administration. He has been long in the city service, was a member of the Taylor board of supervisors, and a park commissioner in 1909.

The board of supervisors, by a vote of twelve to four, on Monday adopted a resolution recommending that the board of police commissioners grant permission to cafés other than those on the Barbary Coast and in the residence districts to conduct dancing in connection with the sale of liquor.

Public memorial services were held Monday afternoon at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of the late Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, wife

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of the President of the United States. Out of respect to the memory of Mrs. Wilson, the custom-house closed at two o'clock. Business after that hour was confined to the entrance and clearance of vessels.

The zoo at Golden Gate Park has been temporarily increased by the loan of twenty ostriches. The birds are the property of a farm at Forty-Seventh Avenue and Cabrillo Street, recently disbanded. The collection has been placed in an enclosure near the tennis courts, between the main and south drives.

David I. Mackey has filed suit in the superior court against H. S. Carrie, May E., and Arthur F. Bridge, administrators of the estate of the late Frederick W. Bridge, to recover \$50,000 damages for alleged fraud and conspiracy. Mackey alleges that he was a partner of Bridge in the sale of Alameda County real estate and that Bridge at his death in April, 1913, had \$60,000 belonging to this partnership.

A requisition was sent Monday to the civil service commission for forty motormen and forty conductors for the municipal railway on Van Ness Avenue, which will be put in operation today—Saturday—with twenty-five new cars.

The works board has begun proceedings for improving Holly Park Circle between Appleton and Park Streets, Church Street between Twenty-First and Twenty-Second, and Twentieth Street between Kansas and Rhode Island, and has ordered sewers built in Thirty-Eighth Avenue between Balboa and Cahrillo Streets, Irving Street between Forty-Seventh and Forty-Eighth Avenues, and Seventh Avenue between Kirkham and Lawton Streets.

William H. Avery, assistant general manager of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha Steamship Company, has received cable instructions to visit the home office at Tokyo at the earliest possible date. He states that there is no special significance in the instructions, as it has been customary for the past sixteen years for him to report to the home office every two years.

Anthony Curtin, an "honor man" released last December from San Quentin, is again under arrest, and the police declare that he has taken part in at least twelve hold-ups in the past few weeks.

The building committee of the supervisors has been notified by the Southern Pacific, Western Pacific, and Santa Fé railroads that its request for a reduction of the freight rate on the interior stone for the new City Hall can not be granted. The regular rate is 63

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cents per 100 pounds and the supervisors asked for a rate of 50 cents. The freight will amount to about \$48,000, it is estimated. The stone will be brought from Bedford, Indiana.

Postmaster Fay has received instructions from the Postmaster-General to limit the issuance of money orders on European countries to \$100 and less, and as far as possible only in favor of stranded citizens of the United States. For some time no orders have been issued for amounts over \$200.

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company has put in a claim for \$5000 for lighting furnished the city in June, July, and August last year, deductions amounting to that sum having been made in those months on account of outages. The company had labor troubles at that time, and a number of its lights went out every night, for which the supervisors refused to pay.

At almost the same hour Wednesday afternoon two men met death by falls from buildings. Fred E. Woods, a window-cleaner, was instantly killed by falling from the window of the top floor of the Hearst Building. Joseph Regley, eighty-one years old, living at 2336 Greenwich Street, fell from the roof of a building owned by him near the corner of Pierce and Lombard Streets.

City Treasurer McDougald has notified the municipal department that he will refuse hereafter to cash pay checks unless identification signatures are written on them before they are sent to the auditor's office. A space is provided for the identification signature on each check, and the treasurer says that he is taking a risk in paying a check unless the signature of the employee to whom it is issued is written on it.

The immigration authorities received notification on Wednesday of the order by the Secretary of Labor in regard to the suspension of the deportation of aliens during the European war. On account of the lack of steamers, foreigners will be held at Angel Island until such time as arrangements can be made for the removal of a large number.

Max Bruch's famous choral composition, "Frithjof," for male chorus, has been a favorite with choral societies now for half a century. The fiftieth anniversary of its first performance, which occurred at Mannheim in 1864, will be celebrated on November 20 next, when "Frithjof" will be sung by the male chorus, Concordia, of Aix-la-Chapelle, under the personal leadership of the aged composer.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Willie—Pa, what is a "café de luxe"? Pa—About ten per cent café and ninety per cent looks.—*Life*.

Little Girl—Please, Mrs. Murphy, mummy says if it's fine tomorrow will you go beggin' with 'er?—*Punch*.

"Gottrox thinks toil of any kind vulgar, doesn't he?" "Yes; why even his liver won't work."—*Town Topics*.

"I understand, Mrs. Nurich, that your son-in-law is a very prominent metallurgist." "Well, I'd hardly say that, but I guess at one

time he did advocate free silver."—*Buffalo Express*.

"Did your barber shut up Sunday?" "No. He merely closed his shop."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Cholly—Is it a sin to steal a kiss? Dolly—Certainly! But you know there are sins of omission, too!—*Puck*.

"Pa, what is an accomplished vocalist?" "One who sings songs that nobody can understand."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Chauffeur—Did yo' say fo' to stop in dis village, sah? Owner—No, go ahead now. You've hit the man I intended to see.—*Life*.

Lawyer (fiercely)—Are you telling the truth? Badgered Witness (wearily)—As much of it as you will let me.—*Detroit Free Press*.

First Guest—Don't you think Mrs. Jones looks superh in evening dress? Second Guest—Well, I never cared for shoulder of mutton.—*Town Topics*.

First M. D.—Greatman has appendicitis. Second M. D.—Any complications? First M. D.—Yes, one member of the family is a Christiao Scientist.—*Life*.

Tim (o tenant in Ireland)—Well, Patsy, are ye afther building an addition to yer house? Patsy—Shure and the hins likes a place to thimsilves.—*Punch*.

"Who's been tampering with my umbrella cover?" peevishly inquired Mr. Smith. "Umbrella cover nothing!" retorted Mrs. Smith. "That's my new skirt!"—*Puck*.

Dr. Busier—How is your practice? Dr. Grassler—First rate; it couldn't be better. I had more than 1200 patients last year and didn't lose a single cent.—*Toledo Blade*.

"It is a wise provision of the fathers of the nation that the President of the United States must be a native." "Why?" "Well, it reserved one office for those horn io this country."—*Judge*.

"I'd like to rent your hall, please." "What for?" "Well, you see, we're organizing a fraternal society called the Sons of Moving-Picture Veterans of the Mexican War."—*Musical Courier*.

"Your daughter plays some very robust pieces." "She's got a beau in the parlor," growled Pa Womhat, "and that loud music is to drown the sound of her mother washing the dishes."—*Pittsburgh Post*.

The Yankee—If some one were so ill advised as to call you a liar, colonel, in what light would you regard the act? The Kentucky Colonel—I would regard it simply as a form of suicide, sah.—*Dallas News*.

Museum Attendant—The bill of this pre historic bird had thousands upon thousands of little holes all over it. Congressman (enthusiastically)—Magnificent! What an ideal one to introduce io Congress!—*Judge*.

Suburban Resident—It's simply fine to wake up in the morning and hear the leaves whispering outside your window. City Man—It's all right to hear the leaves whisper, but I never could stand hearing the grass mown.—*Tit-Bits*.

"You sometimes disagree with these scientific experts?" "Not at all," replied the serene egoist. "Notwithstanding the fact that I have thought a matter out to a sound conclusion, they frequently insist on disagreeing with me."—*Washington Star*.

"But she says she has never given you any encouragement." "Did she say that?" "She certainly did." "She told me that her uncle was going to leave her a fortune and that he had one foot in the grave. If that is not encouragement I'd like to know what you call it."—*Houston Post*.

"No," said the old gentleman, sternly. "I will not do it. Never have I sold anything by false representations, and I will not begin now. It is an inferior grade of shoe and I will never pass it off as anything better. Mark it 'A Shoe Fit for a Queen' and put it in the window. A queen does not have to do much walking."—*New York Globe*.

"Now see phat yez have done!" howled Casey, as Hogan accidentally upset a hod of bricks, sending them crashing to the ground, four stories below. "Well, the boss has ordered wurk stopped, an' ye c'udn't have used thim anyhow," replied Hogan. "Little yez know about it. There's an Orangeman's parade comin' by here in tin minutes," retorted Casey.—*Livingston Lance*.

"What do you want with all those ham-mocks and phonograph records and fancy groceries?" asked the storekeeper. "Going to have summer boarders?" "No," replied Farmer Cornfossel. "I wouldn't waste all them on summer boarders. I'm tryin' to make the place attractive enough to persuade a few farm hands to linger around an' help me out with the wheat crop."—*Kansas City Journal*.

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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The War and the United States.

Those among us who have imagined that we of this land of the more-or-less free and home of the more-or-less brave, are to escape all consequences of the war in Europe (excepting perhaps some commercial advantages) are in the way of learning a thing or two. They are to learn that under the modern organization of the world nothing economically destructive can happen anywhere without having its reactions everywhere. A catastrophe, a serious loss, in any part of the world is in measure great or small shared by every other part of the world. Take our smash-up of 1906 to illustrate the principle: San Francisco lost directly through earthquake and fire somewhere between five hundred millions and a billion dollars. Of this total approximately one hundred and fifty millions was returned to us in the form of insurance, thus drawing directly upon every civilized country in the world. Then there was stoppage of trade for many months involving loss to those through-

out the world from whom we were in the habit of buying, those to whom we were in the habit of selling, and those who by land or sea carried on the business of transportation. In one way or another the whole world shared in our misfortune and helped to bear the burden of our losses.

It is estimated that when all the forces available in the countries now at war shall get under marching orders the belligerent hosts will aggregate twenty millions of men. The maintenance and active operation of these forces can not cost less than five dollars per day per man—probably nearer double that sum. This means a daily expenditure, a daily loss, of at least sixty millions of dollars. If the war should last only ninety days the aggregate loss under this calculation would foot up the prodigious sum of five to six billions of dollars. If it should last a year the cost would be too vast for conception. Incidentally it would mean the inability of Europe to supply the things which we buy from her to our profit; likewise the inability of Europe to pay for the things which we sell to her to our profit. In the final account we along with the rest of the world must contribute to the making up of the financial deficits of the war. We can no more escape by declarations of neutrality than we could evade the devastations of a universal holocaust by trying to whistle it down.

One sharp shock to our national complacency as a happy neutral in a world of warring peoples must come—and pretty soon—in the form of emergency or war taxes to make up the loss in our revenue from imports. The import business has practically ceased and with it the revenues upon which we depend in large part to keep the operations of government going. Emergency taxes must come, of course; and must come in measure sufficient to make up losses on tariff account estimated by so careful a man as Senator Oscar Underwood between \$100,000,000 and \$150,000,000 per year. We have as yet no open indication of it from Washington, but we may well believe that those who have any hand in the business of raising revenue are figuring on the forms the emergency tax is to take. Possible devices are many. There is the stamp tax, still hateful in the public memory in connection with the Civil and the Spanish-American wars. Then there is the possibility of increasing the internal revenue taxes. Something, too, might be done with the income tax, both at the points of increasing the percentage and eliminating the exemptions. Then there is sugar, coffee, and tea, which present inviting objects to the tax gatherer; not to mention a hundred other possibilities. In one way or another we shall get it, and nobody who is closely following the courses of this extravagant administration—for despite promises and professions and good intentions the cost of government soars steadily skyward—doubts that we shall get it aplenty. Make up your minds, fellow-citizens, that the thing is coming. Consult Christian Science or some other stiffener of the moral fibre and find the resolution to grin and bear it.

Loss of tariff revenue is only one of many consequences of the war which directly affect the United States. Far more serious is the failure of the ocean transport service. The commercial fleets of the countries at war are out of commission and there is small likelihood that they will in any general and efficient sense get back into business while the war lasts. Germany and France, if they have any luck at all, will hold open the great sea routes between America and Europe. But the conditions of navigation for ships of heavy traffic will be hazardous and costly. Facilities will be relatively limited, freight rates will be very high, and insurance charges will call for a heavy percentage of all values in transit—all this if dependence is to be upon ships of the countries now belligerent and

upon which we usually depend for the getting of our goods to the European markets. Practically the war condition leaves us without means of getting our products to the countries where they are in demand. At this moment there is not a centre in the United States at which products for export are not piling up. Warehouses are rapidly filling and must soon be gorged with goods wanted by the world, but which in the disorganized condition of ocean transportation there is no means of getting to market.

This fact brings into view the tremendous handicap imposed by our merchant marine laws. First of these is the onerous restrictions upon our merchant marine at the dictation of the labor element for the so-called protection of crews. Even more drastic limitations are imposed in the Alexander merchant marine bill (a redraft and working over of the La Follette bill of two years ago now pending in the house). We pile so many forms of expense, all unnecessary, on the American shipowner by legislation of this sort that he is beaten from the start in the race for the world's carrying trade. A further handicap is that while we protect the American shipbuilder, by prohibiting foreign competition, we do absolutely nothing to protect the shipowner. He must build his ship in the dearest labor market in the world, likewise he must man it in the dearest labor market in the world. His competitors get ships wherever they may be got the cheapest; they find sailors wherever they may be hired on the best terms. Under these conditions the American shipowner is at a tremendous disadvantage in foreign trade. In truth he has practically ceased to exist. There are now almost no American ships in foreign trade, only the few Pacific Mail liners and two or three liners on the Atlantic fly the American flag. Our carrying trade goes almost exclusively in foreign ships.

Here steps in another condition tending to the discouragement of American shipping enterprise. All other maritime nations grant their vessels subventions of one sort or another. Suez Canal tolls are remitted, for example, by their respective home governments to the ships that pay them. Subsidies are granted for military purposes. The Canadian-Pacific transpacific liners are so constructed that they may be speedily converted to the uses of war. It is provided that in time of war they may be turned over to the admiralty. In return an annual subvention is granted to each ship. Nothing of the sort is done by us. When the demands of war come we are caught without carriers; and even in times of peace when we want any special job done we have to get foreign ships to do it. When our battleship fleet was sent to parade the seven seas some five or six years ago our government had to charter foreign ships to keep them supplied with coal. During the Spanish-American War our government had to go out and buy foreign bottoms at inflated prices for service as transports; and when we came to sell these ships at the end of the war we got back less than twenty-five per cent of the investment. Thus, when the Vera Cruz campaign came on the War Department was compelled to charter twelve ships for use as transports. These ships have been lying idle at Galveston ever since April, and for them the government has been and is still paying charter money at rates in excess of some \$10,000 a day. Now comes our need for over-sea carriers, to get our products to market. And we haven't got them.

The necessity is great and immediate and it has given rise to a hatful of visionary proposals, not one of which is more than a palliative and each of which contains the socialistic germ. The Adamson bill, which has just been passed and which now awaits the executive signature, is perhaps the best—in the sense that it

is the least harmful—although its limitations are so many and serious that there is probably not one chance in a hundred that it will do any good. It proposes to admit foreign bottoms to American registry, the idea being to bring into existence a merchant fleet of our own by taking over the idle ships of the belligerent powers. President Wilson, if not the originator of this measure, has been at least its most effective sponsor. Mr. Wilson has not, we think, studied the matter from other than the domestic point of view. He reckons apparently upon acquiescence of the belligerent countries under the pressure of their need of American products. Now with all due respect to Mr. Wilson's statecraft we fail to see how it can succeed. The transfer of registry proposed, should it go into effect, will surely be a matter of offense. The countries at war will assert, and with the backing of an overwhelming logic, that a foreign ship under the American flag is a ship flying false colors. The belligerents will not consent that we re-create our merchant marine after a method which from their point of view falls but one degree short of piracy. The only way to get foreign ships legitimately and bring them under the American flag permanently is to buy them openly and pay down the purchase price. Nobody will do this unless as a preliminary there shall be abrogation of the laws which in the past have imposed onerous obligations upon the operation as well as upon the ownership of American ships. If, indeed, Americans might buy ships in the open market and man them free from costly restrictions, then the thing might be done. But not until then. The Adamson bill, for all the practical good it may do, might just as well be thrown into the fire; indeed better, for it will only make delay by giving the impression that relief has been provided when in fact there is no relief.

Further measures intended to relieve the situation are still pending, but they are not likely to get much attention from Congress until it shall be found out whether or not the Adamson bill just passed is an effective measure. One of these bills, known by the name of its author, Representative Weeks, authorizes the Secretary of the Navy to establish with ships of the navy one or more lines to South America from either coast. Secretary Daniels, who regards this measure favorably, says he can use twenty-two cruisers, colliers, and other craft in this service, the lines to carry mail, freight, and passengers. Men who know anything about shipping declare that when compared with the possible money returns the cost would be fabulous. The ships are built for military uses, not for merchant purposes, and their carrying capacity is ridiculously small in proportion to their tonnage. Lines to South America so established would be in the dearest ships, operated in the costliest manner under the least possible businesslike administration. The scheme is simply one for commercial transportation to South America by the American navy at the cost of the government. As a business proposition it is unthinkable. Its tendency would be to establish the subsidy system in its worst possible form. It would be unnatural and artificial and could not fail to exercise a mischievous influence without really giving the country what it needs, namely, a normal and permanent system of transportation between the two Americas. Yet the wish and the necessity for immediate facilities for South American trade will tend to support this plan, despite its faults.

Still another measure, known as the Williams bill, is now in committee of the Senate. It authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to buy outright any ships belonging to citizens or subjects of belligerent powers now in American ports or which may subsequently be brought to this country. It further provides for the sale of these carriers at public auction or private sale four months after the termination of the war. It is a frank government-ownership proposal to provide carriers in this time of stress, letting the government pay for it all. It should be remembered that the fact that the United States owns the carrier does not by any means change the character of the cargo or lessen the hazard of seizure if that cargo is held to be contraband. Such a seizure, though fully justified by the laws of war, would of course bring about a jingoistic cry for war in this country. The proposal, besides being unbusinesslike, is full of danger.

Senator Newlands has a proposal which he has been

trying to have engrafted upon the Adamson bill. Probably now, the Adamson bill having gotten through in unamended form, he will endeavor to have it adopted either as an amendment to that act or as an independent measure. It is certain to make powerful appeal to the socialistically inclined, for it, too, contains the principle of government ownership, though slightly masked. It provides for the purchase or construction in public or private yards of thirty vessels for the navy suitable for use as auxiliary vessels, such as transports, colliers, scouts, dispatch boats, and the like, to be used as commercial carriers in time of peace. The bill carries an appropriation of \$30,000,000 to be expended at the rate of \$6,000,000 per year. It is perhaps the soundest proposal yet made. But the relief which it promises would be at back-breaking cost for the small returns to be secured.

Review of these several proposals, with one or two others not related to the emergency of war and therefore not within the scope of this writing, exhibits the fact that Congress is getting down to the question whether the government shall or shall not subsidize merchant sea carriers. Private ownership is impossible so long as the American marine is subject to imposition imposed by laws enacted at the behest of the labor-union element. It is believed that the unions are too strong to make it practicable to relax our labor laws as they affect the sea. Therefore, as the next thing in sight, it is proposed by one method or another to involve the government in the business of ocean carriage.

In the meantime, under the stress of this war, a hysterical demand goes up from the cotton South and the wheat West that the government do something to avert the loss due to lack of transports. These demands illustrate the tendency of the day. "Let the government do it"—that is the cry of the modern American. No one seems to reckon the cost or to consider the consequences. Nobody seems to realize the fact that government operations are always more expensive than private operations. The South wants to distribute its possible loss incident to the war over the entire country. The West wants to do the same. In times past the South and the West have stood steadfastly against any and all efforts to build up a merchant fleet on the ground that to do so would be to grant a subsidy. Now frankly and openly they clamor for a government subsidy, and clamor for it as a right.

It seems certain that in the emergency now upon us we are going into some scheme of government ownership and operation of sea carriers for the sole benefit of the agricultural interests. Socialistic influences, open and disguised, are of course for it. The time and conditions are happily chosen for saddling upon the government a huge expense under a ruinous principle. What we ought to do is plain. We should abrogate the laws which restrict the purchase of ships in the open market; and we should further abrogate the various laws which add to the expense of operating American ships. In other words we should free the merchant marine and so invite private enterprise and capital to take up the business of sea carriage. The trick might easily be turned if we would do this under a pledge to leave the condition thus established undisturbed for a term of years. But we shall not do it, because Congress, while intelligent enough, lacks the courage to face the wrath of a labor unionism which, considering only a selfish and narrow interest, declines to permit the establishment of the one condition under which the American flag might again be made to go about the world at the mastheads of a free American marine.

In what is above written we have only touched two or three points of that multitudinous volume of effects through which the war in Europe is likely to impress itself, not merely upon the consciousness, but upon the interest of the United States. Already it has affected many lines of business with something approaching paralysis. The closing of the stock markets, entirely proper and even a necessary thing under the circumstances, has not destroyed actual values, but it has for the moment affected the salability of a vast sum of normally sound assets. It has naturally thrown the factor of doubt into ten thousand situations and tied up, probably for an extended period, a vast aggregate of values. The stoppage of the import trade has had the effect of taking many commodities from the list of staples and moving them over to the speculative

account. Nobody knows what foreign goods now in the United States are really worth and each holder is trying to make the most of possible contingencies. This has the effect of unsettling prices all along the line, from champagne to ipecac. With the shutting off of the foreign supply of sugar the value of that commodity is dependent upon purely speculative considerations. Rising prices bring the indirect war tax directly home to every household in the land. And already there a clamor of protest. A curious incidental effect is a fresh boom in the Hawaiian sugar situation, where depression has reigned since the tariff legislation of last year.

First or last, if the war continues long, its hardships on the financial side will surely be borne in upon every home in this country. The United States is no longer a land separate and apart. Its interests are interwoven with those of Europe along unnumbered lines. We are not, indeed, in the way of suffering the more cruel hardships which afflict the countries actually at war. But under influences of reflection and reaction we are seriously participants in what is going on beyond the oceans.

Opening of the Canal.

In the twenty-five years since the Isthmian Canal has been in prospect, and more particularly in recent years since its achievement became an assurance, the whole world has been speculating with respect to the consequences to proceed from it. Beginning with the late Collis P. Huntington, who was assumed to know a thing or two about the tendencies and effects of transportation, pretty much every expert in the world has had his say about what is going to happen. We have had a hundred theories backed by as many names of high potentiality. But to this hour nobody knows what effects, commercial, social, and other, the Canal is going to produce. One theory holds that by facilitating ocean commerce it will largely increase ocean tonnage; another that its effect will be to regulate rail rates, still leaving the railroads to carry the bulk of the business. One theory has it that it will make a direct line between the Orient and Europe, cutting out America altogether; another that by stimulating commerce in a general way it will promote America's interest in the east-and-west trade. One theory holds that the Canal will advance prices to producers of Pacific Coast products and at the same time lower prices of imported merchandise to consumers; others that it will have no appreciable effect upon prices one way or the other.

Time will tell the story. It is so with every important addition to the material facilities of the world. The steam engine, the utilization of electric power, the Suez Canal, not to mention gunpowder and printing, have had effects which no contemporary observer had any thought of. Undoubtedly it will be so with this Canal. It will take time—probably a long time—to demonstrate first its practical uses in relation to the material life of the world, and second, its moral effects, bound to be important, although no man may now have a hint of the forms they may assume.

Illustration of the uncertainty connected with the Canal in the way of influences and effects is afforded by the fact that steamship managers are not able to determine with any assurance to what extent it may attract passenger traffic. It has been assumed by the public that the passage between the Pacific and Atlantic coasts will be a delightful excursion, and the opinion has been well nigh universal that the route would be provided with luxurious boats carrying multitudes of passengers. But it is to be noted that practically limited preparations have been made in this connection. It appears that the managers of the steamship lines who are preparing to use the Canal largely as a freight route have small faith in its future as a passenger route. Many, they think, may make the trip once out of curiosity. But the bulk of the travel between the two sides of the continent, it is believed, will continue to go by rail.

The effects of the Canal as they may be related to the interests of California and San Francisco are naturally a subject of interested speculation here. Probably the first effect will be the loss to us of a share of our Oriental trade in transit. On the other hand we are likely to gain in the volume of our direct commerce with Europe and the eastern side of our own continent. Rates on certain classes of freight must certainly be lowered by the facility which the Canal affords, though it may be doubted if the salvage will be

individually appreciable. But speaking broadly, the Canal can not fail to stimulate the activities of the Pacific Ocean. Again broadly speaking, whatever makes more activity on the Pacific Ocean can not fail to be of advantage to the principal port of that ocean. Under any calculation we think San Francisco stands to gain in consequence of this great enterprise.

Formal opening of the Canal within the week was achieved under circumstances admirable for simplicity and for the lack of melodramatic ceremonial. The arrangements were under the hand of Colonel Goethals, now governor of the Canal Zone, who after the habit of men of real power and achievement, wastes little upon gauds and frills. It is commonly your man of small calibre who attempts to give significance to every occasion by decorating himself with feathers and gold lace and projecting himself in the forefront of holiday spectacles. The opening of the Canal, marking a great achievement in the world's history, was a none-the-less impressive event for the lack of brass-banding and fireworks.

Washington Topics.

Senator Smith of Georgia has found occasion to declare publicly that the hand of God was clearly manifest in the fact that Congress was in session when the storm of war broke upon Europe. Proceeding to detail, he added a little weakly that it had enabled us to promptly carry through "certain necessary emergency legislation." This has the familiar ring of emotional grandiloquence after the Southern model. The emergency legislation thus far enacted is a trivial amendment to the currency bill, an appropriation of \$2,500,000 for the relief of Americans in Europe, and a bill permitting the passing of foreign ships to American registry. As for the emergency currency law, it ought to have been passed before, and there is no reason under the shining sun why it was not done. We have currency laws and emergency currency laws, but when emergency comes it appears we have to have some more laws. The necessity does not speak highly for American statesmanship. It is not yet determined that Americans in Europe need \$2,500,000 or that the Department of State knows how to spend that sum for their benefit. In the opinion of practical men the shipping bill will hinder rather than help the dilemma in which we find ourselves through the lack of a merchant marine. Senator Smith to the contrary notwithstanding, it is not demonstrated that the country has profited or is in the way of profiting by the fact that Congress is in session at this time. The emergency legislation simply turns out to be something to promote delay in consideration of the anti-trust legislation which the President insists we must have.

The State Department has been pitifully ineffective in connection with the special demands put upon it by the sudden coming-on of war. Something like paralysis has seized upon it. Now for two weeks it has been deluged with inquiries from anxious persons all over the country as to the whereabouts of Americans in Europe and their financial condition. Definite addresses have been given to the department, which undertook to pursue inquiries through diplomatic and consular offices abroad. But the department has nothing to show in the way of results. In truth, private inquiry has far outrun the government in the matter of hunting up Americans in Europe. A case in point has come to the *Argonaut's* notice. On August 4th the department was asked to learn the whereabouts and circumstances of certain San Francisco women traveling unattended and believed to be at Rome, Genoa, or Montreaux. The department glibly promised to cable immediately. A California senator and representative have called repeatedly at the department and have been assured that it was busy through its European agents. Losing faith in department methods, the husband of one of the ladies in San Francisco got himself diligently to work at this end of the cable and in three days managed to locate them. Still nothing has come out of the department. Parallel instances are many. Private energy beats the Department of State with its elaborate system of European representation at every turn. The trouble is that the minor officials of the department are inexpert men practically unfamiliar with European conditions. They were given their places by Secretary Bryan, not because they were fit for their jobs, but because it suited his ideas of political ex-

pediency. Incidentally it is noted that the service of the American embassy in London was so demoralized by the demands put upon it by the war that it had figuratively speaking to throw up its hands. In the emergency Representative Gardner of Massachusetts, who happened to be in London, a man of experience in diplomatic matters, has practically taken charge of the detail work of the embassy and is bringing order and efficiency out of confusion and panic. One wonders why Mr. Gardner should not be in London instead of Mr. Page.

On the day of Mrs. Wilson's funeral a large concourse of the idly curious crowded Pennsylvania Avenue and Lafayette Park opposite the White House to observe the cortege—a very modest one. Those in charge of the funeral, knowing the President's dislike for publicity in private matters, undertook to circumvent the crowd. The hearse and carriage left the White House, not by the familiar entrance facing the avenue, but by way of the White Lot on the south side. The result was that the mob of several thousand persons, led by moving-picture operators, engaged in a mad race for several blocks down the avenue, around the Treasury into Fifteenth Street, thence south to intercept the procession. It was a disorderly and unseemly exhibition. Fortunately the flanking movement was not sufficiently successful to come to the personal notice of the President and his family.

A Washington paper of five days ago, writing apparently by authority, recites the fact that wild stories have from time to time been circulated as to the President's health. He has been represented at different times as having half a dozen different diseases. The truth is that the President has no vital trouble of any kind, if there may be excepted the aberrant performances of a more or less torpid liver and a tendency to catch cold. He is not a robust man and he is easily fatigued. He needs constant refreshment in the open air and finds it difficult to get it under the multifarious pressures of official life. He is constantly attended by Dr. Grayson, who insists upon daily outings under any and all conditions of official business and of weather.

It is assumed at Washington by those acquainted with the family affairs of the Wilsons that Miss Margaret, the only unmarried daughter, will now abandon certain semi-public activities which have absorbed much of her time and assume the responsibilities which fall to the mistress of the White House. She is well equipped for it and will when the normal life of the executive mansion shall be resumed make a gracious and in all ways an admirable hostess.

Editorial Notes.

Without swerving from the obligations of a strict neutrality between candidates in the pending primary campaign, it may be remarked that no man who seeks a public office upon pretensions of principle can with consistency or logic ask to be nominated upon more than a single party ticket. It follows that those candidates who are seeking nomination by more than one party group are mere selfish grabbers after office for personal advantage. Voters in the primary election of next week will do well to bear this consideration in mind. A policy at once worthy and safe will be to vote against any and every man who seeks nomination on more than one party.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

From the German Point of View.

BERKELEY, August 17, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Permit an old friend of the *Argonaut* a few words supplementary to your article in the last edition of August 15th, headed "Motives of Conflict."

It does not seem just to hold Austria primarily responsible for the war. The Serbian government has for years been carrying on an agitation against the dual monarchy; reports of responsible and neutral parties have invariably pointed to Russia as financing this agitation. The murder of the archduke, successor to the throne, and his wife recalls to mind the murder of King Alexander of Serbia and his consort. The present king succeeded to the vacancy; the parties connected with that murder have not been punished.

It is charged, and not without sufficient cause, that the conspiracy against the reigning Austrian dynasty, which has been traced to Sofia, pointing to highly prominent persons as participants, would not find in Serbian courts a verdict of adequate weight to put a final stop to Serbian attacks on the integrity of the territory of Austria-Hungary.

If the government of the latter has put a demand on Serbia which "could not be conceded with self-respect" it does not follow that Russia would have to mobilize her entire army. A gentle reminder of Lord Grey would have sufficed to maintain the peaceful relations of two neighboring states. It is more likely that the Russian military party thought a movement ostensibly for the Pan-Slavic cause the best means of suppressing the revolutionary general strike, of

which the papers reported a few days before the ordering of the Russian mobilization.

The outbreak of the war ought to be charged to Russia; for the enormous area involved by it Great Britain must be held responsible. She had as little business to actively interfere with continental European affairs as our country. To allege that the occupation by Germany of a neutral state is the reason for reluctant England going to war may be refuted; the German government asserts that England refused to issue a categorical declaration of her attitude towards the neutrality of Belgium.

For years, however, there has developed in England a feeling regarding Germany's industrial, commercial, and financial rise which seems to have its cause in the unwillingness of the average Briton to change cherished methods by which England is handicapped to meet the ever-increasing competition of the Germans. The protest of the English government against the creation of a German navy adequate to protect Germany's commerce, alleging that navy to be designed against England, was particularly irrelevant, inasmuch as a similar charge might as easily have been made against us, who were at the same time creating a navy as powerful as Germany's. The mistake which England has made was that she hesitated to destroy the German navy when it was easily possible for her to do so, a procedure for which England's past history furnishes sufficient material.

The English fleet is said to be of twice the size of the German fleet; whether the former is twice as efficient as the latter the public have no means to know. Yet friends of England have serious misgivings that English conservatism may have prevented a change in the accustomed tactics to meet modern conditions.

From a somewhat intimate knowledge of German affairs I can assure you that the German government does not think of the acquisition of Belgium, Denmark, and more Poland, even if William II has not hesitated to assume the onus of the aggressor. But the great Frederick did likewise when he did not allow the enemy surrounding him on all sides to choose their time.

With every able-bodied man willing to lay down his life for his country—not even excluding the citizens voting the Social-Democratic ticket—Germany fights for her existence, which France, a bad loser in a former war, has but grudgingly respected. Germany's possession of Alsace-Lorraine, indispensable to an efficient guard of her western frontier, merely intensified French objection to the rise of Germany. Invariably educated Frenchmen declared to me that the hostile French feeling would have been the same even without a diminution of the French territory; France could not forget Sedan.

But does England think that France has forgotten Fashoda, that Russia may change her policy in Asia, that Japan will abandon her slogan, Asia to the Asiatics?

J. HENRY SENDER.

The German Empire.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 15, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Your edition of August 15th brings an editorial on the European war which contains some mis-statements a publication like the *Argonaut* should not indulge in. It is certainly bad enough that our daily papers bristle with misinformation, not only by printing daily silly stories about the war, but also by showing a deplorable lack of exactness as to geography and historical events, but such slips should not happen to the *Argonaut*.

I refer especially to the different allusions made to Bavaria and Schleswig-Holstein, which create the impression as if these countries were swallowed up by Germany against their will and wishes and were not an integral part of Germany. The German Empire is a federation of states. Bavaria was never swallowed by anybody, is today an independent kingdom and the largest state next to Prussia in the federation called the German Empire. Schleswig-Holstein was never a Danish country, was only under Danish rule against the will and wish of her people. The population of Schleswig-Holstein, with the exception of a few parishes in the most northern part adjoining Jutland, is thoroughly German, speaks German and feels German. For years this fair country groaned under the yoke of Denmark. As the hour of liberation struck, some people hoped it would become an independent little principality under the house of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg. This did not happen, the Lord be praised for it! Germany has too many such little principalities as it is.

Schleswig-Holstein became a province of Prussia, and in this way a part of Germany, but there is not the slightest doubt about it that everybody in Schleswig-Holstein has long since seen the good resulting from it, is thoroughly satisfied with it, including the dual family of Augustenburg. Nobody wants a change. They all wanted to be Germans, and they are Germans, not a conquered people, but a people freed from Danish rule.

This for correction. Your article gives the impression as if Bavaria, as well as Schleswig-Holstein, had to tell a tale of woe, a tale of shameful treatment by Germany. The opposite is the fact, they are full-fledged and proud members and part of the empire.

The rape of Poland is a pathetic historical fact. Russia, Prussia, and Austria took part in it over one hundred and fifty years ago. Russia got the lion's share. The population of the original Poland is still Polish, and still feels as one nation, although they have been parceled out to three countries. They are troublesome for all three, and if the fortunes of war should make it possible to again erect an independent Poland, it might be better for all three countries involved. It certainly would do justice to an intensely national-feeling race.

Alsace-Lorraine is peopled in the majority, and always has been, by a German race, the very names of the towns furnish ample proof of it to this day. France held it precisely as Russia holds Poland. France lost it again in war, and, of course, is chagrined, but has no real cause for complaint. It merely had to give up what was not its own.

That Germany desires to gobble up indiscriminately pieces of land from everywhere, with a foreign population, is not borne out by the facts of history. It was split up for centuries in small principalities, needlessly envious of each other, and was the toy of its neighbors who sooner had found themselves together in compact nationalities. The creation of the German Empire has changed this and Germany has only the desire of feeling as a nation as France does, and as England does. The dream of all Germans is to unite ultimately in one nation what should be united in one nation—that is, all those ninety million people who speak German, feel German, and are German. May it please God to have this dream come true! It would be the strongest factor in giving peace to Europe and a distinct gain in the advancement of the human race as against the retrogression of necessity following an increased preponderance of the half-barbaric civilization of Russia. It is unfortunate that highly cultured France and England are on the wrong side of the fence in the struggle.

ERNST LUERNING.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.

Writing a week ago, I quoted the opinion of the military expert of the London *Times* to the effect that no important battle need be expected before August 17 and that probably there would be no general engagement before August 22. The earlier date has already passed and the later date is close upon us, and although the newsboys would have us believe that the story of Armageddon may already be bought for a penny, we are still awaiting the announcement of its beginning. Many things have been done during the last week, but not the thing for which we are all holding our breath. There have been raids back and forth along the whole line of operations. Strategic points have been taken and retaken. Those vultures of war, the aeroplanes and the airships, have hovered through the air, seeming to do a great deal, but actually doing very little, but with these exceptions there has been nothing worthy of the name of a battle as battles are expected to go in this particular year of Christian grace. We must remember that every war office in Europe is eager to publish whatever scraps of news may serve to enhearten and encourage its own people, and to suppress everything likely to have a contrary effect. When we hear of an "engagement" or a "victory" or a "defeat," it is necessary to discount the news by a consideration of the actual number of men engaged and the seat of the fight. Nor can we expect that war offices will display the virtues of impartiality or that they will minimize their own successes or magnify their reverses. Something of enormous importance may happen within a few days, but it has not happened yet.

Even when it does happen we must be prepared to exercise the critical faculty and to look only at such cold facts as may be evident. There will be no war news in the old-fashioned acceptance of the term. France and England have resolved to exclude all war correspondents from the field, and we may believe that Germany has already done the same. The London *Times* had some eighty men scattered throughout Europe on this particular mission, and presumably most of them will now go home again. The part of wisdom will be to turn a deaf ear to claims of victory and defeat, but to note upon the map the recorded position of the forces engaged with a general view to the various objectives aimed at, since victories are not always important nor defeats calamitous. Either, or both, may be insignificant. For example, if German troops are at Huy in Belgium, which is exactly where they are, it is of no use to "point with pride" to the fact that Liège still holds out, since Huy is eighteen miles west of Liège, that is to say eighteen miles nearer to France, which is the objective. In other words, the German forces have measurably advanced in spite of Belgian resistance, and their advance seems to be slow but continuous.

Let us glance again at the map that was published last week in this column. It will be seen that the eastern frontier of France faces upon four other countries and, roughly speaking, in equal mileage. The most northerly frontier is that of Belgium. South of the Belgian frontier is the German, and below the German line is that of Switzerland and then that of Italy. The Swiss and Italian frontiers may practically be left out of account for present purposes, and it then becomes evident that Germany can reach her enemy directly over her own frontier line and also through Belgium. Thus there are two centres of overwhelming interest. The first is the invasion of Belgium for the purpose of reaching northeast France, and the second is the direct attack upon France from Germany. The apparent emphasis of operations at the present moment is in Belgium, but we may well believe that the supreme gravity is not there at all, but on the Franco-German frontier. Both the emperor and General Von Moltke are said to be at Mainz, which is a long way from Belgium. There is no report that the French commander-in-chief has been in Belgium at all, and the English army, which could easily have been thrown into Belgium, has now been landed in France and its commander is in Paris. However spectacular may be the forthcoming fighting in Belgium, we must accept the evidence of the facts and of the map, and believe that the most vital of the issues will be determined elsewhere. Let us look at the Belgian situation first of all.

Last week I ventured to indicate the general surprise felt by military experts at the German concentration upon Liège. It is a matter upon which the layman has no right to hold any opinion at all, but the experts, strangely enough, seemed to be of one mind in this matter, and it is now seen to be justified. The German army, they said, should have besieged Liège with a small force and then passed rapidly upon its way through Belgium. That is precisely what it is now doing, and successfully, but after a grave loss of time. No one knows if the Liège forts are still intact. At least they are isolated, and it is now seen that their fate actually matters very little. The German forces have now spread northwest and southwest in a great half-moon from Liège. The arms of this half-moon are each about twenty-five miles in length and the terminus of each is about thirty miles from Brussels. Facing this crescent, and in contact with each of its extremities, is another crescent consisting of the Belgian army with its contributions from France. No one knows just how large these contributions may be, but it is evident, once more from the map, that whatever the result of the forthcoming battle in Belgium may be, the German army will still be outside of France, and with the main French resistance still ahead of it. It will have overcome the Belgian resistance, and nothing more. Even the taking of Brussels can have no real importance at all, except perhaps a moral one. It may be repeated that the

Belgians are fighting for time, and not for military victory. The whole intent of the German attack upon Belgium was to make a rapid invasion of northern France simultaneously with an invasion of the east over the Franco-German frontier. Every day's delay in Belgium has meant a shifting of great French forces to the north to meet the attack, and the mistake that was made at Liège has therefore been a serious injury to that plan. The suicide of General Von Emmich is the keenest possible commentary upon that mistake, which must have been terribly evident to him, knowing the supreme need of speed in crossing Belgium. A great German victory in Belgium with the fall of Brussels would leave France still uninvaded and with her powers of resistance still intact. Belgium, from the military point of view, is no more than a French outpost.

There was another need of haste, and that also is made evident by a glance at the map. Germany lies exactly between France and Russia, both enemies. France was absolutely ready for fight and therefore must be dealt with first and quickly. Russia could wait, since it was obviously a matter of weeks or months before she could become actually formidable on her western frontier. However colossal Germany's forces might be, and however valorous, it was evidently the part of prudence to meet her two great foes one at a time rather than together. If it had been possible to strike a deathblow at France the main German armies could then have been hurried back to the Russian frontier to repeat the achievement there. But now we see the results of the delay in Belgium. A bulletin issued by the French authorities—and therefore to be taken *cum grano salis*—points out that the Russian mobilization has been extraordinarily rapid and that her mighty armies are about to make themselves felt. Even though this bulletin be rose colored, as it probably is, it must be substantially true. The Russian hordes can not now be very far away. They have been in contact with the Austrian armies to the south, and there is no reason why they should not now be becoming a danger to the German garrisons on their west. Eighteen days have already been expended in Belgium and in covering a distance of some forty miles, and it is quite certain that this was not in the German estimate. The Germans may have reasonably believed that by this time the invasion of France would be in sight of a successful issue and that they could be thinking about their eastern frontier and the clipping of the hear's claws.

Of the fighting on the Franco-German frontier there is nothing to report, in spite of the daily bulletins of victories and defeats. There have been raids in both directions, the capturing of convoys, and assaults upon villages, but there has been no battle nor anything like a battle. The French claims to victories and successes have been numerous, but they amount to nothing and they have no significance. The forces engaged are no more than a screen, and behind this screen the main armies are assembling, or awaiting their commissariats. Some great soldier said once that an army marches upon its stomach, and all perplexity at delays disappears with even the most rudimentary conception of the vast stores of food, clothing, ammunition, and materials of every kind that must be in readiness before a million men can be launched into a hostile country. But if there is any one battle of the war that will be decisive it will probably be fought here, somewhere on the Franco-German frontier between Metz and Belfort.

What about the navies? Here once more we are in darkness, but since there has been no battle, and since the British merchant lines have been permitted and even ordered to resume their regular Atlantic schedules, we may assume that the German navy is still sheltered by the Kiel fortifications and its enemies are still somewhere outside and defending the ocean lanes. Two weeks ago every one was on the qui vive for some mighty ocean struggle. Today its probabilities seem sinking into the background. The issues of such a conflict are too great lightly to be invoked. The British ships are of course in the preponderance, and if we were to adopt the very stupid and discredited method of counting heads a British victory on the sea would seem to be certain. One of the few inept sayings ever credited to Napoleon was that Providence is usually on the side of the big battalions. Providence, on the contrary, often shows a partiality for minorities, and he would indeed be either bold or silly who would predict the outcome of a battle between the German and British navies. But it may easily happen that there will be no such battle. If the British were seriously worsted in such an engagement the results would certainly be grave, and they might even be fatal to the empire. If the German navy were worsted it would probably mean its annihilation. The German ships in their present position are not only safe from attack, but on an emergency they can issue either into the North Sea or into the Baltic Sea, and once more a glance at the map will show the extraordinary value that these ships might have in an attack on St. Petersburg and on the Russian coast in general. With every intention to avoid the unbecoming mantle of the prophet, it may well be that there will be no great naval battle between Germany and England, and that the issue will be decided by the land and not by the sea forces of the many combatants.

A good deal has been said about mines, and our feelings have been harrowed by the picture of an ocean strewn with these frightful engines to the menace of the peaceful shipping of neutrals or after the establishment of peace. It is remembered that these mines were strewn about the Pacific almost indiscriminately during the Russo-Japanese War and that they did actually inflict unintended injuries. But times have changed since the Russo-Japanese War and there are now

certain regulations in force to guard against needless danger. There is no reason to suppose that these regulations have been disregarded by Germany, or that any wanton risk is being inflicted upon neutral ships or such ships of belligerents as may survive the war. It has now been agreed to place no mines without anchors "unless they are constructed in such a way as to become inoffensive within, at most, one hour after the party which places them has lost control over them." It was also agreed to place no anchored mines "which do not become inoffensive as soon as their anchoring connections are broken." A further agreement was to the effect that no mines should be laid for the exclusive purpose of injuring merchant ships, even those of an enemy. Other points of agreement deal with the removal of mines as soon as possible, and with the prohibition of torpedoes save those that automatically sink after missing their mark or exhausting their propulsive energy. There is no cause to believe that the mine that sank the *Amphion* was illegitimate, and we may certainly suppose that the British authorities would have had something to say about the matter if this were so. We all know that even the best of regulations are not always observed, and that Turkey was by no means scrupulous in this respect in her wars with Italy and Greece, but then one does not expect a great deal in the way of amenities from Turkey. The laying of mines is a horrible proceeding at its best, and there must certainly be dangers to peaceful ships both during and after the war, but The Hague has at least done something to minimize this abomination, and so far there have been no complaints that the limits have been exceeded.

Nothing but unverified stories reach us from Serbia, and indeed it may be doubted if any one is much interested in Serbia. These "gallant little peoples" of the Balkans have not quite the same halo of romance that once they had before they began to gouge out human eyes, and to do all sorts of unprintable things to their enemies. But none the less the Servian resistance to Austria is a distinct factor in the larger situation. In the first place Serbia is absorbing the energies of Austria and preventing her from giving all the help to Germany that she might otherwise be giving. In the second place Russia has to think about her attack on Austria and her defense of Serbia as well as her aggressions against Germany. From Austria comes practically no war news at all, but Serbia has a great deal to say about her victories over the would-be invaders, and here once more we had better use the proverbial pinch of salt. None the less the Servians are great fighters. They have proved that a dozen times. They go to war *en masse*, and they are defending their native land. Montenegro is also fighting on the side of Serbia, while Bulgaria is doing nothing, but is quite likely to resume her attack upon her old enemy, Serbia. Turkey, on the other hand, is said to be moving troops in the direction of Greece, and Greece has politely intimated that if this continue she will be compelled to "take the necessary measures." But we are now so war-sated that a few nations more or less in the general melee seem to make no difference. Indeed it is almost a relief to find that there is any people anywhere that is not at war. It seems certain now that Japan will begin, and by way of second fiddle we may expect soon to hear of domestic troubles in some of the countries involved. There are all sorts of rumors of riots in Berlin, while those who are in a position to know, or who think that they are, are busily assuring us that the people of India will not be adverse to making a little hay while the sun shines.

In the meantime it might be well for us all to realize that the responsibility for the present carnival does not rest upon the shoulders of individuals. To talk about Servian impudence, Austrian arrogance, or German militarism is beside the mark. At least these things are but secondary and not primary causes. The *Wall Street Journal* hits the nail fairly on the head when it says that in this case war is the cure rather than the disease. For forty years the whole of Europe has been expanding in a military way, and things that expand too far are certain to hurt. If some earthly Providence were at this moment to decree peace such a decree would be hailed with delight by the reformers and the benevolent everywhere, but actually it would leave the disease precisely where it was before. Inflation is always followed by deflation, and the process of deflation is now going on, and it will be a salutary one. Europe has earned precisely what she is now receiving. She has sown winds and she is reaping whirlwinds. It is mere folly to talk of a "holt from the blue" and all the other inanities with which we confess our lack of prescience. Twenty years ago this war was as inevitable as the sunrise. Nations living side by side in intense commercial rivalry and taught to regard an alien speech as the mark of a potential enemy are certain to fight at some time or another. No one can decree that enmities shall be patriotic virtues up to a certain point and that they shall never pass that point into the domain of war. They are certain to pass that point. The modern version of patriotism, nine times out of ten, is the certain prelude to the battlefield.

AUGUST 19, 1914.

SIDNEY CORN.

Geologists estimate that the coal fields of Shansi province, China, are great enough to meet the world's demands for more than a thousand years. Iron ore has also been found in large deposits in central China, and of the finest quality.

There are now 1,248,427 acres of land in various counties of California open for entry. Much valuable land is included in this territory. Only 53,587 of the total number of acres have not been surveyed.

AN UNSHRIVED GHOST.

No Priest Shall Live and Confess One Already Dead.

In the City of Mexico, toward the close of the year 1731, Friar Lorenzo, of the Monastery of Los Suspiros de Jesus, was making his way homeward to that establishment in the chilly hours of very early morning. He had been keeping a vigil, imposed by the regulations of the order, that had taken him to a chapel in the Parish of Nuestra Señora de la Soledad, away out beyond the Zócalo, that lay about equi-distant between his two terminals. A very old man was Friar Lorenzo, and his pace was far from rapid, so that he had been long on the way. By this time, he was so fatigued that his limbs almost refused longer to uphold the spare weight of his trembling, aged body. Yet he nerved himself to renewed effort as he heard the second hour boomed out from the big time-piece of the cathedral, at the very moment that he reached the entrance to the Calle de Olmedo; for the great fatigue he felt was yet exceeded and partly neutralized by a more potent impulse—the spurring thrills of terror.

Perhaps it were unfair to say that Friar Lorenzo was a coward; the kinder view were to consider that the sequestered conventual life had developed abnormally an extreme constitutional timidity.

But in the active functions of his office—in aught that led him without the convent walls, to intercourse with his kind and encounter with the issues of worldly existence—to all such effort and contact the holy man was most reluctant, being ready to purchase exemption from such movement at any cost of penance.

The superior of the order had struggled long against this infirmity, and the mission on which he had tonight sent Friar Lorenzo was in the direct way of endeavor to correct the weakness. But alas! tonight the suffering of the friar was greater than ever—so great, indeed, as to be almost unbearable. The hour, the silence and gloom of the deserted streets, with their houses that appeared sealed and lifeless, and other like forces, had wrought him up to a very panic of abject nervous dread—a fear of something, he knew not what. It was not long since all Mexico had been stirred to horror and dismay by the disappearance of the noble priest, Juan de Nava, whose fate was not made clear till many long years after, and many grisly rumors were still rife concerning this matter. At that period robbers abounded in Mexico, audacious and unpunished—robbers who would murder a man for the garments he wore. Stories, too, were related of men who killed for the ghastly delight of killing—whose crimes were inexplicable and seemingly causeless, like those murders committed in the dreary street of Don Juan Manuel.

Therefore, it was no marvel that poor old Friar Lorenzo was full of terrors in his night walk.

At the mouth of the Calle de Olmedo he halted; for its intensity of gloom and silence was even more terrible than the way he had just traversed. But this route meant a saving of many blocks of circuit, and after a brief hesitation, crossing himself and kissing his crucifix, which he firmly believed contained a splinter of the true cross, the old man entered the dark thoroughfare, murmuring as he went his prayers. He had scarcely passed the corner when he started so violently as to stagger and almost lose his footing, for his gown brushed and caused to rattle slightly the sword of a man standing silent and motionless in the embrasure of a doorway. Friar Lorenzo shuddered as he felt the eyes of the unknown bent piercingly upon him, and he quickened his steps to hurry onward. He had traversed half the block, and was beginning to breathe more freely, when he heard behind him the dull fall of footsteps following after—not in haste, but with the assured, deliberate measure that told of the pursuer's conviction that he could overtake this object of his pursuit without undue exertion. And, in truth, it was but a moment before the echo of that firm, determined tread sounded close beside the shuffling, uncertain feet of the friar, who commended himself to the infinite mercy of God, as he felt the presence of his pursuer. For some paces the two walked side by side in unbroken silence, and the monk was conscious of the side-long, scrutinizing looks of the other.

Presently, "Delay thee, holy friar," spoke the object of his terror; "I have need of thy ministrations."

But Friar Lorenzo answered, trembling: "Spare me, I pray, your worship. I am old and feeble; since noon of yesterday I have kept vigil, and flesh and spirit alike are fainting. Your worship knows that to call at the wicket of any of the abounding monasteries will bring you succor, temporal or spiritual—aid far better than my poor, weak service. I pray you, señor, think no harm, but I beg to decline the office."

The man at his side laughed shortly—a crisp, crude laugh, that made the monk feel as if he were shriveling up as he heard it.

"God's death! these friars are presumptuous! The ministers of God—the servants of heaven—so their creeds profess, yet they give themselves the airs of statesmen, and 'beg to decline' the offices of their profession! Have you forgotten your vows, sirrah? Have you forgotten to what service you are consecrated? Nay, then, I will have you—you and none other. See that you move on before me." He made as if to impel the monk by grasping his arm; but the touch of that hard hand so affected Friar Lorenzo that

he reeled and would have fallen, had not the man released him.

"What—what would your worship have of me?" he stammered, faintly.

"You go to shrive a sinner," and with that answer his guide halted before a lofty mansion whose overhanging balconies shadowed the street. The sombre cavalier pushed open the great *zaguan*, or entrance-door, without knocking, although, as Friar Lorenzo marked, there was a knocker of peculiar design, quite distinct from the conventional clenched hand, or lion's head—for this was a battle-axe, falling upon a buckler, and the two glimmered quite strangely clear in the gloom. The tunnel-like arch of the *zaguan* was all in densest darkness, save where a dim ray of light filtered out from the crack of a door on the left hand, whither the way was led by the man who had captured the friar. This was the apartment usually assigned as a door-porter's lodge in great houses, but here it seemed of dimensions more spacious than was common. The dark walls seemed to absorb, rather than reflect, the pale rays of the candle, yet enough of brilliance fell to flash gleams of keen color from the jewels of one who lay on a rough cot in a corner, draped over with a coverlet of rich brocade, glinting back the candle-light from the golden threads of its embroideries.

The stern man pointed to the outstretched figure: "Do thou confess her quickly."

The friar drew back with a start and a shiver when he had bent over the woman; for she was fast bound to the rude bed, made moveless by harsh cords that held her beautiful naked arms outstretched by her sides, and lashed her feet, too, closely. An observer of more worldly knowledge than Friar Lorenzo would have guessed that she had been borne hither from some scene of gala and rejoicing, for on her delicate wrists, and on her exquisite neck, and in the soft masses of her dark hair, blazed splendid jewels; and the zone of her corsage, showing above the coverlet, roughly wrapped around her, showed that the stuff of her garb was of exceeding richness.

"Wouldst thou confess, my daughter?" stammered Friar Lorenzo, drawn back to her, despite his fear, less by his sense of duty than by the appeal in her eyes, full of a great despair and a mighty terror. He turned, when she made a sign of assent, toward his captor, in intimation of the privacy due to a confession, but that sombre figure only laughed, albeit most harshly, and drew aside toward the doorway. Then Friar Lorenzo, bending low above the woman, shaken between his fears and his pity, listened to her confession. But she had not yet finished when the grim watcher strode forward, caught the friar by his lean, trembling arms, and cried, "Have done! thou art making pretexts! Too long this wretched woman has lived already!" and so, against her wild entreaties and the friar's protests, he dragged the minister away and thrust him forth into the street.

The friar, half-stunned, yet half-desperate with the thoughts awakened by his forebodings, and the tale heard from the woman, called, prayed, and knocked, beating his frail hands on the heavy bronze-bossed portal in a very frenzy. But the massive wood gave back only the sound of his blows, and that but dully. At last, despairing, he hastened from the spot with so hurried and uncertain a step that the few wayfarers who now began to appear in the street shrunk aside from him with more of awe than reverence, and murmured: "Oh! the poor padre! his many penances have made him mad."

Friar Lorenzo was half-distracted, most of all with doubts as to his divided duty. Did his priestly vows as to the inviolability of the confession exact silence as to what had happened? Did the duties of humanity and justice demand that he give up to investigation and punishment the doer or would-be doer of what, he was convinced, was a foul crime? And so, seeking to temporize for guidance, he would fain tell his beads to temporize and calm his giddied senses. But his rosary swung not at his side! and a flash of thought reminded him that he had laid it upon the couch beside the doomed woman. That decided him.

Thus Friar Lorenzo set off with eager though trembling speed for the Palace of Justice, that stood then, as it stands now, fronting on the great square Zócalo, or main plaza, and at right angles to the cathedral and *sagrario*. On the bridge spanning the canal before the *palacio*, he met a patrol just setting out on the last round before sunrise. The friar halted before them, and with knotted tongue and parched, stammering lips gasped forth his story. The officer of the patrol sped back to the guard-room to summon the alcalde, and a moment later the squad was rattling along at a swinging pace, the friar, whose exhaustion was evident, borne on the clasped hands of two stout soldiers. Following his directions, they paused at last before the wide *zaguan* of a house in the Calle de Olmedo. "It was here," the priest said, shivering.

The officer raised the brazen battle-axe of the knocker and clashed it against its buckler; but no challenging voice nor sound of shuffling, sandaled tread came back in answer. Again he knocked, more loudly, and no sound arose within but hollow echoes. Then the alcalde rapped with his sword, and summoned: "Open in the name of the king his justice!" and still no key rattled in the lock, no clink of bar or chain gave promise of ingress.

By this a crowd had gathered about the place—for the most part Indian hucksters, driving their heavy-laden donkeys into the city to market, or household servants thus early out of doors for the daily sweeping of the streets. One of these drew near from a house across the way—a woman of more than middle age, bearing the bundle of long, jointless straws, tied up with a string that make the short, handleless brooms of Mexico.

"Señors, your worships summon in vain," she said, with somewhat of wonder bracing through the composure of her bearing; "this house has long been vacant."

Friar Lorenzo turned in a sort of rage upon her, his weakness overborne by his distress of body and his soul's solicitude. "Wouldst say I lie, impious one? Shall a priest not know where he has heard confession? But it was here, I tell ye! Open! open! nor tarry for her prating, lest the crime be done within our very hearing."

The woman's dark face flushed. She seemed a decent body, and her countenance was full of intelligence beyond the common, as she replied, with protest as positive as respectful:

"Nay, his reverence, she were, indeed, a bold and irreverent woman who would dispute the word of Friar Lorenzo—aye! I know his fame for holiness, as who does not among the humble ones of Mexico? But his reverence is less young than he once was, and these daybreak lights are uncertain, so that to mistake one house for another is easy. Humbly do I assure ye that never once has this door been opened in the fifty years that I have lived across there, and my mother, who was portress before me, has often said that never in her time had the house a tenant."

"But open! open!" Friar Lorenzo shouted. Then the officer, impressed in spite of himself by this strange excitement and insistence, bade his men take up a massive *viga*, or roof-beam of cedar, that lay where some workmen had been repairing an *azotea*, and, poising it among them, the patrolmen again and again dashed the heavy timber, in the guise of a battering-ram, against the door-leaves, whose heavy planks crashed loudly at the impact; then the bolts sprung open, and into the *zaguan* poured the gathered gazers. No sight or sound of life greeted the incursion. Once inside the *zaguan*, it was no hard matter to shatter the heavy, antiquated padlock that held the door giving to the side room; that clumsy defense was, indeed, half eaten away with rust and verdigris, and down from the corners of the doorhead swung veritable curtains of venerable cobwebs, thick and velvety, like ancient tapestry. The door fell inward with a crash of rotten, honey-combed wood, and every soul there but one retreated a step or two from the unknown before them. Only Friar Lorenzo pushed forward, with an eagerness that vanquished his decrepitude, and then, from the further corner, came his voice:

"Said I not so? And will ye doubt me longer, unbelievers? This was the place, indeed! They have taken away the hapless lady; ye must seek her, but the proof of the place I show ye! Here it is, among a pile of rubbish, mine own dear rosary, made of olive-stones from Gethsemane," and he came forth, as the chief of the patrol caught a cresset from the hand of a huckster, and blew into a pungent blaze its slumbering bit of *ocotl* (Mexican pitch-pine or light-wood), and went forward to rake curiously with his short sword among the shapeless heap that the friar had abandoned.

"This rubbish—why! lads! *albricias!* Here is a wristlet, rings, a great breadth of brocade incrustated with gold and gems—a collet of major diamonds—aye! we have found bonanza! and—what is this?" He clapped his hand upon a long mass, black as jet in the red light, and with one swift sweep held it aloft, as high as his head, whence it fell to the knees of him. Then he dropped it with a gasping cry of terror. "Tis hair! a woman's hair. And—gracious God! See that! the hair of a *dead* woman!" For, as he stirred that dense black veil from the coils and couchings where it had lain for unknown years, a smallish skull, long kept in position by its once crown of glory, rolled forward and touched his russet boot. And from the dread crumbling relies now arose a dire odor of mortality, whose warning of dissolution and decay sent the stout soldiers and their commander rushing, with one accord, away from the bones and the diamonds, hustling the peeping mob before them.

"Aye, Padre Friar Lorenzo!" called the alcalde; "now, what a blessed thing it is we have a holy man among us! Father, *en el nombre de Jesus, Maria, y José*" (in the name of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph), "purge and purify us of this vile contact!" And he would have knelt before Friar Lorenzo. But a sturdy artisan, who had just sent his great red copper kettle rolling across the dankly mossed stones of the court, as he dropped it in the effort to catch the sinking figure—this grimy Christian called out: "Stand back! give him the good God's air, ye doughty soldiers! Ah, no, it helps not! his eye is fixed, his face is ashen—his body grows a dead weight. Aye, señors, see ye not that this sainted Friar Lorenzo is dying, for never yet lived through the day a priest who confessed one already dead—and how many years think ye have lain yonder, whither he led us, the mortal parts of the poor lady ye cried out that ye had found there?"

Y. H. ADAMS.

A SCENE IN PARLIAMENT.

"Piccadilly" Describes How Sir Edward Grey Launched the Thunderbolts of War.

As soon as we enter the domain of foreign affairs we are reminded that an actual democratic self-government is still very much an affair of the future, something that is good to look at and to talk about, but that must on no account be touched. Here in London, in the British Parliament, we have just witnessed a single man arise in his seat in order to tell a waiting nation whether it must go to war or remain at peace. Until Sir Edward Grey had finished his speech in the House of Commons no one knew whether the doors of the Temple of Janus were to be opened or shut. Sir Edward Grey spoke, of course, with the authority of the cabinet behind him, but he was something more than the mouthpiece of the cabinet. He was foreign secretary, and therefore immediately responsible for the policy of the country. Practically it was his hand alone that held the thunderbolts, and the awed assembly waited in portentous silence for their disposition. Even a god might have shrunk in dismay from such a task as his.

Certainly it was a tremendous occasion. Nothing like it was ever seen in Parliament before. Every seat was taken, the gangways were packed, the peers' gallery was full, and in the ambassadors' gallery the white, tense face of the Russian minister seemed to add to the sense of foreboding tragedy. The Archbishop of Canterbury appeared to be praying—fruitlessly.

There is no need to sketch the speech of Sir Edward Grey. With his opening words every one of his hearers knew that war had come. Would it be possible for England to watch with equanimity the coast of France being "bombarded and battered" by German guns? A sort of electric thrill ran through the crowded House. Would it be possible for England to barter away her pledge to defend the neutrality of Belgium? If small nations had neither rights nor friends what must the end of it all be, and how could there be assent to the establishment of such a principle? Then came the cheers. Suspense at least was at an end. It was to be war.

There were two other dramatic events before the sitting closed. The moment Sir Edward Grey had taken his seat Mr. Bonar Law, the leader of the Unionist party, was on his feet. Henceforth and until the end of the crisis there were to be no political parties in the House of Commons. The hatchet of party conflict was to be buried. All questions of domestic government were to disappear before the supreme threat to the national existence. Whatever steps the government might think it right to take would receive the unquestioning support of the opposition.

But it was Ireland, as always, that was to furnish the sensation of the day. How often has it been said that "England's need is Ireland's opportunity"? How often have we been told in solemn and throbbing tones that a self-governing Ireland would be an open door for the empire's enemies? What would Ireland do now in this supreme crisis? Already there had been indications of her sympathies. Every reference to the needs of France had called forth stern cheers from the Irishmen? How could it be otherwise? The *entente cordiale* with France was no new thing to Ireland, as England had formerly learned to her cost. Irishmen and Frenchmen have been blood brothers and brothers in faith for centuries. And now here was Mr. Redmond ready to sign and seal the pact anew. There had been occasions, he said, when the sympathies of Ireland had been estranged from England in moments of emergency. But those times had passed. A new era of solidarity had begun. At that moment there were two great armed forces in Ireland. Catholics and Protestants. Let the government draw every soldier away from Ireland. They were not needed there. Catholics and Protestants, and he spoke for both, would forget their animosities and unite in national defense. Then came a veritable hurricane of cheers from every quarter of the House, and when quiet was once more restored Mr. Redmond spoke his concluding words: "I say the coast of Ireland will be defended from foreign invasion by her own sons. Every armed Nationalist Catholic in the south will be only too glad to join hands with his brother armed Protestant in Ulster."

To say that Mr. Redmond's speech was a triumph of Irish statecraft would suggest that it was only statecraft and nothing more. But it was very much more. It was vibrant with sincerity, palpitant with a certain passion that is always near the surface of Mr. Redmond's mind. It was obvious that he spoke from the heart and that his speech was also a supremely wise piece of tactics is but a secondary truth. Ireland was already sure of Home Rule, but it would have been Home Rule at the point of the bayonet, so to speak. But that any party in British politics should now oppose the measure, that there should be any more talk of civil war, is nearly unthinkable.

The cabinet loses two of its members as a result of the war. Viscount Morley and Mr. John Burns believe that the country should have remained neutral, and in order to mark their position they retire into private life. There is a general respect for both of them, but notably for Mr. Burns, who has no private resources whatever and who surrenders his pay as a

cabinet minister. When Mr. Burns belonged to the rank and file of the parliamentary labor party his sole income was \$15 a week from his labor organization. The recent act authorizing the payment of members of Parliament gave him an income of \$1500 a year in common with all members, and if he retains his seat this will now be his total emolument. His salary as a cabinet minister was \$10,000 a year, and as his official expenses were very small the loss is a considerable one. To a great extent Mr. Burns had lost caste with the labor party on his acceptance of a portfolio, but doubtless his present renunciation will go far toward his rehabilitation. At least he remains "honest John" to the end.

LONDON, August 5, 1914.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lieutenant-Colonel Julius L. Powell, the only remaining officer of the army who served in the Confederate ranks, has just been placed on the retired list as a brigadier-general. He was taken into the army as an assistant surgeon by special act of Congress in 1879.

Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe, who wrote "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight" nearly half a century ago, is now living at San Diego, California. She has returned to her literary work and has recently published a book of poems. It is said she never profited by so much as a penny until this year from the verses which made her famous. Within the last few months a little special volume containing the poem has netted her quite a substantial reward.

Sir William Watson Cheyne, C. B., who has been elected president of the Royal College of Surgeons, is an honorary surgeon to the king, professor of clinical surgery, King's College, and was Hunterian professor to the Royal College of Surgeons from 1888-90. For his distinguished work during the South African war as consulting surgeon to the forces he was mentioned in dispatches and received the C. B. He holds the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the Royal Army Medical Corps (Territorials).

Dr. H. T. Summersgill, who has arrived to take charge of the hospital of the University of California, and to help in completing plans for the new fireproof hospital buildings, comes from New Haven, Connecticut, where until now he has been superintendent of the New Haven Hospital, in which the Yale medical students do their clinical work. Educated at Brown University and at Johns Hopkins, Dr. Summersgill has had varied hospital experience, in the Panama Canal Zone and elsewhere.

Professor Alfred Forke, who is coming to the University of California to teach "Kuan-hua," the language spoken by officials of China and a large per cent of the population of that country, is a distinguished European scholar, a member of the faculty of the University of Berlin. He will also teach advanced courses in Confucian analects and the Chinese poets of the Tang and Sung periods. This professorship is supported by an endowment of \$100,000 left by the late Edward Thompson. Graduates from this department hold important positions in the government consular and diplomatic service.

Field Marshal Sir John Denton Pinkstone French, commander-in-chief of the British field army, and now directing the English forces on the Continent, joined the navy in 1866 and served as a cadet for four years. He entered the army in 1874, and served in the Soudan campaign. During the Boer war he commanded a cavalry division and saw hard service. His command took active part in the relief of Kimberley, and in the capture of Bloemfontein and Pretoria. In the battles east of Pretoria, June 10 and 12, 1900, he commanded the cavalry division of Lord Roberts's forces, and was repeatedly mentioned in dispatches. He was made a field marshal in 1913.

General Radko Dimitrieff, Bulgarian Minister to Russia, who was commander-in-chief of the Bulgarian army in the war against Turkey, has tendered his resignation in order that he might volunteer his services to the Russian army. General Radko Dimitrieff is considered to be a most able leader of troops. The Bulgarian army gave him the name of "Little Napoleon." He commanded the Bulgarian army at the battle of Lule Burgas and afterward before the Tchataldja lines. After the first defeat of the Bulgarians in the second Balkan war General Dimitrieff was put in command of that army. He was able to save it from disaster and make an orderly retreat.

General Paul Mary Cesar Gerald Pau, who has been placed in command of one of the French armies, was born at Montelimar, in France, and is now in his sixty-seventh year. He was trained at Saint-Cyr, the West Point of France, and was graduated in 1867. General Pau fought through the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. He lost an arm at Froeschviller. On account of his gallantry in this battle he has been popularly known ever since as "the hero of Froeschviller." He was made a general of brigade in 1897, and a division commander in 1903. He was formerly commander of the Sixteenth Army Corps, and when a general of division commanded the Twentieth Army Corps.

OLD FAVORITES.

Killarney.

By Killarney's lakes and fells,
Em'rald isles and winding ways,
Mountain paths and woodland dells,
Mem'ry ever fondly strays.
Bounteous nature loves all lands,
Beauty wanders ev'rywhere.
Footprints leaves on many strands.
But her home is surely there!
Angels fold their wings and rest,
In that Eden of the West,
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Ever fair, Killarney.
Innisfallen's ruin'd shrine,
May suggest a passing sigh,
But man's faith can ne'er decline,
Such God's wonders floating by,
Castle Lough, and Glengla Bay,
Mountains Tore and Eagles' Nest,
Still at Mucross you must pray,
Though the monks are now at rest.
Angels wonder not that man,
There would find a long life's span,
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Ever fair, Killarney.

No place else can charm the eye,
With such bright and varied tints,
Ev'ry rock that you pass by,
Verdure horders or heapments.
Virgin there the green grass grows,
Ev'ry morn Spring's natal day,
Bright-hued herries daff the snows,
Smiling Winter's frown away,
Angels often pausing there,
Doubt if Eden were more fair.
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Ever fair, Killarney.
Music there for Echo dwells,
Makes each sound a harmony,
Many voic'd the chorus swells,
'Till it faints in ecstasy.
With the charmed tints below,
Seems the Heav'n above to vie,
All rich colors that we know,
Tinge the cloud wreaths in the sky,
Wings of angels so might shine,
Glancing back soft light divine,
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Ever fair, Killarney. —Michael W. Balfe.

Love's Immortality.

They sin who tell us Love can die!
With life all other passions fly;
All others are hut vanity.
In Heaven ambition can not dwell,
No avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly these passions, as of earth,
They perish where they have their birth;
But Love is indestructible.
Its holy flame forever burneth,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth:
For oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
And hath in Heaven its perfect rest.
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.
Oh! when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the anxious night,
For all her sorrows, all her tears,
An overpayment of delight? —Robert Southey.

Douglas! Tender and True.

Could ye come back to me, Douglas! Douglas!
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas!
Douglas! Douglas! tender and true.
Never a scornful word should pain you,
I'd smile as sweet as angels do;
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas! Douglas! tender and true.
O! To call back the days that are not,
Mine eyes were blinded,
Your words are few: Do you know the truth now,
up in Heav'n,
Douglas! Douglas! tender and true?
I was not half worthy of you, Douglas,
Not half worthy the like of you.
Now all men besides are to me like shadows,
Douglas! Douglas! tender and true.
Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas! Douglas!
Drop forgiveness from Heaven like dew;
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas;
Douglas! Douglas! tender and true.
—Maria Mulock Craik.

The Cyprus Vase.

A twilight breeze, of honeyed scent impassioned,
Shakes gently to and fro
Red roses, in a jar of Cyprus fashioned
Three thousand years ago.
So long earth hid secure in her dark hosom
The fragile, molded clay;
Unburied now, it holds the fleeting blossom
Of a brief summer's day.
And hreathes out visions to the dusk, that hover
Flame-like, upon the wall,—
Beauty and old-time gladness, passing over,
While the red roses fall.
Rose leaves which patter like the rhythmic feet
Of dancing girls, who glide
Through sunlit halls, where kings and chieftains meet.
When spears are laid aside.
Peace crowned the girls with roses, brimmed with wine
The lovely curves of you,
Fair ancient vase! and raised, with touch divine,
Dead brotherhood anew.
Forgotten peace! and long forgotten war!
Peoples and kings are gone:
Dust from the wheel of Time's unresting car;
Only the vase lives on.
Perfect as when, within the shady portal,
It cooled from summer's glow;
Who would have deemed the frail thing half immortal,
Three thousand years ago.—Rosalind Travers.

NORTH AFRICA AND THE DESERT.

George E. Woodberry Describes His Journey Through a Land of Magic and Mystery.

There are many travelers who have been through northern Africa, but there are surprisingly few who have shown any capacity to describe it, or to interpret its spirit. For something more than sympathy is needed for such scenes as these. There must be a certain power to insert one's self into the picture and to become one with it in sentiment, to forget one's own land with its heredities and traditions and to enter into those of another. Mr. George Woodberry is able to do all these things, and to an unusual extent. He writes with a certain reverence and enthusiasm which are singularly consonant with his topic, and as a result he helps us not only to understand, but to feel. For example, what could be more intimate or more discerning than his general impression of Tunis:

The senses are constantly appealed to; they are kept awake, alert, attentive, and they are fed; they have their joys. We do not habitually use our senses for joy; and this is a part of the spell of Tunis, that there, under a Southern sky, the senses come into their own again. It is not merely the instinct of curiosity that is kept active by an ensemble so variously novel and insistent—for example, these pavilioned minarets, square with a cube above, ending in a green pyramid, or else octagonal in shape with the gallery and its awning, tipped by the three gold halls and crescent—haunting one like a strange sky; or the same instinct crudely excited by the ensemble of a population so foreign in physiognomy, garb, and physical behavior as the Arah in its multifarious aspects, its color and movement, all the unaccustomed surface of life. A street in old Tunis is truly seen only when there is no one in it; it is then that it is most impressive and yields up its spirit. What privacy! those blank walls! those rare high windows beautifully set! those discreet hanging balconies of latticed wood and iron! those nail-studded doors in exquisite patterns, that seem to have been rarely opened! An old house, set in some deep forest, is not more retired.

But Mr. Woodberry tells us that he always had the feeling of the alien, as of one who intruded, but "it is sweet to be here, to have peace, and gentleness and courtesy, young trust and brave respect, and breeding; it is balm." And then as he passes the Gate of France into the lights of the brilliant avenue he is reminded of the ubiquitous presence of Europe by the clatter of cavalry and the glitter of French uniforms:

Quick music comes down the evening street—the clatter of cavalry—the beautiful rhythm of horses' backs—flash of French uniforms so harmonized with the African setting—saphirs, tirailleurs, guns—a gallant and lively scene in the massed avenue! I love the French soldiers in Africa; but it is with a deeper feeling than mere martial exhilaration that one sees them tonight, for this is an annual fête-day, and their march commemorates the entry of the French troops into Tunis. One involuntarily looks at the faces of the natives in the crowds—impossible. But the old European can not but feel a thrill at the sight of France, the leader of our civilization, again taking charge of the untamed and reluctant land and its intractable people to which every mastering empire of the north, from the dawn of our history, has brought in vain the force of its arms and the light of its intelligence. The hour has come again, and one feels the presence of the Napoleonic idea, clad, as of old, in the French arms; for it is from Napoleon, that star of enlightenment—Napoleon as he was in his Egyptian campaigns—that the French empire in Africa derives; and if, as the heir of the Crusades, France was through centuries the protector of Christians in the East, and that rôle is now done, it is a greater rôle that she inherits from Napoleon as the friend of Islam, with the centuries before her. Force, demonstrated in the army, is the basis of order in all civilized lands; that is why the presence of the French uniform delights me; but it is not by brute force that France moves in the essential conquest, nor is it military lust that her empire in Africa represents and embodies. It is, rather, a striking instance of fatality in human events that her advancing career in North Africa presents to the historical mind; a slight incident—a hey struck one of her ambassadors with a fan—forced on her the occupation of Algiers, and in the course of years she found herself saddled with a burden of colonial empire as awkwardly and reluctantly as was the case with us and the Philippines.

The Foreign Legion is always a feature of African life, and the author tells us of his meeting with the only American in that strange company of adventurers that probably contains more homesickness and more of the memories that are not spoken of than any other body of men in the world:

There was a knock at my door: "Monsieur, some one to see you." It came with a shock, for the solitude had begun to seize me. I went toward the office. A young soldier of the Legion approached me, full of French grace, with a look of expectancy on his fine face. "I heard there was an American here," he said in English; "I did not believe it," he added; "I came to see." "Yes," I said, "I am an American." "There hasn't been one here in two years—not since I came," he spoke slowly—keen, soft tones. "South American?" he ventured. "No," I said, melting. "Truly from the United States—where?" His look hung on my face. "I was born near Boston," I replied, interested. "I was born in Boston." I shall never forget the gladness of his voice, the light that swept his eyes. A quick, soldierly friending seized us—the warmth that does not wait, the trust that does not question. In ten minutes he was caring for me like a younger brother, introducing me with my letters at the Bureau Arah, doing everything till he went to his service. In the evening we met again, and so the lonely journey of the day ended in an African sunset, as it were, of gay and brilliant spirits, for I know of no greater joy than the making of friends. He was of French parentage, and the only American in the Legion; at least, he had never seen nor known of another. And I went to bed thinking of the strange irony of life, and how the first thing that the *terre perdue* gave me was the last thing I expected in the wide world—a friend.

Mr. Woodberry tells us that he will never forget his introduction to the Legion. Never before had he seen such faces—mature, grave, settled, with the look of habitual self-possession of men who command and obey; resolute mouths, immobile features. The Legion is supposed to be made up of broken men who have

been thrown out of society or left out or gone out of their own will:

Among the thousands of the Legion there must be, of course, every color of the human past; the losers in life fail for many reasons, and in their defeat become, it may be, incidentally or temporarily, anti-social, or even habitually so, as fate hardens round them with years; but in a great number of cases, I believe, society has defaulted in its moral obligations to them before they defaulted in their moral obligations to their neighbors; and, holding such views, it was perhaps natural that, so far from finding the Legion a hand of out-cast adventurers and delinquents, I found them very human. I did not read romance or virtue into them. I know the hard conditions of their lives. If there be an inch of hero in a man, he is hero enough for me. The story of the French occupation of Algeria is largely the story of the Legion. For almost a century it has been one of the most effective units of the French army all over the world; and here in Algeria it has been not only a fighting force of the first order, but also a pioneer force of civilization. The legionaries have built the roads, established the military and civil stations, accomplished the first public works, drained and planted; they have laid the material foundations of the new order; they have not only conquered, but civilized in the material sense, and the labor in that land and climate has been an enormous toil. The reclamation of Africa is a great work, sure to be looked on hereafter as one of the glories of France in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and I thought, as I turned and the hand began the overture, what a comment it was on society that in this great work of the reclamation of Africa from barbarism and blood and sodden misery so large a share was borne by this body of friendly men for whom our civilization could find no use and cared not for their fate.

The author is equally felicitous in his descriptions of nature. It seems to be men that attract him more, but every now and then we have a vivid picture of scenes that perhaps can not be pictured at all, or at least not adequately. Traversing the desert toward Tougourt, he tells us of a celestial phenomenon, and we are grateful to him because he does not spoil it with an explanation:

Then, in the last half-hour, I witnessed a strange phenomenon. The whole sky was powdered with stars; I had never seen such a myriad glimmer and glow, thickening, filling the heavenly spaces, innumerable; and all at once they seemed to interlink, great and small, with rays passing between them, and while they shone in their places, infinite in multitude, light fell from them in long lines, like falling rain, down the whole concave of night from the zenith to the horizon on every side. It was a Niagara of stars. The celestial dome without a break was sheeted with the starry rain, pouring down the hollow sphere of darkness, from the apex to the desert rims. No words can describe that sight, as a mere vision; still less can they tell its mystical effect at the moment. It was like beholding a miracle. And it was not momentary; for half an hour, as we drove over the dark level, obscure, silent, lonely, I was arched in and shadowed by that ceaseless, starry rain on all sides round; and as we passed the great twin lights of the gates, and entered Tougourt, and drew up in the dim and solitary square, it was still falling.

We have a curious description of the dancing women of the Sahara. They belong to some far away tribe and thence they are dispersed through the desert, adept dancing girls who perform in cafés. No reproach attaches to their mode of life, which yields them a dowry and brings them at last a husband. Mr. Woodberry tells us of his visit to the Café Maure in Tougourt and of the first dance by a large and heavy woman:

She finished, and I heckoned to a young slip of a girl standing near. She came, leaning her dark hands on the table, with those unthinking eyes that are so wandering and unconcerned until they fill with that liquid, superficial light which in the south is so like a caress. I offered her my cigarettes, and she smiled, and permitted me to examine the bracelets on her arms and the silver ornaments that hung from her few necklaces; she was simply dressed and not overornamented; she was probably poor in such riches; there was no necklace of golden louis that one sometimes sees; but there were bracelets on her ankles, and she wore the head-dress, with heavy, twisted braids of hair. A blue star was tattooed on her forehead, and her features were small but fine, with firm lines and rounded cheek and chin; she was too young to be handsome, but she was pretty for her type and she had the pleasant charm that youth gives to the children of every tint and race. She stood by us a while with a little talk, and as the music began she drew back and danced before us; and if she had less muscular power and vivacity than the previous dancer, she had more grace in her slighter motions. She used her handkerchief as a background to pose her head and profile her features and form; and all through the dance she shot her vivid glances, that had an elasticity and verve of steel, at me. She came back to take our applause and thanks, and talked with Hamet, for her simple French phrases were exhausted; there was nothing meretricious in her demeanor, rather an extraordinary simplicity and naturalness of behavior; she seemed a thing of nature. The room began to fill now; three women were dancing; and she went over to the bench by the wall opposite, and I noticed a young boy of eight or ten years ran to sit by her and made up to her like a little brother. There were three or four such young boys there.

For the manners of these desert people the author can never express enough admiration, and one feels that one would barter away a good deal of what is called civilization for a little of this native good behavior and courtesy. Even the children illustrate it:

But it was not the blue desert that made the dunes a leaf in my book of memory; it was a brown little Bedouin boy on a sand-hillock whom I observed on my way home. I made his acquaintance. He was about ten years old; his ragged, earth-colored garment blew round his sturdy bare legs; he was capped with black hair, and his small herd of goats fed beside him. He was shy, and his stolid, great eyes looked up at me—those young Arah eyes, expressionless, but which a touch of joy irradiates, seeming to liquefy their shallow light, making them soft like a caress. He was willing to be acquainted. I fed him a chocolate, and extracted from him the four French words he knew; but, notwithstanding the good offices of Chérif, whom I had with me, the best educated of the guides, and now the master of the French-Arah school there, our conversation was mostly confined to mutual kind looks. I left him after a while, and a few moments later, as I was walking toward the carriage, he began to sing. I turned. There he stood, erect on the billock against the

desert slope and the low sky, with unloosed voice. The treble rose with a certain breadth and volume; but its quality was its intensity. I would not have believed the silent little fellow had so much voice in him. "What is it?" I said. "It is for you," said the polite Chérif; "it is to thank you." "What does he sing?" I asked. "Un chant d'amour," replied Chérif; and I could get no more from him except "blue eyes" and "l'amour." I looked up at the boy's earnest face, as he sang bravely on, and listened; and when he had stopped we drove away, and the high treble began again on the hillside.

Africa seems to furnish some material for the psychological researchers, since the author himself evidently believes in the reality of the phenomena produced by the dervishes. He gives us a surprising account of these strange doings, which ended in the following incident:

I stayed on, and my attention was attracted by a little fellow of eight or ten years, a bright street boy, who was wandering about among the others. He got some sort of permission from the chief, and they passed a knife through his right cheek—clear through. He was very proud of the feat, and walked up and down, shaking his head to make the knife waggle on its outer hilted side; but he was not at all excited. I remained perhaps an hour, and then shook hands with the chief, who was gravely courteous, and I went out under the stars; and the din died away in the distance.

The Arabs are a believing race, says Mr. Woodberry. Their religion is not an affair of formalism. It saturates them. It is the one ever-present reality to their minds, and he suggests that religious devotion in races is in proportion to the fewness of the blessings that the Lord of heaven and earth gives to His wandering creatures:

I remember when the reality of their belief first struck home to me. I was driving on the high plains below the peaks of the range on their northern side, returning from Timgad, that magnificent ruin of a Roman city of high civilization which still lifts erect its vistas of columns over the strewn ground of the abandoned plain, and in its vacant desolation brings back to me more vividly than Pompeii, with a greater nobility and dignity, with a finer imperialism, the great Roman world. I had seen it diminish and sink in the low sunlight, and drop behind. Night had long fallen over the uninhabited, long, Colorado-like, starlit slopes where we drove. It was bitter cold, and I had just drawn another sweater over the head of my Arab boy beside me. Suddenly he said with quick and earnest tones: "Le bon Dieu will take care of you." I was startled by the intensity of the unexpected voice. "Le bon Dieu," I said; "what do you mean?" The boy gazed at me steadily. I could see the gleam of his deep eyes in the starlight. "Le bon Dieu," he said, and nodded up to the sky. That nod was the most convincing act of faith I ever saw. It was plain that he believed in God as he believed in the reality of his own body. I fell silent, thinking in how marvelous ways we are taught; for the boy taught me something. And as the earthen room with its texts is a symbol to me of Arah piety, the boy's gesture is my symbol of Arah faith—*la foi*.

The faith of Mohammed is not only one of intense convictions, but by its very simplicity it lends itself to the making of converts. The practical leaders of African Mohammedans are the Snoussiya, who are practically the centre of Panislamism. The desert round about the Snoussi state owns its sovereignty from Egypt to Tunis, and it is buttressed on the south by the negro states, which it has joined in proselytizing, converting them from their savage fetishism:

The spirit of proselytism has always been active in North Africa. The story of its saints from early days contains a missionary element, acting at first on the indigenous barbarism of the desert and mountains and extending at a later period to the negro populations of the Soudan. The Snoussiya, together with other Mohammedan agents, has conducted a proselytism to the south which has been astonishing in its success and has long arrested European attention. Islam is, indeed, well adapted to convert inferior peoples, and adopts an intelligent policy in practice. The simplicity of the faith, the absence of any elaborate dogma or ritual, its slight demand on the intellect, together with its avoidance of anything ascetic in its rule of life, made it easily acceptable in itself; and its tolerant advance, without pressure, on the imitative instincts, the ambitions and interests of the savage populations with which it is in political and commercial contact, secures its spread without irritation or disturbance.

The author tells us of the fierce Touaregs, whose ceremonial dancing made him feel as though he were assisting at a worship of the Evil One in a remote and barbarous past:

Their heads were closely covered with white, except the mouth and eyes—not merely covered, but wrapped. I turned to Ahsalom, and said, "Touaregs." He looked at them, as I picked them out for him, and said, "Si, signor," for he always spoke to me in Italian. I had wished much to see some Touaregs, and, though I had seen men with covered faces, I had never been quite sure. They are the finest race of the desert, first in all manly savage traits, handits of the sands, complete and natural robbers, fierce fanatics, death-dealers—the most feared of all the tribes. They cover their faces thus to protect them from the sand, for they are pure desert men. I smiled to think that at my first meeting with the terrible Touaregs I found three of them dancing for my amusement; but I looked at them with the keenest interest. They were certainly superb in muscular strength. At the end of an hour they showed no weariness; and there was a vigor in their motions, an elasticity and endurance that easily distinguished them from the others. I watched them long. They were perfectly tireless, and the dance called for constant violent muscular effort. I shall never forget that group, whose garb itself, thin and open, had a riding look, and especially the man in the blue garment, with long, gaunt arms and legs, who fell forward and rebounded with a spring of iron.

In leaving Africa Mr. Woodberry realized almost sorrowfully how much there was that must be left for "another time." He describes for us a vision that he saw in the skies, and that was a real vision and not a dream, "and it seemed to me that night as if the spirit of the land were bidding me, who had so loved it, farewell." Let us hope that the other time will speedily come and that it may result in another such book as this.

NORTH AFRICA AND THE DESERT. By George E. Woodberry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.

THE MAJOR'S HAND.

A Question of Life Existing After Death.

"Ah! that is just like Hans, with his theories!"

This opinion was, like a discordant chorus, expressed by ten or fifteen students, with their porcelain pipes in their mouths, and in front of them, upon the oaken table of the tavern, immense mugs full of bock beer.

The student thus interrupted was a tall young man, with a full beard and plenty of hair under his velvet cap; his pale face and frank expression denoted a superior mind and soul.

"Do not laugh," he said; "and in support of my thesis—which is the affirmation of a solidarity existing, even after a violent separation, between the members of a body and the body itself—I will tell you a little story."

"We will listen; but try to be amusing!" shouted his skeptical comrades.

"I was very intimate with Major Muller," began Hans, "who was, in his day, as you know, one of the heaviest players at our summer resorts. I had known him since my childhood; he was an old friend of my family, and every time he came to the house he never forgot to bring me a lot of sweetmeats. Then, later on, he made me a present of a gun. I had, therefore, an affectionate respect for him, and so, when I was no longer a beardless boy, I became his intimate friend."

"He was a charming man, but very fond of play, and it was a quarrel over cards that led to his famous duel, in which he killed his adversary; at the same time he received such a severe wound in his wrist that the doctor was soon afterward obliged to amputate his right hand. By a strange whim the major would not be separated from his hand, which was one of remarkable beauty. So he had it saturated with aromatics, and injected with strong balsams, and preserved it in a crystal globe in his chamber."

"I can still see this dried hand of the old soldier; I still see those fingers, febrile in their immobility, reposing upon the red and green velvet cushion, with its golden tassels. The flesh—if that fantastically strange material can be called such, so much it looked like ice under the brownish parchment that had once been skin—made me shudder. Upon the forefinger was an enormous gold ring with a large ruby; the nails, cut squarely in military fashion, had grown but little since the fatal amputation. And wide, thick, and nervous, the hand had remained there for years."

"The hand, I say, had lain there for years when the major took to his bed at the beginning of the illness that was to carry him off, according to the prediction of our illustrious master."

"I was called to Muller's house as an intimate friend, and was to watch over him every second night."

"I pass over the major's last days, which were one long agony. The extraordinary strength of the dying man made him suffer all imaginable pangs: fever, shudders, cramps, delirium."

"These alarming symptoms suddenly ceased, and it was thought that the sick man had entered into a comatose state; but this was a mistake. A rapid reaction began, and an astonishing improvement followed. Every one concluded that it was the beginning of convalescence. Now, one evening as I had just begun my watch, Muller grew drowsy, and presently fell into a profound and healthy sleep."

"I was reading, and little by little began to feel drowsy. However, in order not to lose myself entirely, I got up and went over to the bed. The major's breathing was regular and his sleep as calm as that of a child. I returned to my place, and my eyes turned by chance toward the corner where the hand reposed upon a table. The chamber was lighted only by a hanging night-lamp. The hand seemed to me to move."

"Curious effect of the desire to sleep," I said to myself, and smiling I went up to the table."

"The hand still moved, or appeared to me to move, the fingers rose and fell, one by one or all together, in a different and intelligent way, as though unbending themselves after their long numbness."

"This time I was so surprised that I stood as if nailed to the floor. The hand continued to move more and more, as though gathering its strength. No longer able to control myself, I raised the crystal globe that covered this strange relic, and thus exposed the hand to the air. It immediately turned round upon its stump, which was covered with a lace wrist-band, and its other fingers, except the index, signified to me to return to my seat. The movement of the hand was as imperious as that of a military chief designating a point to be captured without delay and without explanation."

"Without believing in it the least in the world, in spite of my eyes, I was astounded, and, I may as well avow it, terrified; so much so that I staggered back to my chair and sank down, my eyes, so to speak, riveted upon the frightful object, which now moved its fingers as though in the act of magnetizing some one."

"Suddenly the hand rose upon its middle finger and balanced backward and forward, as though gathering itself for a start; then it jumped down as noiselessly as a cat. Once upon the carpet, it bounded lightly along until it reached the table beside the bed; with a spring it mounted on top, and, seeking among the bottles, unlocked one, and poured from it a few drops into the

cup of herb tea. Then, creeping up to the sleeper, it pinched him in such a way that he woke up, and immediately it jumped down to the floor, where I no longer followed it with my eyes, my attention being centered upon the sick man. The major said: 'I am thirsty,' and, while I was unable to rise from my chair, where I was retained by some diabolical force, he seized the cup of herb tea and drank it."

"At this instant I felt released from my imprisonment, so to speak, and rushed to the bedside; but it was too late. The major was dead. I looked at the bottle from which the hand had poured the liquid, and found that it contained a deadly poison, destined for a preparation to be used externally, and which had been left among the other bottles."

"I was overwhelmed, as you may well suppose, and it was some minutes before I recovered my senses. As soon as I could I notified the major's friends; but before leaving the room I instinctively threw a glance at the table where the hand usually lay. It was there, under the glass, as it had been for years and years."

"Death was ascribed to normal causes. The funeral took place, and a few days passed by. I was obliged to go more than once to Muller's house for various reasons. I never failed to observe the hand, which remained in the chamber, unoccupied since the major's death, and I noticed with astonishment a remarkable deliquescence in the tissues and muscles that had for years resisted decay. The bones alone remained sound, and showed more and more. Then came the symptoms of decomposition."

"Gentlemen," Hans concluded, "I think my story supports my thesis—the affirmation of a solidarity existing, even after violent separation, between the members of a body and the body itself."—Translated from the French of Paul Verlaine.

The one country in the world which in times of peace supplies the greatest agent to increase the productivity of the earth will now be called upon for identically the same agent to supply the means of destruction. That country is the Republic of Chile, and the product which has now assumed such tremendous importance is the nitrate of soda which it supplies to the world. Today Chile enjoys practically a world monopoly in the production of nitrate, and its use is constantly growing. The revenue derived from the export duty on nitrate, if equally distributed among the inhabitants of the country, would give every man, woman, and child no less than \$10 annually. This great revenue is being used to build railroads, improve harbors, foster education, and to build up the nation generally; and, taking into consideration the number of its inhabitants, makes Chile one of the richest countries in the world. The Chilean nitrate beds are found in a strip of country about 500 miles long, at a distance varying from fifteen to ninety miles from the Pacific coast. The deposits lie in great beds, or strata, and the product is easily mined. The overlying strata are penetrated by small shafts or drills on through the natural nitrate beds to the underlying bed-rock or substratum of clay or gravel. At the bottom of the shafts charges of powder or dynamite are placed, which, when exploded, break up and scatter the surface layers and the nitrate. The fragments of nitrate are then gathered from the debris and carried in carts or small cars to the oficinas, or factories, which convert the natural product into the white crystals of nitrate of soda, sack them, and then transport them to the nearest port for shipment. Just now, however, the greatest demand for nitrate will be to make powder and other explosives. Nitric acid is needed to manufacture nitro-glycerine, dynamite, smokeless powder, and the various kinds of high explosives used in these modern times.

Twenty years ago an American missionary resident in Shantung, China, brought to his mission station, when returning from his furlough in the United States, a quart of California peanuts, which he gave to a native convert as seed to replace the poor shriveled native peanut which possessed little or no marketing qualifications. Today this quart of peanuts has spread all over Shantung province, resulting in giving to these people an export trade in this article of 150,000 tons a year. In the fiscal year 1914, ending June 30, the value of peanuts imported to the United States was \$1,899,237.

There is hardly a workman in Liege who is not employed in gun work, and it is in this city that is found the practice of women and children working in the home on gun parts. Children carry to the homes bags of locks and gun fittings, and in the evening the workman and his family will polish up and prepare the spare parts for assembling. Owing to the introduction of American machine tools much of this hand work is ceasing.

A table grape of unusual qualities, in that it ripens practically the year round, is grown in the neighborhood of Pinon, Dominican Republic. It is purple, good size, and grows in clusters weighing three to four pounds.

At the University of California 8000 students are taking the free correspondence courses in agriculture.

BELGRADE.

First City to Feel the Shock of War Now Raging.

Belgrade, Serbia's late capital, and first city to feel the shock of war in the conflagration now seething in Europe, is noted chiefly for its historic traditions. The great limestone hill which juts up at the junction of the Save and the Danube, behind and around which the city lies, has been an important fort for more than 2000 years.

The walls of the ancient city have disappeared since 1862. Much of the original Roman masonry still remains, while the dilapidated buildings occupied by a Turkish garrison as late as 1867 are now used as military museum. Year by year the town is losing its Turkish aspect and becoming more modern. Its position has made it the chief point of communication between Constantinople and Vienna, and the key to Hungary on the southeast. The Greeks held it until 1073, after which it passed through the hands of Hungarians, Greeks again, Bulgarians, Bosnians, and Servians, who sold it in 1426 to the Emperor Sigismund. In 1440 it was unsuccessfully besieged by the Turks, and when stormed in 1456 was retaken from the Turks by the heroism of Hunyadi and Capistrano. Between 1522 and 1789 it experienced seven more sieges, the most famous of all, however, taking place in 1717, when the citadel surrendered to Prince Eugene, after he had defeated 200,000 Turks.

The city was not molested either in the Russo-Turkish or the Bulgarian war, and escaped entirely unscathed in the last wars. It was more important in a military sense to the Turks than it has ever been since.

Belgrade is, roughly speaking, divided into two parts, the older part, built during the Turkish domination, lying low on the banks of the river, and the new, modern part, of which not only all Servians, but all Serbs as well, are intensely proud, lying on the hill back of the fortress.

The new part is laid out in broad, well-paved streets, lined with fine buildings, six and seven stories high, which, since the new spirit of development has seized on the country, have replaced the small low buildings that were first erected. The public buildings are not imposing.

Though there are no very wealthy residents of Belgrade, it is also said there are no very poor persons in the city. Until the war began life was very pleasant for the townspeople, as the following pen-picture indicates: "Shops are bright and filled with new and attractive goods. The people are gay and light-hearted and are great frequenters of the street-corner cafés, each one of which has a gypsy band. The midday siesta is an iron-clad rule in Belgrade, and everything from the biggest bank to the smallest shop shuts up between twelve and two. The business of the day is over at five o'clock, and the entire town turns out to promenade and take the air. They stroll up and down the two principal streets, filling sidewalks and pavement alike, lingering at the cafés for Turkish coffee, and for tall glasses of water, which seems a more popular drink than anything else."

"By the sunset hour every one has reached the alemeqda, a park built on the hill right back of the old fortress. It is beautifully laid out with trees, flowers, and statues of Servian poets and painters, and commands from its fine terrace, still called by its old Turkish name, the Slope of Dreams, a splendid view over the gray waters of the joined rivers to the distant white towers and green trees of Semlin and the great Hungarian plains."

Perhaps no city has ever been preserved in more curious verse, and the remarkable feature of the old poem is its present applicability. "The Siege of Belgrade" might well be better known:

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Boldly, by battery, besieged Belgrade.
Cossack commanders, cannonading come,
Dealing destruction's devastating doom.
Every endeavor engineers essay,
For fame, for fortune fighting, furious fray!
Generals 'gainst generals grapple—gracious God!
How honors Heaven heroic hardihood!
Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,
Kindred kill kinsmen, kinsmen kindred kill.
Labor low levels longest, loftiest lines;
Men march mid mounds, mid moles, mid murderous mines;
Now noxious, noisy numbers nothing, naught
Of outward obstacles, opposing ought:
Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,
Quite quaking, quickly "Quarter! Quarter!" quest.
Reason returns, religious right redounds,
Swarrow stops such sanguinary sounds.
Truce to thee, Turkey! Triumph to thy train,
Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine!
Vanish, vain victory! Vanish, victory vain!
Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome were
Nerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xavier?
Yield, yield, ye youths! Ye yeomen, yield your yell!
Zeus's, Zepher's, Zoroaster's zeal,
Attracting all, arms against acts appeal!

This famous—among scholars—example of alliterative poetry, in which the initial letters of the lines are those of the alphabet in proper sequence, is unfortunately fatherless. It is most strongly claimed for Alaric A. Watts, the Englishman who founded the *United Service Gazette* in 1833, and whose annual, the "Literary Souvenir," published 1824-37, was a great success during its interesting life. Others have also claimed the honor.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Crime Doctor.

How interested we all are in crime nowadays, perhaps not unreasonably so, since society as a whole seems intent on descending en masse to criminal levels. Mr. Hornung's crime doctor is not a detective except incidentally, but rather a physician who devotes himself to the medical study of crime and criminals. A sort of connecting link between the many stories that make up the volume is the curious adventure that befalls Lady Vera Moyle, who is a militant suffragette. A policeman is killed during one of the usual street scimmages and the crime is fixed upon a ruffian who has been taking advantage of the confusion, of the fog, and of the broken window of a jewelry store in order to help himself to the precious contents of the show-cases. But Lady Vera is satisfied that it was she herself who inflicted the fatal wound with a small antique club bearing a hidden dagger, and in order to secure the release of the unfortunate and unjustly convicted ruffian she enlists the aid of the crime doctor. To say that the stories are clever and amusing is to give them the highest praise that they deserve.

THE CRIME DOCTOR. By E. W. Hornung. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.35 net.

The Coming Hawaii.

This is the latest addition to the World Today Series, now numbering six volumes, all from the pen of Joseph King Goodrich. It may be said at once that the work is as good as any of its predecessors. Professor Goodrich never conceives of his duty as identical with that of the promoter. He makes no speciality of smooth sayings or of ecstatic and indiscriminating predictions, contenting himself rather with a statement of conditions and facts, whether favorable or unfavorable. In this case he tells us that he has little to say that is not praise, simply because the Hawaiian archipelago is attractive in almost every way and its charms are of the kind which grow in number and degree.

The author deals with his topic in a comprehensive way. He gives us some useful chapters on history and the passage of the Islands to American control, and he follows this with some general descriptive matter that includes the natives, the Chinese and Japanese, native and foreign literature and languages, sports and pastimes, and social life. The coming Hawaii, he says, will be agricultural. The territory is entirely without minerals, and therefore its value lies in its capacity for contributing to the world's supply of agricultural products. Immigration of the right kind is the supreme need, and so we are furnished with a comprehensive view of the conditions under which land can be acquired and settlements founded. The picture is an alluring one, and it ought to attract the careful attention of those who are anxious for new agricultural worlds to conquer. In any case the book is well worth reading for its general sketch of territories of which knowledge ought to be more widespread.

THE COMING HAWAII. By Joseph King Goodrich. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50 net.

The Iron Year.

This story may derive a certain added interest from events now transpiring in Europe. It is based on the war between France and Germany in 1870, and it is said that the emperor read it aloud to the members of the royal family. It is a story of extraordinary energy and interest, as much from the military as from the romantic point of view. There is of course a love incident, and, equally of course, it is international—that is to say between a French officer and a German girl. Stella Bloch is to be congratulated upon the skill of her translation.

THE IRON YEAR. By Walter Bloem. Translated from the German by Stella Bloch. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

The Monroe Doctrine.

Students of the larger politics should not fail to note a little volume from the pen of Charles Francis Adams in which he discusses the relationship of the Monroe Doctrine, the principle of hegemony, and Mommsen's Law. Hegemony is defined as "leadership among states" or that force developed or naturally possessed by one state that causes it to assume the position of "Big Brother" to the lesser states with which it is in contact. Mommsen's Law was not laid down until J. Q. Adams had been in his grave for ten years, but there can be no doubt that its principles were clearly in his mind when he framed the Monroe Doctrine. Mommsen's Law is stated as follows:

By virtue of the law, that a people which has grown into a state absorbs its neighbors who are in political nonage, and a civilized people absorbs its neighbors who are in intellectual nonage—by virtue of this law, which is as universally valid and as much a law of nature as the law of gravity—the Italian nation . . . was entitled to reduce to subjection the Greek states of the East, which were

ripe for destruction, and to dispossess the people of lower grades of culture in the West—Lihyans, Iberians, Celts, Germans—by means of its settlers; just as England with equal right has in Asia reduced to subjection a civilization of rival standing but politically impotent, and in America and Australia has marked and ennobled, and still continues to mark and ennoble, extensive barbarian countries with the impress of its nationality.

Mr. Adams, says the author, clearly had the essence of this in mind when he penned the "Doctrine" incorporated in the message of 1823.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE. By Charles Francis Adams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 50 cents net.

The Ministry of Art.

The voice of the author is as that of one crying in the wilderness. He believes that art is an essential part of the true life, as of course it is, and he deprecates the fact of our apparent determination to live without art, or at best to regard it as one of the superfluous luxuries of life. Art, he says, should have an honored place in education. It should belong to the equipment of the craftsman, it should be restored to its proper place in religion. Without such a renaissance as this the world must suffer seriously from the loss of a great and vital power. It is to be feared that the indictment is a true one. We may even believe that we have not only ceased to admire the beautiful. We have to regard it with a scarcely veiled hostility.

But Mr. Cram's work is not a diatribe nor wholly a lament. It is a fine piece of constructive and appreciative work. His chapter on "The Philosophy of the Gothic Restoration" is a piece of penetrating interpretation. So, too, is his section on "American University Architecture." Other chapters relate to education, craftsmanship, and religion. All alike are saturated with a fine fervor and with a conviction that art will once more become a language of the beautiful and a language that shall be generally comprehended.

THE MINISTRY OF ART. By Ralph Adams Cram, Litt. D., F. A. I. A., F. R. G. S. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net.

The White Sapphire.

This may be described as a detective novel, although we are spared the greswomness of the usual murder, and indeed the detective element is little more than a screen for a very pretty love affair. The supposed crime centres around a ruby stolen from a collection of gems given to Evelyn Winthrop by her uncle on his return from the East, and as Evelyn's brother Jack is very hard up and as, moreover, the ruby is found in his pocket, it may be said that appearances are against him. But we are more interested in the detective and in Evelyn than in her ruby.

THE WHITE SAPPHIRE. By Lee Foster Hartman. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.

Murder in Any Degree.

There are very few short stories worthy of the collected edition, but the collected edition continues to appear, and so we may suppose that there is some demand for it. In this case we have nine short stories by Owen Johnson, all of them light, clever, and effervescent, admirable companions for an idle hour and therefore with the passport of value, as literary value goes nowadays. The volume takes its name from the opening story.

MURDER IN ANY DEGREE. By Owen Johnson. New York: The Century Company; \$1.30 net.

Briefer Reviews.

The young mechanic interested in gas engines will find a hook after his own heart in "Harper's Gasoline Engine Book," by A. Hyatt Verrill (Harper & Brothers; \$1 net). The book describes how the engine is made, how to use it at home, in boats and vehicles and elsewhere, and how to keep it in order. It seems to be of the most practical kind, while its numerous illustrations are clear and precise.

The admirable series of pocket art hooks now being issued by Charles Scribner's Sons under the title of New Guides to Old Masters has been enlarged by the addition of volumes on "Madrid" and "Vienna, Budapest." The author is John C. Van Dyke, and while the European art galleries are likely to be somewhat deserted in the immediate future this should give all the greater value to descriptions that are so competent and so clear. The price of the volumes is \$1 each, and it may be said that this useful little library already contains about a dozen works.

Among recent commendable books on popular science a place of honor should be found for "The Essence of Astronomy," by Edward W. Price (G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1 net). The author does not profess to have written an original work, but merely to state the facts that every one ought to know about the sun, moon, and stars. He gives us chapters on the Sun, on each of the Planets, and on the Asteroids, Comets, Meteors, Eclipses, the Fixed Stars, the Nebulae, and on Astronomical Instruments, concluding with a chro-

nology and a bibliography. There are few hooks of its kind so satisfactory or of such practical value to the lay student.

It is certainly not the fault of the modern writer if we do not all know how to behave. The hooks on etiquette are endless, and now comes another from Florence Howe Hall, entitled "Good Form for All Occasions," and published by Harper & Brothers (\$1 net). We are told about the country house, afternoon teas, dinners, weddings, receptions, dances, automobiles, bridge parties, and operas. There seems no social emergency un-cared for, and if we were in the habit of encountering the perils here outlined we could find no better hook as guide, philosopher, and friend.

It seems—as indeed is obvious enough—that the hack yard can easily be made the source of much pleasure as well as of much profit. Vegetables and chickens flourish therein, many kinds of herries may be grown, and last but not least, the small boy can install a rabbit hutch and so add measurably to the sum of his innocuous happiness. How all these many admirable things may be done to the best advantage is cleverly described by J. Willard Bolte in his "The Back Yard Farmer," just published by Forbes & Co., Chicago (price \$1). If we possessed a hack yard we should certainly make a friend and confidant of this entertaining volume.

Emil Rath, who is the director of the Normal College, North American Gymnastic Union of Indianapolis, explains in the foreword to his book on "Aesthetic Dancing," just published by the A. S. Barnes Company of New York, that his object is to place in the hands of teachers of physical education a hook which may assist them in presenting to girls' and women's classes the fascinating and graceful rhythmic movements of classic and aesthetic dancing. The work itself must be judged by experts, but even the most summary examination shows it to be compiled with extraordinary care and from the scientific point of view, while the numerous illustrations are of the most helpful and practical kind.

New Books Received.

THE VANISHED MESSENGER. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.30 net. A novel.

THAT AFFAIR AT PORTSTEAD MANOR. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net. A novel.

ALONG MEDITERRANEAN SHORES. By Mary Frances Willard. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co.; 50 cents net.

A travel hook for children.

AT THE SHRINE AND OTHER POEMS. By George Herbert Clarke. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$1.25 net. A volume of verse.

OH! JAMES. By H. M. Edginton. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.30 net.

The story of a man who tried to prove the goodness of the world.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RADIO-ACTIVITY OR SELECTIVE INVOLUTION. By Eugene Coleman Savidge. New York: William R. Jenkins Company.

Written from the medical point of view.

SUTTONIUS. In two volumes. With an English translation by J. C. Rolfe, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Issued in the Loeb Classical Library.

CALIFORNIA, ROMANTIC AND RESOURCEFUL. By John F. Davis. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson; \$1.25 net.

A plea for the collection, preservation, and diffusion of information relating to Pacific Coast history.

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REDUCING THE COST OF LIVING. By Scott Nearing. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A discussion of some pressing economic problems.

CICERO, DE FINIBUS BONORUM ET MALORUM. With an English translation by H. Rackham, M. A. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Issued in the Loeb Classical Library.

ELFIN SONGS OF SUNLAND. By Charles Keeler. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Songs of a California poet. A third edition, enlarged, with decorations by Louise Keeler.

HEARINGS BEFORE THE COMMITTEE ON EXPENDITURES IN THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Investigation of the fur-sal industry of Alaska.

XENOPHON CYROPEDEA. In two volumes. With an English translation by Walter Miller. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Issued in the Loeb Classical Library.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF STATE GOVERNMENT IN CALIFORNIA. By Cardinal Goodwin, M. A. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

A political history.

THE STORY OF DUCIEHURST. By Charles Egbert Croadock. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.

A tale of the Mississippi.

THE GREAT AMULET. By Maud Diver. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.

A second edition, revised, and in part rewritten.

CAPTAIN DESMOND, V. C. By Maud Diver. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.

A second edition, revised, and in large part rewritten.

JOHN KNOX McLEAN. By John Wright Buckham. Oakland, California: Smith Brothers.

A biography.

AN UNFINISHED SONG. By Mrs. Ghosal (Srimati Kumari Devi). New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

A story of life among the Reformed Party of Bengal.

THE GREENSTONE DOOR. By William Satchell. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A novel of New Zealand.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Torch Bearer.

This is the story of a young wife with a decided talent for the writing of fiction, but who finds that she must choose between the proper care of her baby and the shining paths of literature. When the baby nearly dies as the result of her neglect she puts her manuscripts away in a drawer where they can do no harm to any one and devotes herself whole-heartedly to her maternal responsibilities. And, *mirabile dictu*, when the baby grows big he shows that he has inherited his mother's abilities and bids fair to become a great story writer, although we may regretfully note that he has not yet appeared in the field. On the last page we read of her exaltation as she realizes the gift that she has transmitted to her son:

Her gift would have its fruition in Eric—and perhaps in Eric's sons, and his sons' sons. She was granted a vision of a torch passed on from one trustworthy hand to another throughout the years; and beholding that vision, she was aware that nothing she had suffered mattered at all. She could face the stars now with a heart at peace. She could watch the earth's miracles, feeling herself a part of them. From the earth sprang flowers; from her flesh had sprung her son—her son who had been born to carry on the torch. She had created beauty indeed—beauty that would outlive her life in her son's art.

We shall watch out for Eric. There are no signs of him yet.

THE TORCH BEARER. By Reina Melcher Marquis. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

In his new novel, "The Vanished Messenger," E. Phillips Oppenheim treats once more of international intrigue. The story is centred around the mysterious disappearance of a secret agent from the United States, on his way to attend a conference of the powers upon the Continent. The scene is laid in Mr. Oppenheim's own County of Norfolk, and the whole environment of the little drama, which takes place in the great house fronting the German Ocean, is extremely closely drawn and, notwithstanding its amazing sequel, extraordinarily convincing. There are several new types in this story, and an unexpected love affair. "The Vanished Messenger" was published by Little, Brown & Co. August 15.

The assertion is made in "The Conquest of the Tropics," by Frederick Upham Adams (Doubleday, Page & Co.), that the banana and sugar plantations operated by the United Fruit Company are of an extent and value without precedent. "The banana and sugar plantations of the United Fruit Company cover a combined area of 209,430 acres, or 327 square miles."

"On the Cosmic Relations," Henry Holt's study of psychic phenomena as a basis for belief in the immortality of the soul, will be published by the Houghton Mifflin Company in October instead of next spring, as previously announced.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." The Houghton Mifflin Company report a decided increase in the demand for copies of the recently published Visitors' Edition of "The House of Seven Gables," as a result of the publicity given to the famous landmark by its narrow escape from destruction in the great Salem fire.

With "The Return of the Prodigal" May Sinclair has achieved a double success. It has not only been heartily praised by the critics, but has been no less eagerly accepted by the reading public of both England and America. In Miss Sinclair's native land the book is now in its fourth edition; here it is in its second. It is published by the Macmillan Company.

Announcement was made at a recent meeting of the American School Peace League that the gold medal awarded annually by the league to the person who has performed during the year the most signal service for the peace movement on the educational side will be given this year to Katrina Trask in recognition of her famous play, "In the Vanguard." This is but the latest of many honors that have come to Mrs. Trask since "In the Vanguard" was published. This great peace drama has been read throughout the country and was adopted by the Carnegie Peace Foundation as a part of that society's propaganda only three days prior to the action of the Peace League.

A thrilling incident of the capture of New Orleans is recalled by the recent publication of the "Life and Letters of Commodore George Hamilton Perkins, U. S. N." (Houghton Mifflin Company). After the Union fleet had run past the Confederate forts and anchored off the city, Farragut ordered Captain Bailey and Lieutenant Perkins ashore to demand the surrender of the city.

William Allan Neilson, who, with Professor Ashley H., Thorndike edited "The Tudor Shakespeare," now regarded as one of the

best editions of the works of the famous bard, has been appointed exchange professor at the Sorbonne. "The Tudor Shakespeare" is published by the Macmillan Company.

The Century Company will open its 1914 fall publishing season with the issue of three books: "Canadian Nights," a book of short stories, by Albert Hickman; "Living Up to Letchwood," a satire on monthly magazines and some of their tendencies, by Julian Street; and "The Rise of the Working Class," an effort to present compellingly the point of view of the working class, by Algernon Sidney Crapsey, formerly rector of St. Andrew's Church, Rochester, and now pastor of the Brotherhood, Rochester.

The Yale University Press will publish in the early fall a volume of the poems of the Bishop of Chichester, who lived from 1592 to 1669. Dr. Lawrence Mason of the English department of Yale College has collected these poems from various sources into the first and only complete edition of the poems of this interesting poet. Bishop Henry King was chaplain to two kings, and played an important rôle in history as proposed preserver of the jeopardized episcopal succession. In literature he is important as the friend of Walton, Hooker, and Donne, as well as on his own merits. His poetry is valuable as a perfect illustration of the work of the puzzling transitional period between Shakespeare's death and the Restoration.

Harper & Brothers have just put to press for reprintings the following books: "Sketches Old and New," "The \$30,000 Bequest," "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," "The Prince and the Pauper," by Mark Twain; "A Brave Lady," by Miss Mulock; "The Children of the Ghetto" and "The Master," by I. Zangwill.

Theodore Goodridge Roberts, author of "The Wasp" and "Jess of the River," writes his publishers (the G. W. Dillingham Company) that he may have to gird up his loins and do something for Old England. He is one of the reserve officers in the Canadian Active Militia, having held the rank of lieutenant (qualified) in the Eighth Princess Louise Hussars and later in the Seventy-First York Regiment (infantry).

It may be interesting, in connection with the effect the present crisis in Europe is exerting on the financial world, to note what the author of "The Principles of Money and Banking"—Charles A. Conant—has to say about the Bank of England during the Napoleonic wars. The managers of the bank had notified the prime minister that further loans such as he was demanding "would go right to ruin the country." A rumor of the landing of a French frigate in one of the Welsh harbors caused a run upon the bank for specie which brought the expected result—suspension of cash payments. The bank had reduced its issues from £10,550,830 on January 21, 1797, to £8,640,250 on February 25, but its cash had run down to £1,272,000. The cabinet met on Sunday, February 26, 1797, and issued an order in council to the effect "that the directors of the Bank of England shall forbear issuing any cash in payment until the sense of Parliament can be taken." The book is published by Harper & Brothers.

With the war occupying so much of every one's attention, two timely publications are announced by Little, Brown & Co. for early publication: "Famous War Correspondents," by F. Lauriston Bullard, and "Famous Land Fights," by A. Hilliard Atteridge. The latter book is a companion work to "Famous Sea Fights" and gives a popular account of land warfare from the earliest times down to and including the war in the Balkans.

"Chinese Pottery and Porcelain" is an account of the potters' art in China from primitive times to the present day written by R. L. Hobson, B. A., assistant in the department of British and medieval antiquities and ethnography, British Museum. It is published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company.

English letters are being enriched by Patrick McGill, a navy, whose novel, "The Children of the Dead End," was written at twenty-four; and by Robert Tressall, a sign painter and decorator, whose posthumous novel, "Ragged Trousered Philanthropists," was recently published.

The Century Company's list of juvenile books this fall will include "Phyllis," a story of young life in the South, by Maria Thompson Daviess, author of "The Melting of Molly," "The Tinder Box," etc.; a book of "Baby Bears," by Grace Drayton, creator of the Campbell Kids; "The Book of Friendly Giants," a collection of the best giant legends retold from the original sources by Eunice Fuller and illustrated by Pamela Colman Smith; "More Than Conquerors," by Ariadne Gilbert; "The Bubble Ballads," by Melville Charter; Allen French's "The Runaway"; and Abbie Farwell Brown's "The Lucky Stone."

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Too Many Cooks" at the Cort.

"Too Many Cooks," described as a hilariously funny comedy, comes all the way from New York to the Cort Theatre on Sunday night. Frank Craven, so well and favorably known in San Francisco for his matchless impersonation of Jimmy Gilley in "Bought and Paid For," will be with "Too Many Cooks," and returns to town not only as the leading player of the comedy, but its author as well. "Too Many Cooks" has a record of one solid year in New York.

The curtain rises on the foundations of a small suburban home. Albert Bennett, an ordinary young slave in a downtown office, is building it. He is going to be married, and this has been his dream—a place actually his own—"a place you can do anything you want to with and nobody to stop you." As he tells his bachelor friend, Frank Andrews, about it, the audience learns in a perfectly simple and always humorous way how much it means to him.

Presently we meet Alice Cook, Bennett's fiancée, and her rather chilly, cynical, sharp-tongued friend, Ella Mayer, and then comes the dreadful family. The young man had gone thus far without knowing or thinking much about Alice's family. There are nine of the Cooks besides Alice, and they are a terrifying lot. They all arrive on the scene in the middle of the first act, to look the young man over and tell him and Alice just how to plan and build, and arrange and furnish their house. Little clouds gather and thicken, thanks to the interference, well meant or not, of one outsider and another, and end finally in separating the young lovers. It is the business of the third act to bring them together.

The company assembled by William A. Brady to assist Mr. Craven in telling the story of "Too Many Cooks" is said to be one of the most competent and perfectly balanced seen here in a long time. Mr. Craven will appear in a part which he wrote specially for himself. Others of the cast are Roy Gordon, Harry Sleight, C. W. Goodrich, John C. Leach, Hall Bern, Hudson Liston, Philip Hillman, Thomas J. Hayes, Georgie Olp, Mary Blyth, Camilla Crume, Alice Braham, Lettie Ford, Dorothy Millette, Kathleen Hammond, and Alma Braham.

New Programme at Columbia Theatre.

The third week of the Princess Players at the Columbia Theatre will have an entire change of programme and there will be four distinct novelties on the bill.

The week which commences with Monday night, August 24, promises to be one of the most successful of the Holbrook Blinn season, for a selection of plays has been made in a manner which leaves absolutely nothing to be desired by those who seek the sensation and thrill so well furnished during the prevailing season at the Columbia. San Francisco has been awaiting the presentation by Mr. Blinn and his players of the sensational playlet in three parts called "Any Night." It is a thriller of the most modern type and has been written by Edward Ellis. It holds the record of an entire season at the Princess Theatre, New York. The characters of the play are a young girl, a young man, a street walker, a policeman, an old man, a hotel clerk, a hotel porter.

This will be one of the plays to be accompanied on the programme by a satirical comedy entitled "Phipps," from the pen of Stanley Houghton. It is a delicious comedy which is sure to find favor for the brilliancy of its lines and the clever acting of Mr. Blinn, Mr. Trevor, and Miss Murdoch. In "Ib and Little Christina," a delightful playlet by Basil Hood, Emelie Polini, Jean Murdoch, Mr. Blinn, Mr. Trevor, and others will be seen, and another strong cast will appear in the laughter-provoking farce, entitled "Food," written for the Princess Players by William C. De Mille. The last-named piece is a satire on the high cost of living, with its story laid at a time in the distant future.

Matinées are given Wednesday and Saturday.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces another fine new show for next week. Gus Edwards's Matinée Girls, a musical production à la Broadway in capsule form, with Charles Olcott as its stellar feature, will be the headline attraction. Irene Martin and a bouquet of American Beauties, including Gene Ford and Margaret Dana, will also participate in the production, which will be one of the most elaborate and beautiful yet presented in vaudeville. The lyrics are the work of Jean Havez, Will D. Cobb, and Edward Madden, and the libretto is by Gus Edwards, who also stages the presentation. Beautiful scenery and costumes lend enchantment to the view.

Aileen Stanley, described as "the girl with the personality," and an exceptionally clever character singer, will be heard in new and original songs.

The Hess Sisters, exceedingly handsome, graceful, and dainty girls, will introduce representative dances of various nations.

A lively and strenuous acrobatic dance is the most important feature of the act presented by the Hickey Brothers. They open with clever songs and amusing dialogue, which they follow with good straight dancing and acrobatics.

Horace Wright and Rene Dietrich, the somewhat different singers, have a very enjoyable act which consists of a happy combination of operatic and popular melodies.

With this bill the Hayward-Stafford Company, Marie and Billy Hart, and Mlle. Natalie and M. Ferrari, the famous classic and modern dancers, will close their engagements.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

Frank Atkins, a well-known theatrical man, is sponsor for "The Dream," a product of Edwin Flagg's studio, claimed to be one of the most gorgeously mounted and elaborately costumed fantasies in vaudeville. "The Dream" is in eight parts, with electrical effects that are carried out on a gigantic scale. There are fifteen pretty showgirls in the cast, with Reese Gardener, Jean Hathaway, and "Babe" Lewis, all clever and likable musical-comedy favorites, taking the principal rôles. Genevieve Hansen, a talented musician, will direct the musical numbers of the production.

Julie Ring, sister of Blanche Ring, the musical-comedy star, will present her sparkling little playlet, entitled "The Man She Met." Miss Ring's vehicle is one of the most delightful sketches that has played the Pantages circuit.

Ruth Gibson, a strikingly handsome young actress, will star in William Edwards's dramatic incident of the West called "There's Always a Way."

The comedy part of the new show will be a bucolic travesty, "A Limb of the Law," with May and Kilduff, clever character comedians. Alla Zandoff, the promising young concert violinist who created a big success here last month, returns for a special engagement.

The Flying Kays in a daring aerial performance, and Louise Defoggi in a comic opera episode, will complete the bill.

The cast of "Ib and Little Christina" will be especially strong, as it calls for the appearance of both Emelie Polini and Jean Murdoch, the two splendid leading women of the company now on at the Columbia Theatre.

"The Hard Man" will be one of the plays presented by Holbrook Blinn during the fourth week of his engagement at the Columbia. "The Kiss in the Dark" will also be played. These are two tremendous dramas and will be played on a programme including other successes from the Princess Theatre.

A volume of statistics relating to the occupations of the population of England and Wales, as recorded by the census of 1911, has just made its appearance. Though tardy, interest is found in the statement that between 1901 and 1911 the number of actors in England and Wales increased from 6044 to 9076, and the number of actresses from 6433 to 9171. Musicians, music-masters, and singers increased in the ten years from 43,249 to 47,116. In the subordinate services connected with art, music, and theatres the numbers shown in the table have risen from 6840 to 17,078, a good proportion of this large increase being due to the introduction and development of motion-picture theatres. In all 14,989 males and 9312 females were employed in theatres in 1911, 5863 of the former and 6726 of the latter being classed as "actors." In music halls 6497 males and 3271 females were employed, including 3213 actors and 2445 actresses.

When Paganini died he bequeathed his violin, a superb Guarnerius, to his native town of Genoa, with instructions that it was to be "preserved perpetually." In 1907 fears were entertained that a wood-worm was working damage to the instrument, and a special commission of experts was appointed by the municipality of Genoa to examine and report on its condition. The commission decided that the wood-worm was non-existent. The presence of the worm is now fully established, and the Genoese are greatly excited lest this memento of one of Genoa's most illustrious sons should be ruined. It is stated by experts that the worm will not make inroads in a violin which is regularly played, as it is expelled by the constant vibration.

Hardy Williamson, the English tenor, recently engaged by Milton Aborn for the Century Opera Company, was for many years a miner in Wales. Later he became a stonemason, and it was while at this trade that he was discovered by Daniel Mayer, the London impresario, who was also responsible for bringing to notice the Welsh tenor, Morgan Kingston. Mr. Williamson will make his debut early in the fall in one of the chief tenor rôles at the Century.



THE COLUMBIA.

Five one-act plays of varying motives constitute this week's programme at the Columbia, and there are no breaches of stage decorum in a single one. Anybody this week whose sense of propriety is shocked is hunting for the sensation. "The Black Mask" is a shocker, to be sure, but the shock is of another kind, venal and criminal as are the deeds of its three characters. It is a play of the primitive passions and revenges of primitive people who dwell and toil in one of the mining districts of northern England, although it is patent that the passions, when they are fully aroused, bear a strong family resemblance whether they rage in the bosoms of the simple or the sophisticated.

The terrible thing in "The Black Mask," which in spite of its melodramatic, Dumas-esque title is a play of searing realism, is the conviction that is forced home of how unrelieved and unsoftened misfortune and calamity are in the homes of the very poor. Vashti Glasson lives night and day in sight of the black head-covering that conceals from her gaze the ravaged and disfigured countenance of her unloved husband. For Jim Glasson, victim of a mine accident, has been so frightfully disfigured that even the blunted sensibilities of toiling peasants can not endure the spectacle. Night and day the wife's sick imagination plays around the thought of the dreadful visage under the mask, and her sustained horror at last drives her into the arms of the preferred suitor of her girlhood, from whom Jim's rougher and ruder determination had wrested her. Tragedy follows, but it is savage and terrible tragedy, unrelieved by spiritual or poetical beauty, and full of horror.

The piece is finely acted by Emelie Polini as the wife, and by Holbrook Blinn, who takes the dual rôle of the two men and differentiates the gloomy deliberation of the one and the eager, impulsive *élau* of the other with such nicety that one remains completely oblivious of the double assumption. Miss Polini is also excellent, in that the handsome girl who stirs up the passions of the two rough men is a peasant with the thick burr on her tongue and the clumsiness resting like a clog on her motions, of one whose toiling life has been ungraced by beauty and pleasantness.

This piece, with a companion one of serious purport, is sandwiched in between two light-some farces, which show to great advantage the gayer and laughter-inspiring talents of the company.

If people will persist in reading the complete outlines of the plays we see on the stage they lose many of the effects that are so carefully planned by the dramatists. I was puzzled, in "The Neglected Lady," when the husband, waving a comprehensive hand which took in all of the shabby and broken-down interior, commiserated himself and his wife over the financial ruin which would deprive them of their "beautiful home." It is annoying to be puzzled when witnessing a play, but the flood of light, when it came, was generous and all-revealing, and made the spectator realize that that be-puzzled state was part of the game; and a very good game it was. Miss Polini was also gratifyingly in evidence in this piece, while the three male rôles were cleverly sustained by Messrs. Mestayer, Mather, and Edgard, the former giving a particularly varied and amusing impersonation of the impatiently patient husband of the fiery actress.

"Fancy Free" is a light and witty trifle of the calibre of "En Dëshabille" of last week, although the breaches against conventions made by its two couples are so farcically expressed a character as to fail to alarm the most prudish.

In this play pretty Miss Murdoch again comes to the fore, this time as the placidly eloping wife of a faithless husband. Miss Murdoch's histrionic art is not of such fine and finished quality as that of the majority of the company, but her blonde beauty renders her a highly decorative element in any scene in which she figures. In "Fancy Free" there is a good deal of repartee, and some verbal reprisals, very neatly and expressively carried on by the men. Miss Murdoch and Miss Benson, the latter making her first appearance this week, are not able to sustain their share in the verbal give and take with

just that exact sense of values which sheds brilliancy upon what might otherwise be only bright. The men, however, are all that one could ask, both Holbrook Blinn and Vaughan Trevor being gifted with that quick intelligence, that instinctive comedy sense, and that acquired technic which enable them to skim with light and airy facility over situations which are made or marred according to the grace and dexterity with which they are met.

The second serious piece is "War," a dramatic allegory by Rounceville which comes with peculiar aptness during this period of almost universal warfare among civilized nations, and which is a dramatic expression of the new knowledge which is enlightening the people. Its characters, consisting of a king, a general, a financier, a sentry, and a woman, are all symbolic. The financier and the general control events, the soldier, who stands for "the pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious war," embraces the prospect of warfare with an ardor which takes no heed whatever of the prospective loss of human life. The king is merely a shape from which issues a sonorous voice, which, like those Egyptian idols worshiped in ancient religions, utters the right sayings automatically, prompted by a wicked and all-controlling intelligence. The king in the play serves the purpose of those monarchs who are now, in Europe, uttering noble and elevated sentiments of exalted tone and eloquence, but who are in the same position as a group of bad boys who are all trying to hide behind each other as they cry in chorus: "It was the other fellow that did it." The conversation preceding the dénouement takes place in a dimly lighted chamber, but the spectator sees the sentry pacing to and fro, the light of the fat financier's cigar, and the white uniform and martial bearing of the general. The details are settled by the financier and the general, the king supplicating for peace—automatically. A black-robed woman pleads with all three for peace, and is answered in well-known platitudes. Light, which is prohibited during the wicked council of the three, is finally called for, and a curtain of thick, black darkness instantly falls, which is all the light that will be shed after all is over. Then a faint, greenish glimmer comes slowly, and by its dim, reluctant gleams the gallant general is revealed as a grinning death's head, the monarch is a motionless dummy with a crown of straw, and the swollen financier is seen methodically counting his gold. A striking allegory, very; and a haunting one; may such enlightenment as it bestows spread far and wide!

This piece is performed by Messrs. Edgard, Mestayer, Trevor, Gillet, and by Miss Benson, who, if an item announced by the press is correct, is Mrs. Holbrook Blinn, and is making her histrionic début.

"The Fountain" is a charmingly conceived piece which embodies in concrete form the wistful dreams which haunt poor, faltering, stumbling humanity, when life has been a failure and there is nothing left but dreams. It is by C. M. S. McClellan, the author of "Leab Kleschna," and, like the other pieces of both of these programmes of the past two weeks, shows that the one-act piece can point some truths or present some ideas better than the full-sized play of several hours' length. "The Chorus Lady," for example, was originally a one-act sketch. In its enlarged form it was watered and weakened, and it required an actress of Rose Stahl's talent and humor to persuade people that the entire play was a meritorious work.

If Mr. Blinn continues the present enterprise, and, judging by the support being offered by the public, he will have good reason to, the writer of one-act plays will find a paying market for his wares.

That wistful bit of sentiment embodied in "The Fountain" could never have been pieced out to the length of the ordinary play, and yet it made as complete an effect and a deeper impression than many full-length plays. In it Holbrook Blinn represents an old rag-picker of Paris who is seen by a police sergeant casting into the waters of a fountain votive flowers that he has picked up in his rounds. His curiosity aroused, the sergeant woos the old man's story from him. The statue of the marble figure on the fountain was modeled after his sweetheart, who was stolen from him forty years back by the sculptor who designed the fountain. Subdued and pitiful, the sergeant goes, leaving the old rag-picker to slumber on the marble bench of the park. And he dreams his dream. For a light of faint rose, the long dead light of youth, plays around the figure of the statue; it moves, is alive, and lovely with the loveliness of youth and life. It is his Therèse of long ago who speaks. She loves him, longs for him. He is not old and ugly to her. Let him but lave in the waters of the fountain and youth and comeliness will return to him and they will be together again. The dawn brightens, and the dream fades. Awakening has come. Automatically the old man picks up his load, and with a parting look at the marble image of his dead love moves off to enter into the daily struggle for existence.

Mr. Blinn, who knows how to assume a new personality with almost every fresh character, and who is especially successful in changes of individuality indicated by the voice, gave us the idea of a weary, disheartened old man, wrapped in memories of the past to escape the sordid and joyless present. Miss Polini invested the mien and utterances of the woman moved into passing life by the dreamer's fidelity with a tender and ideal beauty. And the listeners felt that the closing play provided them with a last impression of touching and charming sentiment.

THE ORPHEUM.

Although Bertha Kalich, the Yiddish tragedienne, is continuing to attract outsiders to the Orpheum, this is a joyous week for the regulars, as on the whole it is a programme that makes to laugh. Not the art of Kalich, though. Oh, no. There is a sort of past-era gloom about her offering, due partly to the fact that "Mariana" is so condensed as to allow no play whatever for the psychology of which Echeagaray was a past master. It took, if I remember aright, when Margaret Anglin some few years ago made the play known to us, some five acts for the famous Spanish dramatist to develop the state of mind which caused Mariana, with hideously uncomfortable ingenuity, to marry the man she disliked and feared so as to prevent herself from mating with the son of that other who had betrayed and made miserable her mother. To condense this sort of drama to one act is to cheapen and weaken it. The culmination reaches us in a big, ineffective splash, instead of a striking climax to a carefully graduated situation. Bertha Kalich is an actress of good stage presence and fine appearance; that is, if she would remove a few square inches of tragedy soot from her large, fine eyes. But, thus handicapped, she has not yet made her art known to us, but merely gratified our curiosity. Judging from the little we saw, she is a good player of tragic rôles.

The pet of the programme this week is undoubtedly Will Rogers, the "Oklahoma cowboy." This taking individual is an expert with the lariat, and gives a brilliant exhibition of his skill in manipulating the rope. But what tickles his audience is the stage demeanor that he assumes while exhibiting it. He comes on with a good-natured, gum-chewing grin, and while partly thinking aloud and partly throwing out casual comments to his audience performs a great many dextrous tricks with the rope with the same casual, semi-detached way with which he talks. As he is roughly dressed and either not made up or made up to look unburned and natural, his clever pose gives the turn a natural, unstudied air which greatly adds to the pleasure with which his audience receives it. And, besides, they keep their ears well cocked, because his running, half-preoccupied, gum-punctuated talk is worth listening to. It is shrewd and humorous, and entertains us quite as much as his remarkable dexterity with the rope. It is all the more enjoyable because of his shrewdly assumed air of half fumbling at it and doing nothing really clever. He talks, and chews, and grins openly at the friendly, admiring house, and all of a sudden, with a careless flirt of one hand, he has shaken the end of his magic rope into a loose but complicated knot, or he is whirling it into huge circles that mysteriously grow larger as he invisibly pays it out; or, as he weaves other double circles, one with each hand, he jumps rhythmically from one to the other, progressing across the stage in time to the music.

Another pet of the public is Britt Wood, a hoysish blonde youth, who also wears a well-assumed grin of a somewhat rustic flavor and does rather taking stunts with his harmonica in conjunction with his nimble legs that have a sort of comedy talent of their own.

"The Circus Girl" is an act composed of the doing of the "circus girl" and her speller, and is really built around the ability of Marie Hart, an over-plump—considering her trade—but pretty and expert tight-rope walker, who can simultaneously do tight-rope work and sing. Her partner, Billy Hart, weaves a great lot of rather thin but undoubtedly popular splicing stuff about her performance, and the act pleases the vaudeville audience that so loves a combination of skill and fun.

In spite of the limping doggerel in which "The Devil Outwitted" is couched, there is enough popular appeal in some of its home-truths to please, and the surprise involved in the identity of the maid pleases. On the whole, however, the material of the act is very thin and the people are rather better than their material.

The musical part of the programme is sustained by the Transatlantic Trio and by Josephine Dunfee. Two of the trio are crack banjo players of unusual skill, who are able to introduce with their playing an extraordinarily human tone, a something which sounds like the remote, shadowy ghost of a voice or voices; for sometimes it seemed to approximate the echo of a ghost or a chorus of voices. The effect thus introduced in the "Lucia" sex-

tet and the "Miserere" from "Trovatore" I thought quite remarkable and almost magical; at one time, indeed, I almost suspected the performers of ventriloquism. The third of the trio has a soprano voice as fresh and sweet as a young girl's, and, shrined in the swaying crinoline of fifty years ago, pleased the audience by her rendition of old-time airs. Josephine Dunfee, judging from the explanatory note on the programme, has made her mark in Gilbert and Sullivan opera. A "Pinafore" or "Patience" heroine ought, however, to possess a greater sense of humor than is apparent in Miss Dunfee's wide and literal gaze. I do not believe that a singer humorously inclined would select a song in which occurs the sentiment, "Don't worry, acushla, I'll love you forever"—or something to that effect. However, the lady has a fine, expansive voice, high and clear, save for an occasional husky note, and gratified the audience by setting off her plump and white-skinned charms with numerous costume changes.

Mlle. Natalie and M. Ferrari gave the now regularly recurring dancing act, and proved themselves first-class performers. The steps they introduced were exceedingly complicated and seemed to make some demand upon the possession of a well-defined mathematical sense. However, dancing has now reached the stage that the devotees of tango are either giving it up and returning to bridge in an exhausted condition, with doctor's bills for heart treatment sticking out of their pockets, or else pining for new worlds to conquer. The couple at the Orpheum are kindly supplying them with these new worlds, and very difficult worlds they look to be. The dancing pair provided quite a variety of steps, giving the inevitable Apache flings, during which the legs of the female of the species had their usual appearance of pointing to widely variant points in the ether. Mlle. Natalie provides a small sensation by being spectacularly uncovered about her northern territory, and seems to be very much in need of a light fall of lace snow on those bare tracts, the which would be much more becoming to her girlish prettiness than her present half-denuded state.

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VANITY FAIR.

Paris fashions! The words as they appear at the head of a newspaper column two weeks old have a certain ironic sound about them. A month ago Paris was glad and glittering and debonair, almost without suspicion of the shadow of the sword then hardly heavy enough to shut out the sunlight. But today there are no Paris fashions. The marts are empty, and the tiring rooms deserted. Mighty realities have driven all the pretty pretenses from the field, and the hand of the soldier lies crushingly alike upon folly and upon fashion. Truly the Paris fashions have changed, as they were ever wont to do. Red is now the prevailing color.

Paris has always dearly loved her foolishnesses. This is not the first time in her history that they have been hustled from sight only to reappear in full vigor as soon as the returning political sunshine had once more put heart of grace into their votaries. Paris under the Reign of Terror was the most unfashionable, the most sombre spot on earth. But how the butterflies flocked forth into the warmth as soon as the guillotine had ceased to drip with blood, and when Napoleon's threatened "whiff of grapeshot" had warned the Terrorists back again into their proper shadows. Paris began to glitter and shine once more. To be hilariously merry was an indication alike of patriotism and of breeding, and as for the losses to the population—well, the women of France could always be depended upon to do their duty, of course with an adequate coöperation, and so it was quite the correct thing to offer visible, if unreal, evidence that reinforcements were on the way. Paris had still to pass through other valleys of death, but her gayety never quite deserted her. Even the Prussian officers are said to have left wounded hearts as well as wounded bodies behind them when they evacuated Paris, while the following Commune was no more than a brief and hideous interlude. Paris can always awake from her calamities and shine more brilliantly than ever.

But what shall we say now? Will the fashions of Paris ever again ride laughingly over the common sense of the world? Is this another interlude, or is it the end? At the risk of pessimism we may remind ourselves that there is an end to all things, and that the Eastern potentate had wisdom upon his side when he chose as his motto the fateful words, "Even this shall pass away."

Though we may all hate each other as good Christians have ever done it is evident that the world has now become very small and that we are all knit together by bonds that we can not escape. The momentary extinction of the Paris fashions must have a certain extraordinary effect upon the women of America. On what will they now model their attire? Whom will they imitate? What will now be the alternative, the compulsory alternative, to the proud display of the Paris importation, and to the sartorial label that was almost a passport to the realm of American fashion? For there will now be no more importations of French fluffinesses. There will be no imperious dictations from the master minds of French fashions. There will be none of those intoxicating visits to the French capital, nor the triumphant returns with the spoils that of old made the heart of the customs officer to beat with anticipation of profits. Will the American woman set to work to develop a style of her own? Will she now hedge herself in distinctive American modes? Can she do so, she whose highest ambition has been to adopt and to imitate? For a time it must go hard with her. She has never been trained to distinctiveness nor to an independent thought. Her one long suit has been a sartorial obedience. She has shown a discipline and an uniformity that would have delighted the heart of a German drill sergeant. Can she now learn to be different? Can she now possess her own soul? We shall see.

The appraised value of the diamonds and other precious stones that have already passed through the New York Custom House is \$31,347,926 (says the New York Sun). Jewelry Examiner William B. Treadwell estimates that the total imports to the United States for the year will fall below \$35,000,000. An overstocking to avoid higher rates of duty under the new tariff law, general business conditions and increased smuggling are ascribed in Maiden Lane as the reasons for the decrease in the imports of gems.

Fear that they would have to pay a higher duty caused the big New York importers to rush in large quantities of gems ahead of the new tariff, which became effective last October. In July, 1913, the receipts were \$5,670,727, and in August \$3,781,975 worth of precious stones reached New York. In September the figures reached \$6,522,207, which was the record-breaking month. In October the receipts dropped to \$1,213,903, and in November to \$932,593. December showed a slight improvement with imports of \$1,877,002, and in January, 1914, the total was

\$1,779,137. Since that time the receipts have not fallen below \$2,000,000 for any month. In February the total was \$2,355,428; in March, \$2,995,996; in April, \$2,188,303, and in May \$2,024,755, which are the average figures for these months during normal years.

Under the provisions of the present tariff law the cut gems are dutiable at 20 per cent and the uncut stones are taxed 10 per cent. Miners' and glaziers' diamonds, etc., used in the arts and crafts, are free of duty. Under the old tariff the duty on cut gems was 10 per cent and uncut stones were given free entry.

In the fiscal year which ended on June 30, 1913, the importation of gems to New York amounted to \$48,788,997, of which amount the cut precious stones and pearls were reported by Jewelry Examiner William B. Treadwell as \$36,762,021, and the uncut stones, principally diamonds, at \$12,026,976. In the previous year the total was \$39,445,285, of which the cut gems were valued at \$29,261,794, and the uncut at \$10,183,491. In 1911 the total reached \$38,374,891, and in 1910 the highest previous record was made, when the receipts amounted to \$41,885,057. The imports in 1907 were \$41,112,371, and in 1906, \$40,217,542.

We were inclined for the moment to have some sympathy with the Rev. H. C. Baxter, who has lost his church in Fresno because of his addiction to tobacco. But the abject tone of the Rev. Baxter shows him to be unworthy of sympathy. He says in his own defense: "I smoke but very little. I have had stomach trouble for several years, and many have advised that I try smoking. I did, and found it beneficial to my ailment. I smoke occasionally in the evening at my home. The money required to keep me in smoking tobacco for a year would not exceed \$2. I hoped the board would take a broad view of the matter, as the question is really of trivial importance."

Now the Rev. Baxter should have adopted a quite different tone to the tabby cats, male and female, who assailed him. He should have invited them to go to that sulphurous locality about which it was doubtless his painful duty to preach, and to go there with all the celerity at their command. And yet we wonder that the churches have become objects of derision.

Will there be any Vanity Fair existing in Europe when this war is over? Indeed we may doubt it. Even though war be not followed by social revolutions and by reigns of terror—and such things have happened before and will again—it will be followed by the payment of war indemnities on a scale so colossal as to put into the shade all previous efforts of the kind. The war indemnity of the future will be based upon a minute examination of tax lists. It will be a case of "all that the traffic will bear." There will be no money left for frivolities, for fashions, and for the prancings of an idle aristocracy. For twenty years after the close of the war the one supreme problem for all classes of Europeans will be the comparatively simple one of getting something to eat, and there will be very few scruples as to what it is. The problem of dressing will be much less important than that of nourishment. While the war lasts there will be nothing produced anywhere in Europe except the bare necessities of life and of death. The whole mechanism of luxury will rot or be destroyed. And when the time comes for reconstruction there will be no hands for the work of reconstruction, and there will be no demand for the products because there will be no money to pay for them, and perhaps no heart to enjoy them. We shall see a whole continent and all its social classes reduced to the one primitive need of finding something to put into its stomach. Europe will undergo a salutary and a prolonged fast which may be not without its wholesome effects alike upon body and soul.

And think of all the social fads that have now been exterminated or that are in a fair way to that most admirable end. Think of the women's clubs, with their eugenism, their occultism, their white slavery, their food reform, and all their amazing chorus of cackle about things that do not matter in the least. They will all disappear in the absorbing quest for something to eat. Tens of thousands of giddy people who have never even conceived of a difficulty in satisfying their most primitive needs will now find that they are "up against it" for a mere meal and that at last they have something to think about that does matter. And there will be no time to think of anything else. It will be a terribly drastic remedy for idiocy, but it will be effective. There will be no more mischief for idle hands to do, because there will be no more idle hands to do it. There will be no sillinesses for idle tongues to talk of, because there will be something else to talk of, or, better still, to keep silence about. We shall see Europe reduced to frugality and industry, and who shall say that even war is too great a price to pay for that?

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Sir George Rose, once turning a corner, came suddenly upon some young barristers who were in the act of aping his walk and gestures. "You mistake, gentlemen," said the good-natured wit, accosting them. "That is not the air of the Rose; it is only the stalk."

A fish peddler was whipping his slow but patient horse in a residential street the other day, and crying his wares at intervals: "Fresh mackerel! Fresh mackerel!" A woman, seeing his acts of cruelty, put her head out of the window and called to him: "Have you no mercy?" "No, mum," he replied; "nothin' but mackerel. That is all."

A preacher was describing the Bad Place to a congregation of shellbacks. "Shipmates," he said, "you've seen the molten iron come running out of the furnace, haven't you? It comes out while hot, sizzling, and hissing, like some kind of snaky, horrible monster. Well, shipmates—" The preacher pointed his forefinger at the awed shellbacks. "Well, shipmates," he said, solemnly, "they use that stuff for ice-cream in hell."

In a case tried in a Philadelphia court the prosecuting attorney had a good deal of fun at the expense of counsel for the defendant, each of whom seemed as stupid as the other. "Ignorance of the law," interposed the judge at a certain juncture, "is no excuse for violation of law." "May I inquire of your honor," asked the prosecuting attorney, "whether your honor's remarks are directed at the defendant or his counsel?"

The new clergyman was sent for by an elderly lady. "Oh, sir," she said, "I hope you will excuse my asking you to call, but when I heard you preach and pray last Sunday you did so remind me of my poor brother, who was took from me that I felt I must speak with you." "And how long ago did your poor brother die?" asked the clergyman, sympathetically. "Oh, sir, he isn't dead," was the reply; "he was took to the asylum."

An old miser in Athens, Georgia, hated to part with money, and to the physician who was just bringing him around from a long illness he said one day: "Ah, doctor, we have known each other such a long time I don't intend to insult you by settling your account in cash; but I have put you down for a handsome legacy in my will." The doctor looked thoughtful. "Allow me," he said, "to look at that prescription again. I wish to make a slight alteration in it."

A Scottish landlord, meeting one of his veteran tenants, stopped for a chat. "How are you today?" he asked. "Verra weel, sir, verra weel," answered John in his usual way, "gin it wasna for the rheumatism in my right leg." "Ab, well, John, be thankful, for there is no mistake you are getting old like the rest of us, and old age does not come alone." "Auld age, sir," replied John. "I won'ter to hear ye. Auld age hae naething to dae wi't. Here's my ither leg jest as auld, an' it is quite sound and soople yet."

Jacob Gould Seburman, president of Cornell University, was walking across the campus one day with the dean of one of the colleges, when the chimes in the library tower began to ring. "Dean," said he, "the music of those chimes is so beautiful that it always sets me dreaming of the past. My boyhood days—" "What do you say?" interrupted the venerable dean. "I say the chimes are very, very beautiful. They make me think—" "What?" yelled the dignified old dean again. "The chimes—the chimes—how beautiful—" "Speak louder!" cried the dean once more. "I can't hear you for the devilish bells."

At the end of a South Carolina negro meeting it was decided to take up a collection for charity. The chairman passed the hat himself. He dropped a dime in it for a nest egg. Well, every right hand there entered that hat—and yet, at the end, when the chairman turned the hat over and shook it, not so much as his own contribution dropped out. "Fo' de lan's sake!" he cried. "Ah's eben los' de dime Ah staided wiv!" All the rows of faces looked puzzled. Who was the lucky man? That was the question which tormented all. Finally the venerable Calboun White summed up the situation. "Breddern," he said solemnly, rising from his seat, "dar 'pears ter be a great moral lesson roun' beah somewhar."

Ebenezer Holcombe had a twelve-hundred-pound hog which he had exhibited in a tent at the fairs for three years, charging ten cents admission. One day a traveling man who was passing through the town in which

Mr. Holcombe lived called at the bouse and asked if he might see the hog of which he had heard so much. Ebenezer proudly led the way to the hog-house, but at the door he turned. "Cost you ten cents," he drawled. The visitor took a dime from his pocket, passed it to the farmer, and turned back. "Why, you aint seen the prize hog!" called Ebenezer. "Yes, I have," retorted the traveling-man. "I've seen him," and continued his walk back to the country store.

As Sandy holed out on the first green his friend from over the border asked: "And how many strokes did you take?" "Eight," replied the Scot. "Ah," said the Englishman, "I took seven; so that's my hole." The Scotsman ventured no reply; but when on the second green the Englishman repeated his former question, and made inquiry as to the number of strokes taken by his opponent, the latter nodded his head, and, with an expression of infinite wisdom on his face, gently murmured: "Nay, nay, my mannie; this time it's my turn to ask first."

THE MERRY MUSE.

From Bad to Worse.

He wearied his friends with his jibes and jokes At golf and the people who play, But now he describes the phenomenal strokes He's made since he learned to play!—Judge.

The Wild Wood.

The wind blows free and hovering mist Gives way to the sun's bright glow. The sighing oak by the zephyr kissed Has a song that is sweet and low. Afar in the valley the stream extends Like a ribbon of silver bright. And the birds that build where the willow bends Are happy from morn till night. Along come people who bring their lunch, And they scarcely regard the scene. The chipmunk sits and observes them munch A pickle or a sardine. Oh, Nature, with all her splotched plans, Resent must surely feel As we strew the landscape with old tin cans And paper and orange peel! —Washington Star.

The Layman.

I am no mere illiterate, I read and write with ease; Nay, I can boast (I never do) of one or two degrees. An educated man I should have been considered once; Today, as will appear, I'm little better than a dunce.

A scientific kindergarten "trains" my luckless son; His habits are detestable, his knowledge minus none. But when I try to interfere, a cold young woman stares, And say that I, a layman, ought to mind my own affairs.

My wife is now in thralldom to the suffragistic spell— Connubial felicity, farewell—a long farewell! My angel never speaks to me but scorn is in her tone, Because, although a layman, I've opinions of my own.

I argued once (I was a fool) with Mrs. Blare of Maine; I'm not a Prohibitionist—I told her why in vain; The highly moral lady, neither patient nor polite, Implied that, as a layman, I am fuddled every night.

"Uplift" is well-intentioned, present evils I deplore; But if it settles problems, it creates as many more. I dared to intimate the fact; a "social worker" rose, And denounced me as a layman till we nearly came to blows.

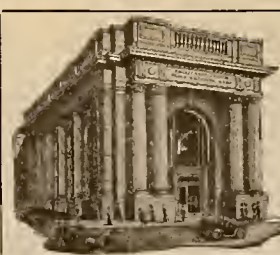
I visited a servant of the people to protest Against "collection at the source." In no degree impressed, The statesman and economist held up a warning hand; He said, "You are a layman, and you do not understand."

Of punishment the murderer is little wont to reck, For rarely is a murderer suspended by the neck. I asked a great penologist if this is wholly wise; "The layman is incompetent," he said, "to criticize."

My neighbor Jones, a eugenist, can regulate our lives, Can choose with erudition our husbands and our wives. "It seems to me a sacrilegious tyranny," said I; "You laymen have a thing or two to learn," was his reply.

I do not like to be abused and bullied and defied, I will cease to be a layman, I will join the winning side; I'll "investigate" conditions that are older than the hills, And invent a panacea for the sum of human ills.

Then—then I shall be eminent and privileged and free; The layman will exhibit proper deference to me. Throw overboard his common sense, experience ignore, And be thoroughly hamboozled by one charlatan the more. —Andrew Arnold, in Life.



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JUNE 30th, 1914:

Assets.....\$8,656,635.13
Capital actually paid up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,857,717.65
Employees' Pension Fund..... 177,808.71
Number of Depositors..... 66,367
For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1914, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared.
Open Saturday Evenings 6 to 8.

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By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concession in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes:

American Boy and Argonaut.....	\$4.30
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Wilbur have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Muriel Wilbur, to Mr. S. G. Gearhart of Pennsylvania.

The wedding of Miss Virginia Beatty, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Beatty of Salt Lake City, and Mr. John Selfridge of this city will take place Saturday, September 12, in the First Congregational Church of Salt Lake. Mrs. Frederick Kellond, sister of Mr. Selfridge, will be Miss Beatty's matron of honor, and Mr. Selfridge will be attended by his twin brother, Mr. Samuel W. Selfridge. Mr. Selfridge is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Selfridge and a brother of the Messrs. Russell Selfridge and Edward Selfridge, Jr.

The wedding of Miss Helen George Winter and Mr. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Jr., took place Monday, August 10, at the residence of the bride's aunt in St. Paul, Minnesota. Mrs. Wheeler is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Winter of Mason City, Iowa. Mr. Wheeler is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler of this city and a brother of Mrs. Bradley Head and the Misses Lillias, Olive, and Jean Wheeler. Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler are spending their honeymoon at the country home of Mr. Wheeler's parents on the McCloud River. They will come to town next month to attend the wedding of Miss Lillias Wheeler and Mr. Matt Savage Walton of Kentucky.

The wedding of Miss Anita Bertheau and Mr. John Fulton took place Wednesday evening at the home on Vallejo Street of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cesar Bertheau. It was a quiet affair, only relatives and a few intimate friends having been present. Miss Helen Bertheau was her sister's maid of honor and the bridesmaids were the groom's sisters, the Misses Helen and Margaret Fulton. Mr. William Devereaux attended Mr. Fulton as best man, and the ushers were the Messrs. John Gayle Anderson and Rudolph Bertheau. Mr. and Mrs. Fulton will reside at Angels Camp, California, where Mr. Fulton and Mr. Devereaux are associated in business.

Mrs. J. G. Kittle entertained a number of friends at luncheon Friday at her home in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker have issued invitations to a dance Tuesday evening, September 1, at their home in Burlingame in honor of their son, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Jr.

Mrs. Henry Bothin was hostess at a luncheon Monday in honor of her step-daughter, Miss Genevieve Bothin, who was the complimented guest again Friday evening, August 21, at a dance given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bothin, at their home in Ross.

Mrs. William Penn Humphreys entertained a coterie of friends at tea Tuesday afternoon at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. J. B. Coryell recently entertained at Pebble Beach Lodge, Monterey, in honor of Mrs. Rollo Peters. Her guests were Mrs. Charles Rollo Peters, Mrs. Leonard Cheney, Mrs. Norris K. Davis, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, and the Misses Patton.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Merrill Brown gave a dinner-dance Saturday evening at the Palace Hotel in honor of Miss Anita Bertheau and her fiancé, Mr. John Fulton, whose wedding took place Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl entertained a number of friends at a theatre and supper party recently during their brief visit in town.

Mrs. Richard E. Queen was hostess at a picnic at Lake Tahoe in honor of Miss Corennah De Pue, who is spending the summer there with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar J. De Pue.

Mr. and Mrs. William Timson have issued invitations to a dance Saturday evening, August 29, at their home on Russian Hill.

Miss Alleen Edoff entertained a coterie of friends at a tea Friday afternoon at her home in Piedmont. The affair was in honor of Miss Bernice Bromwell, whose wedding to Mr. John Martin, Jr., will take place Wednesday, September 2. Miss Florence Henshaw was hostess at a luncheon recently at her home in Santa Barbara in honor of Miss Ernestine McNear.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was the complimented guest at a luncheon Friday given by Mrs. Henry T. Scott at her home in Burlingame.

Miss Edith Rawles entertained a number of friends at an informal tea Saturday afternoon at the home on Green Street of her grandfather, General J. B. Rawles, U. S. A.

Mrs. Henry Crocker gave a house party over the weekend at her home at Cloverdale in honor of her daughters, the Misses Marian and Kate Crocker.

Mrs. Frank Wheaton was the complimented guest at a tea Wednesday afternoon given by Mrs. Otis Wheeler Pollock and her daughter, Mrs. Ignacio Borda, at their home on Ashbury Street.

Mrs. George H. Howard and Mrs. Harry N. Stetson gave a beach supper recently at Sandylands, the home in Santa Barbara of Mr. Stewart Edward White.

Mr. and Mrs. Remi Pierre Schwerin entertained a number of friends at dinner Monday evening at their home in San Mateo.

Miss Flora Miller was hostess at a dance at the Lagunitas Country Club Friday evening, when about fifty friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels entertained a number of friends at dinner Wednesday evening at their home on Washington Street. The affair was in honor of M. and Mme. Ernesto de Morelos of Paris, who are en route to Mexico.

Miss Anne Peters entertained a coterie of friends at a Sunday afternoon at Pebble Beach Lodge. Miss Peters and her mother, Mrs. J. D. Peters, are spending the summer at Hotel Del Monte.

Miss Marian Lee Mailliard was the guest of honor at a dance Tuesday evening given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Buckingham at their home in Berkeley. Mr. and Mrs. James Edwards enter-

tained a number of young people at dinner at their home preceding the affair.

Colonel Thomas Rees, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rees entertained a number of young people on a yacht party Monday in honor of the birthday of their daughter, Miss Helen Rees. Dinner was served on board and followed by a dance in the evening.

Captain Arthur Owen, U. S. A., and Mrs. Owen gave a dance recently at their home at Mare Island. The affair was in honor of Lieutenant Richard T. Keiran, U. S. N., and Mrs. Keiran, and Naval Constructor Lauman, U. S. N., and Mrs. Lauman.

Miss Dorothy Bennett was the complimented guest at a dinner given by Lieutenant-Commander Clarence Kempff, U. S. N., and Mrs. Kempff at their home at Mare Island. Miss Bennett, who is the daughter of Captain Frank Bennett, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bennett, will make her debut this winter.

Lieutenant Connors, U. S. N., entertained a number of friends at dinner Wednesday evening on board the U. S. S. *South Dakota*.

Mrs. William F. Lewis entertained the members of the Five Hundred Club Thursday afternoon at her home at the Presidio.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett is in Montecito, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Bain of New York, who go to Southern California every summer. They have rented the Sargent home this year. Mrs. Bain's daughter, Miss Beatrice Miller, has recently been entertaining Miss Marie Louise Black of this city. Mrs. Crockett accompanied Mrs. Russell J. Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. George Cadwalader, who left last Saturday for a visit at the Potter Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Hanchett entertained Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey and Mr. and Mrs. Adolph P. Scheld and Miss Margaret Scheld over the weekend at their country home in Capitola.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cheever Cowdin returned Monday to their home in San Mateo after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. John F. Boyd and Miss Louise Boyd in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Selah Chamberlin and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pond have returned from an automobile trip to Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Van Sicken, the Messrs. Frederick and Horace Van Sicken, and Mr. Willis Davis have been spending the past month at Klamath Falls, where they went in their automobile. En route home they spent several days at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto have returned from an outing at Miramar.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bentley and their children have returned from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. William Adam Magee at their ranch in Fruitvale.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mills, Mrs. James Coffin, Miss Sara Coffin, and Miss Mauricia Mintzer have returned to San Rafael after a week's visit in Monterey.

Bishop William Ford Nichols and Mrs. Nichols have recently been the guests of Mrs. George W. Gibbs at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Storey (formerly Mrs. Laura Roe) have come from Chicago to spend two weeks in the Yosemite Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Deering have returned to their country home, Hidden Villa, in Los Altos, after a week's visit in Montana.

Miss Edith Bull has returned from the East and is visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Covington Pringle.

Mrs. Ethel Hager Kellogg and the Misses Maud O'Connor, Beatrice Nickel, and Helen Garritt spent the weekend in San Rafael with Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin.

Mrs. Robert J. Woods returned Monday from Woodside, where she spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent.

Mrs. C. R. Van Vorst and her daughter, Miss Lillian Van Vorst, have returned from the Yellowstone Park.

Miss Ruth Ziele is home from New York, having arrived last week at Tahoe, where she joined the Misses Elva and Corennah De Pue and Miss Marion Crocker.

Mr. Platt Kent has returned from Santa Barbara, where he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Felton Elkins.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott, accompanied by Mrs. J. B. Crockett, returned Saturday from an automobile trip to Webber Lake and Lake Tahoe, where the latter has been spending the past month.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Felton have returned from a month's visit in the East and are established in their apartment on Pacific Avenue.

No recent news has been received from Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Payne, who have been touring Germany.

Mrs. Berry and her daughter, Miss Dorothy Berry, who are in Berlin, have been unable to communicate with their relatives in this city.

Baron and Baroness Van Eek arrived in New York Sunday from Europe. They will return immediately to this city and will reside on Pacific Avenue near Divisadero Street.

Mrs. James A. Robinson has gone to Santa Barbara to spend a few weeks with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Rawlings returned to their home in Linda Vista after an extended visit in this city with Dr. Alexander Warner and Mrs. Warner.

Dr. Albert Houston, Mrs. Houston, and their children were at last accounts in London, as also are Mrs. M. A. Huntington and her daughter, Miss Mary Huntington, who are contemplating visiting friends in Scotland.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland and their children have arrived in New York from Europe.

Mr. Malcolm Douglas Whitman has sufficiently recovered from an operation for appendicitis to return to his home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson and her sons, the Messrs. Mountford and Russell Wilson, have returned from Webber Lake, where they have been

enjoying a month's outing at the Webber Lake Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Pease and Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Pease, Jr., have returned from a trip through Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Allen and their children are spending the summer in Palo Alto. They will return to town September 1, when they will again occupy their home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Moore, who have resided in Paris since their marriage two years ago, were at last accounts in Brittany, where they will remain indefinitely. With them is Mrs. Moore's sister, Miss Lucy Page-Brown of New York, who went to Europe last month with Mrs. Francis Carolan.

Mrs. Adam Grant is home again after an extended visit in Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron have recently been visiting Mrs. Cameron's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, at their country home, Meadowlands, in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hutchinson left a few days ago for a trip through Oregon.

Mrs. A. H. Small, Miss Marian Small, and Master Herriot Small have returned to their home in Berkeley after having spent the summer at Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. Gardner Williams of Washington, D. C., is visiting his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinecard.

Miss Helen Chesebrough has returned from Lake Tahoe, where she has been spending the past two weeks with Miss Kate Brigham.

Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall and their two little sons have returned from an outing at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Marvin Curtis has returned from Monrovia and is at her home in San Rafael. Miss Gertrude Curtis has recently been entertaining her cousin, Miss Helen Cowles, who returned to town Tuesday.

Mr. George M. Pinecard has recovered from a serious illness, which has confined him to his country home in San Rafael for the past two weeks.

Mrs. Harry Durbrow has returned from a visit with Mrs. Alfred Holman in Los Gatos.

Mrs. Charles Rollo Peters has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell at the Charles Dickman cottage at Monterey.

Mrs. Amelia MacGavin will leave Monday for Pasadena, where she will spend several weeks with Miss Julia Holmes.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope and their children have returned to Burlingame from Lake Tahoe, where they have been spending the past month.

Colonel Robert D. Read of the cavalry has been retired by a presidential order. Colonel Read is a graduate of the Military Academy in the class of 1877 and attained his present rank August 24, 1912, and is high up on the list of colonels of cavalry.

Major Laurence C. Brown, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Fort Winfield Scott and is ordered to Fort Barry, where he becomes fort commander. Major Henry H. Whitney relieved Major Brown at Fort Scott.

Lieutenant Thomas W. Hammond, U. S. A., has been ordered to the Military Academy.

Colonel and Mrs. Richmond Pearson Davis will remain in Washington, D. C., for the entire fall and winter.

Captain Louis H. Bash, U. S. A., is at the Presidio on leave of absence from his regiment, which is at El Paso, Texas.

Colonel Lloyd S. McCormick, U. S. A., will be retired September 1.

Colonel Henry P. McCain returned from Manila on the U. S. A. transport *Logan*, which arrived last Saturday.

Lieutenant-Commander Frederick Newton Freeman, the executive officer of the *South Dakota*, and Mrs. Freeman are at the Hotel St. Francis.

Captain N. A. McCully, U. S. N., has been ordered to St. Petersburg, where he is to be naval attaché.

Colonel and Mrs. Stephen M. Foote and their two daughters will soon arrive at Fort Scott, where Colonel Foote is to be in command.

Captain Douglas McArthur, U. S. A., has been ordered to Washington, D. C.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Willard Cranston Chamberlin has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Chamberlin, who was formerly Miss Innes Keeney, is the daughter of Mrs. Charles McIntosh Keeney.

The home of Lieutenant Fitzhugh Lee Simpson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Simpson has been brightened by the advent of a son.

Although the famous Scottish reformer, John Knox, "had a fervent thirst" for Hebrew, it was not he, but one of his associates, John Row, called "Row primus," who first brought the Hebrew letters to Scotland, and amongst his most eager pupils was his own son, Row secundus, afterwards the historian of the Church of Scotland. The first Hebrew book printed and published in Scotland, 1644, was a short grammar and vocabulary of Hebrew by Row tertius, the grandson of Row primus. In 1642, two years before the appearance of this tiny but epoch-making book, a professorship devoted exclusively to the teaching of Hebrew was founded in Scotland, the Hebrew chair in Toon's College of Edinburgh. But the fact remains that, in the matter of Semitic scholarship, Scotland was at this period far behind England, for the mid-seventeenth century produced in England a galaxy of Semitic scholars, at whose feet the foremost students of the continent were proud to sit, and the works of Selden, Lightfoot, Pococke, Usher, and the Polyglot Bible of Brian Walton, remain to this day unsurpassed as monuments of Semitic learning.

Aborn on American Teachers.

That thousands of American students of music who have been abroad could be educated as well in this country, and at less expense, is the opinion of Milton Aborn. Recently he made this statement: "There are many fine teachers in Europe, but there are enough teachers and just as good in America to give these students the training they need. In Milan alone there are hundreds of operatic aspirants, many of whom will never reach the grand opera stage, and those who do will have years of hard work and heavy expense before they will become self-supporting. It is true that beginners have difficulty in obtaining actual stage experience in this country because of the scarcity of small provincial opera companies here. There are many such companies in Europe which employ talented but inexperienced singers, paying them little for their services, but giving them opportunities to establish a reputation by appearance in regular public performances. The lack of these opportunities in America has prompted us to establish a school for young students of grand opera in connection with the Century Opera House. It is planned to have a half-dozen classes which will form complete casts of as many operas. These will be so formed that all vocal teachers in New York will be glad to cooperate with the Century Opera School, and all selections of applicants will be made by a disinterested committee. Each class will constitute a complete cast of one opera, and the members will be given a debut at the end of their term in a complete performance of that opera in which they will be supported by the Century chorus, ballet, orchestra, and staff."

James Montgomery Flagg, whose illustrations are classic, has suddenly shown himself, in the middle of his artistic success, quite as clever an author as he is an artist. In "I Should Say So!" a lively volume of satires on contemporary foibles, from over-sexed fiction to the sins of second-hand automobiles, Mr. Flagg appears as an author of piquant phrase and observation of the fool way in which we all say things and do things.

The romantic and significant story of California's past is to be taught in the University of California this year, for the first time as a full separate course. Charles E. Chapman, for several years past in Europe, exploring in the Spanish archives for lost treasures of California history, has returned to Berkeley to offer this new instruction.

A well-educated person who has been at high school and university uses from 3000 to 4000 words, but the average individual can get along with 1000. Shakespeare made use of 15,000, and in Milton's works 8000 are used. By actual count the Hebrew Testament says all that it has to say with 5642 words.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

The suspension of J. C. Wilson & Co. was an inevitable consequence of the present condition of affairs. A large part of the business of the firm was the purchase of stocks for dealers or speculators under the margin rule. At a time when the exchanges are indefinitely closed and when bank funds are not available, there was no recourse under the circumstances but to shut up shop and wait until the clouds roll by. Mr. Wilson, the public acknowledges, did the right thing in protecting his clients by the only means possible; and it is believed that in the end nobody will be loser. With the return of normal conditions the firm of Wilson & Co. will no doubt be able to resume its opera-

tions none the less strong for the incident which time and conditions imposed upon it.

On instructions from Attorney-General McReynolds to name a suitable man for the place, United States Attorney John L. Preston on Monday appointed M. A. Thomas to act as United States Attorney at Honolulu to succeed Jeff McCarn, who was recently recalled to Washington. Thomas left for Honolulu on Tuesday afternoon on the liner *Sierra* to take up the duties of his new office. His appointment is only for sixty days, but it is reported that it is likely his permanent appointment will follow in a few days.

The Bohemian Club's annual concert was given in the Tivoli Opera House yesterday—Friday—afternoon at three o'clock, when the fair relatives and friends of those who attended the first production of J. Wilson Shiels's forest play, "Nec-Natama," at Bohemian Grove recently, were privileged to hear the music written for the sylvan drama by Uda Waldrop.

The future of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, according to General Manager R. P. Schwerin, is involved in its application to the Interstate Commerce Commission under the Panama Canal act to continue in its coastal business from San Francisco to Mexican ports reached by the Southern Pacific Railroad, owner of the steamship company. The application was heard Monday by Commissioner Henry C. Hall of Denver, assisted by Special Examiner A. J. Gutheim. Unless the company can continue its business to the southern coast, said Schwerin, it can not maintain itself as a transpacific carrier and must pass out of existence. The point at issue is the traffic from San Francisco to the port of Mazatlan, which the Southern Pacific reaches through Nogales.

Matthew Ignatius Sullivan has been appointed by Governor Johnson chief justice of the California supreme court to succeed William H. Beatty, who died a short time ago. He will serve as chief justice for the unexpired term of the late ranking justice—till January 1, 1915. Justice Sullivan has been an attorney of this city for years. He began practicing law in San Francisco thirty-six years ago, when but twenty-two years old. The new official has been especially close to Governor Johnson for many years.

The board of works has allowed Edward Malley to transfer his contract for the construction of Mile Rock tunnel to R. C. Storrie & Co., who will prosecute the work. Malley took the contract at a low price, and said at the start that he would lose money on it. He stopped work some weeks ago, and the board notified him and his surety to resume.

Appropriations aggregating \$99,901.29 were made by the board of supervisors Monday in connection with work that has been started in the Hetch Hetchy Valley. City Engineer O'Shaughnessy is in the Hetch Hetchy at the present time in connection with work that the city is doing.

In the interest of harmony and the success of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition the board of supervisors adopted a resolution Monday by which the consolidation act opposed by Oakland is abandoned.

The Rumely Products Company, a \$12,000,000 corporation of New York, has begun suit for \$125,000 damages in the United States District Court against the Joshua Hendy Iron Works and John H. Hendy, president, and F. J. Behnemann, vice-president of the company. The action is based upon the levy of an attachment for \$215,000 in a recent suit of the Hendy people against the Eastern corporation for \$25,204.81, which, it was asserted, was due for certain traction engines. The complaint in the suit sets forth that the attachment was excessive and constitutes a malicious abuse of legal process.

The body of Major-General William S. McCaskey, United States Army, retired, was buried in the National Cemetery in the Presidio on Friday of last week with full military honors.

The Municipal Railway on Van Ness Avenue began operating at noon last Saturday. The exchange of transfers between the Polk Street cars of the United Railroads and the city's Union Street line ceased. Seventeen cars are in operation on the two routes of the Van Ness Avenue line.

The health department has notified the board of public works that the well which was lately sunk under the board's direction on a lot on Leland Avenue near San Bruno Avenue, for the purpose of increasing the supply of the municipal water works, has been found polluted. The health officer has requested the board to disconnect this well.

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CURRENT VERSE.

England, Peacemaker.
Thou, Careless, awake!
Thou, peacemaker, fight!
Stand, England, for honor,
And God guard the right.
The monarch Ambition
Hath harnessed slaves,
But the folk of the ocean
Are free as the waves.
Up, Careless, awake!
Ye peacemakers, fight!
England, stand for honor;
God defend the right.
—Robert Bridges.

Waste Firelight.
I lit the fire for you alone,
And then you never came.
The Others sat here, while the blown
Red rapture of the flame
Swept up the chimney to the night.
They sat and looked at me.
They found me fair by that firelight
You never came to see.
The Others love me more than you;
Yet I was angry. I
Knelt down beside the hearth and blew
The bands to make them die.
Love is a foolish, jealous thing.
I would not have them share
The flame that I set gloriying
For you, who do not care!
—Fannie Stearns Davis, in Smart Set.

On Hearing "The Magic Flute."
I have seen wonders. I have freely gone
In search of marvels and have found
More than I sought, and ever hastened on
After the treasures that abound
In Eldorado. I have even gained
The room between this life and dreams.
And I have dreamed of purity unstained
By wonders of this earth, which teems
With beauty blossoming in mud, and life
Dying of its living, and tears
Shaken out of hardness, and all the rife
Thick pestilential plagues our fears
Beget upon our souls. Oh! I have dreamed
Such beauty as would almost turn
My eyes away from earth, so rich it seemed,
But that in human love I learn
The use of dreams, how there is no escape
But, as a flying music, sing
To life of hope and courage proud to shape
Unwieldy loves. And they do bring
A singing into thoughts. They fructify
The seeds of feeling, blessings pour
Upon the thought and felt in their most high
Union in poetry. They soar
Like bees upon their marriage flight; up, up
Into the eager air. All this
I fiercely sought. And here I blithely sup
In art as gracious as a kiss
My meed of truth, dreamed, felt and thought until
The gift is there, the perfect fruit
Of love and art; through the creating will,
Life conquered by the Magic Flute.
—London Saturday Review.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Robinson—Say, but you're looking fine, old man! Robertson—Yes; I don't feel as if I'd had any vacation at all.—Puck.

Groon—The first time you deceive me I'll kill myself. Bride—And what will you do the second time?—The Club Fellow.

Mrs. Houck—I can read you like a book, George. Houck—Then I wish you'd do more reading and less questioning.—Town Topics.

"Truth is stranger than fiction." "I don't know," replied Miss Cayenne, "whether it is stranger or only scarcer."—Washington Star.

"You are so clever, Mr. Jean, you talk so well—you really ought to write." "Willingly. Will you give me your address?"—Frou Frou.

Knicker—Does your wife understand the use of leftovers? Bocker—Yes; she is constantly pointing out to me how she might have married them.—Judge.

Young Blood (wishing to purchase a pineapple)—I sye,—aw—have you got a pine? Stout Woman (enjoying very good health)—Pine? Lor' bless yer, guv'ner, do I look

like it? Never 'ad no illness in me life!—Printer's Pie.

Friendly Adviser—My boy, lazy men's names are not written on the sands of Time. Languid Youth—Oh, I don't know. Look at Rip Van Winkle.—Puck.

Jobson (pocketing his pay envelope)—Now for good baseball luck. Jones—What do you mean? Jobson—To reach home without being touched.—Washington Star.

"Mary were you entertaining a man in the kitchen last night?" "That's for him to say, mum. I was doing my best with the materials I could find."—Liverpool Mercury.

Munner—In a way having a wife is much similar to owning an automobile. Dunner—How so? Munner—It isn't the first cost of either. It's the upkeep.—New York Sun.

Judge—Did you last night really call this man imbecile and idiot? The Accused (gathering his wits)—I have some doubt of it; but the more I look at him, the more I think it possible.—Le Rire.

Friend—Did you see the place where the Magna Charta was made? Mrs. Richquicke (just returned from abroad)—Yes, and if you could see how it is made you'd never eat another bite of it.—Town Topics.

"I say, old chap, I'm in shocking luck. I want money badly, and haven't the least idea where I can get it." "Well, I'm glad to hear that. I thought perhaps you had an idea you could borrow from me!"—Sydney Bulletin.

"War is hell!" cried Mr. Casey, repeating the famous saying. "It is not," declared Mr. Grogan. "Did annybody iver hear av a sojer comin' back from hell an' drawin' a pinson for sivinty years?"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Visitor to the Salon—How many pictures are there? Attendant—More than six thousand, sir. Visitor—How fatiguing, and I have only half an hour to spend. Why don't they hang them end to end all along the subway tracks?—L'Illustration.

Her Father—Young man, young man, would you take my daughter from me? You don't know a father's feelings at such a time! I must suppress them! Her Lover—Oh, that's all right. If you want to give three cheers, go ahead.—Topeka Journal.

Mistress—Haven't you any references? Maid—I have, but they're like my photographs—none of them do me justice.—Judge.

"And now I suppose you tell her everything?" "Yes, everything there's any danger of her finding out."—London Opinion.

Mrs. Diggs—At our club meeting this afternoon Mrs. Brayton read one of her unpublished poems. Mr. Diggs—And what did you do? Mrs. Diggs—Just to take her down a peg I read one of my untried recipes for Hungarian goulash!—New York Herald.

"He disappeared one day and stayed away five years. Recently he reappeared, and his wife took him back." "Are they happy now?" "No; he says she's unreasonable about trifles." "How so?" "She wants to know where he was during those five years."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"My husband was a confirmed smoker with a tobacco heart when I married him a year ago, but today he never touches the weed." "Good," said one of the group. "To break off a lifetime habit like that requires a pretty strong will." "Well, that's what I've got."—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Here in my poet's hovel is beating my wounded heart—My trembling fingers are writing a song of my sufferings' smart—Got that, young lady?—To the desert I fain would wander; and there would languish and die—Oh, thunder," said the great poet, "I've done enough work for today; tell John to crank my machine, and get me my automobile coat."—Man Lacht.

Extracts from a Manuscript.

The short-story writer dictates the seventeenth chapter of his novel, "Loony with Love," to a new stenographer, and this is the result:

"Sylvia rushed into the arms of Armand, A-r-m-a-n-d, comma, the wild cry of a primitive woman issuing from her warm, comma, red lips, period.

"New paragraph. Clinging to his stout, comma, manly shoulder dash—in an ecstasy of relief dash—she sobbed out her pitiful story period. New sentence, quotes, 'Armand!' exclamation point!' she cried in a convulsive sob, comma, quotes again, 'I ruined three men and a roue with an acute accent over the é. In giving one of them his conge, always underline foreign words, Miss Smithers, so the typesetter will put them in italics, I spoke to him of you and all that you had meant to me, period. He said you were a capital H, and G, Human Gorilla and I had best be on my guard semi-colon; but now I know the true man behind your mask, comma, Armand, and don't forget to capitalize it.'"—Puck.



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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Primary Election.

As we write on Wednesday returns from Tuesday's primary election are not yet complete and in some instances the results are still in question. It appears certain, however, that Captain Fredericks of Los Angeles, who came into public notice as the successful prosecutor of the McNamaras, is the Republican candidate for the governorship as against Governor Hiram Johnson, nominated by the Progressives, and Edward White by the Democrats. As a candidate White is not impressive. The fight will be between Fredericks and Johnson. Probably it will be closely contested. Fredericks as the Republican nominee has an obvious advantage in the figures of registration. But Johnson has possession of the state government with its large power in one form or another to influence voters. It is claimed by him, and with some assurance, that he will get the votes of a great many who have registered through force of habit or sentiment or other motive as Republicans, but

who are really in sympathy with the Progressive movement.

This claim finds a certain support in the selection of Mr. Eshleman, Johnson's running mate and a Progressive, by the Republicans as their candidate for the lieutenant-governorship. The number of Republican votes—more than half—cast for Eshleman in the primary is declared to be the measure of Progressive sentiment within the Republican party of the state. This claim is more specious than convincing. Mr. Eshleman, no matter what his beginnings in politics, is not now a mere echo or reflection of Governor Johnson. As chairman of the Railroad Commission he has made for himself a distinct reputation, and he has elements of support which will not be behind Johnson. In the public mind Eshleman represents the rational and practical phase of the Progressive movement in California, just as Johnson does its extravagance and its passion.

The success of Heney over Rowell gives emphasis to the theory that the hot-headed and extreme element is still in control of the Progressive party. There is no comparison at all between the men. Rowell, albeit a man of whimsical political notions, has sense, breeding, scholarship, respectability. No man in the country could better have represented Progressivism in its best aspects. In the Senate he would have been a credit to California—probably, indeed, the ablest man in a purely intellectual sense we have sent to Washington in many a day. Many Republicans would have given their votes to Mr. Rowell in the final election because of his eminent mental and moral qualities. With the chance of having Mr. Rowell as their standard-bearer the Progressives of California have passed him by to select Frank Heney. Plainly the Progressive party of California prefers the qualities of extravagance and passion allied with vulgar personality to the finer traits of character represented by Mr. Rowell.

So far as may be judged at this writing the minor nominations have been fairly well bestowed. Yet it is not demonstrated that all the pother and expense of the new primary system gives us more worthy nominees than the convention system. We have an impression that the contrary is true—that selection of nominees by party convention yields better men than the system of self-nomination. Certainly it is less costly both to individual candidates and to the public, and less burdensome as a political obligation. The public, we believe, would be glad to return to the old system of nomination by representative conventions in place of the new system with its many disadvantages. It was claimed for this system that it provided a way under which the people might rule. But it is discovered that in every instance it is not the majority, but a minority, that nominates; likewise not the majority, but a minority, that elects. Rule of the people as a political ideal finds no better exemplification under the new system than under the old. And much has been lost in the exchange.

Now after many months of primary campaigning there begins another campaign for the final election fixed for the second Tuesday in November. Thus under the new system one popular campaign simply leads up to and introduces another, making our election system practically a continuous performance. To most of us the outlook for the next two months and a half is one of weariness not unmixed with disgust. But the situation is what it is, and whether we like it or not there must be endured a season of furious drum-beating, barn-storming, and bon-firing.

The Emergency Shipping Bill.

President Wilson's effort to promote ways and means for sustaining American over-sea commerce in the emergency produced by the European war has borne the dubious fruit of an "Emergency Shipping Bill,"

passed both houses of Congress and assured of executive approval. It is a measure of limited concessions and of doubtful advantage. In its full text the bill is as follows:

Be it enacted, etc., That the words "not more than five years old at the time they apply for registry," in Section 5 of the act entitled, "An act to provide for the opening, maintenance, protection, and operation of the Panama Canal and the sanitation and government of the Canal Zone," are hereby repealed.

SECTION 2. That the President of the United States is hereby authorized, whenever in his discretion the needs of foreign commerce require, to suspend by order, so far and for such length of time as he may deem desirable, the provisions of law prescribing that all the watch officers of vessels of the United States registered for foreign trade shall be citizens of the United States.

Under like conditions, in like manner, and to like extent, the President of the United States is also hereby authorized to suspend the provisions of the law requiring survey, inspection, and measurement by officers of the United States of foreign-built vessels admitted to American registry under this act.

We repeat that this is a measure of limited concessions and of doubtful advantage. Its fault is that it does not go far enough. It does, by permitting foreign bottoms to American registry, enable Americans to buy ships in cheaper markets. It does, too, remove some of the difficulties of manning and operating American ships. But with all this said and done there remains a multitude of restrictions, petty and large, which taken in their volume leave American ships at disadvantage as compared with foreign ships. Now, while all the European countries are at war, we might be able under the bill just enacted to do something on the seas. But it could only be under the special conditions imposed by the war. With return of peace and revival of European industry and commerce our ships would again be driven from the ocean. And for this reason private enterprise will not venture. Nobody with a grain of business judgment will buy and attempt to operate ships under the temporary assurances of the European war. Before private capital will venture our shipping laws must be more drastically purged of their restrictions; and assurances must be given that privileges once granted shall not be nullified by new impositions.

It is understood at Washington that President Wilson, who is obviously in earnest in the matter of providing facilities for ocean commerce during the war period, would have been pleased to see a more liberal measure of relief from old restrictions. He has implied, as much without going to the length of a positive recommendation that would surely antagonize the labor element. The hope is that the bill above quoted will encourage shippers and investors. This hope, we think, is vain. We shall have to go further if we are to entice private capital into the field of marine enterprise.

More Radical Proposals.

It is gratifying to know that the administration appreciates the insufficiency of the Emergency Shipping Bill, just now enacted, and that it is getting into form a really constructive plan for building up a merchant marine. It was with this end in view that there assembled at Washington last week, upon invitation of Secretary McAdoo, a conference of some sixty or more representative men engaged in shipping and in foreign exchange banking. Among the recommendations of this conference was a thoroughgoing revision of our navigation laws; and there was appointed a sub-committee under instruction to prepare a draft of merchant marine legislation. It is a strong committee, having among its members Robert Dollar of San Francisco, Bernard L. Baker of Baltimore, J. A. Farrell of New York, and P. A. S. Franklin of New York. Private advices from Washington state that this committee has gone promptly to work and that it has already suggested certain fundamental reforms in our

shipping laws. These reforms relate (1) to the manning of ships; (2) to measurement and inspection, and (3) to construction in American yards.

The general idea is to so amend our laws as to make them conform to the more liberal systems of Great Britain and other nations which are largely represented on the sea. A few citations will illustrate the points at which we now stand at a disadvantage: In the matter of manning ships the American laws require more engineers, oilers, water tenders, and quartermasters than the British laws. Again, the British laws, in the matter of measurements, allow deductions for propelling power, open spaces, crew quarters, etc., which make British net register tonnage about thirty-five per cent less than American. The importance of this contrast lies in the fact that port charges, pilotage, painting, and many other fixed charges are based on registered tonnage. If a British ship of equal size with an American registers say thirty per cent less tonnage, it has a proportional advantage in a multitude of usages and charges. Still again the British inspection laws are sufficiently and reasonably elastic, while ours are scrupulously strict and fixedly rigid.

The committee suggests that it be made permissible to admit foreign officers into service of American ships upon declaration of intention on the part of such officers to become citizens. At present only full citizens are admitted, which means that the available supply of ships officers is limited, with the effects upon wage and other conditions which go with a restricted market. Also the committee would make it unlawful for labor agitators to board ships, and they propose to allow apprentices in both the deck and engine-room departments, as in British ships. The committee proposes to reduce the requirement to a single wireless operator, whereas the laws now require two if the number of the crew exceeds fifty. The British rule requires but one.

These proposed amendments are sound, as all shipping men know. Taken as a whole they would remove or nullify the handicap which now rests upon the American merchant marine. But they strike at the very laws which the labor-union element has caused to be placed on our statute books. Further, they are in direct antagonism to other proposals which union labor has long been and is now urging upon Congress. Not satisfied with what it has achieved, union labor is now campaigning for more rigid instead of more liberal shipping laws. The La Follette bill, written at the dictation of Andrew Furuseth of San Francisco, and which failed last year, has been rewritten in the House Committee on Merchant Marine and has been on the House calendar for several weeks. This revived measure, which might properly be called the Furuseth bill, makes the law more exacting at the very points where the shipping men's committee proposes to liberalize it.

What course the President may take with respect to these proposals and counter proposals may only be conjectured. If he shall accept the plans of the shipping men and seriously endeavor to get their liberalizing proposals enacted into law, he will have to fight Gompers and all the rest of the agitators. And truth to tell, he has not thus far shown much courage in this direction, as witness his approval of the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill of last year with its provision exempting labor organizations; and as further witness his attitude towards labor legislation in connection with more recent measures. Plainly Mr. Wilson has been endeavoring to conciliate the organized labor element. But now comes a matter of supreme importance—nothing less than the life or death of the American merchant marine. Will Mr. Wilson in this emergency support the policies of expert judgment or will he hearken to the voice of the agitator? Will he surrender his sense of what is right and necessary to considerations of political expediency? The matter provides what is probably the severest test of Mr. Wilson's character which has yet come to him since he entered upon the presidential office.

This much is an assurance: the restrictive system keeps and will keep Americans from any general and effective participation in foreign commerce. We have now less than twenty ships all told in foreign trade, and preparations are making for retirement of more than half of them. Americans can not operate vessels under costly forms of restriction, as against other countries whose methods of encouragement amount practically to a subsidy. We must either share in foreign commerce under the terms and conditions common

to the rest of the world, or we must keep out. We can not put upon the American shipowner a dozen forms of relatively heavy expense and then expect him to compete in the commerce of the world. If our policy is to be a restrictive one it must speedily drive the last American ship from the foreign trade and ultimately limit our energies on the sea to a purely domestic commerce heavily protected in that limited trade by prohibitions against foreign ships.

The Problem of National Finance.

The committee of shippers and financiers referred to in the preceding article, among other counsels to the administration, proposed a plan for government marine insurance. The project is purely paternalistic, which perhaps is one of the reasons why nobody has objected to it. An appropriation of \$5,000,000 will be necessary to start the scheme going, and Congress will be asked by the administration to appropriate that amount. A bill creating this new arm of the government was introduced late last week.

An incidental but none the less important question is, Where is the money for this and a hundred other things to come from? What, with its various enlargements of the public expenditure, and with the sudden fall-off in public revenue due to the European war, is to be done? Mr. McAdoo figures out that current revenue has run a hundred million below the requirements of the government. It would be a simple thing to lay on new taxes, but new taxes will hurt the Democratic congressional campaigns, as the congressmen see it, and they want to wait until the storm is over. Congress would much rather put over a scheme of enlarged taxation next December than before November. The President, however, either more courageous or more fatuous, has indicated his purpose to hold Congress up to the scratch and to insist upon whatever may be necessary to bring the national income up to the point where it will match the national outgo. He looks upon a deficit with the same kind of terror that Congress regards a new scheme of taxation.

Increased taxes on alcoholic liquors and tobacco have been suggested. But this plan is likely to be rejected in favor of stamp taxes. Mr. Underwood declares that liquor and tobacco taxes are now at the maximum, that increase would work a reduction in the revenue, as the business will not stand increased demands. Of course this means that the South, producer of distilled liquor and tobacco, is using its powers to stand off increased taxation. Hence an alternative proposal that the tax on beer only be advanced, and that the remainder of the needed money be raised by stamp taxation. In this connection critics of the recent free sugar legislation are having an inning. They are singing in chorus the familiar refrain, "I told you so!" We have lost the \$60,000,000 a year import taxes on sugar, and sugar, instead of going down, has gone up. What formerly went for import taxes, and something more, now goes into the pockets of the sugar men. Furthermore the free sugar legislation has seriously limited if not indeed destroyed the sugar industry of the United States, so we have no means of holding the importers of sugar down to a reasonable price.

Japan and the War.

The entrance of Japan into the European quarrel, nominally as an ally of Great Britain though practically, and we think primarily, in promotion of her own national purposes, is one of the developments of the war situation within the week. Japan will undoubtedly support the British interest wherever it may be done conveniently, but it is to be remembered that as a preliminary to her ultimatum to Germany she made official declaration that her activities as an ally of Britain would be confined to the Pacific Ocean. This limitation, taken with what has followed, lends color to the theory that while she is nominally supporting Great Britain she is in reality turning a trick on her own account. And in truth Japan has a legitimate grudge against Germany, which under her professions if not her engagements had no right to intrude upon the Shantung Peninsula. Her presence there is a distinct menace to the integrity of China and quite as distinctly an offense to Japan. The last-named country therefore can not be blamed for the wish to eliminate Germany, and it is not surprising that she has seized upon the first opportunity to do it.

The incident of Japanese intrusion into the European

conflict has served to throw an illuminating side light upon the attitude of the Western world towards Japan in the more aggressive phase of her modern ambitions. Undeniably it has lost England, in this country and elsewhere, something at the point of sympathy. With reason or without it, England is criticized for bringing a yellow race into conflict with white races. Apparently it is forgotten that the thing is as old as human history. None the less it gives a handle to criticism and it has made or helped to make in certain quarters an atmosphere of friendliness for Germany.

The idea that England has brought Japan into the war is, we think, a bit strained. The truth is that Japan thrust herself into the war. Her main purpose we may easily believe, was that of driving the Germans from Shantung. But undoubtedly she had a secondary motive in the wish to put England under obligations to her, to the end that she might have a claim for reciprocal favors in the event of getting into war on her own account. Having helped England now she will be in a strong position if ever she should want help for herself.

It is inside history that Great Britain has been more or less nervous under her alliance with Japan and particularly anxious to avoid any consequences which might grow out of it, in so far, at least, as they might relate to the United States. The *Argonaut* happens to know that last year Sir Cecil Spring-Rice and his predecessor, Mr. Brice, were very much annoyed when Secretary Bryan, through sheer negligence, allowed to drag along for several weeks the matter of renewing our five-years arbitration treaty with Great Britain. They were unwilling that the treaty should lapse even for a few days. At the time the talk in diplomatic circles was that the reason lay in possible Japanese complications with the United States. Britain wanted and must still want exemption from the possibility of being drawn into a quarrel with this country.

Death of the Pope.

There is no reason to doubt that Pope Pius was a victim of the war as actually as any of the uncounted thousands of dead men now littering the frontiers of Europe. His religion was not a mere matter of the intellectual and conventional acceptance of alleged facts. It saturated his whole nature. For him its teachings were the one eternal and evident truth in a world of impermanence and change. That the civilization of Europe after two thousand years of Christianity should suddenly and unhesitatingly revert to the crudest savagery and barbarism must have seemed to him like the veritable triumph of Satan, as indeed it is. It must have pictured itself to him as a continental defiance of God, as the coming of anti-Christ. That his protests should be politely, and even impolitely, ignored, and by avowedly Catholic countries, must have caused him to despair of religion and of the human race. Undoubtedly it broke his heart, and that his heart could be broken by the wickedness of men is evidence of the wisdom of the choice that placed him at the head of the Catholic church.

The Pope was not a man of commanding intellect, as intellect is measured nowadays. He was neither a statesman nor a diplomat. If he had been either the one or the other he might have avoided more than one action that now seem to be errors. For example, he might have conciliated France and he might have healed the schism caused by what he called modernism. But for the Pope there were only two kinds of human action—the right and the wrong. He knew nothing and cared nothing for that other category of expediency, and therefore his errors may easily be insignificant in comparison with the real calamities into which a dominant intellect is so prone to fall, and especially when intellect becomes a substitute for goodness or tries to do the work of goodness. And perhaps we may now appropriately wonder if as a race we have not been placing intellect upon too high a pedestal, and goodness upon one that is too low. Intellect has not saved Europe from its present descent into hell. It seems hardly to have tried. No conceivable errors of a benevolent intellectual incapacity could have been more calamitous than the deliberate crimes of an intellectual superiority. Intellectual power, erudition, the graces of the mind, have now been tried in the balances for many generations, and who shall say that in a governmental sense they have not been found grievously wanting, that they have not failed utterly to advance

human happiness or even to save humanity from the pit of perdition. But goodness would not have failed, and so perhaps we may now ask ourselves somewhat soberly if goodness may not actually be that "unto which all other things are added." Certainly intellect has here done nothing for us.

It says much for what may be called the pliability of the Catholic church that such a man as this inconspicuous priest should be elevated to the place of Supreme Pontiff, and without the slightest effort of ambition on his part. In what other institution would such a choice have been possible? Indeed it is here that we may discern one of the great causes of the church's strength. It allows nothing to stand in the way of what may be called the natural gravitation of human values. It permits nothing to interpose between capacity and its effective use. Doubtless there are ecclesiastical politics and diplomacies. We know that there are and that there must be, and that time, here as elsewhere, has had its hardening and materializing effect. But it is none the less the fact that the Catholic church intends and wishes to employ all the human competence and capacity at its command, and that it is wise enough to recognize the supreme practical values of goodness and benevolence. These are the only forces that reach the human heart, and the secular world has yet to learn that while the intellect may drive and compel it is the heart that leads and that ultimately controls.

The choice of a successor to Pius X must be a peculiarly difficult one. Probably it would be an Italian in any case, but it seems now as though it must be an Italian. Nearly all the foreign cardinals belong to nations that are at war and a choice among them would be practically out of the question. And even Italy herself may be at war by the time the conclave is ready to meet. Already the suggestion has been made that the conclave be postponed in order that French and German and English cardinals may meet without the shadow of a reddened sword between them. We hear, too, that the choice must fall upon some strong and intellectual statesman who can supply a leadership now so sorely needed. Probably the cardinals will feel themselves to be in no need of advice upon this point, but we may none the less express a hope that they will choose a good and a benevolent man, with a commanding mind if possible, but without one if necessary. Very much may depend upon the next Pope and we seem to have lost some of our confidence in what is called ability.

Editorial Notes.

Newspapers which speak for the administration claim with eager insistence that after all the policy of watchful waiting has produced exactly the right result in Mexico. All is well, they say, in Mexico; we have been saved from a bloody war, and the fact is a triumph for President Wilson. This would be more impressive if it were true. It is true we have not gone to war, unless the Vera Cruz incident may be called war. But it is also true that we have made no progress toward correcting the conditions in Mexico which press upon American interests there. Many American lives, much American property in Mexico, have been lost. Nor, in view of our responsibilities, moral and other, may we with entirely easy conscience reflect upon the fact that through the past year there has been tremendous slaughter among the native and foreign populations of Mexico, a consequence which we might have prevented. Then there are other elements in the record. What of the great claims to be presented when some sort of government is established in Mexico? And what is the measure of our responsibility, material and moral, to other nations?

After all what is there in the situation in Mexico justifying felicitations upon attained results? Huerta the "murderer" it is true is gone, and Carranza is in his place. But is Carranza less a "murderer"? At what point is his authority more "regular" than that of Huerta? Wherein is his rule better than that of Huerta? What is Carranza doing or what does he promise to do that gives assurance or comfort to anybody who has the least knowledge of Mexican men and manners? Out of consideration for the sentiments of the outside world Carranza has not—as yet—undertaken to carry out his originally announced policy of bloody reprisal. But does anybody believe for one-half moment that his heart has softened or that he has given over his fondly cherished purposes of revenge and reprisal? Has anybody discovered any dis-

position on Carranza's part to establish a really constitutional government or to find for his own authority any higher mandate than his sword?

Then there is Villa. What about this child of all the virtues and all the graces? He talks, indeed, after the style of a patriot and a lover of peace. But talk is cheap. Acts are vastly more important. And Villa's acts make him now as certainly and obviously an enemy of the government at the City of Mexico as all the other rebels have been before him. We can only repeat what the *Argonaut* has said before, that while the deal has changed, the game is precisely what it has been all along. In the meantime one American army stands in hostile array upon the soil of a country with which we are presumably and pretentiously at peace, while another American army broils in the sun, rubs the sand out of its eyes, and fights mosquitoes on the northern border. Watchful waiting, with the things that have gone with it, have carried the Mexican situation along. It has protracted the uncertainties and confusions of war, but we have yet to be convinced that in any where or in any wise it has bettered anything.

There were those even so late as three months ago openly critical of the pretensions and the politics of Mr. Roosevelt who nevertheless thought it would be a fine thing if he instead of Mr. Wilson had to deal with the Mexican situation. "Oh, yes, Teddy would have been doing things before now"—remarks like this were common just the other day. But under the new conditions of world strife we suspect that these same eager souls are more than pleased that the hot-foot precipitancy of this same "Teddy" is not now in a position where it might involve us in the troubles of Europe. There is no real likelihood that we shall be brought to mix in the conflict. Yet vexatious and hazardous occasions may arise. And in view of the possibilities it is by no means unfortunate that American policy is in hands committed to peace, hands over-patient under provocation. The pacific disposition of Mr. Wilson and the timidity of Secretary Bryan are well calculated in view of the European situation to serve the interests of the country.

Complaints multiply respecting the inefficiency of the Department of State in obtaining information about Americans now in the various war zones of Europe. A Californian in Washington filed an inquiry with the State Department on the 4th of August, but did not even receive a note of acknowledgment until August 17th. So with all business in the department. Desks are piled high with papers relating to matters neglected or forgotten. The cause of the trouble lies in the fact that Mr. Bryan has turned out a corps of trained and expert departmental men to make room for a lot of political roustabouts, in large number from Nebraska. The incompetency of these new men in connection with the incompetency of our embassies and legations abroad, also filled up with inexpert politicians, renders the whole department ineffective and ridiculous. It spends money in vast sums, but it gets no results.

Extract from a note to the State Department from the *Argonaut* of San Francisco:

DEAR MR. BRYAN: Speaking for itself alone the *Argonaut* has had all the assurance it requires at this time concerning the whereabouts, circumstances, and conditions of Mr. and Mrs. Archer Huntington. We don't care whether they are in Paris, Berlin, or Timbuctoo. We don't care whether it was their automobile or somebody's else, or none at all, that was commandeered. We don't give one dang hang whether they stay awhile longer or come home.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Control of the Baltic.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 24, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Mr. Sidney Coryn in the last number of the *Argonaut* gave a sane and reasonable review of the present condition in Europe. But when he left the recording of facts or probable facts and ventured on the opinion that there might be no great naval engagement between Great Britain and Germany, it looks as if he had left out of consideration some points of great importance which would indicate that such a struggle is on the contrary rather likely.

The command of the Baltic Sea is essential for the protection of the north coast of Germany. With a victorious English fleet in that sea Russian, French, and English troops could be landed within a striking distance of Berlin. Such a blow at the heart of Germany would surely be decisive. This way of putting a stop to the ruinous waste of men and money would seem to be too obvious to be neglected.

When the Mediterranean has been cleared, the French fleet could join the English, and while the North Sea end of the

Kiel Canal was strongly blockaded, the remainder of the fleets would force their way into the Baltic. The German Baltic fleet would have to concentrate, and a decisive engagement would be fought. If the Germans were beaten they would retire into the Kiel Canal, and the north coast of Germany would be defenseless. Speculations about the fleets are profitless, but if we are to have them, it would seem that this possibility should be borne in mind.

Yours very truly, T. ADAMS.

Alsace-Lorraine.

BERKELEY, August 22, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: The French are again in Alsace-Lorraine! The "red trousers" are once more swarming along the highways and into the hamlets and villages of what is perhaps the most strategic strip of territory in all Europe; the blue Alsatian Mountains are reëchoing with the stirring cadenzas of the "Marseillaise." In Paris a million frenzied Frenchmen are gibbering nightly in front of the newspaper offices, where bulletins are posted describing the advance of the tri-color toward Strassburg. Whatever the war may mean to the rest of the world, to France it means, above all other considerations, the recovery of her two lost provinces and the redemption of her national honor, sullied by that loss. On these altars France is ready and willing to sacrifice men and millions in almost inconceivable numbers. "Take what else you will," she is saying to her allies; "I fight only to regain my lost children!"

Nor is it difficult of comprehension, this all-but-maniacal desire on the part of France to hold again the beloved boundary country which separates her from the German Empire; especially when one considers the ignominious terms under which she was compelled to relinquish Alsace-Lorraine to the implacable Bismarck in 1870. Crushed and broken by the great German war-prince, the "temperamental empire"—changed overnight into a republic—was starved into submission by Prussia and forced to cede the two provinces, besides engaging to pay five billions of francs to her conquerors as a war indemnity and the price of peace.

Shortly after the *entente cordiale* between the two nations had been restored, and the respective ambassadors had returned to their posts in Berlin and Paris, the German princes arranged a great banquet in honor of the French diplomats, who had sadly reopened their embassy in the *Frederich-wilhelmstrasse*. During the course of the dinner the various German speakers made rude jokes at the expense of the conquered, pointing out that France was "too polite for the battlefield" and "too elegant for the campfire"; withal she was "a generous neighbor" and gave liberally of her riches, "when properly persuaded."

When his time came to reply to these ill-considered remarks, the French ambassador surprised his hosts and associates alike by admitting that the French were "probably more or less unsuited for war."

"We may not be the greatest soldiers in the world," he said, "but we remain the greatest artisans in the world! In fact, gentlemen, I venture to say that there is nothing you could place in the hands of a French artisan that he could not convert into something artistic and remarkable!"

Whereupon the practical Bismarck, possessing an enormous pair of mustachios, plucked a hair of one of them, tossed it in front of the ambassador, and demanded:

"Let them make something out of that!"

Amidst the confusion and laughter which followed the Frenchman sat down; first, however, carefully placing the single hair in his card-case, unseen by the diners.

A few weeks afterwards a package, directed to "His Excellency, Prince Leopold von Bismarck-Schönhausen," was delivered at the War Office in Berlin. Outside it bore the seal of a prominent firm of Parisian goldsmiths. Inside, in a velvet case, was a solid gold ink-stand, elaborately carved. Above the reservoir intended for ink hovered a Prussian eagle, wings outstretched.

Clutched in the beak of the eagle was the hair from Bismarck's mustache!

On one end of the hair was suspended a little golden hall; whereon was carved, in letters scarcely decipherable with the naked eye, the single word:

"Alsace."

Upon the other end was a second golden hall; whereon was carved the single word:

"Lorraine."

Signifying, to the French mind at least, that Prussia held Alsace-Lorraine but by a hair of Bismarck's mustachios!

So!

Well, Bismarck has passed to his great reward these many years; France has reorganized and rehabilitated her armies; and the ambassadors to Berlin and Paris have again been recalled, in order that another dispute over the possession of Alsace-Lorraine may be settled! Will the hair, from which the golden halls have hung suspended for a matter of forty years, continue to hold its precious burdens—or will it snap in twain, precipitating the baubles into the yawning reservoir below; viz, France? *Quien sabe?* as the Spaniards have it!

Whoever wins, it is almost a certainty that poor old Strassburg, capital city of Alsace-Lorraine, will again experience the rigors and horrors of war and siege. In fact the interesting old metropolis of the upper Rhine may be fitly designated as the "war capital" of Europe; for there has been practically no disturbance of moment in the Old World since the days of Charlemagne in which the home of the stork and the *pâté de foie gras* goose has not played an important part. Seldom, if ever, has Strassburg escaped the hand of the spoiler, or ceased to echo with the clank of the military.

When we were in Strassburg last summer we visited several of the old, and one of the new, fortifications. The city is naturally capable of great resistance to any force of invaders; while the successive occupants—Franks, Spanish, French, and German—have constructed breastwork upon breastwork, until one is scarcely ever, when wandering about the city, out of sight of a military barricade. Soldiers were everywhere, marching and countermarching, just as though the war was only a question of hours. And perhaps it was, even then!

La, la! The French will have no easy time subduing these stolid, imperturbable Germans; or forcing them to abandon Alsace-Lorraine to its owners of forty years ago! Mayhap they will even fail. But in the meantime the Parisians have stripped all of the mourning from the statue of Strassburg, standing in the Place de la Concorde, and are celebrating as though the lost provinces had already "come home!"

And who can deny that it is sometimes well to celebrate and be glad while the opportunity endures? We shall see what we shall see! In the meantime what is this chorus we hear above the volleys of musketry and the dull booming of cannon in the neighborhoods of Metz and Mühlhausen?

"Ye sons of France awake to glory—"

E. D. BURROWS.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.

Once more we must look carefully at the map before we can begin to understand what has happened in the theatre of war. Even then we shall not learn very much, since both the French and British official announcements are models of reticence. But it is clear enough that the allies have suffered a check, although it seems now not to be a very serious check. They attacked the German position and the attack failed. The French and British announcements say that the armies fell back in good order, that discipline was unbroken, and that operations will be resumed from the new position. The German reports claim a great victory, and go so far as to describe the French army as routed and broken, incapable of further direction, and as having become practically a negligible factor. This is an obvious exaggeration, since the battle still continues and the issue is still in doubt. The moral effects of such a reverse as this may easily prove to be more serious than the physical, and of this we shall be able speedily to judge. If the German forces continue to advance into France it will be evident that they are driving the French before them. But if there is now a pause in the actual large scale fighting we may believe that both sides are in a position to continue the struggle on more or less equal terms. The series of battles between the Russians and the Japanese show how formidable a beaten army may be, and what a costly thing a victory may be. The net result of the engagement to date seems to be that the allies have fallen back to the French frontier and that they are now on the defensive in entrenched positions.

And here a word may perhaps be said advantageously as to the wisdom of the military policy that caused General Joffre to attack the German position rather than awaiting the German assault. It is a matter upon which the opinion of the layman is valueless, but it may be said that military experts both in America and in England believe that Joffre would have done better to defend rather than to attack. But this would have been contrary to the whole spirit of French military tactics, which demands an invariable offensive whenever there is the slightest prospect of success. The advantage is assumed always to be on the side of the assault; and we may suppose that this tradition was strong enough to dictate the movement against the German forces, which seems to have failed and to have compelled the falling back upon defensive positions on the frontier.

We are told that the battle line was somewhere about three hundred miles long, and this means that it extended along the whole Franco-Belgian frontier and the whole Franco-German frontier. It is obviously impossible to deal with such a combat as this as a unit. It must have been a whole series of units, all in sympathetic touch with one another, and each part reflecting the fortunes of the whole. Evidently the most severe and crucial fighting took place in Belgium. The German armies had passed Liège with its forts still untaken, had flooded on to Brussels, and had then turned south and southwest toward the territory lying between Roubaix and Namur. Why they went to Brussels at all is still unexplained unless it was for the moral advantage of the possession of the capital. The French and Belgian forces must have been between Roubaix and Lille, or rather somewhat to the north of those points, and it must have been here that they encountered the brunt of the reverse that must have driven them back to the French frontier and even beyond. But although this was doubtless the crux of the whole fight it was evident that there was a concerted movement forward by the German armies in Luxembourg and south as far as Belfort and that the French forces had been weakened by the concentration in Belgium. This is clearly shown by the official announcement from Paris that the situation requires the temporary abandonment of portions of Alsace and Lorraine and that "certain parts of the national territory will suffer from events of which they will be the theatre." This means that even under the most favorable conditions the invasion of France can not now be wholly prevented. It is no longer possible to keep the line intact either on the Belgian or German frontiers. Belgium has done her part in the work of delay, and wherever our sympathies may be we must agree that she has done it with remarkable valor. The French will now have to fight upon their own territory at any or all points on the three hundred miles of frontier involved. The French report admits that isolated cavalry companies were operating in the neighborhood of Roubaix in Belgium, which is only six miles from Lille in France, while other reports say that Lille itself has been taken in the north and Nancy in the south. Neither town is fortified, and neither has any military importance, but if German troops are actually in sight from either place it means that the invasion of France is an accomplished fact and that Belgium henceforth ceases to be vitally interesting except as an open bridge into France. Antwerp, of course, remains untouched, but then Antwerp is far to the north. Moreover, Antwerp is said to be impregnable, but henceforth stories of impregnability may well be taken with a grain of salt. Namur was said to be impregnable, but two of the Namur forts seem to have fallen after about two days' fighting, although the remainder were still holding out at the latest reports. Probably there is a story hidden away here somewhere, since Namur was certainly much stronger than Liège, and Liège is holding out still. There may be something in the suggestions that the Belgians have been a little disgruntled by the part assigned to them and that as a consequence there was a slackness in the Namur defenses. However that may be, we may now consider that Belgium has been disposed of so far as the country itself is concerned, although her army is probably now with the French

forces and perhaps as full of fight as ever. Everything now depends upon the morale of the French and English armies. If they have merely fallen back in good order, if they are undemoralized, as appears to be the case, then we may say that the real war is about to begin and that we shall now witness the defense of France proper. But who knows?

A line of battle three hundred miles long is vast enough in all conscience, but if we confine our attention to the west we run the risk of missing the real cream of the whole continental situation. General Joffre says that practically the whole German army is now on the French frontiers, and he is probably right. But if that is the case, what about Germany's eastern frontier, now menaced by the Russians? General Joffre makes the significant remark that "our operations have enabled the Russians to come into action and penetrate the heart of west Prussia." If this is so, and there are voluminous reports in confirmation, then we see at once the true value of the Belgian resistance. We see the enormous importance of time to the German operations and we understand the desperate efforts to overwhelm Belgium and to strike a quick blow at the heart of France. Obviously the German hope was to wage a campaign of lightning rapidity in France, to crush all resistance at a single blow, and then to turn round and cope with the Russian invader on the other side of Europe. This is not a mere plausible theory, but the only possible theory. Although precise figures are of course unavailable it is quite evident that the German armies in and about France are of the highest available strength and efficiency and that they represent practically the whole military power of the country. But how long can they remain in and about France? How long can they be spared from the defense against Russia? It has taken them over two weeks to overwhelm Belgium, and from the earlier and futile attempts against Liège it is quite evident that they expected to spend only about that number of days over the task. General von Emmich committed suicide because he failed to take these redoubtable forts by his mere summons, and we know that his force was a small one and that it was launched almost without a commissariat. It was no fault of his that he failed, but that he did fail shows clearly the nature of the German expectations that are now falsified. And what would not the Germans give to recover some of that two weeks of lost time, seeing that they have still the invasion of France ahead of them and the taking of Paris, where the fortifications are enormously stronger than ever before! In that two weeks they might conceivably have crushed the French and English armies and be in a condition to dictate terms of peace and to send their armies hurrying back across Europe to mete out similar ruin to the Russian forces. But time does not return, and whatever good fortune now awaits the Germans in France it seems humanly impossible that they can present the military front to Russia that the gravity of the occasion demands.

The Russian situation is by no means clear, since the obligations of an exact truth can hardly be said to weigh heavily upon the official reporter. The wish is always the father to the thought, and it would seem that whatever situation is considered to be desirable is also considered to have been attained. But there need be no doubt that something colossal is going on upon the Russo-German frontier, and it is hard to believe that there can be many German troops there to meet it. Detailed stories of fighting between Russians and Germans are arriving day after day with the usual extravagant claims upon both sides, but it is evident that continuous fighting is in progress and that a considerable German area is in Russian occupation. A report from St. Petersburg, and therefore to be accepted with caution, says that two great Russian armies are now advancing over a front extending for seventy miles and that they are actually occupying territory in Germany fifty miles wide. The first of these armies now said to be actually in touch with the German defenses is reported as consisting of four million men, and the second army close behind it is supposed to be of equal strength. These armies will menace the whole of the Austrian and German frontiers, and if these reports are even approximately true it is easy to see the enormous diversion that has been introduced into the French situation.

And there can be no doubt that they are approximately true. The reports are detailed and precise. The Russians have captured Gumbinnen and Insterburg, and are therefore actually upon German territory and rapidly investing the great fortresses to the east of the Vistula. In point of fact the Russian invasion of Germany is quite as real and possibly far more dangerous than the German invasion of France, although we have always to remember that Russian soldiers are lacking in initiative and intelligence. But we need not rely wholly upon reports from St. Petersburg. The Austrians themselves admit the danger from Russia, and that it is an imminent danger, seeing that they have resolved to discontinue all their operations against Serbia and to concentrate their attentions upon the new danger to the north. And in point of fact the Serbians are now on the aggressive. If Austria intends to leave them alone they have no intention to leave Austria alone. There can be no doubt that they won an enormous victory over their enemies a week ago, and doubtless this helped to determine the Austrian action, but it is said now that the Serbians will proceed at once to the invasion of Austria. The situation is still further complicated by the dubious action of Italy, who could prove herself extremely dangerous to Austria if she should be so minded. But Italy seems to find it hard to come to a decision. Ostensibly she was bound to Germany and Austria by her treaty

engagements, but she has evaded them on the plea that the war of Germany and Austria is an aggressive one that she is not bound to support. Now we find that she has been visited by Count Witte on behalf of Russia and by M. Delcassé on behalf of France, and that she is being offered the most powerful inducements alternating between threats and bribes to join the allies. Italy is evidently mobilizing, and that Austria is strongly suspicious of her intentions is shown by the massing of Austrian troops on her frontier. Public opinion in Italy would make an alliance with Austria almost impossible, and if she should finally decide to join the allies—and neutrality is not now popular in Europe—she could prove a veritable thorn in the side of Austria, who already has her hands over full with Serbia, Montenegro, and Russia. Italy has a strong navy and it could do immense damage to Austria on the Adriatic, while her soldiers are among the few in Europe that have seen service.

One of Austria's chief difficulties in dealing with a Slav enemy is the fact that her own army consists largely of Slavs whose loyalty is always questionable against the claims of a common race. Slav solidarity is far from complete, as witness the war in the Balkans, but it is hardly to be expected that the Austrian provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, whose population is almost wholly Slav, should feel any strong loyalty to Austria as against Serbia and Russia. At an earlier stage in the war it was said that Austria's Slav regiments were proving a grave perplexity and that they could not be trusted in positions of military responsibility, and we may be quite sure that their restiveness must increase as the Russian hordes draw near and as they note the extraordinary successes of the Serbian forces.

It is perhaps worth noting that this is the first war when the supply of artillery has been almost unlimited. There are twenty other particulars in which the present struggle is unprecedented, but the matter of artillery is particularly interesting. At the battle of Muiden there were about three thousand guns engaged, but there can not be less than ten thousand now helming flame and steel across the French frontier. For years the artillery arm has been a matter of intense pride to the French and German officers, who have engaged in a fierce rivalry for perfection, and when the war is over and military histories are being written we shall probably hear a good deal about the merits of the different weapons that have been tested in the struggle. The artillery is certainly responsible for a slaughter so extraordinary as to fill the streets of Charleroi with dead men who remain standing because there is no room for them to fall down.

Another modern and wholly untried weapon is the airship, and there seems to be a general idea that the airship, and particularly the Zeppelin, is a failure. We hear of a few bombs being dropped upon Antwerp, and a little reconnoitering work appears to have been done during the recent battle in Belgium, but certainly war has not been revolutionized, or anything like it, by the so-called conquest of the air. Almost the first blood drawn in the war was that of the crew of a Zeppelin which appeared on the French frontier and that was instantly attacked by a monoplaneist, who flew right through the balloon and brought it to the ground, of course giving his own life in the feat. And there will always be men willing and proud to do this very thing. A Zeppelin is about as vulnerable a thing as exists, an easy prey to the marksman on the ground and to the monoplaneist in the air. The French aviator who destroyed the first Zeppelin is described as rising until he was close to the big gas bag. Then he pointed his machine straight at the invader and his powerful engine drove the aeroplane into the bag. There was an instant explosion and the two machines crumpled up. The aeroplane went right through the gas bag and came out on the other side. The Zeppelin staggered for a moment and then came straight to the ground, and every one of the twenty-five men of her crew were dashed to death, as well as the occupant of the aeroplane. Several other Zeppelins seem already to have been destroyed, and there is not a single report of any benefit conferred by them.

AUGUST 26, 1914.

SIDNEY CORYN.

The first beet-sugar factory in the United States was erected in Philadelphia in 1830. It did not prove a success and was dismantled. The first successful beet-sugar factory was built in 1870 at Alvarado, California. This factory was in operation until 1913, when it closed down. It is estimated that \$100,000,000 is now invested in the sugar beet industry of this country. The sugar supply of the American people is drawn from three main sources. These are: Domestic beet sugar produced in seventeen states from Ohio in the East to California in the West; domestic cane sugar produced in Louisiana, Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines; imported cane sugar produced in Cuba.

The first British dreadnought to carry six-inch guns behind armor for repelling torpedo craft is the *Iron Duke*, the fleet flagship of Admiral Sir George Callahan. These weapons throw a hundred-pound projectile, and are the largest man-handled guns in the navy. Precautions have been taken to protect the vessel against overhead attack from dirigibles and aeroplanes.

Sweet potatoes may be said to be the staple crop of China. There is no section which does not raise them, and they are a substantial part of the diet of a greater part of the Chinese people.

A BENEDICT'S FRIEND.

Captain Boucoiran Meets the Little Siren.

A few days after the Grand Prix, as everybody was getting ready to go into the country, or pretending to do so, Henri de Saint Armel met his old friend Captain Boucoiran at the gate of the Bois. The two horsemen fell in together and began to chat.

"That's a pretty mare you're riding," said Saint Armel.

"She is that, and as gentle as a kitten. I have been training her for the past three months. She obeys me like a trick pony, and follows me like a dog. Don't you, Betsy?"

The mare pricked up her ears and whinnied gently, as if she agreed perfectly with her master's statement.

"She would make an excellent saddle-horse for a lady," remarked Saint Armel.

"Perfect; it is a pity she was ever ridden by a man. But perhaps you have some fair rider in your mind's eye with whom you could place her?"

"Perhaps I have, if you do not want too much for her. I have promised a certain young woman—you know her, perhaps, Lucie Bataille?"

"By name only. She sings somewhere—does she not?—at the Renaissance or the Bouffes? But I do not care for music, as you know, and I never set foot in a theatre for fear I should come in on a lot of caterwauling. And so Mlle. Lucie Bataille has inspired a certain interest in you?"

"Well, yes. Haven't you heard of it?"

"I hope you do not imagine that my course of lectures at the military academy leaves me much time to look after other men's little affairs? But you have promised this girl a horse, eh? Well, you are in for a rather serious present."

"It is a farewell gift. Certain circumstances, which you will presently learn, compel me to break with her. Poor Lucie! She's a charming woman. Not very pretty, but distinguished, possessed of good manners, and not a caterwauler, as you put it. I must present you to her. If that little woman had any luck she would be at the Opéra, and I assure you that the glasses in the orchestra seldom centre on a prettier page than she makes. If you could see her in burlesque! But, to come back to business, how much do you want for your mare?"

The bargain was made, and the two friends separated, promising to meet the next winter. Two months later the Count de Saint Armel married a charming American, as pretty as she was rich—which explained the "circumstances" that had led to the acquisition of Betsy as a farewell gift to Lucie Bataille.

Autumn passed, and the winter came. Boucoiran had resumed his lectures and bought him another horse. Every morning regularly he took his turn in the Bois. One morning, as he was passing near the circular shelter of Ermenonville, what should the captain see but Betsy, his old mare, a side-saddle on her back, being held by an ancient servitor, got up in the most correct style and himself mounted on a splendid horse? Evidently Betsy, the side-saddle, and the ancient servitor were waiting for some fair amazon. But it was not solely through curiosity to see the woman that Boucoiran stopped. What he wished to determine was whether the mare still knew him. He dismounted, drew from his pocket a bit of sugar, and approached the animal, which had already scented him. Poor Betsy, did she still remember her old master? He had only to look at her, to see her prick up her ears, nod her head, and whinny plaintively, almost tenderly.

Boucoiran, delighted, caressed the animal, and made her give him her foot, to the great edification of the servant.

"The mare is looking well," Boucoiran said.

"Oh, yes, captain," replied the groom. "We take good care of her. But she don't seem to have forgotten her old master."

"Why, how do you recognize me?" demanded Boucoiran, surprised at being addressed by his rank though he was in civilian garb.

"I have had charge of the mare, sir, ever since she was given to my mistress, and if it's once, it's twenty times I've heard the count speak of his friend, the captain, and say how well he had trained Betsy."

"Well," thought Boucoiran, "Lucie Bataille has a very stylish man to look after her horse. I must try to meet this little siren."

He had scarcely formed the project in his mind, when a coupé drove up from the Dauphin Gate. In it were two women; one of respectable age and excellent appearance; the other, very pretty and in riding-habit. The latter got out, after kissing her companion, and said to her:

"By-by, mamma. I shall be here at eleven precisely."

"Decidedly," thought Boucoiran, "she does things in the most proper style. Mare, groom, and coupé, all are irreproachable—and the mother more than all. By Jove! to allow herself the luxury of a mother like that, she must find comic opera very remunerative."

He lifted his hat to Lucie Bataille, who seemed surprised at first to find Betsy coquetting with a stranger. But, after a few words in English from the groom, she

returned the captain's bow cordially, and said to him, with a smile:

"I ought to be jealous of the interest Betsy takes in you. But I prefer to thank you for having trained her so admirably. And, thanks to her, we are already on friendly terms."

She turned toward the old lady, who was watching this scene through the carriage-window.

"Mother," she said, "let me present you to Captain Boucoiran—the friend of whom M. de Saint Armel speaks so often."

Boucoiran could not repress a feeling of surprise at hearing Lucie Bataille speak thus ingenuously of Saint Armel. Perhaps the marriage had fallen through, and affairs had remained *in statu quo erat*, with Betsy thrown in.

The young woman proved charmingly amiable, and had a delicious figure, as her well-cut riding-habit made manifest. They chatted for five minutes about Betsy, her points, her habits, and her feed. Boucoiran gave much advice, and finally asked permission to help the pretty horsewoman to her saddle, which was granted. He had not dared to let the conversation touch upon Saint Armel; but, as he was leaving her, Lucie Bataille said, point-blank:

"You haven't asked me a word about your friend."

Boucoiran turned all colors. This was incomprehensible. The idea of trying to defer anything to the finer feelings of such a woman! Speaking as if by chance and at the risk of seeming behind the times, he replied:

"Well—er—certain events—er—change things. Since poor Henri married—for he is married, if I am not mistaken."

"Pshaw!" interrupted the young woman, laughing as if at an excellent jest; "I assure you he hasn't changed so much as that. But you shall judge for yourself—come and lunch with us presently, *sans cérémonie*."

"Lunch!" stammered the dumfounded officer; "why—where?"

"Forty-five Rue Murillo," cried Lucie Bataille, as she set off at a gallop, prettily saluting him with her crop. And the groom followed after her at a little distance.

The coupé rattling off in the other direction, Boucoiran was left alone, filled with wonder and misgivings. So Saint Armel continued to see Lucie Bataille. To see her—why, he lunched at her house. True, this little diva was pretty enough to lure a man from the narrow path. But why the deuce had Henri married? To get his hand into some old oil king's coffers, probably, and heaven knows where the girl's *dot* was going—though it needed no omniscience to make a close guess. Well, a soldier need not be a saint, and Boucoiran's lectures at the military academy were not on morals. A pretty woman had invited him to lunch, and he would go.

At the stroke of noon Boucoiran dismounted before the door of a cozy little house in the Rue Murillo. Lucie had come in, for in the court Betsy's toilet was being made.

The entrance-hall and the first salon were in admirable taste. In a more intimate room, Lucie, in a very simple gown of white laine, received her guest.

"Henri is keeping us waiting," she said; "you shall see how astonished he will be when he sees you. Do you know, Captain Boucoiran, that I am quite angry with you for not having presented yourself earlier!"

"I am very busy with my professional work, and I scarcely ever go out in what is called the *real* society—though it is not the most amusing—and I detest music. You will hardly believe me when I tell you I have never heard you sing."

"You have not missed much, then. I have a very poor voice, and only sing when I have to."

"But you sing every evening, if I am not mistaken."

"I! It is more than a fortnight since I have sung a note."

"So much the worse for the ears of Paris. If I were in Henri's place, I would send you on in your art; for our friend—with a fine smile—"seems to me to have retained some influence over you."

"If you only knew how unsympathetic he is! On the contrary, he is always discouraging me."

"Then it is through jealousy. But when he spoke to me of you—it was the very day I sold Betsy to him—he said he would like to see you at the Opéra."

"You must be joking. And what more did he say?—it interests me extremely to hear these confidences."

"Will you pardon me if I go into details?"

"Oh, pray go on, captain. It seems we are old friends."

"Well, Henri said to me: 'She is simply perfect in a page's part. With a figure like hers—'"

"What! he spoke to you of my—"

"And to think that I have never had the curiosity to judge for myself! I am quite laid away on the shelf, am I not? But, really, I am so busy. Besides, I do not share Henri's tastes. We are quite dissimilar. Between ourselves, I am always asking myself what the deuce he wanted to marry for."

Lucie Bataille opened her eyes as large as saucers, but did not deem it best to make any response.

"When he announced," continued Boucoiran, "or, rather, let me infer the impending catastrophe, I thought to myself: 'My boy, if your fair American is not absolutely faultless, you will have given her many

a gray day inside of six months.' You must confess I knew Saint Armel pretty well. And, besides, I had not seen you then. Now I can understand why he was not long in coming back to you."

The young woman's face wore so singular an expression that Boucoiran stopped there.

"I see," he said, "that you do not altogether approve of my freedom of speech, and I must confess I think your reserve in excellent taste. But I hear our friend coming."

A moment later the two friends were shaking each other cordially by the hand. The story of the morning's meeting was told, and there was much talk about the wonderful Betsy. Boucoiran apologized for having let himself be invited so cavalierly.

"It was a case that called for cavalier treatment," responded Henri, "for you had been presented by Betsy," and they sat down to luncheon in the best of humor.

"Come, old man," said the count, "you must confess that marriage has not changed me."

"I should say 'not enough,' but that I am not here to preach you a sermon. And at sight of the deity that presides here, one must excuse everything. And to think, you wretch, that you spoke to me of her as a woman of ordinary beauty! But what is this I hear, the nightingale is dumb? True, it is winter, but that is the very season when the nightingales of the stage show their most gorgeous plumage and trill their most brilliant roulades."

Never did flowery speech so miss its mark. Henri and the young woman glanced at each other with a sort of anxiety.

"Have I been putting my foot in it?" inquired Boucoiran, growing more and more gay; "then let us talk of something else. Do you know, fair lady, that you are very prettily housed here? What taste, what comfort, what a cook! I can understand that Henri likes to dine here, for I suspect the conjugal board—"

"Perhaps, sir," said the supposed Lucie Bataille, who began to show signs of anger, "you are provoked by my husband, and—"

"Your husband!" interrupted Boucoiran, springing from his chair. "Your husband!—you are his wife?"

"Come, my dear fellow," said the count, who was pale with vexation, "Mme. de Saint Armel will think you are crazy. Sit down, and let us finish our luncheon in peace and quiet. I suppose you will soon be promoted?"

But Boucoiran had dropped his napkin, and, before any one could prevent him, he had fled, tearing his hair.

It is unnecessary to state that he has never again set foot in the Saint Armels' house. But he did eventually get light on the causes of his horrible mistake. It seems that, the very day that Betsy was to be given to Lucie Bataille, the capricious diva had levanted with a Russian of fabulous wealth, and Saint Armel, practical fellow that he was, had kept the mare to make her later a saddle-horse for his wife. But the captain had not heard these details.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Léon de Tinscau.*

Mercur, Utah, where the first cyanide plant in this country was installed, working a revolution in gold mining, has been abandoned again, and this time it may be for good, despite its wonderful history as a producer of wealth. Enormous dumps of so-called waste ore attest the activity which prevailed for years, and the interesting feature of these huge mounds of broken rock is that assays have been made in many places, through the medium of adits driven into them, resulting in returns which, so it is said, indicate that they are deposits of great riches and may some day be worked with profit. In the early 'fifties Mercur was discovered, though it was not always known by that name. In fact it had several names before Mercur came to stay. First operated as a silver camp, it enriched a number of mining men. Deserted after a long period of activity, it finally revived as a producer of gold, the precious metal being found in cinnabar ore, which defied usual milling methods, but yielded to the cyanide treatment. Since it came into being as a gold-mining centre Mercur has yielded net profits of nearly \$25,000,000. Once a flourishing town of 5000 people, it is now deserted, save perhaps for a few prospectors, and the costly and ponderous machinery used in deep mining has been removed to Salt Lake City, virtually scrapped.

What is undoubtedly the most novel automobile race-course in the world is found at Salduro, Utah, where natural salt beds furnish the roadway. The beds are on the line of the Western Pacific Railroad and are sixty-five miles in length and eight miles in width, furnishing a smooth, unbroken surface, level as a table, and are from two to twenty feet in depth. The salt is crystallized, ninety-eight per cent pure, and white as snow. The surface is hard and dry.

Visitors to the Shaho district, China, at any time except when the wheat is being harvested, find the entire population engaged in stripping, cutting, or plaiting straw for straw braid. Only that part of the straw above a foot from the root and below about a foot from the head can be used for braid. Pieces five and six inches in length are thus secured, cut lengthwise into a number of strips, and then dampened and plaited.

THE DAVIS TENNIS CUP.

Brookes Beats Williams and So the Historic Trophy Goes Back to the Antipodes.

By this time there will be no need to announce that America has lost the Davis tennis cup and that the historic trophy will soon be on its way back to Australia. How long it will stay there is a matter upon which we need not speculate except to suggest that the cup is likely to become quite an experienced traveler before it shall have finished its earthly career. Certainly there will be no lack of challengers in the times to come. Australia is said to have only two champion tennis players of a rank sufficiently high to aspire to the Davis contest with any hope of success, whereas America has a dozen or more young men of whom we may reasonably hope great things. In times like this it would be unwise to venture upon predictions, even of the possibilities of crossing the Pacific Ocean, but in the popular parlance of the moment it may be said that the American tennis players are likely to mobilize at the first opportunity and that whatever ultimatum they may eventually send will be of the most positive and peremptory kind.

The final battle between Brookes and Williams gave Australasia the three out of five matches necessary for victory. First Wilding beat Williams, and then Brookes and Wilding beat McLoughlin and Bundy. It is true that McLoughlin eventually beat Wilding 6-2, 6-3, 2-6, 6-2, but this had no significance from the international point of view, although it raised McLoughlin to the giddy summit of tennis achievement as a singles player.

Williams probably lost his match through nervousness, which is a pity, since nervousness obscures whatever real skill is behind it. And certainly it was a nervous position for a young man to hold. Practically speaking, he represented the United States, and possibly he felt that he could hear a groan from a hundred million people every time he missed his stroke or made a double fault. And it may be said that double faults were his particular weakness, and it may be said also that there can be no defense—except nervousness—of the double fault. Williams seemed to make no particular effort with his second ball. He served it with the same speed as the first, and the effect upon the spectators of what seemed to be recklessness was distressing. Indeed we may doubt if anything is so irritating to the friends of the player as a double fault, and here these calamities seemed to follow each other with a heart-breaking rapidity. Williams was defeated, not so much by the skill of his opponent as by the uncertainties of his own play. Ball after ball went out or into the net that ought to have scored and that certainly would have scored if the young Philadelphian had been playing a mere practice match and away from the eyes of thousands of spectators. But in the third set Williams did magnificently, taking the set by some really superb placing which in a way was tantalizing, for it showed what he could really do. But he rapidly reverted to his old faults, sending the ball out or into the net time after time until his loss of the fourth set gave the victory to his opponent. And so the cup was lost—until next time. Decidedly this is not an American year at athletics, and who shall say when international sports shall become once more a possibility?

Brookes is a fine tennis player, but withal a somewhat petulant one. In point of fact he made a rather absurd display of himself in his effort to show his resentment at the applause given to his opponent. Certainly the applause was distinctly audible, to put it mildly—audible, I mean, about as far away as Coney Island. But it was a kindly applause, and it was given not so much to Williams's play as for the purpose of encouraging him and helping him to rid himself of what was evidently a fatal nervousness. But Brookes did not like it at all. He threw down his racket in evident anger and put his fingers in his ears, which naturally accentuated the noise. At the conclusion of the third set, which was the one set won by Williams, there was naturally an outburst of cheering, and although both players were entitled to rest in the club house Brookes remained in the court, sat down on the sand box and buried his face in his hands. It seemed for the moment that he was grieving over the loss of the set in the manner of childhood, but it was actually a demonstration against the applause. After a while he went to the club house, and when he reappeared he was generously greeted with some of the same cheering that had been given to his opponent. This seemed to do him good, and his cheerfulness finally returned after he had won the match and received the ovation that is always given to fine play, whether of friend or foe. Then he went over to the cup and stroked it lovingly as though greeting an old friend, and when the crowd attempted to give the Australasian yell he waved his hand with a quite boyish cheerfulness and laughed aloud.

McLoughlin's play against Wilding was perhaps the finest piece of tennis ever seen. McLoughlin seemed to be thoroughly enjoying himself, changing his play time after time as though to show what he could do when he was put to it. In the third set McLoughlin seemed to lose hold of himself somewhat and was consequently worsted, but after the rest he returned and

finished his contract in the most brilliant possible manner. It was warm work for both the players, as warm as it could possibly be, but we know now, what indeed we knew before, that McLoughlin is the finest singles tennis player alive, and that there is no reason why he should not continue to hold that place for years to come.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, August 17, 1914.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Frank E. Mallett, American vice consul at Budapest, speaks Hungarian fluently, as well as several other languages, and has a wide acquaintance in Hungary, where he has been stationed since 1906.

Sigurður Eggerz, just appointed minister to Iceland by the King of Denmark, has been for two years a member of the Althing, and has always voted with the home rule party. He is a jurist, and for some years has been the judge and revenue officer of the district of Skaptafell, on the southwest coast of Iceland.

Captain Moriyama of the Japanese warship *Idzumo*, which recently visited San Francisco, is a noted figure in the Japanese navy. He was on the *Takachiho* as sub-lieutenant during the Chino-Japanese war and was senior on the staff of Admiral Uriu during the war with Russia. He was three years naval attaché at Paris and two years chief of cabinet of the Japanese minister of the navy.

Dr. Louise Pearce, of the department of pathology and bacteriology of the Rockefeller Institute, has been promoted from the rank of fellow to that of assistant. She is the first woman to receive an appointment as assistant to Dr. Simon Flexner. Before going to New York she was the only woman on the staff of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, and the first woman to be named for membership on the psychiatry staff of the Phipps Institute.

The Right Honorable John Burns, president of the British local government board, who has resigned out of disagreement with England's war policy, entered Parliament as a labor representative in 1892, and he has represented Battersea ever since. He was appointed to cabinet rank by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in 1905, and has been continued in the cabinet during the entire term of the Asquith régime. He is a noted advocate of peace.

General Helmuth von Moltke, chief of the German general staff and commander-in-chief of all the German forces, was born in 1848, in Gersdorf, Mecklenburg. He attended the gymnasium at Rendsburg and became a cornet on April 1, 1869. In 1870 he was promoted to be lieutenant and took part with distinction in the war against France, being decorated with the Iron Cross of the second class. On the death of Field Marshal von Moltke, his uncle, in 1891, he became aide-de-camp to the Kaiser. In 1896 he became major-general and commandant at Potsdam. He has been chief of the general staff of the army since February 16, 1904.

Jules Joets, the young artist who has been awarded the national art prize and traveling scholarship by the French Council of Fine Arts, has had a romantic rise from unfavorable surroundings. He is twenty-nine years old and the son of a house painter. He began life by working with his father, but as a child the sight of a Rubens in the Cathedral of St. Omer stirred within him the desire to become an artist. At twenty, however, he was still employed as a house decorator, when an artist named Guay passing through the Flemish village of Clairmarais, where Joets lived, was struck by the young man's work and invited him to spend six weeks at his studio.

Arthur Bailly-Blanchard, recently appointed United States minister to Haiti, is an experienced diplomat, and Haitians welcomed him from the first as being able to help straighten out their internal difficulties. Mr. Bailly-Blanchard was secretary of the embassy at Tokyo, Japan, at the time of his elevation to the position of minister to Haiti. He entered the government service as secretary to the United States minister to France in 1885. He was attaché to the American Peace Commission, Paris, 1898; secretary to The Hague Peace Conference, 1907; third secretary of the embassy at Paris, 1900; afterward rising to the position of first secretary of that embassy.

Sir Edward Grey, England's man of the hour, minister for foreign affairs, caused John Morley to say twenty years ago, "That young man will go far—he will be prime minister some day." He is fifty-two years of age, and curiously enough, despite the position he holds, his only book is not a work on international diplomacy, but an authoritative treatise on fly fishing. Sir Edward was educated at Oxford and at twenty succeeded his grandfather in the baronetcy. As a very young man he was as fond of tennis as of angling, and won the amateur championship of England. At twenty-three he was elected to the House of Commons. The Anglo-Russian agreement of 1907 is regarded as the cornerstone of his foreign policy. He arranged the meeting of the King and the Czar at Reval and the Czar was received in state at Cowes. In 1911 he gave hearty support to President Taft's arbitration proposal.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Song of the Camp.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of homharding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the forts tomorrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the hanks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and hurst of shell,
And hellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring. —Bayard Taylor.

The Fishing Boy.

My life is like a stroll upon the beach,
As near the ocean's edge as I can go;
My tardy steps its waves sometimes o'erreach,
Sometimes I stay to let them overflow.

My sole employment is, and scrupulous care,
To place my gains beyond the reach of tides,
Each smoother pebble, and each shell more rare,
Which ocean kindly to my hand confides.

I have hut few companions on the shore:
They scorn the strand who sail upon the sea;
Yet oft I think the ocean they've sailed o'er
Is deeper known upon the strand to me.

The middle sea contains no crimson dulse,
Its deeper waves cast up no pearls to view;
Along the shore my hand is on its pulse,
And I converse with many a shipwrecked crew.

And since in life I loved them well,
Let me in death lie down with them,
And let the pines and tempests swell
Around me their great requiem. —Henry David Thoreau.

Disarmament.

"Put up the sword!" The voice of Christ once more
Speaks, in the pauses of the cannon's roar,
O'er fields of corn by fiery sickles reaped
And left dry ashes; over trenches heaped
With nameless dead; o'er cities starving slow
Under a rain of fire; through wards of woe
Down which a groaning diapason runs
From tortured brothers, husbands, lovers, sons
Of desolate women in their far-off homes,
Waiting to hear the step that never comes!
O, men and brothers! let that voice be heard,
War fails, try peace; put up the useless sword!

Fear not the end. There is a story told
In Eastern tents, when autumn nights grow cold,
And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit
With grave responses listening unto it:
Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,
Buddha, the holy and benevolent,
Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,
Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook.
"O, son of peace!" the giant cried, "thy fate
Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate."
The unarmed Buddha looking, with no trace
Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,
In pity said: "Poor friend, even thee I love."
Lo! as he spake the sky-tall terror sank
To hand-breadth size; the huge abhorrence shrank
Into the form and fashion of a dove:
And where the thunder of its rage was heard,
Circling above him sweetly sang the bird:
"Hate hath no harm for love," so ran the song;
"And peace unweaponed conquers every wrong."
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Two counties in Pennsylvania, Fayette and Westmoreland, which constitute the Connellsville coking district, had a combined production of bituminous coal in 1913 of over 65,850,000 short tons, within 10 per cent of the total production of West Virginia, the second coal-producing state in the Union.

California is unique among the salt-producing states in that the great bulk of her salt comes from sea water, being obtained by solar evaporation on San Francisco Bay, near Long Beach, and near San Diego.

THE VANISHED MESSENGER.

E. Phillips Oppenheim Tells a Story of Love and International Diplomacy.

First let us congratulate Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim on his return to the novel of political intrigue and diplomacy after his incursion into other and less fruitful fields. A second word of congratulation is due to a forecast of the present situation in Europe that is accurate enough to arrest the attention, but not accurate enough to belong to the predictions that are made after the event. Mr. Oppenheim suggests a European coalition against England and a meeting at The Hague of all the European powers with the exception of Great Britain. The situation, so far as England is concerned, is to be saved by a message brought from Washington by an American diplomat, and it is upon the fortunes and misfortunes of this diplomat, Mr. John P. Dunster, that the story turns. If Mr. Dunster's journey can be frustrated or interrupted it must go hard with England. If he succeeds in reaching his goal the enemies of England will be baffled. It is an idea exactly consonant with the author's genius, which has always been somewhat of the prescient order.

The hero of the story is a young Englishman named Hamel, who has just returned from foreign travel and who is about to visit Norfolk in order to inspect a small property left to him by his father. Meeting his friend Kinsley of the Foreign Office, Hamel learns that he can be of some service in Norfolk by observing the movements of the mysterious Miles Fentolin, who is suspected of illicit activities of the espionage kind. Kinsley explains to his friend something of the nature of the coalition against England that is being hatched at The Hague:

"We know," he replied, "that a very great man from Russia, a greater still from France, a minister from Austria, a statesman from Italy, and an envoy from Japan, have been invited to meet a German minister whose name I will not mention, even to you. The subject of their proposed discussion has never been breathed. One can only suspect. When I tell you that no one from this country was invited to the conference, I think you will be able, broadly speaking, to divine its purpose. The clouds have been gathering for a good many years, and we have only buried our heads a little deeper in the sands. We have had our chances and wilfully chucked them away. National Service or three more army corps four years ago would have brought us an alliance which would have meant absolute safety for twenty-one years. You know what happened. We have lived through many rumors and escaped, more narrowly than most people realize, a great many dangers, but there is every indication this time that the end is really coming."

Information with regard to the crisis is of the scantiest kind, the only available facts having come through this very man Fentolin, who is thus suspected of playing a double rôle and of misleading his own country as to the diplomatic situation:

"Our information is miserably scanty," Kinsley admitted. "Curiously enough, the man who must know most about the whole thing is an Englishman, one of the most curious mortals in the British Empire. A spy of his succeeded in learning more than any of our people, and without being arrested, too."

"And who is this singular person?" Hamel asked. "A man of whom you, I suppose, never heard," Kinsley replied. "His name is Fentolin—Miles Fentolin—and he lives somewhere down in Norfolk. He is one of the strangest characters that ever lived, stranger than any effort of fiction I ever met with. He was in the Foreign Office once, and every one was predicting for him a brilliant career. Then there was an accident—let me see, it must have been some six or seven years ago—and he had to have both his legs amputated. No one knows exactly how the accident happened, and there was always a certain amount of mystery connected with it. Since then he has buried himself in the country. I don't think, in fact, that he ever moves outside his place; but somehow or other he has managed to keep in touch with all the political movements of the day."

Fentolin's plan is at all costs to prevent Mr. Dunster from reaching The Hague with the mysterious message from Washington which is to upset the plans of the coalition. In pursuance of the scheme he sends his nephew to intercept the emissary and purloin his papers, and fate favors him to an unforeseen extent. Gerald Fentolin not only ingratiate himself with his victim and secures an invitation to share the special train that is taking him across England, but as the result of a railroad accident in which Mr. Dunster is injured the unlucky American finds himself an inmate of Fentolin's house in Norfolk, to which he has been taken on an assumedly benevolent motive. Dunster then finds that he is practically a prisoner in Fentolin's hands and that his plea of the urgency of his errand is disregarded, at first politely, and then peremptorily:

"Look here," he exclaimed, "I don't think you ought to force me to give myself away like this, but, after all, you are an Englishman, with a stake in your country, and I presume you don't want her to take a back seat for the next few generations. Listen here. It's to save your country that I want to get to The Hague without a second's delay. I tell you that if I don't get there, if the message I convey doesn't reach its destination, you may find an agreement signed between certain powers which will mean the greatest diplomatic humiliation which Great Britain has ever known. Aye, and more than that!" Mr. Dunster continued. "It may be that the bogey you've been setting before yourself for all these years may trot out into life, and you may find St. David's Hall a barrack for German soldiers before many months have passed."

Mr. Fentolin shook his head in gentle disbelief. "You are speaking to one," he declared, "who knows more of the political situation than you imagine. In my younger days I was in the Foreign Office. Since my unfortunate accident I have preserved the keenest interest in politics. I tell you frankly that I do not believe you. As the powers

are grouped at present I do not believe in the possibility of a successful invasion of this country."

"Perhaps not," Mr. Dunster replied eagerly, "but the grouping of the powers as it has existed during the last few years is on the eve of a great change. I can not take you wholly into my confidence. I can only give you my word of honor as a friend to your country that the message I carry is her only salvation. Having told you as much as that, I do not think I am asking too much if I ask you for my clothes and dressing-case, and for the fastest motor-car you can furnish me with. I guess I can get from here to Yarmouth, and from there I can charter something which will take me to the other side."

The kernel of Dunster's message to The Hague is in the form of a single code word, and Fentolin is resolved to secure this word at all costs. Throwing off all pretense of benevolence, Fentolin threatens him with confinement until he shall have divulged his secret. "I am not a betting man," he says, "but I am prepared to bet you a hundred pounds to one that you have made your last communication with the outside world until I say the word":

Mr. Fentolin sat very quietly in his chair. "You mean, then," he asked, "that you do not intend to humor me in this little matter?"

"I do not intend," Mr. Dunster assured him, "to part with that word to you or to any one else in the world. When my message has been presented to the person to whom it has been addressed, when my trust is discharged, then and then only shall I send that cablegram. That moment can only arrive at the end of my journey."

Mr. Fentolin leaned now a little forward in his chair. His face was still smooth and expressionless, but there was a queer sort of meaning in his words.

"The end of your journey," he said grimly, "may be nearer than you think."

"If I am not heard of in The Hague tomorrow at the latest," Mr. Dunster pointed out, "remember that before many more hours have passed, I shall be searched for, even to the far corners of the earth."

"Let me assure you," Mr. Fentolin promised serenely, "that though your friends search for you up in the skies or down in the bowels of the earth, they will not find you. My hiding-places are not as other people's."

Mr. Dunster beat lightly with his square, blunt forefinger upon the table which stood by his side.

"That's not the sort of talk I understand," he declared curtly. "Let us understand one another, if we can. What is to happen to me, if I refuse to give you that word?"

Mr. Fentolin held his hand in front of his eyes, as though to shut out some unwelcome vision.

"Dear me," he exclaimed, "how unpleasant? Why should you force me to disclose my plans? Be content, dear Mr. Dunster, with the knowledge of this one fact: we can not part with you. I have thought it over from every point of view, and I have come to that conclusion; always presuming," he went on, "that the knowledge of that little word of which we have spoken of remains in its secret chamber of your memory."

Murder is an insignificant incident to the surprising Fentolin in the pursuit of his plans. He has resolved that Dunster shall not deliver his message and that he himself by the use of the code word shall be empowered to manipulate the fate of nations according to his own malign will. Is it likely, he asks his victim, that he should be prepared to take such enormous risks and be yet unprepared to run the final risks of life and death?

Mr. Dunster had forgotten his extinct cigar. He found it difficult to remove his eyes from Mr. Fentolin's face. He was half fascinated, half stirred with a vague, mysterious fear. Underneath these wild words ran always that hard note of truth.

"You seem to be in earnest," he muttered. "I am," Mr. Fentolin assured him quietly. "I have more than once been instrumental in bringing about the death of those who have crossed my purposes. I plead guilty to the weakness of Nero. Suffering and death are things of joy to me. There!"

"I am not sure," Mr. Dunster said slowly, "that I ought not to wring your neck."

Mr. Fentolin smiled. His chair receded an inch or two. There was never a time when his expression had seemed more seraphic.

"There is no emergency of that sort," he remarked, "for which I am not prepared."

His little revolver gleamed for a minute beneath his cuff. He backed his chair slowly and with wonderful skill towards the door.

"We will fix the period of your probation, Mr. Dunster, at—say, twenty-four hours," he decided. "Please make yourself until then entirely at home. My cook, my cellar, my cigar cabinets, are at your disposal. If some happy impulse," he concluded, "should show you the only reasonable course by dint of time, it would give me the utmost pleasure to have you join us at that meal. I can promise you a cheque beneath your plate which even you might think worth considering, wine in your glass which kings might sigh for, cigars by your side which even your Mr. Pierpont Morgan could not buy. Au revoir!"

The door opened and closed. Mr. Dunster sat staring into the open space like a man still a little dazed.

Fentolin's nephew, Gerald, has been a reluctant and unwilling participant in his uncle's nefarious schemes that he only partially understands, and the worm turns when he accidentally intercepts a wireless message that is clearly traitorous:

On the knoll, two of the wireless operators were already at work. Mr. Fentolin sat in his chair below, watching. The blue sparks were flashing. A message was just being delivered. Presently Mr. Fentolin turned his chair, and with Meekins by his side, made his way back to the house. He passed along the hall and into his study. Gerald, who was on his way to the dining-room, heard the ring of the telephone bell and the call for the trunk special line. He hesitated for a moment. Then he made his way slowly down towards the study and stood outside the door, listening. In a moment he heard Mr. Fentolin's clear voice, very low yet very penetrating.

"The Mediterranean Fleet will be forty-seven hours before it comes together," was the message he heard. "The Channel Fleet will manoeuvre off Sheerness, waiting for it. The North Sea Fleet is seventeen units under nominal strength."

Gerald turned the handle of the door slowly and entered. Mr. Fentolin was just replacing the receiver on its stand. He looked up at his nephew, and his eyebrows came together.

"What do you mean by this?" he demanded. "Don't you know that I allow no one in here when I am telephoning on the private wire?"

Gerald closed the door behind him and summoned up all his courage.

"It is because I have heard what you were saying over the telephone that I am here," he declared. "I want to know to whom you were sending that message which you have intercepted outside."

In the meantime Hamel has been a puzzled and incredulous spectator of the events carried out before his eyes and it may be admitted that Hamel is rather a stupid young man, although his sudden infatuation for Fentolin's niece may account for much. But at last Hamel discovers that Dunster is actually imprisoned in a sort of underground room in connection with his own property, a room that he had allowed Fentolin to use for some supposedly scientific experiments. This room is reached through a trap door and by means of a ladder, and when Hamel watches a terrible midnight scene between Fentolin and his victim he secures a decidedly neat coup by withdrawing the ladder and so trapping the unspeakable Fentolin and his criminal assistants:

Mr. Fentolin's speech came to an abrupt termination. A convulsive movement of Meekins', an expression of blank amazement on the part of Doctor Sarson, had suddenly checked the words upon his lips. He turned his head quickly in the direction towards which they had been gazing, towards which in fact, at that moment, Meekins', with a low cry, had made a fruitless spring. The ladder down which they had descended was slowly disappearing. Meekins', with a jump, missed the last rung by only a few inches. Some unseen hand was drawing it up. Already the last few feet were vanishing in mid-air. Mr. Fentolin sat quite quiet and still. He looked through the trap-door and saw Hamel.

"Most ingenious and, I must confess, most successful, my young friend!" he exclaimed pleasantly. "When you have made the ladder quite secure, perhaps you will be so good as to discuss this little matter with us?"

There was no immediate reply. The eyes of all four men were turned now upon that empty space through which the ladder had finally disappeared. Mr. Fentolin's fingers disappeared within the pocket of his coat. Something very bright was glistening in his hand when he withdrew it.

"Come and parley with us, Mr. Hamel," he begged. "You will not find us unreasonable."

Hamel's voice came back in reply, but Hamel himself kept well away from the opening.

"The conditions," he said, "are unpropitious. A little time for reflection will do you no harm."

The trap-doors were suddenly closed. Mr. Fentolin's face, as he looked up, became diabolic.

"We are trapped!" he muttered; "caught like rats in a hole!"

Fentolin's end is as dramatic as his life, although we may confess that we would rather have seen the end attained in more legitimate ways. Evidently the man is the victim of a sort of blood lust, not only committing murder in support of his political schemes, but also for a mere love of killing. Escaping from the prison to which Hamel's somewhat belated enterprise has confined him, he finds himself confronted with a number of the Norfolk fisher folk, who have discovered that by means of a movable beacon he has deliberately lured some of the local boatmen to their death upon the rocks. Hannah Cox, who has thus lost her three sons and who becomes partially demented by grief, is the one to make the fateful discovery, and she now seizes the wretched Fentolin, throws him into her boat, and rapidly rows to the spot where the fatal rocks just show their teeth beneath the waves:

Then they saw her stoop down, and once more with that almost superhuman strength which seemed to belong to her for those few moments, she lifted the strange object who lay cowering there, high above her head. From the shore they realized what was going to happen, and a great shout arose. She stood on the side of the boat and jumped, holding her burden tightly in her arms. So they went down and disappeared.

Half a dozen of the younger fishermen were in the water even before the grim spectacle was ended; another ran for a boat that was moored a little way down the beach. But from the first the search was useless. Only Jacob, who was a person afflicted with many superstitions, wiped the sweat from his forehead as he leaned over the bow of his boat and looked down into that fathomless space.

"I heard her singing, her or her wraith," he swore afterwards. "I'll never forget the moment I looked down and down, and the water seemed to grow clearer, and I saw her walking there at the bottom among the rocks, with him over her back, singing as she went, looking everywhere for George and the boys!"

But if indeed his eyes were touched with fire at that moment, no one else in the world saw anything more of Miles Fentolin.

Probably Mr. Oppenheim would be the last to maintain that his novels constitute great fiction or that they serve other than the end of temporary amusement, with a glimpse that is not wholly imaginary into the depths of European diplomacies. None the less they are capital pieces of work, invariably robust and wholesome, and marked by a constructive skill that can not be too highly commended. At the time when the novel shows to an almost unprecedented extent the disease of morbidity and introspection it is well that we should have such stories as this of the great game, stories wherein men and women do great things, if not creditable ones, and where life and death are the stakes at hazard. And we may surmise that the great game of international diplomacy is not always wholly unlike the vivid pictures drawn for us by Mr. Oppenheim.

THE VANISHED MESSENGER. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.30 net.

The first warship to pass through the Panama Canal was the Peruvian destroyer, *Teniente Rodriguez*.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Two in the Wilderness.

The way of a man with a maid on the Western prairies, where there are no particular laws, always makes good reading. In this story Mr. Stanley Washburn, already well known for good yarns of this kind, introduces us to the plight of a young girl who finds herself dependent for guidance and protection on a man whom she has treated insolently, and who now proceeds to show her that he intends to be master in everything relating to the craft of the woods, where social distinctions are apt to lose some of their weight. Of course we know exactly what will happen to this interesting couple. Any sort of novelty in this respect would be rightly resented, but while we see their destination we like to observe the successive steps by which they reach it.

TWO IN THE WILDERNESS. By Stanley Washburn. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

Immigration.

It is natural and even fitting that Mary Antin should make so impassioned a plea for an unrestricted immigration. If all immigrants were like Mary Antin there would be no immigration laws at all. We should be sending emissaries into the lanes and fields in order to compel them to come in.

The author at least is frank. She takes her stand upon the general principles of national benevolence as laid down in the great national documents, and she says: "I should not hesitate to insist on a generous attitude toward the foreigner, even if it imposed on our own people all the hardships which are alleged to be the result of immigration. We may therefore put upon one side her contention that such hardships are largely illusory and regard her book as a plea for admission to the principle of unrestricted admission without reference to its results on American economic conditions.

As such the book must speak for itself. It asks us to choose between a hard necessitarianism and an altruism that disregards material results. It will not be without its effect upon the reader, although we may doubt if the present epoch of commercialism and industrialism will prove sensitive to any influences save those of a visible and material self-interest.

THEY WHO KNOCK AT OUR GATES. By Mary Antin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

The Soul of America.

We have grown so used to the religious and social writer who confidently predicts that the national religion will presently be exactly modeled upon his own individual faith—must indeed be so modeled—that we can easily view with tolerance and even amusement Dr. Stanton Coit's "constructive essay in the sociology of religion." But his book, he tells us, is not a Forecast. It is a Prospectus. It is a scheme for "conserving and developing the Spiritual Resources of America," and this scheme appears to consist of a general adoption of Dr. Coit's own personal religion, if indeed his somewhat materialistic philosophy can at all be called by the name of religion. What he would do with those who refuse to believe just what he believes is not made clear. Possibly he relies upon a dawning and redemptive sense of the absurdity of disagreement.

But why does Dr. Coit talk so much of Christianity? Why not find some new name for a new religion that does not bear the faintest resemblance to Christianity? Thus we are told that the new religion involves "the elimination of every trace of trust in 'moral intelligences who are not members of human society,' that is to say who are not now living men. Now this may be a very good thing, but why call it Christianity, seeing that the essence of Christianity is a trust in 'moral intelligences who are not members of human society'? Why not call it Coitism, and establish it by law with pains and penalties for heresy, since we are unable to conceive of any other way in which human beings can be persuaded to abandon their faith in 'moral intelligences who are not members of human society.' Certainly there is no evidence that they are likely to do so. Moreover, it seems that the elimination recommended by Dr. Coit includes the elimination of Christ himself from this strange 'Christianity.' We may continue to believe in the historical Christ and gain such comfort as may be from that belief, but 'for the very sake of that sublime heritage it will refuse to attribute to him any operation or render him gratitude for any benefit which he may be conferring upon society since his death.' Coitism does not deny the continued individualized existence either of Christ or of human beings in general, but since they can not vote after death or inherit property we must also refuse to them any part or lot in the government of the world. They are removed from the 'political and biological fellowship of human society,' and must therefore

be regarded as non-existent except as an inspiring memory. Once more all this may be very good and wise—although personally we think it to be very bad and foolish—but why is all this put forward as a prospectus for the America of the future, and why is it called Christianity? Is it really inevitable that the American nation must one day agree with Dr. Coit, that it must one day accept Coitism as its collective faith? Now if Dr. Coit had put all this forward as a sort of personal apologia or confession we should read it with respect and interest, but the tranquil assumption by an individual that his own particular religious opinions must constitute a sort of national model, a sort of national heacon, is a little repugnant. Does Dr. Coit see any signs that humanity, or American humanity, is receding from the superhumanism that is the he-all and end-all of Christianity and of all other religions? On the contrary superhumanism seems to be gaining on every hand. Nowhere is there the least evidence that Dr. Coit's "prospectus" is likely to be accepted. There is less support of this sort of spiritual utilitarianism now than there was ten years ago. Superhumanism is advancing, not receding. There may be a little company of the elect surrounding Dr. Coit and persuading him that they are pioneers of public opinion, but if he were to acquaint himself better with the recent conclusions of scientific leaders, with the recent trend away from materialism, he would certainly find scant consolation for the future of this strange new "spirituality" of which he offers us the "prospectus." But none the less these extraordinary demerits must not blind us to the fact that Dr. Coit's general survey of ethical conditions in America is of the highest value and expressed with the energy, the erudition, and the literary grace with which his writings have familiarized us.

THE SOUL OF AMERICA. By Stanton Coit. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

The Forest Maiden.

This rather silly story describes the adventures of a hunter somewhere in the wilds of British Columbia who finds a secluded domain with three inhabitants who introduce themselves as Adam, and Eve, and Lilith, miraculously preserved since early days and waiting to replenish the world with a new humanity. After all sorts of extraordinary adventures Kenmore discovers that the two women have been hypnotized into an identification with their strange parts by the gloomy fanatic who calls himself Adam, and then of course there is a rescue, a restoration to the world, and the inevitable marriage with Lilith. The story has the merit of a certain wild fancy, but even this merit is obscured by its preposterous absurdity.

THE FOREST MAIDEN. By Lee Robinet. Chicago: Browne & Howell Company; \$1.25 net.

Confederate Portraits.

When Mr. Gamaliel Bradford wrote his "Lee the American" he showed his thorough equipment for the biographical task, and his unusual ability not only to record facts, but to translate character. A further volume of the same kind from his pen is therefore peculiarly welcome in that it deals, not with one man only, but with the group that represented the Southern military spirit and genius. The men studied here are Johnston, Stuart, Longstreet, Beauregard, Benjamin, Stephens, Tombs, and Semmes. A concluding chapter is devoted to the battle of Gettysburg, the final struggle which united the great careers of so many men in a climax of glorious tragedy.

CONFEDERATE PORTRAITS. By Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.50 net.

Violence and Labor.

Mr. Robert Hunter has written a book not to be overlooked by those who would estimate the forces that make respectively for peace and war in the labor movements of the day. It was the advocacy of law-breaking, we are reminded, which led to the disruption of the first great international parliament of labor, and "the Socialist party of every country in the civilized world has since uniformly and emphatically rejected that policy." At the same time the author by no means excludes violence from the armory of the Socialist party. Its use will be determined by events, and conditions may arise at the bidding of the dominant class "where no organization, however powerful, could prevent the masses from breaking into an open and bloody conflict." None the less it may be said truly that Socialism repudiates violence while Anarchism advocates it, and it must be so, since Socialism looks upon all social evils as in the main the result of economic and social laws, and the attack must therefore be directed against laws and not against individuals. But the Anarchist looks upon all social evils as the result of individual wrongdoing and therefore there is nothing left but hatred of those individuals and a desire to remove them. It is these two opposing forces that have contributed so much passion and dis-

sension to labor conclaves in the past, and it is these forces that are still in our midst.

The author's work is a history rather than a plea. He shows the outbreaks of violence in the various countries of the world, and the causes that gave them birth. He describes the struggle between Bakounin and Marx, the differences between the new and the old Anarchism, and the events that have marked the rival propagandas in America. Mr. Hunter has no doubt of ultimate success of Socialism. He sees the Socialists of the world, resolved to win by peace and therefore indifferent to insult and repression, simply moving on and on "with the patience and the meekness of a people with the vision that they are soon to inherit the earth." It need hardly be said that the book is written with clarity, intensity, and fervor, and however heartily we may disagree with its spirit and intention it is none the less one to read and to keep.

VIOLENCE AND THE LABOR MOVEMENT. By Robert Hunter. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

The Deaf.

This valuable work by Mr. Harry Best is fully up to the high standard already set by Crowell's Library of Economics, a now substantial shelf that the economist and sociologist can not afford to overlook. Mr. Best thinks that the deaf have not yet received their full share of kindly attention, perhaps because their deprivation is less evident and also because it removes them from the usual avenues of intercourse. He divides his book into two parts. First ascertaining who are meant by the "deaf" and how many of them there are, he asks whether the deaf are to be considered a permanent part of the population, or whether society may have means at hand to eliminate or prevent deafness. And here it may be said to the author's credit that he does not suggest that we "pass a law." The second part is devoted to a consideration of the provision that has been made for the instruction of deaf children. The author's conclusions are strictly conservative and rational and his facts are liberally furnished and unimpeachable.

THE DEAF: THEIR POSITION IN SOCIETY. By Harry Best. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$2 net.

Learning and Doing.

Our own conviction is that the child is getting a good deal more educational and other attention than is good for him and that the general product is rather poor stuff. And now here is another volume by Professor Swift of Washington University, St. Louis, that seems at first to be of the usual order, but that proves to be of an unusual order. Professor Swift writes with virility and without the mawkish sentiment that seems now to be so popular. Recognizing that the child goes to school in order to learn intellectually, he has a no less clear recognition of the value of compulsion and discipline and that the acquisition of habits of thoroughness, even of an aptitude for drudgery, is of even more importance than the acquisition of facts. But the author's main theme is the phenomenon of irregularity in the speed of a child's progress. The pupil proceeds rapidly at one period and slowly at another, the variations obviously corresponding with internal changes that are worthy of just such study and analysis as the author gives to them. Professor Swift is not merely writing a book. He is also saying something, and he says it tersely, vividly, and with a wealth of pertinent anecdote and illustration. The volume appears in the Childhood and Youth Series.

LEARNING AND DOING. By Edgar James Swift. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1 net.

Briefer Reviews.

Every known variety of candy seems to be included in "Dame Curtsey's" Book of Candy-Making," by Ellye Howell Glover, just published by A. C. McClurg & Co. (50 cents net). The recipes are both simple and elabo-

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"Mind and Spirit," by Thomas Kirby Davis, D. D. (Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net), is a plea for the dominance of spirit over mind, but we can hardly congratulate the author upon the definition of his terms. Dr. Davis is confident that the world will witness a return to Christianity, and argues for his faith with sincerity. But when he tells us that Eucken and Bergson are infidels he becomes merely puerile. Men are not now condemned by names. And the puerility increases when the author frankly confesses that he has "found life too short to spend much of it in reading what unbelievers have to say about our holy religion." None the less he tells us that he has been reading one of Eucken's books "to see what he thinks." Regretfully we must confess that Dr. Davis has not helped us much.

Australian readers seem to keep their interest in our books of Western fiction. An order to a New York publisher shows that Zane Grey's books are especially popular. "Desert Gold," "The Light of Western Stars," "Riders of the Purple Sage," and "The Heritage of the Desert" were ordered in large quantities. Other books called for were "The Forester's Daughter," by Hamlin Garland; "Under Handicap," by Jackson Gregory, and "Storm," by Wilbur Daniel Steele. "What Will People Say?" by Rupert Hughes; "The Marryers," by Irving Bachelor, and "Our Mr. Wrenn," by Sinclair Lewis, may help round out the Australian picture of American life.

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GOSSIP OF BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Henry Holt & Co. issued on Saturday, August 22, five books in very different fields: Alice Johnstone Walker's "Little Plays from American History," which have been tested by actual school performance; G. H. Mair's "Modern English Literature from Chaucer to the Present," an enlargement of his little book on the same subject in the Home University Library, which has been gotten out on account of the many requests for it. He leaves out most of the beginnings of English literature which are "dead" to the general reader and is so up to date as to include Sygne, Shaw, and Kipling among others; a new pocket edition of William James's "Habit," uniform with his "On Some of Life's Ideals," which was so popular last season. The remaining two books are a novel by W. L. Cribb, "Greylake of Mallerby," and G. H. Perris's "Industrial History of England," which have already been announced.

In his new novel, "The Victim," Thomas Dixon, author of "The Southerner," throws some interesting light on the fascinating career of Jefferson Davis, describes that young man's experience with some Western miners and tells how he handled an uprising in a masterly manner that was characteristic of his entire life. The book is published by D. Appleton & Co.

The original preface to Conrad's "The Nigger of the Narcissus," reappears in that volume, which has just been republished under the old title by Doubleday, Page & Co. As a little essay of moment for writers and students of literature, the publishers have re-issued the preface in pamphlet form for free distribution.

A new volume of essays on "Personal Power," by Keith J. Thomas, just from the Funk & Wagnalls Company's press, has in it a rich wealth of practical suggestion, wherein every reader may share to his gain. One of its chapters is entitled "Every Man His Own Mind-Maker," and the directions therein given for the use of words, and the cultivation of mind, can be followed practically and profitably.

"Faith Tresilion," by Eden Phillpotts, is a tale of swinging adventure laid in a remote village of Cornwall in the nineteenth century just before the fall of Napoleon. There is no problem here; Mr. Phillpotts is arguing for no "school"; he has, rather, turned his skill to the fashioning of a romance the purpose of which shall be to entertain. The Macmillan Company is the publisher.

Samuel Hopkins Adams for ten years was a reporter in New York. His latest book, "The Clarion," is a newspaper story in which the leading characters are a successful maker of patent medicine and his son. The son, brought up and educated without regard to expense, free from the taint of commercialism, innocent of patent medicine secrets, becomes the editor of the local paper. The pressure on the part of his father to insert misleading advertising, on the part of the girl he loves to withhold news about her society friends, on the part of business associates to hide unsanitary conditions in the town, on the part of advertisers to control the paper—all pressures against the publication of the truth—he withstands in the face of financial disaster and bodily injury. The book is to be published by the Houghton Mifflin Company in October.

Harper & Brothers announce the publication this week of "The Letter of the Contract," a new novel by the author of "The Inner Shrine"—Basil King.

"The Street of Seven Stars," which was published serially in the *Saturday Evening Post*, has now been put into book form by the Houghton Mifflin Company. It is an unusual love story of two young Americans—a violinist and a doctor—in Vienna, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. It will be put out next month.

It is interesting at the present moment to note what Bismarck in his "Autobiography"—an English translation of which is published by the Harpers—has to say about the Austrian alliance he brought about: "The treaty which we concluded with Austria for common defense against a Russian attack is *publici juris*. An analogous treaty between the two powers for defense against France has not been published. The German-Austrian alliance does not afford the same protection against a French war, by which Germany is primarily threatened, as against a Russian war, which is to be apprehended rather by Austria than by Germany. Germany and Russia have no divergences of interest pregnant with such disputes as lead to unavoidable ruptures. On the other hand, coincident with aims in regard to Poland, and in a secondary degree the ancient solidarity which unites their destinies in opposition to subversive efforts, afford both cabinets the bases for a common policy. They have been impaired by

the false bias given now for ten years past to public opinion by the Russian press. This has assiduously planted and fostered in the mind of the reading part of the population an antipathy to everything German, with which the dynasty will have to reckon, even though the Czar may wish to cultivate German friendship."

The intense interest in the war felt throughout this country has shown itself in the increased demand for "The Human Slaughter-House," by Wilhelm Lamszus. The Frederick A. Stokes Company announces that it has gone into the fourth edition.

"Perch of the Devil," by Gertrude Atherton, one of the most important books of fiction on the Stokes list, was published yesterday, August 28. It is a study of the rise and development of an American woman—a theme long in Mrs. Atherton's mind. "Clay and Rainbows," another whimsical novel from the pen of Dion C. Calthrop, will appear in September, together with a new Edna Ferber book, "Personality Plus," which deals with the further adventures of Emma McChesney and her son Jock. "The Man of Iron," a novel by Richard Dehan, author of "Between Two Thieves," is promised for October by the Stokes Company. The scene is laid during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. The hero is a war correspondent, but the dominant figure is Bismarck, from whom the book takes its name.

War—what it really means to the private soldier—not to the high-bred observer politely hobnobbing with the officers' mess. Such is one of the chief themes in "Midstream," by Will Levington Comfort, who was a plain rookie in the trenches before he was a war correspondent and novelist. Here is a passing glimpse at army life from a cavalryman enlisted for the Cuban war, and tethered in a badly chosen camp at Tampa: "The cook-house was in a cloud; men tortured to madness fought with one another in the mess-line. You could not carry your meat from the bench to the picket-line without living flakes, from the black bank of flies, falling thick upon it; you could not fight them from the morsel that you lifted to your lips. Flies were there to rush into the mouth with it; they were at your eyes and nostril-linings. We sat down at the heels of our mounts, as close as we could to the orbit of the tortured beast's tail. And the breeding sunlight came down like a curse." "Midstream" is from the press of the George H. Doran Company.

The following list of recent books dealing with the European situation is unusually interesting: "Children of Alsace," by the French novelist, René Bazin, shows the deep feeling of loyalty to France opposed to German rule in the conquered district; "Red Wrath," by John Oxenham, is a story of the Franco-Prussian War dealing with many places now again the scene of war; "The Iron Year," a novel with a similar subject, by Walter Bloem, recently created a great sensation in Germany; "When William Came," by H. H. Munroe, is a startling account of England supposedly under the rule of the Germans. The John Lane Company is the publisher of these volumes.

Magazine Making in War Time.

The publication of the big War Manual of the *World's Work* as the September issue of that magazine brings to light the remarkable story of a magazine remade overnight to meet a great emergency. The editors had finished with the September number and the sheets were flying off the presses when the great war broke. At once the fact stood out that in three days the matter which was fresh and new on the 31st of July seemed flat and uninteresting under the unprecedented outlook of August 3. There was little of news about the war that the newspapers would not print before a war number could be published, but it was realized that there was one thing suddenly demanded—a real compendium of all the facts that every one in reading the newspapers wanted to know: information which involved much research in books and maps to secure. Here, said the editors of the *World's Work*, is a chance to serve if it can be done quickly; give the readers a real War Manual. On Monday, August 3, the plans were drawn up, and before night all of the magazine staff and many outsiders were working gathering material, getting pictures, drawing maps. The very difficult task of putting a whole magazine, including advertisements, to press at one time—248 pages—was successfully accomplished, notwithstanding the fact that a hundred delicate pictures and maps in black and red ink had to be made ready on the jump. On Monday, August 17, complete copies started to come from the press at the rate of 20,000 a day. On Tuesday they were in the bindery, which although busy with three or four other magazines, turned them out ready for the postal car at the rate of about twelve tons a day. As a result subscribers will get the War Manual on the same day that their regular September number falls due.

BILL NYE'S FOREST.

Some years ago we had a large sum of money that we were not using, and as it lay idly in our coffers, we decided to purchase a fine building site in northeast Laramie, improve it, and sell it at a large profit. Being considerably struck with the primeval beauty and solemn magnificence of the evergreen, we decided at first to secure some spruces, and make that corner a kind of spruce-gum orchard, which would naturally be the envy and admiration of the West. Acting upon this impulse, we purchased a load of this vegetable, setting out the trees on two sides of the plantation, and digging an irrigation ditch two hundred and sixty-four feet long, by which to water them. For two weeks the irrigation ditch failed to connect with the central office, and we carried water to the trees through the agency of a mechanical arrangement known as the patent pail.

All these trees died of pinkeye but one. We then sent East and purchased one hundred seedlings of the Norway spruce variety, and fringed the ditch with them, protecting them from the hot sun by means of wide shingles placed on the south side. These trees staggered along through the summer, and when winter set in were pale and emaciated, but cheerful and hopeful for the future. The winter was an unusually severe one, and toward spring a large, lonely cow, known throughout the West as Dr. Tanner, in an unguarded moment got over into the inclosure, and ate the entire forest.

We had almost decided at that time to abandon timber culture in Wyoming, but when vernal spring opened we decided to get some choice trees from the adjacent mountains, and make one grand final effort. One pleasant day we consented to make a picnic excursion into the Black Hills with a small party of friends, and while others packed the large lunch-baskets, we put into the barouche a spade and some other burglars' tools. The picnic was not a financial or social success. Picnics very rarely are.

A bottle of glycerine, that had been brought by one of the young ladies to protect her hands from the rigorous climate, got broken, and worked itself into the sponge-cake, and a pint of camphor got mixed up with the pie. A rainstorm came up also, and created a lunch-basket full of chaos, which we poured out under a tree.

While the rest of the party gathered wood violets and a rare exogenous plant unknown to them as poison oak, we skirrnished around and gathered small spruce trees.

It was a glorious day for all. The sun came out just long enough to peel the noses of the party, and then went under a cloud, followed by a cold rain and hail. All that had been brought along to eat was spoiled except some candy with mottoes on the side. When you have been riding all day in the vigorous air of the mountains, and have to fill yourself up with a drink of warm water and a lozenge on which is printed "I can never be thine," it tends to hush the vigorous laughter of the giddy throng, and make people get acquainted with each other in a way that is not pleasant. The mountain picnic has broken up more engagements and shattered more loving hearts than grim-visaged war and the angry parent combined.

There are two prolific causes of crime in this country. One is rum, and the other is the picnic.

But we deflect from the original line of thought.

Our trees were brought home, and planted

in the same old hole where we had been in the habit of killing evergreens.

By this time unemployed men had learned to look to us for steady work. One man wanted us to hire him at a salary to replace trees, and haul away the deceased.

The new forest thrived during the summer, until August, when we were called away from town to put up a political job for the good of the country. We were absent two weeks, and while away a neighbor, who was erecting a croquet lawn, composed of wild buffalo grass and a velvety sweep of red sand, turned the humid contents of our ditch into his luxuriant gravel patch, where he was trying to promote the guileless game of croquet.

On our return, the sombre green of our little wilderness had changed to a dazzling sorrel color, that looked like the big Michigan fire.

People sometimes ask us this season why we do not go into the tree business with our old enthusiasm, but we answer them rudely and harshly, for who can chat gayly of that which tears out his heart and grinds it into the grave of hurried hopes?—Boomerang.


War in Eastern Europe and Timely Books.

The attention of librarians and book-dealers is directed to the following timely works of direct and related interest on the Balkan situation. These books probably are on the reference shelves of the principal libraries. They are carried by leading dealers: "The Balkan Peninsula," by Lionel M. Lyde; "History of Serbia and the Servian Revolution, and Bosnia," by Leopold von Ranke; "History of the House of Austria," by W. Coxe; "Hungary: Its History and Revolutions, with Memoir of Kossuth"; "Hungary's Fight for National Existence," by Baron Ladislas Hengelmüller, with introductions by the Right Honorable James Bryce and Colonel Roosevelt; "Russo-Turkish War—1877," by Sir Frederick Maurice; "With the Bulgarian Staff," by Noel Buxton; "Home Life in Russia," by Dr. Angelo S. Rappaport; "Home Life in Turkey," by Lucy M. J. Garnett; "Home Life in Germany," by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick; "William of Germany," by Stanley Shaw; "Principles of Prussian Administration," by Herman Gerlach James; "The Continent of Europe," by Lionel W. Lyde; "The Governments of Europe," by Frederick A. Ogg; "Social Progress in Contemporary Europe," by Frederick A. Ogg; "The Government of England," by A. Lawrence Lowell; "England Invaded," by Edward Ford and Gordon Home; "The Essentials of International Public Law," by Amos S. Hershey.

Special Features of September "Century."

The September *Century Magazine* will publish a collection of "Songs for the New Age"—six pages in all—by James Oppenheim. Other modern poets represented in this number will be Grace Hazard Conkling, Louis Untermeyer, author of "Challenge"; Arthur Davison Ficke, author of "Mr. Faust," and Margaret Cobb, a mountain woman of California with no schooling, bound to a life of peculiar hardship, whose poetical gift was first discovered by Jack London, who lent her some books of verse. Professor Edward Alsworth Ross's latest article on immigration, dealing with "The Hebrews of Eastern Europe in America," will also be a feature of this number of the *Century*, following a diagnosis of the Scandinavian and Irish races in their relationship toward the country of their adoption.

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THE BLINN PLAYS SCORING.

The third week's programme of the Princess Players finds the public still avid to see Mr. Blinn and his company in their one-act plays. The policy of the Princess actor-manager to alternate farce, or the lightest of farcical comedy, with plays that are either sensationally dramatic or emotionally sympathetic continues this week, the last act of "Any Night" providing thrills enough for the most phlegmatic; while "Ib and Little Christina" corresponds to the place occupied by "The Fountain" on last week's bill.

"Phipps" and "Food" are both of the farcical order, or perhaps "Food" is more correctly a burlesque. "Phipps," by Stanley Houghton, is of such very light calibre that it only just carries over. However, its central idea is one that always appeals not only to the public that keeps servants, but the public that doesn't. As in Barrie's "Admirable Crichton" in its main character is depicted the English footman of impassive exterior and concealed strength and individuality, Phipps is a real man. Lady Fanny is an imitation woman, and Sir Gerard is a fool. The circumstances and subsequent conversation that develop between the three is precisely as gravely, farcically absurd as in "Fancy Free." That a steady ripple of laughter follows it is evidence that it has its value, although it serves more particularly to put a keener edge on the waiting appetite for what comes later. "Phipps," in fact, serves as a sort of appetizer. Holbrook Blinn, imposing in black satin livery and flashingly substantial white calves, plays the rôle of Phipps stiffly, with the idea of showing that long subservience to the will of his betters has banished from the footman's demeanor, even while he dominates the situation, any possibility of emerging from the rigidity of his servant's mould and conducting himself as a natural human being. I am puzzled, however, to know why Mr. Blinn as Phipps speaks with such extreme rapidity, as it is a characteristic that doesn't seem to conform with the life of repression to which Phipps has been obliged to submit. The talking machinery of an English footman would seem to rust more for lack of practice. Miss Jean Murdoch in the character of her ladyship, is, as always, very pretty, elegant, and rather too monotonously sweet, and Mr. Vaughan Trevor, with his pliable and amusing comedy, is a valuable element in the success of this diverting trifle.

"Food," the second of the two farcical pieces, is called by the author, William de Mille, "a tragedy of the future." It treats—without explanation, however—of a period fifty years ahead of us, when food will be so scarce as to be kept in combination-locked safes, and only a multimillionaire will be able to afford the fruit of the at present humble and unobtrusive hen. Perhaps the presumption is that at that epoch of 1963 and thereabouts all of the laborers will have become a boiled-shirt brigade, working at clerkships and the professions, so that there will be none left so poor as to do reverence to the wheat field, the lowly truck farm, or the odoriferous but lucrative chicken ranch. "Food" begins well, and the humor of the Barmecide feast and the attack of indigestion that follows tickles the audience greatly, but the author doesn't keep up a sufficient number of concrete witticisms in the latter part of his playlet, and thus we are provided with the spectacle of competent players going through a lot of lively burlesque acting without being sufficiently provided with the humor to make it carry; which has the effect of making it twin sister to serious histrionics. Mr. Blinn, an actor who is fortunately richly endowed with a sense of humor and an ability to convey it, was able to stand this test, but it bore rather more severely on the two younger players, Miss Polini and Mr. Edgard.

"Any Night," a piece by Edward Ellis, is rather Gorkyesque in flavor, although the author seems not to have any deep ethical or philosophical purpose in view. Apparently he only aims, judging from his title, at presenting a truthful picture, dramatically developed, of what might take place any night, at any of the assignment rooming-houses, in any of the city slums. What is more to the purpose is that he has developed his theme with progressive force through each of the three scenes in which it is worked out. The cul-

mination is led up to so well and is so intensely exciting when it comes that the spectator has a whole series of thrills, and, indeed, has much ado to keep his seat. Just in the matter of the mere mechanics of the thing I never saw a fire-scene better worked out. In this piece the company makes an admirable showing; Mr. Blinn as the policeman and Mr. Mather as the hotel clerk nicely discriminated in showing the different points of view of the two men; they give us some choice bits of slum slang, and, reinforced by the ductile Mr. Trevor as a tough hotel porter, furnish an element of slum comedy which is valuable as an offset to the serious dramatic, almost tragic, note which is to follow. The action of the whole piece, however, centres around the figures of the consumptive street-walker and her elderly quarry, the young girl and her seducing lover being merely contributory to the tragic realization which awaits the sobered drunkard in the final scene. Mr. Mestayer, with unflinching versatility, depicts the old man made good—naturally uproarious by drink so successfully that he becomes as integral a factor of the slum life as the street lamps and the rooming-house sign. We accept him as a bit of reality, almost forgetting that he is acting, in spite of the amusement created by his clever assumption during the middle one of the three scenes. The street-walker, a poor weed of humanity using the elliptic and perverted speech of her kind, and with hopeless voice and dejected mien, is appropriately represented by Miss Avis Manor, who, dramatic fledging though she is, has enough imagination to give her an aspect of reality; and Miss Murdoch and Mr. Edgard are cast in the rôles of the young couple that fate, for its own purposes, brings together like two floating wisps of straw into the disreputable precincts of the doomed hotel. This summary of the characters may serve to show that "Any Night" is the piece on this week's bill that serves as a "shocker," although the moralist may well discover the theme for a homily in the spectacle of the sobered old man, clasping in his arms the girl too weak to say "no"; the pure and idealized daughter who had stifled her conscience for the sake of a ruffian who was all for self in the hour of deadly peril.

"Ib and Little Christina" is the final piece of the programme, the evident intention being that the audience shall go off carrying with it a taste of sweetness and purity of sentiment that shall for the moment overmaster the impression left by the final tragedy of "Any Night." "Ib and Little Christina" is a picture "in the panels," by Basil Hood, although it is suggested by one of Hans Andersen's tales. It was produced in London fourteen years ago by Mr. Blinn at the Prince of Wales Theatre, and therefore shows much vitality. It is a pathetic and beautiful sketch which depicts the humble and uncomplaining destiny of Ib, who lives for others, and therefore gets nothing for himself, for a long time at any rate, for the action of the play covers twenty-seven years. As humanity in general always shows great enterprise in dumping its burdens on willing shoulders, Ib has to renounce his own happiness and bend his strong peasant's back to bear the weight of other's sorrows. In the three panels we see Ib grown from gentle boyhood to unselfish manhood, and the black-clad "wanderer" changed from young womanhood to beautiful old age, while little Christina develops from an adored child to a golden-haired maiden wooed humbly by Ib, and confidently by the triumphant suitor who carries her away. With the care that Mr. Blinn regularly employs in his stage pictures, he has seen to it that the peasant interior of Ib's home has the harmonious yet humble beauty appropriate to the setting for this poetic little piece. All of the company proper appear in it except Messrs. Mather and Edgard. But there is a but. It is always rather difficult to play these idealized poetic plays in a manner that will help to make the people real. The picture part of "Ib and Little Christina" is perfect. The gentle old father with his saintly face, the dreamy boy in his grotesque peasant's garb, seeing pictures in the red coals, the tiny child and her hale grandfather, the pale, beautiful wanderer, the rosy maiden and her handsome swain, all pass before us in the three panels, as component elements of a well-arranged picture. But the company plays it in a sort of monotone, not even excepting Mr. Blinn himself, who is vigorously real and human in everything else. Thus "Ib and Little Christina" passes by like a sort of dreamy fantasy, and leaves an impression of a dimly colored, one-toned sketch. This may be intention, but if it is it does not fulfill the intention of drama. Mr. Blinn doesn't at all fit into the rôle of Ib. Nature is too much for him, for he is a cheerful, energetic materialist, while Ib is a self-sacrificing dreamer. As the curtain went down on him Monday night, showing Ib happy and hospitable with the two waifs under his roof, and ladling hot soup for his guests, there was a faint, involuntary wave of telepathy from him which spelled humor. Miss Polini is a charming, beautiful, talented girl who has the

equipment of her art to the ends of her fingers, but the soul of it is not as yet wholly developed, and it is only the exterior of the sad, beautiful wanderer that speaks in her calm, level, musically read lines. I should like to see Miss Polini ten years hence and discover what effect those years will have had upon her. Of course the popular assumption is that it is love, marriage, maternity, and life generally that deepens an actress's powers of expression. Yet, sometimes, with the evaporation of the spirit of early youth goes imagination and that spiritual, uncapturable essence of a player's work which penetrates from soul to soul, and sometimes bestows fame on the giver.

"TOO MANY COOKS."

Frank Craven has had no illusions about his comedy, "Too Many Cooks." From the very first he announced that it was very light, and so it is—as light as a toy balloon. But still, as we cry "ah!" as we see the balloon go up, so we do as we witness the gradual rise of the new house on its modest foundation. For he had an idea, when he wrote his first play, a real idea, and enough of one to build a play on. Undoubtedly, too, Mr. Craven's experience as a comedian has enlightened him as to many practical points in the matter of stagecraft, in that respect giving him an advantage over many more talented men. Along with the advantages go the disadvantages of being an actor; that is to say, the actor-playwright is generally extra superficial, even in plays of admitted superficiality, as a result of continual observation of the ease with which the public can be tricked into admiring, or applauding, or accepting superficiality. It is a stage convention, for instance, to pair off any unattached young people of opposite sexes wandering around, and therefore, in spite of the fact that Ella, the girl chum of the future bride, is conspicuously lacking in the power to charm, she captures a marriage-bater, merely because she's a she and he's a he. Mr. Craven, knowing well that the facile public will accept that reason, feels that there is no necessity for looking up another and more interesting one.

Frank Andrew's conversion to matrimony is all the more sudden from the fact that the brand-new author had given to the marriage-phobe quite a lot of cutting repartee on the subject; as, for instance, says the future bridegroom during a slight verbal scrap with his friend concerning his coming dignities: "Well, we're just as good as married, aren't we? We're engaged." To which the cynical Andrews replies: "Better, if you will only stay so." The quick subjugation of his mother-in-law by the hitherto badgered, baited, and oppressed "fancay" is also a regular footlight trick, and in fact the humor of the play generally is, as has been said, quite admittedly superficial. But still it is humor, and of a kind to tickle the American public, which, like Albert Bennett, is wont to marry hastily, with a very incomplete knowledge of its sweetheart's "folks," and is also greatly given to building homes.

The rapidity with which Albert put his newly built dwelling on the market also reflects another tendency of our fellow-countrymen and countrywomen. Look around you and note that nearly every one you know that possesses a house, home or otherwise, either has put it up for sale, or did last week, or will next month.

In that respect Mr. Craven, playwright, has accurately laid his finger on another national tendency. However, the author is not in the least troubling himself to embody national tendencies in his amusing little comedy. They just oozed in, coincident with his idea. Involved with the idea is the necessity of giving it actual representation, and thus we see the foundation of the house in the first act, its partially sheathed skeleton in the second, and its completed presentment in the third, thus presenting the unfolding of the idea in logical and progressive sequence. The pasteboard and canvas part of the house is so well done that it looks like the real thing, and part of the gable is made of wood, so that the carpenters can occasionally make a grandstand play of one-second-by-the-clock hammering.

The completed house is a stage carpenter's dream. It is almost as large as life and quite as natural. You can walk in the front door, and sit on the front porch, but I'm afraid the aesthetes and their following would utterly reject it, for—oh, horror!—it has Nottingham lace curtains, added to its other disqualifications. These consist in large part of its architectural scheme following that usually employed in laborer's cottages; but nevertheless this does not in the least interfere with the success of the great idea, except in the scene in which Andrews, a moneyed man, offers to buy the cottage for his bonny bride; for it is quite on the cards that the average female of the species looking on from the front would warmly side with Ella in choosing a European trip—under normal conditions—to living in the Nottinghamed cottage.

Still, the finishing and fencing of the neat

little home, its white paint and green shutters, and its lawned and rose-planted garden appeals to that something childlike in us which impels us, like the great Herbert G. Wells, to join the tots in their play at times, and with their wooden toys to lay out streets and villages, and set up toy trees to make a toy forest. In fact the great idea has made good, and, no doubt, Mr. Craven is a contented man. He has not taken advantage of his authorship to give himself a very meaty rôle, having turned over to Andrews, the misogynist, all of the best lines in the play. Frank Craven himself plays the rôle of the proud and expectant owner of the birdie and the nest, and is represented as a rather amiable, nervous, and insignificant young man, who plays a sort of Belgian rôle in the family war that shortly develops with the over-numerous Cooks.

The dramatic work of "Too Many Cooks" is so light that there is no special need of a strong personnel in the acting troupe. The names are, generally, of players unknown to us. They have, however, been selected for physical fitness, and the family group of Cooks are sufficiently comic, in the general effect, to blend in amusingly with the scheme of the play. The principal rôles, besides that of the prospective bridegroom, are taken by Messrs. Ray Gordon and Harry Sleight, who impersonate respectively the chum and the uncle of the owner of the nest, and by Misses Georgie Olp and Mary Blyth, who appear as the prospective bride and her closest girl friend. All these characters are satisfactorily represented, and the collective army of Cooks, and the friendly contractor and his carpenters, also make a satisfactory showing.

The new author almost fell into a tone of earnestness during one or two moments in his play. One of them was when the uncle was regretting his mistaken celibacy and the need of resorting to the subterfuge which so many old bachelors are put to of hiring another family to admit him to their home, and for a consideration try to hypnotize him into the belief that it is his own. This scene and the dismay testified to by the young couple when they saw an unwelcome uncle added to their household shows that Frank Craven has made a few correct observations about domestic life.

I thought, by the way, comedian though he is, that Mr. Craven was almost at his funniest when he was not consciously trying to be. That was during his stage embraces of the prospective bride. They were very hasty, sketchy, perfunctory embraces, and manifestly gotten rid of with a feeling of relief. Somehow, through his stage characterization and aside from it, the comedian makes his likableness and a sort of American gentleness and clean-mindedness felt. And I think his public are much tickled over his newly won laurels as an author.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Pol Plançon, the opera singer, who had a great popularity in the United States a few years ago, died recently in Paris. He had been ill since June. M. Plançon, a basso of brilliant technic and possessed of a most pleasing stage presence, first appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City in 1903, singing with Mmes. Eames, Melba, Calvé, and Nordica and the Messrs. Jean and Edouard de Reszke. Even in this remarkable company he soon made a distinct impression upon the audiences, and at the opening of the season was acclaimed as a popular favorite. Soon he had a large following, and his singing of ballads was greatly admired. The next year he embarked on a business venture in comic opera, in which, of course, he did not appear himself. He purchased the French rights of "The Wizard of the Nile," with the intention of producing it in Paris at the Bouffes Parisiennes the following summer. When at the height of his career, in the way of popularity and vocal achievement, in this country, M. Plançon sang his farewell at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1908. He was born in Fumay, Ardennes, France, on June 12, 1854. His first part of operatic importance was in a production in Lyons, in 1877. He first appeared in Paris in 1883 as Mephistopheles, and with that rôle his name was closely associated throughout his career, and in it his dramatic ability was apparent. M. Plançon was often heard, through a period of many years, at Covent Garden, London.

The weekly laundry bill for the "Neptune's Garden of Living Statues" at Keith's Theatre, New York, foots up a snug sum. The costumes worn by the water nymphs, who plunge, fully clad, into the tank and emerge in a few seconds costumed to tights, have to be washed, dried, cleansed, and laundered after each performance. This takes considerable time, and it is necessary to have a set of six dresses for each girl, so she will have a clean gown every day. The white fleshings and wigs worn by the living marble statues are wet twice daily, and they also have to be cleansed after every performance. Two men and a seamstress are kept busy looking after this wardrobe all the time.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Final Week of Blinn's Princess Players.

Holbrook Blinn has reserved an especially strong programme of one-act plays for the fourth and final week of his brilliantly successful season at the Columbia Theatre, supported by his Princess Players, a group of able people who lend distinction to every one of the plays in which they appear.

The programme for the week will be an enormous one, containing six one-act plays with three new offerings and three revivals. The performance will open with the telephone fantasy called "At the Switchboard," a unique and very clever idea by Edgar Wallace. This will be followed by the delightful playlet, "The Fountain," after which will come a new production, "The Hard Man," a dramatic episode of the Soudan war. Following this will be seen the very amusing "Food," of the present week's programme, and then Mr. Blinn will stage for the first time here the sensational drama called, "The Kiss in the Dark," which is accounted one of the most prominent of all the Blinn hits. The programme will close with a revival of the delicious French comedy, "The Bride." Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

"Too Many Cooks" Continues at the Cort.

Had there been only Alice Cook, the course of true love would have run smoothly, but then there would not have been "Too Many Cooks," and enthusiastic audiences would have missed the fine new comedy at the Cort Theatre, which on Sunday begins the second and last week of its successful engagement. But as it is, besides Alice there are Mother Cook and Father Cook, and seven other Cooks in her family, not to mention her friend, Ella. Then on his side—meaning Albert's—there are more friends and an uncle. Between them all they make a sorry mess of it, which requires three acts to straighten out.

"Too Many Cooks" is a twofold triumph of Frank Craven, author and actor. He has written a sprightly and wholesome comedy along entirely original lines. The centre of the stage is occupied throughout the play with a suburban home in process of construction. In the first act the house has not progressed beyond the foundation; in the second act it is half completed, and in the third act it is wholly finished and only awaits the occupancy of the loving pair.

There is much good acting besides that of Mr. Craven, but none better, for he could not be more natural and effective. George Olp plays Alice with great charm. Mary Blyth as Alice's friend is a distinct success. Roy Gordon as Albert's chum, and Harry Sleight as Albert's uncle are convincing in their roles. Of the large supporting company special mention goes to Camilla Crume as Mrs. Cook, Charles W. Goodrich as Simpson, and John C. Leech as Mr. Cook.

Features at the Pantages Theatre.

Three of the biggest features that the Pantages Theatre has hooked in many months top the new bill opening on Sunday at the local vaudeville house. "The Lion's Bride," a spectacular and genuine sensational production, wherein a full-grown and ferocious lion is utilized; Carter, the "Man of Mystery," and the original "New Orleans Creole Band" are the trio of headliners which have been smashing box-office records for the past few months on the circuit.

"The Lion's Bride" is a production taken from a legend of India dealing with the punishment meted to a beautiful native girl who refuses to marry a Rajah. The potentate, for her refusal, has the maiden cast into a den of lions. It is an act that carries a thrill from the rise of the curtain.

Carter has a bouquet of mysteries running the gamut from whisking coins into space to grabbing rabbits and other trifles from the pockets of small boys.

Ragtime melodies will make up the best part of the repertoire of the Creole Band.

Bob Alhright, undoubtedly one of the best-liked singing entertainers in vaudeville, and known as the "Male Melha," returns for his fifth tour of the circuit in two seasons.

"Those Were the Happy Days," one of the most delightful comedy skits and for many years a feature on the big circuits, will be offered by Eddie Howard and company.

Nadje, the athletic Vassar girl, makes her first tour of the Coast with a daring and entertaining gymnastic novelty.

Sonnen and Ross, known as the "boy Caruso and the dainty violinist," in operatic melodies, will complete the bill.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Frank McGinn, who scored a hit as "Officer 666" in the farce of that name, and who gave such a perfect interpretation of a police officer, will head the programme next week, presenting "The Cop," a comedy of The System, which was written to his order by Tom Barry and supplies him with a simi-

lar type of character to "Officer 666." The play deals with The System, but in such a different way that it would detract from its interest to describe it in advance.

Lola Merrill and Frank Otto will appear in their dainty little playlet, "Her Daddy's Friend," which furnishes a most enjoyable quarter of an hour's entertainment.

Waldemar Young and William Jacobs, with the assistance of Ethyl McFarland, will present their original travesty, "When Caesar Ran a Paper." Mr. Jacobs will impersonate the rôle of Julius Caesar, the editor; Mr. Young that of Marc Antony, the press agent; and Miss McFarland will exercise her terpsichorean ability as Cleopatra. Mr. Young has for a considerable period been the dramatic critic of the *Chronicle*. Mr. Jacobs is also widely known in newspaper circles, and is recognized as an able, interesting, and versatile writer. "When Caesar Ran a Paper" was written by them for a charitable entertainment, where it met with such success that it was immediately booked for the Orpheum Circuit, where it has already been performed successfully in several of its important theatres.

Walter de Leon and "Muggins" Davies, always welcome visitors, will present for their return engagement a novelty in the form of a hurlesque moving-picture drama.

Miller and Lyles are a team of colored comedians who bring their lively act to a big finish with a hurlesque boxing bout that is very funny.

Next week will conclude the engagements of Aileen Stanley, the Hickey Brothers, and Charles Olcott with Gus Edwards's Matinee Girls.

De Wolf Hopper Coming to the Cort.

Much interest attaches to the forthcoming engagement of De Wolf Hopper and the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company at the Cort Theatre. The engagement is scheduled to begin Sunday night, September 6. The tremendous success of the first season of revivals at the Cort two years ago is well remembered.

The present organization, a standard and permanent one, grew out of the company that appeared in the revivals of "The Mikado" and "Pinafore" made at the New York Casino. This season's cast, in addition to Mr. Hopper, consists of the following: Idelle Patterson, Gladys Caldwell, Jayne Herbert, Anahel Jourdan, Paul Hyde Davies, Arthur Cunningham, Herbert Waterous, John Willard, Herbert Cripps, and a chorus of fifty.

During the engagement at the Cort "The Mikado," "Pinafore," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Iolanthe," and "The Yeoman of the Guard" will be given.

Arthur Cunningham, whom all San Francisco theatre-goers remember affectionately, will be seen with De Wolf Hopper and the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company at the Cort Theatre, beginning Sunday night, September 6. Cunningham was at the Tivoli for years and was also a valuable member of the Princess Theatre stock company shortly after the fire. He has won high praise for his work in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

"Milestones," the delightful comedy success of last season, is to be an early autumn attraction at the Columbia Theatre. "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" will play a return engagement at the Columbia next month.

None of the near-by cities are to see Holbrook Blinn and the Princess Players in their one-act plays this season, as they are to return direct to New York for the opening of the season at the Princess Theatre.

William H. Crane is now in London, but will be back in ample time to begin his scheduled tour of the Pacific Coast, under the direction of Joseph Brooks, with Thomas W. Ross and a special cast, including Miss Amelia Bingham, in "The New Henrietta," a modern treatment by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes of the late Bronson Howard's "The Henrietta." Mr. Crane will be seen in his original rôle, Old Nick of the Street, and Mr. Ross will appear as Bertie, the Lamb, the part originated by the late Stuart Rohson.

Hall Caine is adding the finishing touches to the dramatization of his novel, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," which Klaw & Erlanger and Mr. Joseph Brooks are to present in January. "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" will be one of the most pretentious productions since "Ben-Hur." It is quite likely that Mr. Caine will come over for the première.

The late Lillian Nordica left an estate valued at between \$1,000,000 and \$2,000,000. The bulk of it is left to her three sisters.

Mme. Giacomina Minkowski, wife of the well-known composer and vocal teacher of Dresden, Germany, who has been on a visit to her family in San Francisco, will open her vocal studio here September 1, at Kohler & Chase's.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Ballad of Lost Ships.

Riven and battered,
Beaten and scattered,
Vessels that started so valiantly forth—
Ancient and weary,
Ragged and dreary,
Driven by whirlwinds to south and to north.

All your devotion
To the great ocean
Given and granted in pure heritage—
What has it brought you;
What has it taught you?
Only the might of the sea's deadly rage!

Gallant and daring,
Braving and faring,
With your own ship-bells a-ringing your knell—
On to your fruiting,
We stand saluting,
Heroes and victims, all hail and farewell!
—Lealyn Louise Everett, in *Life*.

A Song of the Evanescent.

Where is the dew of the morning
That jeweled the leaf and the flower?
Exhaled on the air without warning—
Gone in one unlighted hour!
Yes, but there comes a new morning,
New gems for the grass and the bower.

Where is the sweet of the lily—
The lure of the gauzy winged fly?
Winnowed away, willy-nilly,
The flower all withered and dry!
But, tomorrow, will bloom a new lily,
Lifting its cup to the sky.

Where is the song of the veery—
Song of a nest in the boughs?
Is Love in his bosom grown weary,
With leaves in midsummer adrowse?
There will come a new Spring with its veery,
Waking new amorous vows.

And where is that heart-of-a-lover,
With the joy, with the rapture, it shed?
Buried, where none can discover,
Its grave bath no stone at the head!
Tomorrow there comes a new lover—
But wakes not the heart that is dead.
—Edith M. Thomas, in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

The Cloak of Dreams.

They bade me follow fleet
Where my brothers work and play,
But the Cloak of Dreams blew over my feet,
Tangling them from the way:

They bade me watch the skies
For a signal—dark or light,
But the Cloak of Dreams blew over my eyes
Shutting them fast from sight:

I have no pain nor mirth,
Wonderment nor desire,
The Cloak of Dreams 'twixt me and earth
Wavers its drowsy fire:

I dream in dusk apart,
Hearing a strange bird sing,
And the Cloak of Dreams blows over my heart,
Blinding and sheltering!
—Margaret Widdemer, in *the Craftsman*.

The Old Armadas Sing.

Three thousand fathoms deep we lie; above us
swings the night;
Below us nothing lives or moves, and we are
lost to light;
The tendrils of the seaweed curl their fingers in
our frames,
And where our belted guns once boomed the sea-
fish play their games;
But through our heartless hulks once more the
leaping lightnings play
When down to us the sinking ships of steel and
thunder sway.

We lacked their depth and lacked their length
and wooden ribs were ours,
But what great captains walked our decks they
knew, the warring powers;
And when your submarines now dart above us
where we lie

We watch them as in heaven the stars are watched
by some true eye;
And wink to them and send huzza—for in the
selfsame game
Upon the dewy depths of time we sniffed the foam
and flame.

What Nelson sent us here to sleep we know not,
neither care;
The gnarled sharks flury 'twixt our ribs that
stand out stark and bare;
But where your navies meet and clash and tremble
and plunge through
These slant leagues of the under-deep, we cheer
the dying crew;
From out our ghosts of lusty lungs we cheer them
as we may—
We old Armadas of the line in Trafalgar's great
day.
—Baltimore Sun.

"The Whip," a melodramatic spectacle, is due at the Cort soon. "The Whip" is a London-built entertainment and is said to contain the most elaborate scenic effects of any play of recent years. It will be produced here with a strong cast.

"Too Many Sixes," a farce-comedy that is guaranteed to inspire three hours of continuous laughter, will be an early Cort attraction. "Kitty Mackay," another comedy, but of a subtler sort, is also on its way to the Cort.

Arranging Pavlova Tour.

Despite the European war and the disturbed transatlantic shipping, Mlle. Anna Pavlova and her Imperial Russian Ballet and Orchestra will positively come to America in October for an extended tour. Max Rabinoff, managing director of the Pavlova Ballet, Inc., now in London, announces he has completed all arrangements for the tour as originally planned. He has arranged for a ship to bring Mlle. Pavlova, her company, and the great mass of scenery necessary for the tour, to America. The tour will open at the Metropolitan Opera House in November, and will embrace the entire United States and Canada. Mlle. Pavlova's company this season will number about one hundred artists and musicians, and her programme will be more extensive than ever. After a most hazardous and trying journey from St. Petersburg to England, Pavlova and most of her company are now quartered in her summer home, Ivy House, just outside of London.

Oliver Morosco's first new production for the season of 1914-15 will be the prize play, "Lady Eileen," which won the competition in the contest recently announced. It is a modern comedy by Geraldine Bonner and Hucheson Boyd, and was chosen by the committee out of 3200 manuscripts that had been submitted. Mr. Morosco says it is one of the sweetest and most appealing plays he has ever read, and is quite enthusiastic regarding its prospects on the stage. By the terms of the contest the successful authors receive a prize of \$1000 and in addition are advanced \$1000 in royalties to assure the immediate production and a further advance of \$500 on the foreign rights of the play. The story will have its première at the Burbank Theatre, Los Angeles, within the next six weeks, and will subsequently be offered at a New York theatre by October 15.

"The Bride," unquestionably one of the most pronounced hits thus far offered by Holbrook Blinn at the Columbia Theatre, is to be revived as one of the plays for the fourth week's repertoire. It is deliciously acted by Blinn, Miss Polini, Mestayer, Trevor, and Edgarde.

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VANITY FAIR.

The cafeteria has never been popular in London, but it is likely to become so if the war should continue. It seems that nearly all the waiters in the English metropolis belong to her hated enemies, and it is evident that John Bull could not eat his soup in tranquillity if it had been handed to him by an Austrian or a German, who might so easily and so surreptitiously insert some ingredient not to be found in the cook-book. Moreover, the Austrian and the German waiters have received pressing and flattering invitations to return to the proud lands of their birth, and circumstances over which they have no control may delay their return. The same is true of the French waiters, and although there are a great many Italian waiters left, one never knows how soon they, too, will be engaged upon duties where there are no tips and where politeness ceases to be first among the duties. For some unexplained reason the Englishman does not make a good waiter. He is not quite nimble enough nor quite cheerful enough. Moreover, he, too, has felt the stirring call of war's alarms and is under patriotic obligations to go and he killed. There seems nothing for it but the cafeteria, since women have never been much of a success as restaurant attendants. They are all very well for the glass of milk and hun order of establishment, but a woman can never be expected to take the warm and affectionate interest in one's gastronomic needs that the good male waiter can always simulate even if he does not feel.

Well, the cafeteria has its advantages, so it is said. Personally we do not feel that we are displaying ourselves to the best possible advantage when carrying a tray. Upon the few occasions when we have thus tempted fortune we have glanced furtively at the various tables while passing them on our triumphal progress, in the hope that we should not encounter a lady acquaintance. For what would one do under such circumstances? It is obviously impossible to remove one's hat while carrying a tray, and even the conventional how would be a task of no small difficulty. The gods he praised, we have never yet met a lady acquaintance at a cafeteria, but that dark day is certain to come with a persistence in the cafeteria habit. The remedy is to avoid the cafeteria.

A valued correspondent who does not wish his letter to be published is very angry because of some remarks made in this column to the effect that the war in Europe would put an end to the pestilential follies of the idle classes and to the activities of the swarms of women of both sexes who fill the air with their cacklings of reform. The sillinesses of eugenism, white slavery, social hygiene, and all the rest of it would necessarily disappear before the stern realities of militarism, and in this way even the curse of armed conflicts might be expected to have a certain salutary effect in purging and purifying the social system of the poisons, mainly of the reform kind, that now afflict it.

And now we are taken to task for commenting on the idiocies of idle Europe while the idiocies of idle America are so much worse. It is a thing of mirth, we are told, that an American paper should act as monitor to Europe—"America with its boasted democracy that falls on its knees to a title, whose women sell their bodies for title and position . . . this America with its leisure classes, famous for wanton extravagance, freak dinners, etc., its crazy and sensually dressed women, stands in lofty superiority and points the pharisaical finger at Europe, the poor sinner."

Now with every desire to welcome a deserved chastisement and to profit by it, we feel that we are here suffering unjustly. For no comparison was made or intended between America and Europe. Comparisons are always odorous, and there is so much of human nature about everywhere that in this case they would be particularly ill-smelling. But the fact remains that the piping days of peace in Europe—and in America—have produced the usual crop of leisurely persons who either give up their lives to sillinesses, which is had enough in all conscience, or who are persuaded that they must "do something" for humanity, and so embark upon all sorts of crazy reforms like eugenism or white slavery. Upon the approach of war all these nasty things are withered up by the first fiery breath, and by the time war is over it is so hard to get food to eat and clothes to wear that for a while we are likely to have a respite for the reformer and the faddist. Now this is simply a statement of fact so far as Europe is concerned. There may be just as many reformers and faddists in America as in Europe. Probably there are more. Certainly the reformers and the faddists have more power in America than anywhere else on earth, as witness our crazy laws. But there happens to be war in Europe, and it will sweep all these foolish and ugly things out of sight, and there is no war in America, so that these same foolish and ugly things will

either continue to flourish and to get themselves legislated about or some other remedy will be found for them. And a remedy will be found. There need be no doubt about that. In Europe the remedy happens to be war.

Wall Street may become excited over the mere prospect of hostilities (says the New York *Evening Post*), but to people in general the real horror of war has just been brought home. No less than three plays are to have their openings postponed because the author of one and a star in each of the others are in London and unable to get bookings for this country. At the same time with this distressing announcement comes the news that plans for another polo contest between England and America have had to be abandoned because virtually all of the players have been or will soon be ordered to the colors. Even if it were possible to supply this loss, with the ponies returned to the service, too, all hope vanishes. The men and their mounts, that have rather given us the idea that their real occupation was to fight for the cup, and, having won it, to defend it, are recalled to a grimmer struggle, at once less spectacular and for larger stakes. We may speak lightly of having to give up a trip to Europe; we might even jest a little at a not too serious shortage of foodstuffs. But when first-nights are postponed, and international sporting contests canceled; in a word, when our very amusements are threatened, then we appreciate the plight of the unfortunate peoples of the helligent Old World.

An amusing writer in the London *Chronicle* says that an invitation to breakfast was, in Macaulay's opinion, one of the supreme tests of friendship. "You invite a man to dinner," he wrote to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, "because you must invite him, because you are acquainted with his grandfather, or because it is proper that you should; but you invite a man to breakfast because you wish to see him. You may be sure if you are invited to breakfast that there is something agreeable about you."

Nobody has ever complained of the Scottish breakfast as dull. "It is the pleasantest meal we have," says Boswell. "Dr. Johnson has allowed the peculiar merit of breakfast in Scotland." These remarks were made in connection with the question of saying grace at breakfast, which appears to have been customary in Scotland, but not in England. Boswell thought grace "as proper at breakfast as at any other meal." Johnson hedged. "It is enough if we have stated seasons of prayer; no matter when. A man may as well pray when he mounts his horse, or a woman when she milks her cow (which Mr. Grant told us is done in the Highlands), as at meals; and custom is to be followed."

An almost certain rise in the price of diamonds and other precious stones is foreseen as one of the effects of the European struggle, which, the jewelry trade feels certain, will put a stop to all importation of such luxuries. Michael Dreicer, one of the leading jewelers of New York and a heavy importer, said to an *Evening Post* representative that it will be impossible to get any jewelry from abroad, and so far as the diamond market is concerned it will certainly be crippled.

"The South African diamond mines will be shut down," said Mr. Dreicer, "as England will have need for all her men, and, in consequence, diamonds will be scarcer and higher in price. The demand for such luxuries, of course, will be curtailed, but no matter what conditions prevail abroad, there will always be people in this country who will want jewels. The price of diamonds will surely rise, and other precious stones will doubtless grow more in value, as their importation will cease until the end of the European conflict."

Death having called the founder of the Hetzel publishing firm of Paris, the house has been absorbed by the Hachette Company. Hetzel's chief claim to interest is his discovery and appropriation of Jules Verne. He began with him by a life contract, guaranteeing an annual sum of \$4000—which seemed immense riches to the unknown writer. It was not at all proportionate to the rapid success and sale of his books throughout the known world. Jules Verne was content with his bargain, and for many, many years furnished dutifully his two volumes a year. At his death he left several more finished, or nearly so, which explains the continued appearance of new works bearing his name. Hetzel took pains to provide the writer who was laying golden eggs for him with a yacht and all other appurtenances necessary or useful to stimulate his inventive powers.

Maude Adams plans to make an illustration of the history of English comedy in presenting a miracle comedy of the fifteenth century, a comedy of the restoration period, a comedy by Sheridan, and a comedy by J. M. Barrie.

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Santa Cruz and Big Trees

"By the Glad Sea Waves." Hotels, Casino and Board Walk. Cliff drives. Motoring. Golf links. Sea-fishing.

Del Monte and Monterey

Charming hotel in beautiful park and gardens. 40-mile auto scenic boulevard skirting ocean. Bathing. Boating. Fishing. Golf and Tennis.

Pacific Grove and Carmel-by-the-Sea

Delightful family resorts. Bathing beaches and sea-fishing.

Byron Hot Springs

New Hotel and mineral baths in restful surroundings.

Shasta Springs and Resorts

Delightful places amid crags and pines. Hotels, cottages and tents. Excellent trout fishing.

Lake Tahoe

Attractive Hotels and camps in picturesque surroundings. Daily steamer trips around lake. Excellent trout fishing.

Upper Klamath Lake and Crater Lake

Unsurpassed trout fishing in season. Comfortable quarters amid forests and mountains. Auto and motor boat service from Klamath Falls.

Yosemite National Park Mariposa Big Trees

Nature's wonders. A half day or night ride from Los Angeles or San Francisco. Comfortable Hotels and auto-stages. Trout fishing.

Paso Robles

Hot springs. Hotel and finely equipped mineral baths. A place for rest and outdoor recreation. Golf. Tennis. Horseback riding.

Santa Barbara

The Mission City. Ocean boulevard. Hotels delightfully situated. Sea-fishing. Yachting. Golf. Beautiful mountain drives.

Los Angeles and Vicinity

Noted tourist center. Ocean beaches within 30 minutes to an hour by electric lines. Bathing. Sea-fishing. Hotels and pleasure piers.

Pasadena, Riverside, Redlands, Mt. Lowe, San Bernardino

In charming surroundings. Easily reached by steam or electric lines from Los Angeles. Fine auto roads.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A guide was expatiating on the Egyptian Pyramids to a party of tourists. "It took hundreds of years to build them, and—" "It must have been a government job!" said one of the tourists, sotto voce.

A Glasgow merchant, famous for his stinginess, came into his office one morning and found a young clerk writing a letter in rather a flourishing hand. "My man," he observed, "dinna mak' the tails o' yer g's and y's quite sae lang. I want the ink tae last the quarter oot."

It was a soiree musical. A singer had just finished "My Old Kentucky Home." The hostess, seeing one of her guests weeping in a remote corner, went to him and inquired in a sympathetic voice: "Are you a Kennebecian?" And the answer quickly came: "No, madame, I am a musician."

The tailor's sign in a little inland town was an apple—simply an apple. The people were amazed at it. They came in crowds to the tailor, asking him what on earth the meaning of the sign was. The tailor, with a complacent smile, replied: "If it hadn't been for an apple, where would the clothing business be today?"

An exceptionally voluble golfer was vainly endeavoring to move a ball with his driver. Pausing in his efforts, he espied, watching him, a small girl, holding by the hand a still smaller boy. Immediately visions of flying golf balls flashed across his mind. "You ought not to bring your little brother here," he cautioned the girl. "Oh, it's all right, sir," came the reply. "He's stone deaf."

Levy approached a Gentile friend with a partnership proposition, asking the latter to furnish the finances. "I know all about this particular line," urged Levy, "but I haffent the money vat is needed." The friend, admitting that it looked like a good thing, expressed some reluctance owing to the danger of fire. "But there shouldn't be no fire," declared Levy. "Besides," he continued, emphatically, "dis iss a profitable business."

Sir Donald Mann has no time to spare, as a reporter, who went to see him, found to his cost. There was some talk of a line to run north from Toronto to a junction with the Grand Trunk at North Bay. After Sir Donald had been talking for some little time the reporter said, "By the hy, Sir Donald, where is North Bay?" Sir Donald looked at the newspaper man. Then he looked toward the door. "I'm not here to teach reporters geography," he said.

At a dinner party De Wolf Hopper had finished his speech, and as he sat down a lawyer arose, shoved his hands deep into his trousers pockets—as was his habit—and laughingly inquired: "Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a professional comedian should be funny?" When the laughter that greeted this sally had subsided, De Wolf Hopper drawled out: "Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a lawyer should have his hands in his own pockets?"

In Denver they tell of a young Britisher who will some day inherit a title, and who not long ago married the daughter of a supposedly wealthy mining operator of that town. A month or so after the marriage the father-in-law took the husband aside. "I am ruined!" he exclaimed. "Practically every cent is gone!" The Briton was a good loser, however, for he gave vent to a long, low whistle, and exclaimed with a little laugh: "By George! Then I did marry for love, after all!"

Einstein, wishing to buy a motor-car, consulted a friend as to the merits of the different makes of machines. "There are," said his counselor, "three first-class makes. Buy a Peerless, a Packard, or a Pierce Arrow. Any one of them is first-class. Just remember the three p's and you can't go wrong." A few days later Einstein appeared in that exhilarated condition always observable in a man who has bought his first motor-car or a woman who has achieved the purchase of a hat. "It's all right," he said, "I took your advice. I remembered the t'ree p's. I got a Puick."

On the occasion of a mayoral banquet in a small provincial town one of the last guests to leave went to the cloakroom for his coat and hat. He couldn't help noticing the woe-hegone look on the attendant's face. The poor man appeared worried and sad, and every little while he sighed and muttered to himself. "You seem upset," remarked the guest sympathetically. "I am upset, sir," said

the attendant. "What is the trouble? Haven't the guests tipped you well tonight?" The attendant answered in an excited voice: "It's not only, sir, that they haven't tipped me, but they've taken the quarter-dollar that I put on the tray for a decoy."

A city man who owing to a business deal was obliged to live for some time in a small railroad town frequently felt the need of excitement. Once, when he was really depressed with the monotony of his life, he saw a wildly excited crowd gathered on a vacant lot. Prominent citizens were there hopping up and down, gesticulating and shouting; and he felt that the unexpected had happened and something was doing. He rushed to the lot and gasped out: "What's the matter?" "Matter!" shouted a rampant citizen. "Matter? Why, we are going to hive a swarm of bees."

A thrifty Brooklyn grocer, who began his career of success driving a delivery wagon, became ambitious after he had bought out his former employer and for two or three years was doing far better than ever and thought he would make a European trip as others were doing who hadn't as much money as he had. He arranged his business for a three months' absence and sailed away on a big ship. In due course he returned and his foreign experiences had puffed him up amazingly. He stuck to his grocery, but he looked down upon it with disdain and never lent a hand to his clerks as once he did. One day he was standing in front looking over the arrangement of the various articles usually displayed in front of groceries and a lady came by who was one of his old customers. She looked around a minute or so for what she wanted and found it. "Oh, Mr. Blank," she said, "what are the potatoes worth?" But he made no reply. Not he. "John," he called to a clerk inside; "John, come out here and tell the lady what potatoes are worth."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Gaits.

This is the way he speeded along,
At forty miles an hour—
This is the pace he walked back home,
When hustled was his power.
—Judge.

The Automania.

One lung used to do the work
When Pa broke into the game;
We could hear his chug-chug car
Half an hour before he came.
Then two cylinders he thought
Would provide him all the tricks;
After that he bought a four,
Now he's longing for a six.

Pa was always satisfied
With two cylinders before
He heheld his neighbors ride
Past him in a car with four.
Now his four he thinks he'll sell,
In his throat the dust still sticks
Some one made him take last week.
Pa is crazy for a six.

Ma's quit thinkin' that we might
Take an ocean trip this year;
Two weeks at some inland lake
Is the best we'll get, we fear.
Ma's quit thinkin' anything
That's expensive. Here's our fix:
There's no coin in sight for us
While Pa's thinkin' of a six.
—Detroit Free Press.

Warning.

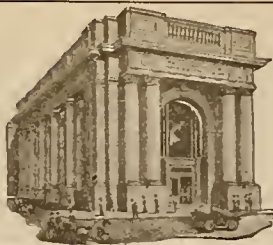
When she letteth thee recklessly spend,
And laugheth to see thee go broke,
Thou mayst jolly her on without end,
For she taketh thee hut as a joke.

But when she demureth at price,
And chideth for what thou hath spent,
Thou art treading on treacherous ice,
For the maiden hath solemn intent.
—Puck.

The Summer Echo.

Now what is this setting me worrying and
douting?
(Outing!)
Pshaw! what's the first requisite for taking
pleasure?
(Leisure!)
But what, alas! is my lovely wife's notion?
(Ocean!)
Myes! hut what's the second slave to matrimony?
(Money!)
And what do I feel when she hcgins to bluhher?
(Lubher!)
And what's the end of my halting and misgiving?
(Giving!)
And what's man's share in this annual yearning?
(Earning!)
And what's the final clause in this seashore going?
(Owing!)
—La Touche Hancock, in: New York Sun.

Mr. Fagharn—Take out your deht in sing-
ing lessons! You're crazy! What kind of a
voice do you think I have? Professor
Squeale—Like a steam whistle, only worse.
But when you've taken one lesson in your
home the neighbors will raise the money and
pay the debt.—Bastan Glabe.



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JUNE 30th, 1914:

Assets \$38,656,635.13
Capital actually paid up in Cash 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds 1,857,717.65
Employees' Pension Fund 177,808.71
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Onting and Argonaut 6.00
North American Review and Argonaut... 6.90
Overland Monthly and Argonaut 4.50
Political Science Quarterly and Argona-
nant 6.00
Pnck and Argonaut 7.85
Review of Reviews and Argonaut 5.15
Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut 6.15
Smart Set and Argonaut 5.60
St. Nicholas and Argonaut 6.10
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut 6.30
Thrice-a-Week New York World (Dem-
ocratic) and Argonaut 4.30
Weekly New York Tribune Farmer and
Argonaut 4.25
Woman's Home Companion and Argonaut 4.75
Yauth's Companion and Argonaut 5.50

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Leave UNION FERRY DEPOT, FOOT OF MARKET STREET Arrive
9:10 a.m. { Stockton, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, For-
tola, Doyle, Winnemucca, Elko, Salt Lake City,
Ogden, Provo, Grand Junction, Glenwood Springs,
7:30 p.m. { Pueblo, Colorado Springs, Denver, Kansas City,
St. Louis, Omaha, Chicago, and the East..... 6:30 p.m.
Pullman Observation Sleeping Car on 9:10 a. m. train eastbound
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DENVER & RIO GRANDE

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. J. R. Laine has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Otilla Laine, to Mr. Clinton La Montagne, the son of Mrs. Charles E. Maud. He is the grandson of Mrs. Clara L. Darling of this city and a cousin of Mr. Harry Hastings. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin H. Towle of Denver have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Helen Towle, to Mr. James Willard Sperry, son of Mrs. James W. Sperry of Sausalito. Mr. Sperry is a brother of Mrs. Clarence Carrigan, who is residing in Grenoble, France, where her husband is American consul.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Logan Stone of St. Louis have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Reha Athey Stone, to Mr. Bode K. Smith of this city. Mr. Smith is the son of Mrs. Carroll Cook.

Mrs. A. E. Taylor of Pacific Grove has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Dorothy Taylor, to Lieutenant Casey Hewitt Hayes, U. S. A., who is stationed at the Presidio, Monterey.

Mrs. George M. Connick of Eureka has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Alice Henrietta Connick, to Mr. Hugh King McKinnin. Miss Connick is a sister of Mr. Harry Connick of this city.

The wedding of Miss Henriette Blanding and Mr. Chauncey Goodrich took place at high noon Thursday at the Fairmont Hotel. It was a quiet affair, only relatives and a few intimate friends having been present. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding of Belvedere and a niece of Mrs. Frederick Sharon. Dr. Harry Tevis, and Mr. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Edith Coleman, and Miss Lena Blanding. Mr. Goodrich is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Goodrich. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Goodrich will reside in this city.

The wedding of Miss Winifred Bridge and Mr. Harry Beckwith Allen will take place Saturday, September 5, at the family residence in Belvedere.

The wedding of Miss Doris Wilshire and Mr. Harold Plummer will take place Monday, September 7, at the home on Vallejo Street of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire. Miss Wilshire's sister, Mrs. John Polhemus, and Mr. Otis Johnson will be the only attendants.

The wedding of Miss Dora Winn and Dr. Lovell Langstroth will take place October 24 at St. Luke's Episcopal Church.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Raas have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Miss Joelle Raas, and Mr. Howard Allen, Tuesday afternoon, September 1, at their home at San Anselmo.

The wedding of Miss Marian Long and Lieutenant Charles K. Nulsen, U. S. A., will take place Tuesday, September 15, at the home on Washington Street of Miss Long's cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Spencer Palmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin gave a dinner-dance Saturday evening at the Lagunitas Club in Ross complimentary to Miss Genevieve Bothin.

Mrs. Frank S. Johnson entertained twenty young friends of her son, Mr. Gordon Johnson, at a dinner Friday evening at the Marin County Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee will give a "calico dance" this evening at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson and Mrs. George L. Cadwallader were the complimented guests at a luncheon given last week by Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith at the Potter Hotel in Santa Barbara.

Miss Helen Johnson was hostess at a dance Thursday evening at the home on California Street of her parents, Dr. James H. Ward and Mrs. Ward.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott were the complimented guests at a dinner Saturday evening given by Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown at their home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Boyd entertained a number of friends at dinner Saturday evening at Pastor's. The affair was in honor of their house guests, Mr. and Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin.

Mrs. John Spreckels, Jr., was hostess at a dinner Thursday evening at her home on Washington Street in honor of Miss Loie Fuller.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon gave a box party Friday afternoon at the Bohemian Club concert.

Miss Mary Armsby entertained a number of friends at a spoon shower Monday afternoon at the home in Ross of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Armsby. The affair was in honor of Miss Joelle Raas.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stringham, who are spending a few weeks at Castle Craig, gave a picnic Monday at the McCloud River.

The Misses Harriet and Marian Stone entertained a number of friends over the week-end at their home on the Russian River.

Miss Serena Bland was the complimented guest at a luncheon Thursday given by Mrs. James Edwards at her home in Belvedere.

Mrs. Alexander Keyes was hostess at a luncheon Monday in honor of Mrs. Robert McMillan, who is spending the summer with her parents, Judge T. Z. Blakeman and Mrs. Blakeman.

Miss Alberta Higgins gave a tea Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Carmen Ghirardelli.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo Potter entertained a number of friends at a dinner Monday evening at the Hotel Potter in Santa Barbara. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Redington of San Mateo.

Mrs. William E. Dargie entertained a number of friends at dinner Saturday evening at her home in Oakland. The affair was in honor of Señor Horacio Anasagasti, the commissioner-general of Argentina to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

Mrs. Arthur Alexander was hostess at a luncheon Thursday at her home at Santa Barbara in

honor of Mrs. James A. Robinson and her daughter, Mrs. James Goodwin.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hall Bishop entertained a number of friends recently at a house party at their ranch, Corona del Mar, near San Luis Obispo.

Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl entertained a number of friends at dinner Monday evening preceding the masquerade ball at Tallac. Among others who gave dinners were Miss Jessaline Horton, Mr. Gordon Tevis, Mr. William S. Tevis, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Boardman.

Miss Helen Keeney was the complimented guest at a dinner Saturday evening given by her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker, at the Hotel Potter in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Ferdinand Bane was hostess at a luncheon Monday at her home at Santa Barbara in honor of her house guests, Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson.

The members of the Pacific Motor Boat Club entertained their friends at a dance Saturday evening at the club house in Belvedere.

Miss Beatrice Nickel entertained a number of friends over the week-end at the ranch near Gilroy of her grandfather, Mr. Miller. The affair was in honor of Miss Ernestine McNear.

Miss Cornelia De Pue was hostess at an informal luncheon Thursday at her home on Sacramento Street.

Mrs. James K. Moffitt gave a tea Thursday at her home in Piedmont. The affair was in honor of Mrs. John Lynch, who has recently returned from Lake Tahoe.

M. and Mme. Jules Guerin were the complimented guests at a house party given by Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hobart over the week-end at their home in San Mateo.

Mrs. George C. Boardman was hostess at a bridge party Friday afternoon at Pebble Beach Lodge. Sixteen friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mrs. Alexander S. Lilley and Mrs. William Horn entertained a number of young people at a dance Saturday evening at the Marin County Golf and Country Club.

Mrs. Arthur Hooper entertained a number of friends at a tea at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mrs. Henry Kent Hewitt, who was formerly Miss Florida Hunt.

Mrs. William Miller Graham was hostess at a luncheon at her home in Santa Barbara complimentary to Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith, who was the guest of honor at luncheons given by Mrs. Frank West, Mrs. William G. Henshaw, and Miss Marguerite Doe.

Lieutenant Halsey Dunwoodie, U. S. A., and Mrs. Dunwoodie entertained the members of the Fort Scott Bridge Club Tuesday evening at their home at Fort Scott.

Captain William Peck, U. S. A., and Mrs. Peck gave a dance Wednesday evening at their home at Fort McDowell in honor of Colonel C. M. Truitt, U. S. A., and Mrs. Truitt, who have been ordered from Alcatraz to an Eastern post.

Lieutenant Frank Wolven, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wolven entertained a number of friends at a the d'ansant Thursday afternoon at Angel Island. The affair was in honor of Miss Anne Browne, who is visiting her cousins, Major William H. Wilson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wilson at Fort McDowell.

The officers of the army aviation squad at San Diego gave an informal dance and supper party Saturday evening at Hotel del Coronado.

Lieutenant F. Cook, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., who has recently returned from Honolulu, was the complimented guest at a dinner Wednesday evening given by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Spencer Palmer at their home on Washington Street.

The officers of the Thirtieth Infantry and their wives will give several the d'ansants at the Presidio. The first of the series took place Friday afternoon.

Major Peter E. Marquart, U. S. A., and Mrs. Marquart were the guests of honor at a dinner given recently by Mrs. Edward L. Hooper at her home at the Presidio.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Marian Zeile is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin at their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. James K. Armsby, Miss Mary Armsby, and their guests, Miss Mary Chase of Pittsburgh and Mr. F. E. Miller of Chicago, returned Monday from a trip to Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. William Reding are home again after a few weeks' visit in Monterey.

Miss Frances Jolliffe has returned from Europe, where she has been since December.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip E. Bowles, Mrs. George W. McNear, Sr., and Mrs. John McNear arrived Saturday from Europe, having started immediately for home at the beginning of the hostilities in Europe.

Dr. James Eaves, Mrs. Eaves, and Mrs. Bradford Leavitt have returned from Woodside, where they have been spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Keyes spent the week-end with friends in Sonoma County.

Miss Virginia Jolliffe, who has recently undergone an operation for appendicitis, has returned to her home on Broadway, where she is rapidly recovering.

Miss Florence Bandmann spent the week-end in San Rafael as the guest of Miss Enid Foster.

Mrs. M. M. Estee is visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Deering, at their country home, Hidden Villa, near Los Altos.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pixley spent a few days in town en route from Monterey to Shasta.

Miss Margaret Nichols has returned from Belvedere, where she has been visiting the Misses Cora and Fredericka Otis.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. McIntosh and their children have returned to their home in Woodside after an outing at Castle Crags.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels spent the early part of the week in town and have returned to Sobra Vista, where they will remain until the second week in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Dearborn Clark have

opened their town house on Clay Street after having spent several months in San Rafael. Mrs. Clark will leave shortly for the East to place her daughter and son, Miss Gertrude Clark and Master Dearborn Clark, in schools.

Dr. Benjamin P. Brodie departed last week for the East. Mrs. Brodie and her son, Master Talant Tuhls, accompanied Dr. Brodie from Santa Barbara and remained at the Fairmont Hotel several days.

Mrs. Charles McIntosh Keeney and her son-in-law, Mr. Willard Chamberlin, have been spending the past ten days at the Fairmont Hotel so as to be near Mrs. Chamberlin and little Willard Chamberlin, Jr., who are at the Adler Sana torium.

Mr. and Mrs. Egbert B. Stone and their daughters, the Misses Harriet, Marian, and Dorothy Stone, are again occupying their home on Broadway after having spent the summer at their camp on the Russian River.

Miss Louise Whitelaw has returned to her home in San Rafael after a visit in Piedmont, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edson Adams.

Dr. Florence Ward and her daughters, the Misses Dorothy and Jean Ward, are at present in London, from where they will sail September 16 for home.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar J. De Pue and their daughters, the Misses Elva and Corenna De Pue, have returned from Lake Tahoe and are settled in their residence on Sacramento Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Jules Guerin spent the week-end in San Mateo as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hobart.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wolff have returned from a month's outing in Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lansdale and their children, who reside on their ranch in Merced, are spending the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett and their children have returned to their home in San Mateo after an outing in Lake County.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Horsley Scott have returned from their wedding trip to Medford, Oregon, and are establishing themselves in their new home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. A. P. Hotaling and her daughter, Miss Jane Hotaling, have arrived from Europe, having sailed from London August 14.

Mrs. C. O. Alexander has returned from Sobra Vista, where she has been spending the past week with Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels.

At last accounts Mrs. William S. Tevis and her son, Mr. Lansing Tevis, were in Paris making arrangements to sail for home at the earliest possible date.

Colonel and Mrs. Stephen Foote and the Misses Foote arrived last week from Washington, D. C. Colonel Foote has taken command at Fort Scott.

Major and Mrs. Sydney Cloman will not depart on September 1, as originally planned, on account of Mrs. Cloman's recent illness. Major Cloman will rejoin his regiment, now in Manila.

Mrs. Nielson, wife of Ensign Joseph Leroy Nielson, U. S. N., will leave for Honolulu the first of September, where she will join Ensign Nielson, who is on duty aboard the *South Dakota*.

Mrs. Albert Rees, wife of Lieutenant Albert Rees, U. S. N., left last week for Boston, where she will join Lieutenant Rees, who has recently been ordered to the Atlantic coast.

Major-General Arthur Murray and his aide, Captain Brees, left Monday to visit Fort William Henry Harrison, Montana, and Fort Douglas, Utah, for an inspection of these posts, returning here immediately upon the completion of such inspections.

Captain Frank A. Barton, U. S. A., will take command of the military prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Captain Charles R. Howland, U. S. A., has taken command of the military prison at Alcatraz.

Colonel John L. Chamberlain will leave September 1 for Governor's Island to assume the duties of inspector-general of the Eastern Department.

Lieutenant-Commander Wallace Bertholf, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bertholf are at Yerba Buena, where they will be stationed for two years.

During the absence of Lieutenant Conger Pratt, who is at the Mexican border, Mrs. Pratt is with her parents, General and Mrs. Arthur Murray, at Fort Mason.

The home in Berlin of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hurlten has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Hurlten, who was formerly Miss Mattie Livermore, is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore of this city.

"The Evolution of Sex in Plants" is the title of a new volume now being published by the University of Chicago Press, and to be ready shortly. The author is John Merle Coulter, head of the department of botany in the University of Chicago, and the volume is the first that will be issued in the important University of Chicago Science Series, which makes it possible for investigators to present the results of their special researches both to their scientific colleagues and to a wider public in an attractive and accessible form. Professor Coulter is also one of the authors of another important work issued by the University Press under the title of "Heredity and Eugenics."

John Philip Sousa has been unusually busy this summer at his new home on Manhasset Bay. He has nearly completed, in conjunction with Joseph Herbert, a new opera, the title of which is "The Irish Dragoon." He has written a new march, "The Lambs," which is dedicated to his fellow-members of the Lambs' Club, and has also arranged a number of pieces for his band.

Relics of Abraham Lincoln.

What is regarded as one of the most important collections of relics associated with Abraham Lincoln has just been presented to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania by its owners, the residuary legatees of the estate of the late Louis Clark Vanuxem, and William Potter, ex-ambassador to Italy. There are twenty-two autograph letters and documents of Lincoln. These mainly are legal papers or notes, referring to legal matters that came in the way of business to the firm of Lincoln & Herndon, when they had their law office in Springfield, Illinois. One of the notes in the handwriting of Lincoln, which is now framed, is supposed to have been originally placed on a bundle of miscellaneous office papers in Lincoln's office. It does not give a very good idea of modern office management, but is characteristic of the great emancipator. The paper is indorsed: "If you can't find it anywhere else look into this." Rather more interesting than any of these, however, is the wicker chair, which shows evidence of having been heroically saved by the not too timely use of copper wire, upon which Lincoln was sitting when a telegram brought to him the announcement that he had received the Republican nomination for the presidency. The chair is in fairly good condition and is of great historic interest. From his law office there is a bookcase and a double-door cupboard, evidently used for books and papers. But of even greater interest are the twenty-one volumes of law books that were in use by Lincoln and his partner Herndon in their office. These all bear the names of the firm, one of the inscriptions in Lincoln's hand consisting of Chitty on Pleading, Stephen's Commentaries, Greenleaf on Evidence, Revised Statutes of Illinois (1844), Kent's Commentaries, Smith on Landlord and Tenant, Story's Commentaries, Parsons on Contracts, Wharton's Criminal Law, Redfield's Law of Railways, and Stephen's Principles of Pleading. There are eleven works in all, but some of them are in two or more volumes. In addition to these, relics there is a large life-sized portrait of Lincoln painted in Springfield by A. E. Darling just after Lincoln's election in 1860. This painting formerly was the property of Mason Brayman, one of Lincoln's Springfield neighbors.

Forum Club Lectures.

Mrs. Morris C. James announces her autumn course of lectures on "The History and the Art of Rome." The first lecture will be given Thursday, September 3, at 9:45 a. m. at the Forum Club Hall, 325 Sutter Street. The lectures on Florence will start September 8 at the same hour and place. The course this autumn is on "The Kingdom of Rome," and will be illustrated by the stereopticon.

The portrait of Edward VII, by Bastien Lepage, which has just been presented to the Louvre, has a rather curious story surrounding it, which explains why the portrait is not in Windsor instead of the Louvre. When it was already in the possession of the prince the artist demanded a price so high that his royal sitter demurred. Thereupon the artist, pretending that the portrait needed some final touches, got it back from the prince and never would let it leave France again.

Mme. Giacomina Minkowski of the Von Schuch Minkowski School of Opera, Dresden, will take a limited number of pupils during her stay. Studio, room 1004, Kohler & Chase Bldg. Tuesday and Friday, 9 to 12.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

On Monday the board of supervisors ordered the preparation of plans and specifications for aqueduct borings in connection with the Hetch Hetchy water system, authorizing the board of public works to enter into contract for the borings and permitting progressive payment to be made during the progress of said work. In addition the board finally voted to expend, out of the water construction fund authorized by the bond issue of 1910, nearly \$95,000 for various purposes in connection with the Hetch Hetchy system, including hydrography, inspection and engineering, telephone lines, camps and sundry expenditures previously authorized.

The will of George R. Shreve, who died recently at Burlingame, has been filed for probate. Personal property, the most of which is stocks and bonds, in excess of \$10,000, is named. His widow is the beneficiary.

The finance committee of the supervisors has concluded to allow the Pacific Gas and Electric Company \$1000 as a compromise on its claim for lighting last year during the period when it was involved in labor troubles and its lights frequently went out in some districts of the city. The supervisors at that time deducted from the company's bills more than \$5000.

One of the most valuable donations yet given the Golden Gate Park Memorial Museum has been received from the heirs of General John A. Sutter, one of the most famous of California's early pioneers. The collection includes, besides oil paintings of the Sutter family, a valuable silver service of more than three hundred pieces, albums of noted Californians of the early 'fifties, and important manuscript documents relating to the discovery of gold in California and subsequent events of much historical importance.

The board of works on Monday granted C. E. Bade, the Stockton Street tunnel contractor, on his request, an extension of sixty days after September 23, when the first extension of 150 days will expire, which advances the date for the completion of the tunnel into November. The contract was awarded in April, 1913, at which time it was estimated that the work would be finished in one year. The contractor promises that all work on the tunnel proper will be completed in two months, but declares himself unable to set a definite date for the completion of the surface work and pavement of Stockton Street above the tunnel.

The censorship of wireless messages in this port was taken over Monday by the United States Navy, when Boarding Officer William

McBride, representing the collector of customs, removed the seals of the customs division which had been placed on wireless apparatus of vessels of belligerent nations. As soon as these were removed the navy seals took their place and the navy assumed censorship of the wireless.

French reservists numbering about 200 will leave this city today for New York, where they will embark for France. The French consul-general, Raphael Monnet; the consul, Charles de Cazotte, and their entire office force are busy this week arranging for the passage of the 2000 or more reservists who will leave here within the next few weeks for France.

At the meeting of the police commission Monday night negative action was taken in the matter of raising the bar against dancing in the cafés, when the proprietor of a Market Street café and several others from North Beach asked permission to have dancing in their places two nights during the week. The commission did not discuss its refusal.

The San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange resumed operations on a limited scale on Thursday of last week, having been closed since July 30. The Mining Exchange opened again the day before.

The "war price" investigation by the government was resumed Thursday. United States District Attorney Preston said that his special agents, who are making investigations, are reporting their labors, which show that unlawful combinations were formed in this city.

With his life hanging in the balance pending the crisis in his illness, Nicholas Covarrubias, known by sight to thousands as San Francisco's impersonator of Don Gaspar de Portola, is making a brave fight against double pneumonia at the French Hospital. He has taken a leading part in both Portola festivals.

Headed by a band and bearing banners setting forth their opposition to the proposed universal eight-hour law, a delegation of 175 representative farmers of the Sacramento Valley, members of the Farmers' Protective League, paraded the principal streets here Tuesday afternoon and distributed literature. They will continue the crusade until the November election.

Walter G. Smith, well-known newspaper man of San Francisco and Honolulu, died at the Red Cross Hospital at San Mateo of apoplexy on Wednesday of last week, after an illness of several days. The body was taken to Smith's old home at Sherburne, New York, by his son, Ernest H. Smith. For many years Smith was editor of the *Hawaiian Star*

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The condition of Achille Roos, one of the founders of the firm of Roos Brothers, who was stricken with a hemorrhage Monday, was reported last night as much improved. He became ill while at Del Monte and was brought on a special train to a sanatorium here.

Since last week the local hanks have been passing out greenbacks in preference to gold. The European war has caused this unfamiliar —to California—state of affairs.

A Progressive Indian Ruler.

Since the age of eighteen the Gaekwar of Baroda, India, has administered the affairs of his territory, almost as though he were an independent monarch, and his rule has been wise and progressive. He has organized a government along modern lines, in which the executive, judicial, and legislative functions are separated one from the other, and in which university graduates, properly trained for their work, hold the higher appointments, while men of education and character man the lowest grades. Liberal salary, permanent tenure, promotion, and pension are guaranteed to all employees who work zealously and honestly. Practically all the land has been scientifically surveyed, the rich have been taxed, the poor relieved of their burdens, trade is unhampered, and all petty imposts but one have been wiped out. Civil and criminal codes have been prepared in conformity with established custom, including Hindu and Mohammedan law, and legislation based on the legal principles of the West. Now well-built offices, many of them costly in design, are dotted all over Baroda state. Large irrigation tanks and hundreds of wells have been constructed by the state to protect the agriculturists against the moods of the monsoon. Great waterworks have been built, more than 250 miles of railway, thousands of miles of roads, hundreds of bridges and telephone lines make communication easy. The Maharaja has organized departments, manned by experts obtained abroad, to foster agriculture, forestry, cottage industries, hand and power manufactures, trade and commerce, and has done much to revive art industries and traditional arts.

In Japan the god of thunder is fond of music, for instead of a hammer, he is said to have a drum, which he beats, running about the heavens.

Eastern Sicily is one of the world's most distinctly agricultural regions. The population is chiefly engaged in tilling the soil.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Pa, what do they put water in stocks for?"
"To soak the investors with, my son."—*Boston Transcript*.
"Are the running expenses of an automobile very high?" "Not if the motorcycle cop fails to get your number."—*Baltimore American*.

Madge—Would you marry a spendthrift, my dear? Marjorie—It wouldn't be so bad if he were just starting out on his career.—*Stray Stories*.

Mrs. Crawford—Do you tell your neighbor all your family affairs? Mrs. Crabshaw—It isn't necessary. She's on the same party line.—*Dallas News*.

Motorist (held up by load of hay)—I say, there, pull out and let me pass. Farmer—Oh, I dunno ez I'm in any hurry. Motorist (angrily)—You seemed in a hurry to let that other fellow's carriage get past. Farmer—

That's 'cause his horse wuz eatin' my hay. There aint no danger o' yew eatin' it, I reckon.—*Tapeka Journal*.

"I wonder if the Babbleys run any risk of ostracism if they go to that fashionable resort?" "Oh, no; they've all been vaccinated."—*Baltimore American*.

Mrs. Grammercy—I suppose you feel the business depression. Mrs. Park—It's just terrible, my dear! We're still using our last year's car.—*Judge*.

"Your former husband must still love you." "Why so?" "He tells me that he owes a great deal to you?" "He's referring to the back alimony."—*Pittsburgh Post*.

Bellboy—Did you ring for water, sir? Kentucky Colonel—Ring for water, sah! No, sah! Why should I ring for water? This room isn't on fire, is it?—*Dallas News*.

Teacher (to new pupil)—Why did Hannibal cross the Alps, my little man? Little Man—For the same reason as the hen crossed the road. Yer don't catch me with no puzzles.—*Suburban Life*.

"I wonder why some people don't mind their own business?" "There are two reasons why. One is that they haven't any mind, the other that they haven't any business."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Dabbs—No, sir, I never yet felt the craving for liquor. Nabbs—You're a mighty lucky man. How do you account for it? Dabbs—Why, I always take a drink when I want one.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

"De man dat thinks he knows more dan anybody else," said Uncle Eben, "seems so happy dat he gits by wif a lot o' nonsense 'cause people ain' got de heart to spoil his pleasure."—*Washington Star*.

"Feyther," said little Mickey, "wasn't it Patrick Hinky that said, 'Let us have peace?'" "Niver!" said old Mickey. "Nobody be th' name of Patrick iver said annything loike thot."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

"Shure 'tis a great joke we have on Casey." "Phat is ut?" "He decided t' c'mmit suicide be goin' over th' falls in a small boat. Jist as th' boat was about to go over, Casey sez, 'Hould on! Oi've changed me moind.'"—*Life*.

"There is a machine that can be graduated to measure the millionth part of an inch." "I know," said the railway passenger. "They use 'em in the refreshment rooms on this line when making ham sandwiches."—*New York Globe*.

Dolly—At last I have met my ideal! Kind-hearted, modest, patient, self-denying! But, alas, married! Daisy—Don't worry! No woman will live long with such a freak! You'll get a chance at him.—*New York Globe*.

"Do you think you will be able to keep me out of jail?" he asked after he had made a full confession to his lawyer. "I may not be able to do that, but I can make the state spend a lot of money in putting you there."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Put on your helmet an' your red shirt, Silas. There's a big fire down the road a piece." "Shucks! I can't go. My shirt's in the washtub an' the old woman's out in the garden fillin' my helmet with a mess of beans."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Brudder Perkins, yo' been fightin', I heah," said the colored minister. "Yaas, Ah wuz." "Doan' yo' 'membah whut de good book sez 'bout turnin' de odder cheek?" "Yaas, pahson, but he hit me on mah nose, an' I'se only got one."—*Livingston Lance*.

No Need to Go to the Philippines.

Louis Francis Brown, manager of the Burton Holmes travelogues, tells this one on himself:

"Mr. Holmes, upon his return from the Philippines, brought a few samples of Filipino money with him, and thinking I might make some use of it in advertising, I had a card lettered, 'You can make money in the Philippines.' Under this line I pasted several Philippine greenbacks, a \$20 bill, a \$10, a \$5, and a \$2, with sundry silver and copper coins of various denominations, bringing the amount up to about \$38 Mexican or \$19 in United States money. Under the money the sign further read: 'For further information attend the Burton Holmes travelogues,' and so on, giving dates, etc.

"This sign, displayed in front of the hall where our season opened in Chicago, proved attractive. There was always a crowd and I was congratulating myself that it was a fine ad when one morning my 'phone bell rang wildly and a voice from the box-office of the hall said: 'Say, you'd better come down here; your money's gone.'

"Needless to say, I went; it was gone, but the polite person who took it had left this note just where the \$20 bill had been, which read: 'Why go to the Philippines? What's the matter with Chicago?'"



When our ancestors went to war they placed their valuable papers, etc., in old chests and trunks, and some even buried them in tin boxes. There was no safety in such methods.

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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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A Prophecy.

A commission appointed by the President and charged with the business of investigating labor conditions everywhere or anywhere is holding sessions this week in San Francisco—in a parlor of the Palace Hotel, to be precise. The method of its activities is to summon persons presumed to have knowledge of matters affecting labor and to subject them to a quizzing process. The contest between the champions of the open and the closed shop now on at Stockton is a special subject of inquiry. After filling itself up with testimony from various sources, the commission will make a report to the government.

We suspect that the purpose under which this commission has been sent forth is not fully understood by all of its members, perhaps by none of them. Nevertheless it is entirely plain to those who sit apart and view the inter-relations of labor and politics, in all their bearings. This national administration obviously lies under a more or less definite obligation to organized labor. Evidences of it are many and significant. First

there was acceptance by the President a year ago of a Sundry Civil Service Appropriation bill carrying a rider to the effect that organized labor (with "agriculturists" thrown in to give the provision a fairer look) should be exempt from certain provisions of the bill. The President signed the bill with apparent reluctance, accompanying the act with a statement intended to soften the political effect of his act. But—he signed it, and thus made a precedent of large effectiveness. Now in line with this act, though out of line with the apology accompanying it, the President is promoting a measure before Congress which practically exempts organized labor from penalties for acts penal when done by other groups or bodies of men. These things taken together signify just one thing, namely, that the administration—possibly under a preëlection arrangement—is committed to a course harmonious with the wishes of organized labor as illustrated in the demands upon the President and Congress by its generalissimo, Mr. Samuel Gompers.

The commission now operating in San Francisco no doubt regards itself as an independent and judicial body. But its true character, under motives developed before its organization, is that of a support to executive policy. Its membership is made up with a definite object in view—none other than the getting of an official report that will lend the color of justification to courses favorable to organized labor and in conformity with a probable political bargain. Its make-up assumes to be representative of all shades of industrial sentiment, but it is in fact made up of persons for the most part pledged by their affiliations, their prejudices, or their sympathies to what Mr. Gompers would style "the cause." The only representative of the employing class in the group of commissioners conducting the immediate inquiry is a citizen of California well known for the generosity of his views as they relate to the interests of organized labor.

The report to be made by this commission is of course a matter of the future. But the *Argonaut*, indulging the spirit of prophecy, dares venture a guess as to what it will be. It will be entirely satisfactory to Mr. Gompers, and it will give the administration a basis for doing what it obviously wishes to do in line with its sympathies—and its quite possible engagements—with Mr. Gompers. This is assured first of all by the make-up of the commission. It is further suggested by the men summoned to give testimony and by the methods under which the inquiry is pursued.

We have spoken in prophecy of the outcome, but it is a prophecy which rests upon conditions implying nothing short of assurance. Given a packed commission, and you have inevitably a foreordained result.

The Cost of War.

In a discussion closely precedent to the outbreak in Europe Professor Richet of Paris figured out that a general European war would drag in no fewer than 21,400,000 men. He divided the principal contributions probable to be made by the different nations as follows: Austria, 2,600,000; England, 1,500,000; France, 3,400,000; Germany, 3,600,000; Italy, 2,800,000, and Russia, 7,500,000. If we may believe current reports these figures are likely to be exceeded. Italy, due under Professor Richet's estimate to contribute 2,800,000 men, is not yet in the ring, but there is every indication that she will be. And if Italy takes a hand then Turkey is bound to come in with a quarter-million or more men. Professor Richet's estimate takes no account of Serbia, which is doing a brilliant part in a hand-to-hand contest with Austria, nor of Belgium, which is already in the fight, nor of Sweden, which is likely to be drawn into it. On the whole the estimate of 21,400,000 men is likely to fall below the actual total of combatant forces.

Various estimates from more or less authoritative

sources have been made as to the cost of maintaining these prodigious levies in the field. Dr. Jordan in his book on "War and Waste" recently estimated that a general European war could not cost in the aggregate less than \$50,000,000 a day. This estimate is low, especially when we consider the enormous cost of modern engines of war and the prodigious destruction involved in their operation. But accepting Dr. Jordan's figures, the cost of a prolonged war staggers human powers of conception. At \$50,000,000 per day the cost for one month is \$1,500,000,000; for ninety days, \$4,500,000,000; for a year, \$18,000,000,000. The magnitude of these sums is impossible to grasp. The financial problem involved in the war becomes one of colossal proportions when we reflect that all the money in the banks and vaults in Europe aggregates only between \$7,000,000,000 and \$8,000,000,000.

There are three ways of financing a national war. The first looks wholly to new taxes. The second looks to borrowing through issues of bonds, calling for new taxes equal at least to the interest to be paid for the sums borrowed. The third—and this is the ordinary way—looks to a combination of taxes and borrowing. But it is not easy to see where any of the countries in conflict may in the present status of affairs borrow money. All the countries of the world having large financial resources, save only the United States, are involved in the war and have need for every dollar of public or private capital. President Wilson stands opposed to loans by Americans to the warring nations and probably will be able to prevent any very considerable contributions to the struggle from this country.

The history of wars in other times affords little aid in studying the economic side of the present war, due to the vastly increased expense of modern means and methods of providing, transporting, feeding, and fighting armies. It is roughly calculated that the wars of the century between 1790 and 1860 cost the countries which participated in them \$9,243,000,000, and those from 1860 to 1910 \$14,080,000,000, a total cost of \$23,323,000,000 for a century of warfare. A financial authority tabulates the approximate cost of the principal conflicts between nations during the century in question as follows:

1793-1815—England and France.....	\$6,250,000,000
1812-1815—France and Russia.....	450,000,000
1828—Russia and Turkey.....	100,000,000
1830-1840—Spain and Portugal, civil..	250,000,000
1830-1847—France and Algeria.....	190,000,000
1854-1856—England.....	371,000,000
France.....	332,000,000
Sardinia.....	128,000,000
Austria.....	68,000,000
Russia.....	800,000,000
1859—France.....	75,000,000
Austria.....	127,000,000
Italy.....	51,000,000
1861—United States, civil war....	5,000,000,000
1864—Denmark, Prussia, Austria..	36,000,000
1866—Prussia and Austria.....	333,000,000
1870-1871—France and Germany.....	1,580,000,000
1876-1877—Russia and Turkey.....	1,209,000,000
1898—Spain and United States....	1,165,000,000
1900-1901—Boer-Great Britain.....	1,100,000,000
1904-1905—Russia and Japan.....	2,500,000,000

Only one war of magnitude in recent times—that of Germany against France in 1870—was brought to its conclusion with a profit to anybody and this profit is only a constructive one, since the larger element in it must be accredited to the account of captured provinces. That war cost France directly \$2,750,000,000, including the indemnity of \$1,000,000,000 wrung by the victors from the vanquished. Adding the estimated value of Alsace and Lorraine, the war cost France \$3,600,000,000. At the conclusion of the struggle Germany was able to pay every bill contracted on the war account and still show a cash profit. Germany's own cost account in the Franco-Prussian War was the comparatively modest figure of \$387,750,000, not reckoning a

very considerable provision for widows' pensions and other incidental and resultant expenses.

The war between Russia and Japan of 1904-5 cost in the aggregate about \$2,500,000,000, Japan's share being directly \$1,000,000,000 and indirectly about \$175,000,000. Japan financed this war largely through loans drawn from the United States, England, and elsewhere. Only twenty-one per cent of the cost of the war was paid out of current revenues, leaving seventy-nine per cent as an addition to the national debt. Russia's financing was practically done at home, although she floated several loans immediately thereafter on national account in France.

Of all modern wars the conflict between the American states was the most costly, the total running in excess of \$5,000,000,000. The credit of the government at the beginning was high, but it rapidly declined as the struggle wore on until government paper practically went at three dollars paper for one dollar in specie. The source of revenue during the six years included in the war period are shown in the following table:

	From Customs and Taxes.	From Loans.
1861.....	\$ 41,500,000	\$ 23,700,000
1862.....	51,900,000	433,600,000
1863.....	112,600,000	595,600,000
1864.....	264,600,000	696,000,000
1865.....	333,700,000	864,800,000
1866.....	558,000,000	92,600,000

These several citations have little more than an academic interest, since they afford no basis for estimating the costs of the fearful war now just begun. Germany has already appropriated \$1,250,000,000. Great Britain has made a series of appropriations on war account in excess of \$1,000,000,000. The French government is meeting the charges of war through sale of government notes to the bank of France, which distributes them among French bankers, who in turn sell them to the people. Just before the war a German economist in the service of the government estimates that the cost of mobilization alone would be \$300,000,000, with \$250,000,000 in addition for supplies. England's peace establishment in 1912 called for \$140,000,000 on army account and \$220,000,000 for the navy—\$360,000,000 per year in time of peace. Doubts which have been declared in relation to Dr. Jordan's estimate of \$50,000,000 per day as the probable cost of a general European war seem not unreasonable. We question if \$50,000,000 will pay the daily bill.

This raises a significant question: How long can the war be maintained? Not very long, we think, at the present rates of cost in men and money. The very desperation with which the movement on Paris is being forced is Germany's confession that she must succeed quickly or not at all. With both sea and land routes closed against her, and with no means of borrowing, there is an obvious limit to her resources. France has open routes for importing food and her people can supply vast sums of money; but her industries have practically stopped, and the drain upon her is severe. England has money in plenty, but she is shy of trained soldiers; and money can not improvise military forces. Russia has vast resources of men, money, and food, but she is short of military supplies and can not import them. All this illustrates a situation bristling with uncertainties. It may signify anything; but our guess is that the war will not be a long one.

Congress at Play.

In these days of watchful waiting—days when Congress is wearily marking time—we know of no more interesting reading than that to be found in that light and airy journal published by the government, the *Congressional Record*. The special interest of the week, as duly reported in the *Record*, relates to a proposal by Senator Hoke Smith of Georgia to make warehouse cotton receipts a basis for currency to be issued by the Federal Reserve Banks. Besides the sanction given to it by its distinguished author, this bill had the approval of Secretaries McAdoo and Houston, with, inferentially, the consent and good-will of the President himself. The bill had no sooner gotten fairly before the Senate than there was drawn to it the attention of senators representing regions which produce other staples than cotton. The argument was to the effect that if cotton is entitled to the friendly aid of the government, why not other staple products? By way of emphasizing this logic Senator Fletcher of Florida moved to have tobacco and naval stores (tar, pitch, and turpentine) added. By

general consent they were put on the list. Then Senator McCumber of North Dakota wanted wheat and flax seed placed under the government's protecting wing. They, too, were added.

At this stage of the procedure, when full half the senators were preparing to get the productive specialties of their several states into the favored list, Mr. Lane of Oregon got the floor and made a strong plea for canned salmon. "Inasmuch," he said, "as we are going into the business of paternalism and extending the wing of the government over all this land, I see no reason why a leading product of my state should be left out." Then gravely he suggested canned salmon as a proper basis for circulation and insisted that it should have the benefit of the Federal warehouse system. Mr. Martine of New Jersey, who for the moment stood for conservatism, rose and lent the aid of his eloquence to the appeal for canned salmon. Among other things he said:

Fish are rich in phosphorus and supply the brain. If I believed one-tenth part or one-hundredth part of what our Republicans have been telling me for the last twenty-five or thirty years, God knows we need brains, for the Republican party arrogates to itself all the brains. They said they had all the brains and hence we are in a miserable dilemma just now with a great demand for brains and all the problems arising from the war on our hands and all the questions confronting our administration. I know they never would say anything they did not believe, for they are not that kind.

I feel that salmon is all right. I would like to add some things: Speer's Grape Juice, Hinchcliffe's Beer, and Apple-Jack. These are all products of the little State of New Jersey, and it does seem to me utterly cruel to leave them out.

Just now the question of salmon brings to my mind the question that was asked by the distinguished senator from Iowa. He asked the senator from Oregon how he would know the grade of salmon in order to properly classify it. If the senator had thought for a moment, with just one of the five senses that God has given us you can easily detect whether salmon is first class or last class, or no class at all.

With this as a beginning the discussion over canned salmon ran through the better part of two days, filling many pages of the *Record* with a grandiloquent discussion, more or less humorous, more or less refined. We shall not summarize this protracted burlesque further than to report the fact that canned salmon was finally included in the bill, after its fate, under this seriocomic fanfare, had been sealed.

Senator Smith's bill, which was designed in the interest of the cotton-growers, has practically been withdrawn. But the motive which led to its introduction survives. The cotton-growers of the South are demanding special attention at the hands of the government, very much after the pattern of organized labor at the North. They have an effective support in Congress and the good-will of the administration, and in one way or another the cotton interest will be taken care of. The probable plan is for such re-writing of Senator Smith's original bill as will make it practically a new measure, leaving it to the Federal Reserve Board to determine what products shall form the basis of "approved warehouse receipts," such receipts in turn to be the basis of new currency. In one way or another the trick will be turned—cotton will get what it wants.

Long memories will easily recall the shock given to the country in 1896 by the proposal of the Populist party to make warehouse receipts a basis for the issues of currency. Conservatism in all forms and of all parties held up its hands in holy horror at a proposal so reckless from the standpoint of economic principle and approved practice. But times are altered. Here we have the same idea without even the grace of a fig leaf, backed by a Democratic administration and supported by every representative of the South and by a respectable contingent from the North. The incident marks a tremendous progressive movement, and time will tell whether it he progress to the good or progress to the bad.

A Domestic War.

We read the reports from Butte, Montana, and for the moment we imagine ourselves upon the battlefields of Europe, but a glance at the date line reassures us. The National Guard, we are told, has been "mobilized" at Helena and the miners at Butte threaten to "lay the town in ashes" if either state or federal troops attempt to enter the city. The miners say that they have dynamite and oil in abundance and that the soldiers will find only ruins upon their arrival, if they should be so rash as to arrive at all. Public buildings are guarded by armed men, and outposts and sentries have been stationed to watch the railroads and to give due notice

of the movements of the "enemy"—that is to say, the soldiers. The employment building of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company has been blown up with dynamite, the force and effect of the explosion showing that a very large amount was used. The streets of the city have been "mined" as a war measure against the troops, while residents have been warned to stay within their houses after dark and to preserve an attitude of neutrality. Once more we may remind ourselves that these news items do not emanate from Belgium, nor from France, nor from Russia, but from Montana, and they are relegated to a back page of the same newspaper that invites us to rejoice at our geographical distance from "war wracked Europe" and to take full advantage of our peaceful isolation.

The trouble in Montana is of an exceptional kind, since the struggle is not between employers and labor unions, but between one labor organization and another. The Mine Workers' Union has declared war upon the Western Federation of Miners—no doubt after a correct ultimatum—and the whole arsenal of villainies usually employed against the wicked capitalist who foolishly imagines that he owns something is now being turned by one union upon the other. Members of the Western Federation of Miners are dared at the peril of their lives to go to work, and we may readily believe that the threats of vengeance are valid and substantial, since both sides are well versed in terrorism and admirably drilled in the Gompers tactics of civil war.

The abomination of this whole business is not so much that it should exist at all as that we should have learned to view it with complacency as an integral part of the industrial life of the country. A few months ago we were reading of pitched battles in Colorado and of long casualty lists that included the names of women and children. Now the area of civil war is to be found in Montana, but wherever these shameful battles are being fought the forces of government are conspicuous either by their indifference or by their cautious absence. We are now busily reminding ourselves that the war in Europe was inevitable. We are all surprisingly wise after the event; but how long will it be before we are in the midst of some national calamity in America and with the same tardy recognition that it had become inevitable by the present paralysis of elementary executive functions and by the intolerable assumption that hostile organizations are at liberty to wage actual war upon one another without let or hindrance.

Issues and Candidates.

The primary election has cleared the political atmosphere of California. It exhibits in relief the lines of the coming contest. The main issue is at stake in the governorship, and the fight is to be between Johnsonism, represented by Mr. Johnson himself, and reorganized Republicanism, represented by Captain Fredericks. Mr. Curtin, who appears to be the nominee of the Democratic party, is practically a lay figure. Excellent man that he is, he is not likely to poll the full party strength. Democrats as well as Republicans and Progressives will be drawn to one side or the other of the vital issue and may be expected in considerable numbers to give their votes either to Johnson or to Fredericks.

The claim will be made for Johnson that he personifies a movement which has moralized the politics of California. The many changes which have been made in our constitutional system during the past four years will be represented as having advanced the standards of political morality, as having established "rule of the people" as against the rule of political bosses, as having purified administrative practice, as having in a multitude of ways safeguarded and blessed California.

The opposing argument will deny and undertake to refute these claims. It will undertake to prove that California politics was never more in need of reform than now. It will assert that the standards of politics in California were never less worthy than under the Johnson régime, and in proof it will cite multitudinous instances of favoritism, of extravagance and arbitrary practice. It will maintain that "rule of the people" in practice implies rule of demagogues who by one means or another have contrived to gain popular support. Denying that administrative practice has been purified, it will seek to sustain the charge by citations to acts in the political life of the state during the past four years. It will assert that the administration of Governor John-

son has been faithless, arbitrary, destructive of essential safeguards in government, and ruinously extravagant.

The candidates are fairly well matched. Johnson is a good campaigner of the rough-riding type. His professional character was formed as a defender of criminals, and he has transferred to the political arena the powers and arts which once served him as a hard-hitting fighter in the criminal courts. Mr. Johnson is personally ambitious; all his hopes hang upon this contest. He may therefore be expected to put into the campaign his very best powers. Captain Fredericks is a newer figure in the political sphere, but he comes into this campaign under large inspirations. He is said to be an excellent speaker, at once less unctuous and more refined than his rival, but engaging and effective in method. He can but know that great hopes are placed upon his efforts, and it is among the certainties that he will make an energetic campaign.

The contest for the senatorship will probably lie between Mr. Knowland and Mr. Phelan. Mr. Heney, the Progressive candidate, is not likely, we think, to be seriously considered by the sober-minded and responsible element of our citizenship. He will fill the air with noise and fury, but he is not likely to make much impression upon the sober judgment of the state. His candidacy is merely an echo of a discredited championship of a dead cause.

The issue, we repeat, will be between Knowland and Phelan. Neither is a strictly first-class figure. Mr. Knowland is a highly respectable young man of experience in Congress, but of moderate native gifts. He commands respect, but he lacks the qualities which inspire enthusiasm. Mr. Phelan has two advantages as a candidate—he has abundant means and is reputed to be a cheerful spender, and he has the support and favor of the national administration. He has long been in public life, having served three terms as mayor of San Francisco. But he somehow has missed the character of a universally-respected citizen. Yet it is to be said of Mr. Phelan that he is a man of very considerable culture and of very considerable individual force of character. As Mr. Knowland is a strict party man, so is Mr. Phelan. As public speakers both are respectable, but neither has extraordinary gifts. In its personal aspects the campaign between them will be a dull one.

If we could accredit fully the figures of registration the Republican candidates would be assured of election, since the number of nominal Republicans on the Great Register is more than that of all the other parties combined. But party allegiance sits lightly these days. While men are loath to abandon old names and associations, they make free to vote pretty much as the spirit moves them. It is claimed by the Johnsonians that a very large proportion of those who have registered as Republicans will vote for Johnson. No doubt there is some basis for this belief. Many nominal Republicans are more or less sympathetic with the professions and pretensions of Johnsonism. But that there will be enough, in conjunction with the nominal Progressives, to elect him, is not easily believable.

It looks like a Republican year, though it is well to remember that there are no certainties in politics. As yet we have not even the complete returns of the primary election as a basis for speculation.

Minor Matters at Washington.

These be dull times at Washington. What with Congress worn to the point of dejection, with the White House in mourning, with the President painfully if not alarmingly indisposed, with summer heat at the boiling point, and with the Potomac mosquitoes keeping up a monotonous chorus, life at the capital lacks zest. However, every now and then something happens to make a general smile, and this saves the situation from utter and complete stagnation. Dr. Harry Lane, senator from Oregon, grandson of old Joe Lane, is an almost daily contributor to the lighter interests of congressional life. As a statesman he is a bit of a fakir and very much of a demagogue, but always likable and frequently interesting. He is what is known as a cheerful faultfinder—always on the job, never pleased, yet never by any chance offering anything in the way of constructive criticism. Senator Lane's most recent contribution to the pleasantries of midsummer is the suggestion that it might be well to import a consignment of Gila monsters and turn them loose in the Senate. His explanation is that the bite of the Gila monster causes

total paralysis of the vocal chords for a year. Senator Lane says that since making this suggestion more than half the members of the Senate have privately come to him with offers to pay for the cost of one or more Gila monsters on condition that they be permitted to pick out the men to be bitten. Vice-President Marshall, he says, was the very first to tender a subscription with the confidential statement that he had selected Senator McCumber of North Dakota as his special victim. Lane himself has picked out Senator Cummins of Iowa.

President Wilson's fondness for special and confidential advice has again been illustrated in connection with the affairs of Mexico. Recently he sent Mr. Paul Fuller, a well-known New York lawyer, to confer with General Villa, with results as yet unannounced beyond the statement that the interview was "satisfactory." The President still places high hopes upon Carranza, and it is expected any day at Washington that he will grant to the new government established at the City of Mexico the recognition which it withheld from Huerta. This would undoubtedly strengthen Carranza's hands, but there is no assurance that it would bring Villa into cordial coöperation. The gossip is that Villa is definitely and determinedly at outs with his former chief and that he is hesitating between open rebellion all along the line, and a limited or special rebellion under the purpose of creating an independent republic out of the northern tier of Mexican states. In the latter plan it is presumed that he would have powerful support from certain American capitalists interested in mines and lands who seek first the advantages which a new government under obligations to themselves would yield; second, and ultimately, to bring the regions thus torn from Mexico under American authority precisely as Texas came in seventy-five years ago.

Gossip in Washington further has it that Mr. Fuller, the President's special investigator, is to be sent to Mexico as ambassador concurrently with recognition of the Carranza government. This talk is extremely painful to Mr. Nelson O'Shaughnessy, who though a Republican (despite his interesting and suggestive name) has cherished hopes that he would be selected for this post. The talk of Fuller for ambassador to Mexico is not the first nor the only circumstance annoying to Mr. O'Shaughnessy, who in spite of all the fair words that have been given him is haunted by the fear that he is being double-crossed, as the politicians say. A particularly annoying circumstance is the manner in which his pay accounts have been handled. Under immemorial custom a secretary who becomes chargé d'affaires of an embassy or legation draws the pay of the ambassador. This is only fair, since a chargé is required to maintain relationships which imply a considerable expense normally falling upon the ambassador. O'Shaughnessy acted as chargé from the time Henry Lane Wilson left Mexico, more than a year ago, until he came himself, some two months back. But the department only paid him his old salary as First Secretary. He protested and drew upon the department for the difference, but the drafts were not honored. When he got back he was assured that it was all a mistake. But if it was a mistake nobody has taken the trouble to correct it, and Mr. O'Shaughnessy is beginning to fear that he will never get the money.

The selection of Mr. Thomas W. Gregory of Austin, Texas, for the Attorney-Generalship tends still further to augment the prestige of Colonel E. M. House, likewise of Austin, Texas, who appears constantly as the President's closest friend and most trusted adviser. Gregory is the third member of the cabinet closely connected with Colonel House's home town and with the University of Texas. First there was Burleson, an alumnus of the university and always actively interested in it. Then there is Houston, for many years a member of the faculty and later president for several years, prior to his removal to St. Louis in 1908. Finally there is Gregory, for many years a regent of the university. The Burleson, Houston, and Gregory families lived in the same neighborhood and were upon terms of social intimacy. The nearest parallel to this was in the Taft administration, when we had MacVeagh, Dickinson, and Fisher, all from the Twenty-Third Ward of Chicago, all in one cabinet. But Austin, Texas, is not Chicago. Great and mysterious, verily, are the powers of Colonel House.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Causes of the European War.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 2, 1914.
EDITOR ARGONAUT: The efforts to explain the terrible and overwhelming catastrophe of the European war are not idle speculations or vain divertissements of interested on-lookers, but prompted by an earnest desire to make a proper diagnosis of this disease, this pandemonium of murder and destruction, in order to arrive, in the end, at a proper cure and prevention of recurrence.

As to England and France, their motives are plain and evident: *Revanche* for Sadova and Sedan on the French and hatred against the increasing industrial competition of a young and expanding country on the English side.

In order to prepare for a defeat of Germany these two most advanced representatives of Western civilization did not hesitate to array themselves with and to lend their hard-earned francs and pounds to the most autocratic, cruel, barbaric government on earth, Russia; and the German attack has been the consequence of this unnatural union.

The result can, in the eyes of all clear-thinking observers, be only one: the ultimate union of civilized Western Europe against the half-Asiatic Russian Colossus under German and English leadership.

So far the blame rightly belongs to France and England, where Mr. Shaw, clever as he always is, did not fail to put it.

But, being a native of Germany, I think the clear-thinking and cool-headed Germans who are not blinded by national prejudices and the dust and smoke of cannon powder should ask themselves very thoroughly and conscientiously: Are not we also to be blamed? Is it not our own fault just as well?

We certainly should have the same courage and the same spirit of self-criticism for Germany which Mr. Shaw so brilliantly manifested on his side. But there are, so far, only a few voices in the wilderness. In an article published in last week's *Outlook* a German-American is trying to blame it all on the bad German table manners, and a few other imponderabilia for which he finds that the Germans are suffering aversion and enmity from all sides. He has been scolded and even beaten as a "Dutchman" when he was a boy in Brooklyn. Does he really think this was due to his or other German people's bad manners? If he would have been of Italian descent they would have called him down for being a "Dago," or, for that matter, as an Irishman, or Frenchman. Children (small and even big) are without pity and like to tease. And as far as manners go, most Americans should throw no stones from their glass houses. Nowhere have I seen so much chewing and spitting on the floors, even by the well to do and the men with college education, so much lack of reverence of the young against the old, as here.

Intra muros peccatur et extra! If wars could originate from mere table manners and conventions, then we would have, I am afraid, to fight enough to keep us busy for fifty years.

And the Russian allies? The Cossacks? The Asiatics? They are still a terror to the memory of all the German people since they came as their "allies" a hundred years ago.

No. All these things do not make history, do not make war. The mistake not only, but the serious defect on the German side is their diplomacy.

The object of enlightened diplomacy always has been and will be more so in the future to prevent war by peaceful arrangements and negotiations, to understand the trend of the times, to meet the requirements of the situation without resorting to the ultima ratio, war.

And here is where Germany has utterly failed. Bismarck, after the war of 1870, ought to have seen that the Romanic races had played their part and were fast disappearing from the stage. Spain and Portugal were retrogressing, not only at home, but all over the world—in Mexico, in Brazil, everywhere; France, defeated and down, was losing a new war every year by race suicide; Italy, though recently united, could not be considered a first-class power. So the struggle for supremacy was on between the Slavs and the Teutons: Russia and the Slavic Balkan States on one, England, Greater Germany including Austria, and the Anglo-Saxon New World on the other side—there was the issue. But instead of preparing for such a glorious future and putting his tremendous personal power to such a task, Bismarck confined himself to an alliance with Italy, a Romanic nation, separated from the Germans not only by the gigantic barriers of the Alps, but by the traditional hatred against Austria, who was also included in this unnatural alliance. By the so-called back insurance treaty with Russia he was at the same time trying to protect the back of the German Empire from the East, but all these arrangements were too unnatural to be of lasting value.

Bismarck in all his greatness did not see the plain and simple truth that an alliance between England, the greatest sea power, and Germany, the greatest land power, would have ruled the world, entirely outbalancing any other combination of European nations.

The true German Junker and aristocrat, he was all his life long bitterly opposed to anything that looked like parliamentary régime, liberal policy, free trade, party rule, limited constitutional monarchy—in short, like English. With the wild temper of his heart he hated anything that came from the United Kingdom, and it is known all over Germany that when William II was born, the grandson of Queen Victoria, with one arm too short, Bismarck blurted out: "That is the result of the damned English marriage." So he went on up to his very end.

Even after his death William, who was his own chancellor, and all his leading statesmen, except perhaps the refined and liberal-minded Von Bulow, blew the same horn up to this very historical moment. Now, not Germany alone, but you and I, and all the world have to pay the penalty for it.

The whole undertaking of this cruel war is unnatural. Nobody has anything to gain by it but Russia alone, and all the Western Europeans will have in the end to unite against the overwhelming influence of this semi-Asiatic power.

We all are, as the poet says, "von Tantalus' Geschlecht," and have to go through streams of blood to go onward. But it seems unthinkable that this should continue. In the end we will learn from our past mistakes. Indications already are pointing that way: a more liberal policy will surely have to be adopted by the German government against the opposing parties, who so willingly have borne the weight of the war.

And one can not be liberal in his own country and at the same time reactionary in his international policy. The union of all the civilized nations under Germanic (not German) hegemony should be and I sincerely hope will be the happy outcome of the most unhappy event.

FERDINAND FR.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.

During the last week the principal fighting has been in the north of France and along a front that we may suppose to reach somewhere from the neighborhood of Amiens to the vicinity of Mezieres, a distance of about one hundred miles. This marks a considerable retreat of the French and English armies, a retreat that is sufficiently evidenced by the map, and that is frankly admitted by the French war office. The Germans are said to have appeared at La Fere, which is exactly half way between Amiens and Mezieres and a little to the south. If this report should be confirmed it would mean that the retreat has gone even further than is above indicated and that the Germans are within about sixty miles of Paris. On the Franco-German frontier there has been a good deal of desultory fighting, but nothing of a decisive kind, although here, too, the general French movement has been backward toward the shelter of the Nancy hills. Upon this frontier there has been a back and forth movement with a general advantage in favor of Germany. A distinct German victory in the north would of course mean the attempted advance of the whole line from the north and east, which would then be continuous. But the north of France is still the centre of interest and importance.

But there has been nothing like a rout of the Allies. There has been nothing that the military expert would call a defeat. There have been reverses, and serious ones, and as a result the armies have fallen backward, but in perfect order and without loss of discipline. They are now trying to rectify the double mistake, first of taking the offensive in obedience to a French tradition, and second of invading Lorraine in obedience to a French sentiment. The reports seem to show that they are now strongly entrenched upon their new line and devoting themselves to the work of resistance. The respective losses are largely problematical, but it is the general opinion that they are enormous, and that the Germans have suffered far more heavily than the Allies. It may therefore be said that the net result of the week's operations is a measurable approach of the Germans to Paris, but without any serious impairment of the French powers of resistance or the French confidence. Large reinforcements are being hurried from the south of France and also from England, and there is a story of a new English army that has landed in France and that is supposed to be aimed at the German rear and communications. We may hear more of this, and in the meantime we may recall some curious reports from Belgian officers as to a German impetuosity of advance that has left the lines of communication improperly guarded, and it need not be said that to cut the lines of communications is very much like severing the air tubes of a diver.

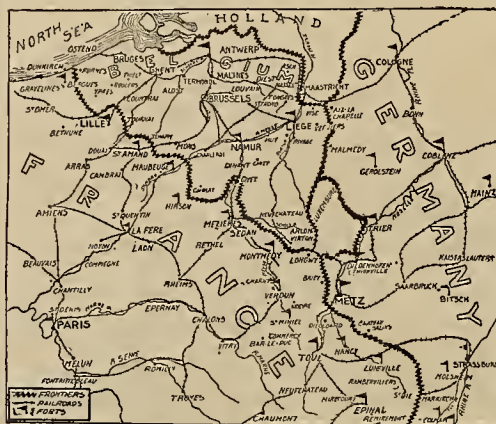
But let us suppose that the French army is forced still further back and that an attack upon Paris is actually imminent. We may then remember that the French capital is the most strongly fortified city in the world. Paris is surrounded by two rings of forts, the outermost being thirty-eight miles from the walls, and the inner nineteen miles from the walls. These forts are all defended by cupolas somewhat after the style of those that furnished such an extraordinary resistance at Liège and Namur, although they are made of cement instead of steel. Each cupola houses a long-range gun, and the whole structure revolves in any direction so as to cover a complete circle. The defense of Paris was entirely reorganized after the war of 1870, and it is now supposed to be the finest specimen of military defensive skill in the world. How long these forts would be able to resist the German attack is of course a matter of opinion, one might almost say a matter of guesswork, like everything else in modern war, but it would be obviously absurd to regard the investment of Paris as the end of the fight or even an approach to the end. It is easily on the cards that these forts could resist for six months, and according to military experts they ought to be able to resist for six months, and to occupy the whole German army and all its resources. And now this brings us to another section of the great struggle, and one that has not received sufficient attention.

In a previous article I pointed out the extraordinary necessity for speed under which the German army was laboring. There can be no question that the German authorities expected to traverse Belgium in the course of a day or two, deliver a series of crushing blows at France in the course of a very few days more, and so be in a position to turn their armies right round and meet Russia in the east. This was so obvious that it needed no argument or proof, but it is now fully confirmed by the report of the conversation between the British ambassador at Berlin and the German chancellor of state immediately precedent to the declaration of war. The chancellor explained to the ambassador the necessity for the invasion of Belgium against which Great Britain was protesting, and the loss of time that would be involved by any other route into France. "This loss of time," said the chancellor, "would mean time gained by the Russians for the bringing up of their troops to the German frontier. Rapidity of action was the great German asset, while that of Russia was the inexhaustible supply of troops." There we have the whole situation in a nutshell, and it is well to keep that statement by the chancellor steadily in mind when we hear of victories and defeats in France. There we see the actual disaster to the German plans that was involved in the Belgian resistance. The Germans began to attack Liège on August 4, and it was not until seventeen days later that they entered Brussels and were in sight of the actual invasion of France. They were nearly two weeks behind their programme. At the very moment when they first set foot on

French soil they should already have conquered France, or nearly so, and been on their way back to the Russian frontier. For just one day before they entered Brussels the Russians occupied Gumbinnen and Lyck on Prussian territory, and the Russian invasion of Germany was an accomplished fact. The calamitous results of delay foreseen by the German chancellor had actually accomplished themselves.

It is thus evident that the double situation in France and in East Germany must be regarded as a unit. If Germany were at war only with France she could afford to pound away at her leisure, to reach Paris and then to invest it with all proper military deliberation. But in this case time is a far more important consideration than the French and English guns. With the passing of each day we have to ask ourselves, not whether the German army is a mile or two

THE WAR IN THE WEST.



nearer Paris nor whether the French have again retired or fallen back, but what effect the passing of that day has had upon the fortunes of the Russian army, whether it is nearer to Danzig than it was the day before. The French and English armies are naturally making immense efforts to avoid defeat, but their supreme aim is to hold the German armies in France, to exhaust them by incessant fighting, and to prevent them from hurrying to the defense of Germany against the Russian attack. Once more, the mainspring of the whole war is on the Russo-German frontier.

Now let us look at the map of the Russo-German frontier. It will be seen that Gumbinnen, thus taken by the Russians on August 19, is twenty miles inside of Prussian territory and seventy miles from Königsberg. On August 31 came the report of fierce fighting around Königsberg, and Russian troops entered the city. The story of the fighting says that

THE WAR IN THE EAST.



the garrison troops from Thorn and Graudenz participated, and that they brought artillery from their fortresses, and this means that the regular German forces must have been sadly deficient. On August 27 we read of a German plan to abandon the whole of east and west Prussia and Pomerania and to retire to the river Oder until the armies should be liberated from France for the recapture of the abandoned territory. We hear also of an exodus of wealthy Germans from Berlin in view of the Russian advance. On the same day the Russians were reported as far west as Marienburg, twenty-seven miles southeast of Danzig, and in the north the First German Army Corps was falling back upon Danzig and the shelter of its fortifications. Simultaneously with these northern movements we hear of a southern army entering Galicia and occupying Tarnopol, which is eighty miles southeast of Lemberg, and now we hear that Lemberg itself is invested and that it is to be abandoned. If this should be so it will mean that the campaign against Austria is prac-

tically finished and that both divisions of the Russian forces will be able to converge on the western attack. The German emperor himself has now left France and has hurried to his eastern frontier, presumably in the hope of staying the Russian flood which is thus pitilessly pouring over the boundaries of his country. Stories of Russian victories and defeats may be taken alike with a grain of salt, but always with the recollection that the Russian forces are practically innumerable and that even the most colossal casualty list means nothing to them. The strength of the German defensive force is unknown, but it must be very small, since it is admitted that the situation in France has called for practically the entire German strength, and already we are reading that bodies of men are being detached from the armies in France and hurried back to the defense of the east. It is thus easy to estimate some of the importance that must be attached to the delay caused to the German armies by the Belgian resistance and to understand the emphasis placed by the German chancellor upon the paramount need for speed in the initial operations against France.

Austria has probably proved a grievous disappointment to German expectations. Germany might reasonably have believed that Austria was quite competent to settle her little bill with Serbia and then to do at least something to hold the Russians in check. But Austria has done little or nothing. First denying the great Serbian victory on the Drina, she now admits it, and decides to withdraw from her Serbian "punitive expedition" in order to concentrate against Russia. She says: "The considerable losses sustained by Austria on the banks of the Drina are not surprising in view of the superiority of the numbers of the enemy and the fact that the latter are fighting for their national existence." Doubtless there have been some Austrian successes against Russia, but the test of such fighting as this is the map. A "victory" is of no value if it is followed at once by a further advance of the enemy, and the map shows us a quite steady Russian advance, not only direct into Germany, but also into Austria. As has already been pointed out, the supreme Austrian difficulty is the presence of Slavs in her army, and Slavs can not be expected to look with any great resentment upon the advance of their brothers from the north. It is possibly true that the Germans have beaten a Russian army near Allenstein, taking 70,000 prisoners who must now be fed. On the other hand we read of a defeat of the Austrians upon a like scale described as colossal, but the actual and only test of values is the map, and the map shows steady Russian advances into the heart of Prussia.

The naval fight in the North Sea has no great significance. A few German ships were persuaded by a ruse to leave their stations and to pursue some intruding gunboats who led them within range of a strong force of British cruisers. It was a clever manoeuvre, but it is probably one of the things that can not be done more than once. The son of Admiral von Tirpitz was one of the prisoners, and it is pleasant to see that a message was promptly sent to the admiral from England by way of Washington that his son was safe and un wounded. But the naval situation has none the less a real significance. So long as it continues as it is now it is evident that no supplies of any kind can be entering Germany in any useful quantities. Moreover, the Russian advance into east Germany means a corresponding diminution of the area from which Germany can draw her food supplies. Holland is, of course, still open to food ships which could not be touched so long as they were not under the German flag. Their cargoes could be transhipped into lighters and sent down the Rhine. But then there are very few ships available for such a purpose. Theoretically a certain amount of food could be received from Italy, but probably Italy has a heedful eye to her own needs and to the possibilities of the future.

A concluding word may be said on the probability that Turkey will throw her weight on the side of Germany and Austria. Her motives for so doing are of course obvious inasmuch as her European empire has been steadily whittled away and she now sees a chance in the general confusion to recover some of her lost property. But if the intervention of Turkey should result in Italy throwing the weight of her sword upon the other side of the scales the net advantage would be with the Allies. Italy has a great navy. She faces Austria on the Adriatic and could sweep up the archipelago of Austrian islands as though with a broom. She could also throw an army into southern France and prove of immeasurable use should the French resistance be forced south of Paris. Moreover, Turkish intervention would probably result in a reunion of all the Balkan States against her with the addition of Greece and with the possible exception of Bulgaria. But all this is still in the future and may stay there.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1914.

SIDNEY CORYN.

Out of the 280,000 farms in Missouri approximately 3753 are owned by negroes. They range in size from three to two hundred and sixty acres, and are worth, land, buildings, livestock, and everything else on them, \$27,768,750, using the average value of a Missouri farm as the basis for computation. The negro population of Missouri is 157,452.

Platinum has advanced to \$50 an ounce, comparing with a normal price of \$45. Russia furnishes the world with platinum. The principal trade centres, however, have been London, Berlin, and Paris. The Ural Mountains in Russia contain the largest platinum deposits in the world. It comes into the United States duty free.

MISS FYDGET'S MISTAKE.

She Makes the Acquaintance of the Bishop of Chirita.

"If you please, ma'am, won't you give me a drink of milk?"

Miss Fydget had just come in from a long and bootless search through the pasture for a wandering brood of young turkeys, which had been missing since morning.

She was warm and tired; one boot was burst open on the side, her sunbonnet hung limp at the back of her head, her gray curls were in true artistic confusion, and a vicious blackberry briar had torn her hands, until she looked as if she might have been in a skirmish with the Zulus.

"But I wouldn't have minded all that," was Miss Fydget's melancholy comment to herself, "if only I could have found my young turkeys. They do say that there is a company of tramps loafing about the country, and—"

Just then the mild voice of an old man, sitting on the well-curb, broke in upon the thread of her reflections—an old man, in a shabby gray coat, buttoned closely across his chest, shoes thickly coated with dust, and a rude cane, cut from the woods, upon which he rested his folded hands.

Miss Fydget stared at the old man; the old man returned her gaze, deprecatingly.

"Perhaps you're deaf, ma'am," said the stranger, elevating his voice a semitone or so higher.

"No more than yourself!" said Miss Fydget, naturally somewhat irritated.

Miss Fydget bethought herself of the floating rumor she had heard. Perhaps this venerable vagrant was one of the very band now marauding through the vales and glens of Rochemont; perhaps even now he had a corps of bloody-minded coadjutors hidden behind the stone wall, or under the moss-roof of the ancient smoke-house. And Miss Fydget was possessed of several pieces of antique silver, and had forty dollars in an old teapot, on the uppermost closet shelf!

"Who are you?" curtly questioned she.

"A man and a brother," the old man answered, not without a covert smile.

"No, you're not," said Miss Fydget, incensed at what she deemed a piece of unnecessary insolence. "You're a tramp."

The stranger smiled.

"Is a tramp, then, destitute of all the privileges of humanity?" he asked.

"Eh?" said Miss Fydget.

"Tramps must live as well as other people," pleaded the old man. "Now, look at me."

"Yes," said Miss Fydget, "I'm looking at you; and a dusty, shabby-looking figure you are, I must say."

"I've walked fifteen miles since morning, with nothing to eat or drink."

"That's what they all say," said Miss Fydget, incredulously.

"Would it be any great stretch of your hospitality to give me a slice of bread and a drink of cool milk?" he replied.

Miss Fydget stood for a moment, pondering the petition in her mind.

"Look here, old man!" she said at last, "I know perfectly well that you're a tramp; but I suppose that you're human, after all. There's a pile of knotty pine stumps under the shed; you may split a few for my cooking-stove."

"But, ma'am—"

"I knew how it would be," shrilly interrupted Miss Fydget. "You're a deal too lazy to work; you'd rather starve than do an honest day's work, any time."

"I beg your pardon," said the old man, mildly. "It is a good many years since I split a pile of wood."

"I'll go bail it is," said Miss Fydget, satirically.

"But if you will get me the axe, I will try and do my best," he added, meekly.

"The axe is hanging up in the wood-shed, at the left-hand side of the door," said Miss Fydget.

And she went into the house, leaving her venerable visitor to do as he pleased about accepting her offer.

After she was within the four yellow-washed walls of her own kitchen, however, it occurred to her that she had done rather a foolish thing.

"I suppose he'd as soon split my head open as the sticks of wood," she thought to herself. "And of course he knows that I'm alone in the world—I mean in the house. But it's pretty much the same thing," with a deep sigh. "And who knows but I may be murdered within the next five minutes?"

"Thud, thud!" came the sound of the axe, descending with slow, regular strokes upon the knotty stumps of yellow pine; and Miss Fydget listened with a sort of terrible fascination, wondering as she did so, what sort of relation, in the matter of sound, the human tympanum might bear to the pine stumps.

"What a fool I was!" said she to herself.

And, with noiseless movements, she went across the kitchen floor and took down a rusty musket, which had hung suspended over the old brick chimney ever since she was a little child.

"I don't know as I could fire it off," said she; "but I'll try, if I see any signs of mischief."

It was unnecessary, however. She poured out a bowl of milk, first thriftily pausing to skim it, and then cut a

good thick slice of rye bread, taking care to secrete the bread-knife when she was through. And then, seating herself by the window, her thoughts wandered back to the question of the missing brood of turkeys.

"He knows where they are, I'll bet anything," soliloquized Miss Fydget. "And he shall tell me. Old man—old man, I say!"

The venerable wood-splitter paused at the sound of her summons.

"Come here!" she called.

The old man obeyed.

"You've done enough," said Miss Fydget, inwardly rejoiced that he had left the axe sticking in the last pine-knot instead of coming toward her brandishing it in the air, Powhattan fashion.

"That is what I was just thinking myself," observed the old man, wiping his streaming forehead.

"And now," said Miss Fydget, sharply and suddenly, as if she fain would take him by surprise, "where are my turkeys?"

"Eh?" uttered the old man.

"My turkeys!" shrilly enunciated Miss Fydget. "My brood of sixteen white turkey-chicks."

"I am sure I can not say," said the old man, with a puzzled countenance.

"That's false!" said Miss Fydget, imperially. "If you don't know, your gang does; and I insist on having my turkeys back again."

The old man looked bewildered. Miss Fydget eyed him with a gaze calculated to strike dismay into the most obdurate heart.

"Madam," he began, but Miss Fydget interrupted him.

"There's your milk," said she, "and your bread. If you can eat and drink with a good conscience, knowing my turkeys are gone, do so."

Apparently Miss Fydget's turkey-chicks rested but lightly upon the conscience of the wayfarer, for he ate and drank to the last mouthful.

"Madam," he said, as he placed the empty bowl within the window-sill—Miss Fydget had taken the precaution to bolt and bar the door.

"Go," said the lady, curtly.

"But I wished to say to you—"

By way of answer Miss Fydget took up the rusty gun, placed it on her shoulder, and pointed the barrel full at her guest.

"If you don't take yourself off I'll fire," said Miss Fydget, resolutely.

And upon this unmistakable hint the old man took up his cap and trudged away as fast as he could go.

"The woman must be a maniac!" said he to himself.

While Miss Fydget made haste to take a dose of valerian to settle her "perturbed senses."

"I've had a narrow escape of it," said she. "But I must get rested as quickly as possible, and go to Lavina Thorpe's to tea. The bishop is to be there, and I wouldn't miss the opportunity of meeting him for a thousand dollars!"

And between the stimulus of the valerian and the calm afforded by a half-hour's nap Miss Fydget managed to array herself in a stiff black silk dress, with a white ribbon cap, and set out for Lavina Thorpe's at a few moments past four.

As she crossed her door-yard a slowly winding procession met her eye, returning down the rocky slopes of the pasture-meadow—the sixteen young turkeys!

"There they come now," said Miss Fydget, with a momentary twinge of conscience in regard to the tramp. "However, it's all over and gone now, and what's done can't be undone!"

The company was all gathered at Lavina Thorpe's; the best china and silver were out, and great bunches of cabbage roses decked the mantel in gilt vases that were at least a century old.

"Is he here?" nervously whispered Miss Fydget, as she removed her hat in the front chamber upstairs.

"The dear man—yes!" said Miss Thorpe, enthusiastically clasping her hands. "Walked all the way from Simstown Station, and met with all sorts of interesting adventures. What do you think of his being taken for a—"

But here she was called away.

When Miss Fydget descended, serene and smiling, she was led up to a pleasant old man, with gray hair and a cordial blue eye.

"Miss Fydget," said Miss Thorpe, fussily, "let me make you acquainted with Bishop Playfair of Chirita Territory."

"Bless my soul!" cried Miss Fydget, dropping her fan and smelling-bottle, "it's the tramp!"

The bishop smiled serenely.

"Miss Fydget," said he, "you never can guess how deliciously cool that milk tasted to me. And, by the way, I met a brood of young turkeys in a stubble-field as I crossed from the highway, which I concluded must be yours."

Both joined in irresistible laughter, and in five minutes Miss Fydget, set at her ease by the bishop's tact and kindness, was chatting cheerfully away regarding the Chirita missions.

"But to think," said Miss Lavina Thorpe afterward, "that you mistook the Bishop of Chirita Territory for a tramp!"

"And set him to splitting wood and pointed a rusty musket at him," said Miss Fydget.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Charlotte Harris, a young Denver musician and teacher of the piano, occupies a unique position in the world of music, owing to the fact that she has been blind from babyhood. Despite this handicap she has mastered the piano and has a class of pupils.

General Helmuth von Moltke, chief of the general staff of the German army, is a nephew of the great Field Marshal von Moltke. He is a man of huge proportions, taciturn to the extreme, and carries an air of profound gloom. He has been in his present position for seven years, and is acknowledged to be a superb leader and a profound strategist.

P. Stewart Heintzleman, who goes to Mukden, China, as consul-general, has been assistant chief of the division of Far Eastern Affairs in the State Department. He entered the department when Mr. Root was Secretary of State to assist in the division of Far Eastern affairs. He has been in the department since then except for two details in China, one year attached to the consulate-general at Shanghai and in 1911 as chargé d'affaires at Peking.

Robert P. Skinner, the new American consul-general at London, is a native of Ohio who entered the diplomatic service in 1897 as consul at Marseilles, France. Since then he has served at Hamburg and Berlin. He was given the special detail of adjusting the claims of the creditors of the Republic of Liberia in Great Britain, France, Germany, and The Netherlands in 1912. As an author he is best known by his book, "Abyssinia of Today."

Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research of New York, famous for his success in suturing blood vessels and transplantation of human organs, is now in charge of a large hospital in Paris where the French wounded are treated. He was in Paris when the European war broke out, and canceled his return passage. He was born in Lyon, France, in 1873, and came to this country in 1905. In 1912 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for surgical work.

Congressman William G. Sharp, who has sailed for Paris to succeed Ambassador Myron T. Herrick, comes from Elyria, Ohio. He is a retired manufacturer of pig-iron and chemicals. He was chosen at one time as ambassador to St. Petersburg, but Russia is said to have objected because he had voted for the abrogation of the commercial treaty with that country. Mr. Sharp was born in Mount Gilead, Ohio, March 14, 1859. He is a graduate of the law department of the University of Michigan.

King Albert of Belgium, whose country astonished the world by its late martial feats, is the son of the late Prince Philippe de Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and of Flanders, and of the Princess Marie de Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. He is the nephew of Leopold II of Belgium, whom he succeeded. He married the Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria. The Princess Henriette, wife of the Duke of Vendome, and the Princess Josephine, wife of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, are his sisters. He has three children.

General Rennekamp, who is leading the Russian army into East Prussia, was a cavalry general during the Russo-Japanese war. He took a conspicuous part in the battle of Mukden and in other great conflicts and came out of the war with a great reputation, although he was charged with needlessly sacrificing large bodies of troops in order to achieve brilliant exploits. He is noted as a severe disciplinarian. During the war General Rennekamp disgraced and sent to the rear thirty-five officers for lying. At the end of the war he was assigned to suppress the revolution against Russia in the transbaikal province.

Premier M. Viviani, who gave out the answer of France to the German ultimatum, is essentially an artist. He knows the line and the works of every living French painter of prominence. It is said that no poet has gained renown in France in the last generation without a gracious word from him, uttered at a time when the poet was still striving for recognition. His judgment of a picture is accepted without quibble, and the writer who receives his praise immediately attains fame. Lately he has attracted, perhaps, more attention than any statesman in France, because of his rich mental gifts and the extraordinary progress which he has made in recent years as an orator.

Count Leopold Berchtold, who may be credited with having put the match to the train which has set Europe ablaze, controls the foreign relations of Austria-Hungary as minister and as chancellor. He, it is said, declared war against Serbia over his own name. Count Berchtold has one hobby—racing. He has for years maintained a large racing stable and stud farm at Arpadhalom, and his colors are well known on most of the Continental race-courses. On the turf he has been a large winner. While in London he spent much of his time in the library of the British Museum studying biographies, the correspondence, letters, and reminiscences of English and foreign statesmen and diplomats of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. For a number of years he served his country as ambassador to Russia.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS OUT OF WORK.

Changed Conditions for the Journalists Who Used to Go to
"the Front."

Even as the superannuated war horse, when turned out to grass, is credited with executing a cavalry charge across his meadow at the sound of a bugle, so these alarms and excursions of battle have quickened my recollections of the days when, during the Boer war, it was my lot to be enrolled in the corps of war correspondents. Lying before me as I write is the begrimed piece of cardboard which was my "license" to "act as correspondent with the army in South Africa," and on the back of that document may still be read the generous endorsement of Lord Stanley, now the Earl of Derby, who as the press censor for the commander-in-chief announced to all and sundry that "this correspondent has leave to go anywhere with the forces under Lord Roberts's command." Prior to the advent of Lord Roberts the lot of the war correspondent was far from enviable; his cables were censored, of course, and rightly so, but his mail dispatches also had to secure official approval before the army postoffice would accept them for transmission. And his liberty of movement was restricted by the yards of red tape which tied him to the radius of a single camp. To give him leave to "go anywhere" never entered the mind of officialdom until Lord Roberts arrived on the scene.

Of course the veteran field marshal had been accustomed to the older conditions; he remembered the days when Archibald Forbes had followed his campaigns and been allowed the freedom of a British officer; and in his view the war correspondent still possessed much of the prestige which had been won for his vocation by the distinguished services of William Howard Russell. So when he arrived at the front he called us together for a little informal conference; asked us to be kind enough to present our cable message for the consideration of his press censor, lest there should be any leakage likely to be of service to the enemy; but assured us that he had no wish to control our mail dispatches, adding, with a twinkle in his eye, that when he saw them in print he would lay to heart all their wisdom and admonitions!

But now everything is different. The example set by Japan is being copied by all the belligerents. And for one thing that flattering imitation has spared the reading public any repetition of the flood of articles concerning war correspondents and their doings which has hitherto accompanied any declaration of hostilities. Gone, too, is that outburst of hero worship of which the war correspondent was the object on the eve of his departure for the front. During the forty-eight hours which were all that were allowed me to prepare for departure I could have eaten as many dinners and luncheons, while the gifts of revolvers and other outfit items which were pressed upon my acceptance would have filled a cart. That phase has passed; for the war correspondent has become nothing more than a reporter of base operations. He will not, like Sir W. H. Russell, be hoisted into his saddle by one king, have his horse's head held by another, or enjoy the services of a crown prince as the groom of his stirrups.

Something of that change was in process of evolution during the South African campaign. Representatives of individual newspapers received less consideration and a smaller supply of official information than the news agency correspondent. The reason is obvious; as the news agency man catered for a group of papers his cable would address a far larger audience than the dispatch of the correspondent who represented only a single organ. Besides, as the use of the field telegraph by correspondents had necessarily to be restricted, it was natural for the officials to favor the man whose message would have the widest circulation. Hence the "scoops" of individual correspondents such as those by which Archibald Forbes won his renown became impossible.

Of course it is too early to attempt a rigid description of the new conditions, but, roughly speaking, they resolve themselves into the difference between a passport and a war-office license. Neither with the Russian or French or British army will the war correspondent of today have permission to "go anywhere." Many of my whilom colleagues have set out gayly for "the front," but they will never reach that objective. One of them confesses that he has eleven passports on his person, each adorned with a photograph of his lineaments to insure identification; but I have yet to hear of a member of the corps who has secured a license to accompany an army on the frontier. As a matter of fact all the messages printed up to the present have come from bases of operation, notably from Brussels, which is a safe distance from the redoubtable Liège. And the same conditions will probably prevail throughout the war. Russia was first in the field with an announcement that no correspondents would be allowed to accompany the army when in contact with the enemy, and France has followed suit with an intimation that not a single permit will be issued to journalists so far as actual fighting is concerned. It seems, indeed, that all correspondents are to be kept twenty-five miles distant from the frontier, and that even under these conditions an unusually strict censorship will be maintained. This is a wise precaution, for it was the publication by *Le Peuple Français* of Marshal MacMahon's

plans which contributed to that soldier's defeat at Metz. All the combatants, in short, have learned that Japan was fully justified in her determination to wage war as anonymously as possible.

And the same policy is being followed in connection with the British navy. A few years ago it was the custom of the admiralty to solicit the presence of newspaper men on the autumn manoeuvres, but for the last seven autumns no journalists have been allowed to accompany the fleet, and now that a state of war exists the only information which can come to the public from the North Sea must be via an official channel, there not being a single correspondent on board the British vessels. Of course the admiralty is in constant wireless communication with the fleet, and, incredible though it may seem, the jack tars and officers on board are receiving and dispatching their mail almost as regularly as in times of peace.

If the war correspondents have nothing more exciting to do than pen picturesque descriptions of base cities and camps, mingled with interviews of prisoners, the lot of the war photographer is even more pitiable. The sight of a camera is creating more official perturbation than the vision of a bomb or a siege gun, and already several photographers who were dispatched across the Channel in hot haste have been sent back with equal speed. To the war artist of the usual type these novel conditions make no difference. Secure in his Fleet Street or Chelsea studio, with a huge portfolio of photographs and an unlimited supply of imagination, he can turn out his battle pictures, "drawn under fire," with that zest and enterprise that have never failed him yet.

There is one use, however, to which the military authorities can put the war correspondents' corps. When the British army entered Bloemfontein for an enforced halt the correspondents banded themselves together as a temporary newspaper staff, and as a printing outfit was ready to their hands in the presses and type of a suppressed Boer daily they were able to produce that unique paper known as the *Friend*. The prime object was to provide Tommy Atkins with something to read, with a dash of cable news from all parts of the world. As all correspondents gave their services, and as Rudyard Kipling was one of the most generous contributors, the experiment was a great financial success; but even more important was the service the *Friend* rendered by saving the army from the boredom inevitable during a long halt. The experiment seems to have been made a note of by the French authorities, for I see that arrangements have been made to supply all the troops with copies of a specially prepared newsletter by which they will be kept informed of the progress of the war and the various provisions made for the comfort of their wives and children. If, then, the war correspondent of today can not hope to rival the feats and "scoops" of Archibald Forbes, he may yet render excellent service in writing campaign newspapers.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, August 20, 1914.

By a process not fully made public investigators have turned the sudd of the River Nile into a fuel which, it is said, is equal to coal, and owing to the inexhaustible supply may replace coal in steamers plying the great African stream. It is composed of the peculiar under-water growth of weeds of the Nile, which reappears in a few weeks even if absolutely removed from any spot. At Khartoum a factory has been established, where tests were recently made. Quantities of the Nile sudd were evaporated, dried, compressed, and chopped. Treated with a salt, known at present only to the military scientist, it is again dried and placed into molds. The bricks thus made are commercial suddite fuel, available for various valuable purposes. The Soudan government has determined to make rigid tests of suddite, its method of manufacture, and its actual fuel value. A steamer was run up the Nile sixty-five miles on a certain day with American coal. Another day exactly like it Welsh coal was used, then a third day only the new material, suddite, was used. Suddite, it is said, won on its merits.

All of the European nations have the means of financing at least the beginning of a conflict, but none other than Germany has an imperial war treasure set aside for the single purpose of providing for any warlike emergency. Germany's hoarded war chest a year ago was \$30,000,000; it is now \$60,000,000. The Julius tower in the citadel of Spandau is entirely surrounded by water; it is here the gold is stored. Up to the spring of 1913 there was no change in the treasure from the \$30,000,000 reserved from the indemnity paid by France after the war of 1870. But beginning early last year steps were taken to add another \$30,000,000, and the Reichsbank sought, without disturbing the money market, to draw gold into itself for that purpose.

Many of the Arabian peasant population of Palestine have recently emigrated to North and South America. Following the example of the Christian population in previous years, which emigrated chiefly from the town of Bethlehem and the neighboring town of Bedshala, the Mohammedan population from the environs of Jerusalem is beginning to emigrate. The lack of suitable employment is the cause of this exodus.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Eve of Waterloo.

[JUNE 18, 1815.]

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfin'd;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high wall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody pier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the heat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star,
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
How in the moon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning grave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshaling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red hurial blent!
—George Gordon Byron.

Home, Sweet Home!

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!
An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call,—
Give me them,—and the peace of mind, dearer than all!

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!
How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh, give me, the pleasures of home!

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!
To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!
—John Howard Payne.

From "Locksley Hall."

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly hales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a
ghastly dew

From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing
warm,
With the standards of the people plunging through the
thunderstorm;

Till the war drum throbb'd no longer, and the battleflags were
fur'd
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.
—Alfred Tennyson.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Senator Williams Describes Jefferson's Permanent Influence on American Institutions.

Senator John Sharp Williams in the introduction to his work on Thomas Jefferson reminds us of an estimate of Jefferson once made by Andrew D. White in the *Atlantic Monthly*. There were three men, says Mr. White, who did most to found the republic, and these three were Washington, Adams, and Jefferson. There were two men who did most to build the republic, and these were Jefferson and Hamilton. And finally there were three men who did most to brace the republic, and these three were Franklin, Jefferson, and Channing. Jefferson thus appears in all three groups, the real secret of his power being that he saw infinitely deeper into the principles of the rising democracy and infinitely further into its future working than any other man of his time. Those who read him, says Mr. White, will often halt, astounded at proofs of a foresight in him almost miraculous.

The Declaration of Independence, says the author, was drawn by Jefferson when he was thirty-three years of age, its genius being due not at all to French theorists, but to the spirit of the English-speaking world, which did not follow but preceded France. But even if English sources had not existed these convictions would have developed themselves from American conditions:

The Declaration accomplished its end. It went to the comprehension of the average man with overwhelming force. It was full of "keynote phrases." It was "quotable"—hegan at once to be quoted and has been ever since. Every American became a Dick Swiveller of its phrases. It gave unity of expression to the American people. It was received everywhere with enthusiasm; ordered to be read at the head of the armed forces; people, after hearing it, tore down statues and pictures of the king and of colonial governors. They also welcomed it in churches with prayers and sermons.

The influence of Jefferson upon the French revolution receives brief but adequate treatment in these pages. His advice to the French authorities was strictly conservative and restrained, realizing as he did that the best attainable in France was far behind the best attainable in America. Thus he advised the British model for France while denouncing it as wholly inadequate for his own country. At the time when Jefferson left France there was no reason to despair of a successful issue to the revolution, but he was by no means "convinced" of such an issue, as has been charged:

Hazen concludes that Jefferson "sailed for home with the conviction that within a year one of the greatest of recorded revolutions would have been effected without bloodshed." This is inaccurate. Had he said, "with the hope," instead of "with the conviction," he would have been right, for Jefferson's letters from France are full of expressions of uneasiness and apprehension. Hazen adds: "And when the bloodshed began in grim earnest, he refused to see its significance, minimized its importance, and was reluctant to believe that a beautiful dream might become a hideous, repulsive monstrosity." If this were all true, it would not be to Jefferson's discredit. But it is not true. He did see its significance; he did regret its necessary bearing; he did see the present "hideous, repulsive monstrosity," but he saw something behind it, or rather ahead of it. He saw the ultimate issue—liberty and a new era—not only for France, but for the European race. He minimized the "present hideousness" only in the sense that he thought the ultimate result was worth purchasing, even at the cost of such days of terror, as seemed in the providence of God necessary to be endured, in order to topple over despotism, special privilege, priestcraft, and all forms of rule by the "booted and spurred," trained to believe that the masses of mankind are "hridged and saddled." Most of us see now what Jefferson saw then, and what Burke did not, and Adams did not, and Hamilton did not see. He was one of the very few well-born, wealthy and respected men in America to see it then. Not as many lives were lost by the guillotine as in many a single battle, fought about next to nothing and in some few battles fought to maintain the *amour propre* of a king's mistress. Nor were there as many lives lost by the guillotine, probably, as many a single generation of kings and nobles and priests had snuffed out, in an equal length of time, as the result of poverty, neglect, insanitation, and overtaxation, caused by general misgovernment.

Jefferson was consistently and persistently opposed to slavery. His assertions to that effect in the Declaration escaped contemporaneous opposition only because they were regarded as "glittering generalities," although Lincoln used the Declaration with crushing force in his fight for personal freedom:

Lincoln said: "All honor to Jefferson—to the man who, in the concrete pressure of a struggle for national independence by a single people, had the coolness, forecast, and capacity to introduce into a mere revolutionary document an *abstract truth, applicable to all men in all times, and so to embalm it there* that today and in all days to come it shall be a rebuke and a stumbling block to the very harbingers of reappearing tyranny and oppression."

It has been sometimes urged that Jefferson was not altogether consistent because he did not emancipate his own slaves. Jefferson was in debt—the debt had come to him with his wife's estate—and neither in his lifetime, nor afterwards, could he have freed his or her slaves from the claims of his creditors. He did set free, by will, his household servants—three or four or five of them, I have forgotten—and in order to do this, he had to beg in his testament of the legislature of Virginia the ratification of the act.

Jefferson in one of his letters said: "The laws do not permit us to turn them loose, . . . and to commute them for other property [that is, plainly to sell them] is to commit them to those whose usage of them we can not control."

Jefferson's residence in France was not of signal import to America. There was not much there for him to do, although he did obtain the admission of American products on advantageous terms and gave a

sensible stimulus to the policy of reciprocity. He writes to the French premier that France "could not expect America to come to her to purchase when she did not take American commodities in return," thus impressing the great economic truth that commodities are somehow, somewhere, paid for with other commodities:

Finally, before he left he had a battle royal with the protective system, which was shutting the ports of France against food when Frenchmen were dying for the lack of it; "and spent his last days, even his last hours, in Paris, in trying to persuade the ministry to permit the importation of salted provisions from the United States," and failed! Parton epitomizes the interview delightfully. "Salt beef," objected the Count de Montmorin, "will give the people scurvy." "No," replied Jefferson, "we eat it in America and we don't have the scurvy." "The salt tax will fall off," said the minister. Jefferson could not deny that it might a little; but, on the other hand, "it would relieve the government from the necessity of keeping the price of bread below its value." "But," resumed the count, "the people of France will not buy salt meat." "Then," replied Jefferson, "the merchants won't import it, and no harm will be done." "And you can not make a good soup out of it," urged the count. "True," said Jefferson, "but it gives a delightful flavor to vegetables. Besides it will cost only half the price of fresh meat."

Ridiculous, isn't it? But this last year our people were paying three prices for Irish potatoes, and yet Congress could not be prevailed upon to suspend the import duty!

The author gives to Jefferson the credit for the first distinct statement of the principle of the Monroe Doctrine. On October 29, 1808, he wrote a letter to the governor of Louisiana. Speaking of Cuba and Mexico, he says: "We consider their interests and ours as the same, and that the object of both must be to exclude European influence from this hemisphere." But the Monroe Doctrine had been foreshadowed by him many years before that:

In April, 1794, in this same letter to Madison, to which I have once referred, appears the first inkling of the central idea of the Monroe Doctrine. He expresses the view that "we ought at the proper time to declare to both France and to England, that the French West India Islands were to rest with France, and that we should make a common cause with her for that object." This seems to preclude the idea of France's voluntarily transferring, as well as of England's forcibly acquiring them, and this is virtually our present attitude towards the West India Islands: "those who have, can keep; those who have not may not acquire," whether by war or purchase.

The author has something apposite to say about the third presidential term, quoting Jefferson, who declared in his letter to John Taylor of Carolina that "General Washington set the example of voluntary retirement after eight years. I shall follow it. And a few more precedents will oppose the obstacle of habit to any one who after a while shall endeavor to extend his term":

An indefinitely self-successive executive, easily turned into a dictatorship, has been the rock upon which the so-called South and Central American "republics" have split, and the good sense of the American people in taking the advice of Washington and Jefferson has saved our institutions from a like death of the spirit. They will never be safe until a constitutional amendment shall be passed, confining the presidential term preferably to a term of eight years, with the right of recall by the people in the middle of the period; that is, two four-year terms, or else to one term of six or seven years. Thus far the people have said: "Washington would not, Jefferson would not, Grant could not, and nobody else shall," but the danger is ever present, as long as there are adventurous and ambitious and able men, conjoining to their courage and ambition and ability great popularity, in a word "men of the hour"—dangerous in a "crisis." Unpopular men, of course, have never been dangerous to free institutions anywhere.

Institutions are what practice makes them. Washington and Jefferson never performed a greater service for the permanency of American institutions than this. In Jefferson's time our institutions were still subject to this danger. The people seemed not fully awakened to it. Eight state legislatures had passed resolutions endorsing Jefferson for a third term. More would have followed, if Jefferson had not discouraged it. Even Senator Lodge says there is no doubt he could have had it. Washington's precedent and Jefferson's ratification of it have constituted what has frequently been called a part of "the unwritten constitution of the republic," like the Monroe Doctrine.

When Jefferson reached New York on March 21, 1790, he may have been a little surprised to read in the *Gazette* a defense of the "artificial splendor and dignity" that were supposed to play a useful part in high government circles:

When this same paper gave an account of the arrival of Mrs. Washington in New York on May 30, 1789, the attempt to imitate "British Court society" entries was almost childlike in its simplicity. There were noticed as present "Lady Sterling," "Lady Mary Watts," "Lady Kitty Duer," besides Lady Washington, etc. When the President attended his birthday balls—themselves imitations of the Court of St. James—"a platform was reared at one end of the ballroom, a sort of dais, and upon this was a sofa," where dear, plain old George Washington of Mount Vernon plantation was persuaded to sit "reclined" with his "consort"!

This foolish movement—looking towards the establishment of pomps and ceremonies, cavalcades, forms and frills of office in America, meant under the surface much more than we are inclined to think now. The Senate wanted to call the President: "His Highness, George Washington, President of the United States and Protector of their liberties." The House very wisely resolved that he should be called simply "George Washington, President of the United States," and Jefferson very keenly sympathized with the action of the House. This, in the view of his enemies, is his first display of "disloyalty" to George Washington, and a betrayal of "French influence"; but the Presidents have ever since then been called plainly, "Mr. President," and no harm has come of it. Mr. Jefferson himself enjoys the rare distinction of having been generally called simply Mr. Jefferson.

Jefferson announced in substance that when he became President he would receive people at the White House just as he would receive them at Monticello. He attempted to introduce republican simplicity into the

official life at Washington, and he set a precedent that is still valid:

No administration since Jefferson came in has dared to depart from the precedent of simplicity, which he set in sending a written message to Congress, to which no reply was expected. None has ever dared to attempt to restore the "speeches from the throne" made by Washington and Adams. Presidents now shake hands at receptions with their guests, as Jefferson did, and do not stand up "girded with the sword of state," with cocked hats under their arms, as snobs persuaded, honest, modest, noble George Washington to do. Presidents now, with their wives, "stand upon the level" at White House receptions, and not on "a raised dais." "Sassiness" did not conquer as long as Jefferson himself was at the helm. It made up its mind that he should not do away with levees, so its pretty and fashionable women gathered themselves together—and went, upon one of the regular levee days, to the White House, with a view of forcing the President's hand—he being known to be a polite man, and especially polite to the ladies. They found, however, that the wise old fox had gone horseback riding. They determined to await his return. The Master of Monticello came back, riding boots on, somewhat soiled with dust, and *politely desirous "not to keep them waiting," come in just as he was*. He fulsomely expressed his delight and surprise to find them there—his happiness in the contemplation of the "coincidence" of their presence and his return! He greeted everybody kindly, and as each made motion to go, he urged each further to remain. The women could not help heartily laughing at themselves, and never attempted to repeat the performance. They came to capture or to ridicule. They left captured or feeling ridiculed.

The author defends his hero against the charge of carrying simplicity to the point of offensiveness, although he may have intended to rebuke the Federalist "Upper Ten," which had grown to imagine that it ruled the roost in Washington:

Some of these criticisms were brought to Jefferson's ears, and had the effect only of making him emphasize what he was already doing, and maybe sometimes over-emphasize it. Under his administration, the White House was open to all comers under the same conditions as his house on "Little Mountain" had been and would be later—subject to the master of the house not being engaged and the guest behaving decently. Although his receiving a British ambassador "in slippers run down at the heels" was certainly too careless, it was, after all, a small matter, and I don't see why so much noise was made about it. Jefferson was Jefferson and the President of the United States, whether he was in boots, shoes, or slippers, and provided he was polite and courteous to the ambassador, it was none of the ambassador's business how he was dressed—if only within statutory limits, and certainly not a state affair.

As President, he himself at public functions asserted no precedence over governors of states, nor, for that matter, over anybody else who happened to be present. A governor having once written him to know what the etiquette would be when they should meet, he replied: "My dear sir, there will be no etiquette." The President's residence was no longer called "The Palace."

The aid given by Jefferson to Tom Paine and the general suspicion that he was tainted with free thought naturally made him unpopular among the clergy. We are told that they hated him and that he cordially returned their hate with the addition of a liberal measure of contempt:

John Fiske says that he "has heard his grandmother tell how old ladies in Connecticut, at the news of his election, hid their family Bibles, because it was supposed that his very first official act—perhaps even before announcing his cabinet—would be to issue a ukase ordering all copies of the sacred volume throughout the country to be seized and burned." And this simply because Jefferson was a conspicuous advocate of freedom of religion, or perhaps still more because he had disconnected parsons from gables and state support—much to the improvement of true religion. He was, as it was the habit to call men in that day, a "freethinker." It is wonderful how many good, honest folk think they are thinking when they think they think that thinking freely is a sin, and ought to be made a crime. Fiske well adds that "when people get into such a state of mind, the only thing that can cure them is an object lesson."

The author explains that the lectures upon which this book is founded were prepared and delivered in great haste and under great pressure and that it may, and probably does, contain errors. Possibly such would be disclosed by a minute examination and analysis, but in the meantime it may be said that the book is a thoroughly readable one and with all the graces of energy and enthusiasm.

THOMAS JEFFERSON: HIS PERMANENT INFLUENCE ON AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS. By John Sharp Williams. New York: Columbia University Press.

Natural dyes, made mostly from vegetables, plants, and wood, were practically the only dyes known for centuries. Their gradual disuse in the last hundred years has been due to the discovery that dyes could be made from coal tar. Largely through the experiments of European chemists, coal-tar dyes were made so satisfactory a substitute for the natural dyes that the business in artificial articles soon took on enormous proportions. Little attempt was made in America to manufacture coal-tar dyes because the Europeans possessed patents which practically gave them control of the trade. Germany has long controlled the world's trade in this business. One reason for the popularity of the artificial dyes has been the wide range of brilliant colors in which they could be had.

Contrary to general belief, China not only raises cattle in large numbers, but exports frozen beef in quantities which have now assumed a commercial magnitude of sufficient size that world-wide possibilities may be observed in time to come. Upward of 200,000 cowhides are annually exported from Shantung, which supplies the Russian army in the Far East with a large portion of its beef. Chinese, other than Mohammed, eat no beef, considering the cow a farm animal.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

A Happy Woman.

The author of this autobiography wishes to remain anonymous, but we are assured that she is a woman well known as a writer—quite easy to believe after the perusal of a page or two of her work. Ostensibly the book belongs to the woman's movement, but it has an individuality all its own. The author makes neither complaint nor defiance. She has neither grievance nor ill-will. She recognizes that the great social forces of the day have pushed women into the economic arena and that they must play their part without fear or favor. If they have weaknesses, physical or otherwise, they must be conquered. There can be no concessions to temperament or frailty, nor can their sex be protected by special legislation. Minimum wage laws are cruel evils because they cause the dispossession of those not worth the minimum wage. State aid and old age pensions are an unjust tax upon prudence and industry. But compulsory state insurance stands upon a different footing because it compels economy and foresight. But neither law nor custom must discriminate in favor of the woman in business.

The book itself is the story of the author's life, a story undecorated and complete. Her lot was far harder than the average, but she tells us precisely how she faced it and won through by sheer grit and perseverance. We may not agree with all she says, but it is easy to recognize a resourceful and dominant character and the mental and moral qualities that compel admiration and that merit imitation.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HAPPY WOMAN. Anonymous. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.50 net.

The Garden.

Mr. C. A. Stehbins of the Chico State Normal School has written a book that should be welcomed by every one with a garden and a desire to understand its capacities. But gardening is nothing more than agriculture on a small scale, and agriculture is the one essential basis upon which all community life must stand. The child who is taught something about the garden is therefore brought into sympathetic relationship with the life of the state, and to do this seems to be the main object of the book, rather than merely to communicate facts about gardens.

But whether we wish merely to know about gardens and to know it intelligently, or whether we wish to encourage the communal spirit in the child, there could be no better book for either purpose than this. It is an admirable mixture of theory and practice, a skilled attempt to unveil the processes of nature so that the gardener may cooperate with them to the fullest possible extent. We are told why things grow and the conditions under which they grow, the component parts of plant life and their meaning, some of the mysteries of soil and weather and of the animal life that may be either friend or foe. The book is capably illustrated, and while it is primarily intended for school use it should be equally valuable to all who wish to use their gardens for pleasure or for profit.

THE PRINCIPLES OF AGRICULTURE THROUGH THE SCHOOL AND THE HOME GARDEN. By C. A. Stehbins, M. S. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net.

A Detective Story.

By way of giving us full value for our money the author provides us with two crimes, a robbery and a murder, and with no less than three detectives. One of the detectives is an amateur, and we can not sufficiently admire the courage that has created an amateur detective with only five senses and without any of the superhuman powers of deduction usually considered appropriate to persons of this kind. But otherwise the story is of the usual kind. The true villain is the last one whom we should ever suspect, while all the other characters, who ought to be trying to help justice, seem to be doing all that they can to defeat it.

THAT AFFAIR AT PORTSEAD MANOR. By Gladys Edson Locke. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.

Optimism.

Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole's optimism seems to consist in a sturdy belief that the world is moving toward the good and has never moved in any other direction in spite of occasional setbacks and discouragements, such as the present little flurry in Europe. But the author does not wish to see any labels attached to this ideal Good. He will have nothing to do with Christianity or any other codified creed, and he has no use for socialism, anarchy, or syndicalism, although of the three he prefers anarchy. The Good, he says, is represented by Advancement, Love, Mercy, Kindness, Protection, and all such forces that seem to belong to an ideal yet undisclosed. Every notion of nature from the beginning is a struggle toward that goal, and the present high-water mark is man's dawning capacity to think collectively instead of individually. In other words, he sees the universe and its every

part moving intelligently toward some definite end. It is moving, he says, under "sealed orders, which man may not open till he is fit to read them," but the compass is virtue, and under its direction we began with "Advancement" as a sort of subsidiary ideal which gradually gave place to hitherto invisible directions till "Love" stands out, and "Mercy," and all those other words that form the basis of Progress. The author's optimism is a good one, and one to which we can hold even in spite of present conditions if we will try not only to think collectively, but also to think in centuries and epochs instead of in decades.

THE NEW OPTIMISM. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. New York: John Lane Company; \$1 net.

Greek Art.

When Dr. Percy Gardner published "A Grammar of Greek Art" in 1905 it was received with an applause that promised it a permanent place in the literature of art. Now after nine years we have a new edition that is about one-third larger than the original issue and with many of its chapters rewritten, corrected, and elaborated. The two chapters that are entirely new are devoted to "The House and the Tomb" and "Portrait Sculpture," the latter being of special value. In the archaic age it is difficult to distinguish between the figures of gods and men. In the first great age of mature sculpture we find an approach between gods and men, but with a distinctive difference. The gods are nobly human and the men are divine. The age of the genuine portrait came later, but always with a preservation of the divine ideal, with the effort to recognize and to express the potentialities of the god in man.

Upon the general scope and treatment of this fine work there is no need to comment. If Dr. Gardner's "Grammar" was received as a masterly piece of interpretation there should be an even warmer welcome for this larger and improved work with its competent knowledge, its clear diction and sympathetic comprehension, not only of what the Greeks did, but of the spirit underlying their work. The illustrations are well chosen and very numerous.

THE PRINCIPLES OF GREEK ART. By Percy Gardner, Litt. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.25 net.

Dreams.

M. Bergson's theory of dreams is based upon the subconsciousness, the storehouse of all that we have ever felt, perceived, thought, or willed from the first awakening to life. Ordinarily these memories are below the trap-door of the mind, but during sleep this trap-door may be raised and the contents of the subconscious may be released in the form of dreams.

But M. Bergson seems to have adopted the favorite method of the psychic researcher, who first formulates his theory and then selects such facts as may be friendly to the theory and rejects the remainder. How about the dreams that may reasonably be called prophetic and the very numerous recorded dreams that seem to be wholly beyond the domain of past experience? M. Bergson's theories certainly mark a stage in psychic research, but it is hard to resist the conviction that they will soon become untenable in the light of further knowledge or even of an inclusive examination of the facts that we have.

DREAMS. By Henri Bergson. New York: E. W. Huebsch; 60 cents net.

The Mob.

Mr. Galsworthy may be credited with a certain amount of prevision, since he chooses as the hero of his play an under secretary of a British cabinet who disapproves of a foreign war and who excites the enmity of his family and of the mob by saying so. There have been many such martyrs to conviction and perhaps the world would be a better place than it is had there been more of them. Possibly Mr. Galsworthy had in mind the Boer war, when resistance to the mob spirit sometimes had real pains and penalties attached to it.

The play is practically melodrama, and with a good many of the faults of melodrama. Its strong point is its depiction of the mob, and perhaps there are few things under heaven so horrible as a mob.

THE MOB. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 60 cents net.

Art.

It would ill become the layman to comment critically upon an art work that is described as the "almost inevitable outcome of Post-Impressionist tendencies." Indeed the trained artist might well hesitate to judge a theory that seems so far beyond the area of all accepted ideas of painting and that refuses to the representation of natural form the place that has been universally conceded to it in the composition of the picture. And yet a certain theoretical plausibility can not be denied to Kandinsky's theories. If sound and beat constitute a language in themselves, if they can be so combined as to correspond

with and evoke certain states of consciousness not otherwise expressible, why may we not make a similar demand upon color and line? Why may we not go direct to the worlds of form and light and there select the exact correspondences of states of consciousness and so break down the limitations imposed by the demands of a natural imitateness? Possibly Kandinsky would disown such a statement of his aims, and so the reader must be referred to this remarkable book, of which the first part is devoted to general aesthetic and the second to the psychological correspondences of color and form. At least it is sincere, while the clarity of its expression is largely aided by its many well-chosen illustrations.

THE ART OF SPIRITUAL HARMONY. By Wassily Kandinsky. Translated with an introduction by M. T. H. Sadler. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75 net.

Adventures of a Play.

This book may be confidently recommended to aspirants for the fame of dramatic authorship. It may even effect a cure in the less aggravated cases. Its author, Louis Evan Shipman, was the author also of "D'Arcy of the Guards," the play in which Henry Miller made so great a success. In this book he tells the whole story of production from the moment when the manuscript left his hands. He tells of hopes, fears, rejections, and disappointments, and he tells also of what he had to do to his play after its final acceptance. Letters, contracts, and telegrams are given in full, as well as a report of interviews, and there are also some capital illustrations in color of costume designs. We are allowed a veritable glimpse behind the scenes in more ways than one, and while Mr. Shipman is to be heartily congratulated upon the success of his play we should hardly blame him had he decided never to write another.

THE TRUE ADVENTURES OF A PLAY. By Louis Evan Shipman. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.50 net.

Brief Reviews.

The American Book Company has just published "Business Arithmetic," by C. M. Bookman (65 cents). That there should be a difference between school arithmetic and business arithmetic is a sad comment on our educational methods, but the author has done at least something to remedy a serious mischief.

We shall save up the volumes in the New Guides to Old Masters Series now in course of issue by Charles Scribner's Sons until better days, or read them sadly in memory of the days that were. In the meantime we may extend a deserved welcome to "Munich, Frankfurt, Cassel," by John C. Van Dyke, with critical notes on the Old Pinacothek, the Stadel Institute, and the Cassel Royal Gallery. The volume is as good as its predecessors, which is to say a great deal.

A book of peculiar value to the advertiser has been published by the Macmillan Company under the title of "News, Ads, and Sales." The author is Mr. John Baker Opdycke, and his object is to study the newspaper as an advertising medium and as a compendium of the records of buying and selling. Magazines and salesmanship are also considered from the most comprehensive point of view, the whole being arranged in a series of lessons intended for consecutive and systematic study. The price is \$1.25 net.

Dr. H. G. Pillsbury explains that his "Figures Famed in Fiction," just published by Rand, McNally & Co. (\$1.25 net), is intended "to present with few but vivid strokes a number of graphic delineations of noted figures in fiction." This is done by selected quotations from the novels in which these figures appear, and among the characters chosen are Jean Valjean, John Halifax, Tom Brown, Sydney Carton, Lorna Doone, and Robert Falconer. It is certainly pleasant to have the colors of our memory pictures thus refreshed and brightened.

W. T. Young in his "Introduction to the Study of English Literature," just published by G. P. Putnam's Sons (75 cents net), has given us a volume that can hardly fail to be of service to those who need a competent guide to the world of books. Mr. Young does not attempt to do our reading for us nor to shape our opinions. In his own words his intention is "to prospect in company with the reader, to unearth and investigate clues with him, to lure his curiosity, and to challenge him to thought." No hook could better fulfill so laudable an object.

Game protection, as the term is understood in this country, consists largely in the enactment and enforcement of statutes regulating the time when, the manner and means by which, and the amount of, game that may be killed or taken by the public. Hence most of the questions and problems involved in game protection are matters of law. In his "Game Protection and Propagation in America," just published by the J. B. Lippincott Company (\$1.25 net), the author, Mr.

The White House

In addition to the Books reviewed in this paper, the largest assortment of English, French, German, Italian and Spanish publications can be obtained at The White House Book Department.

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Henry Chase, discusses these questions and points out such as have been settled by the authorities, both legal and scientific. Mr. Chase sub-titles his work "a handbook of practical information for officials and others interested in the cause of conservation of wild life."

It is a testimony to the popularity of Maude Diver and her stories of military life in India that there should be a new, revised, and rewritten edition of "The Great Amulet" and "Captain Desmond, V. C." The success of these stories is well deserved. Not only have they exceptional value as fiction and exceptional charm as romance, but they present a picture of Anglo-Indian life that strikes us as being on a much broader canvas and from a much wider angle than anything that has been written by Kipling. They can be confidently recommended to those who are attracted by the glittering pageant of Indian life and who would study it in something like its full breadth and variety. This new edition is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons Price, \$1.35 net each.

E. V. Lucas comes forward in a new guise this fall as the editor of an annual, "Lucas's Annual." Among the writers represented in it are Sir James Barrie, Arnold Bennett, Austin Dobson, John Galsworthy, Maurice Hewlett, and Hugh Walpole.

A. C. McClurg & Co. announce a third printing of Edgar Rice Burroughs' jungle romance, "Tarsan of the Apes."

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Gas companies were among the first public servants to adopt as their guide the idea of Service.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Owl and Bobolink.

The writers of verse for children are numerous and prolific and their work is usually sad and dreary stuff. But in Emma C. Dowd we have a writer with something like the genuine poetic gift and also with a sympathetic recognition of childish needs in the way of literature. Turning over her pages perfunctorily we are speedily arrested by one spritely fancy after another, delicately and poetically expressed and yet with the jingle that captivates the juvenile ear. Those in search of something far better than usual would do well to look at this book with its admirable illustrations by Emma Troth.

THE OWL AND THE BOBOLINK. By Emma C. Dowd. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.10 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Frederick S. Dellenbaugh's "Frémont and '49," which the Putnams are about to publish, is a comprehensive, dispassionate review of the main facts of his remarkable life, and is the first and only single volume to present his career complete. The actual experiences among new and old trails of the country Frémont traversed, and intimate acquaintance with that entire field render the author eminently qualified to estimate and balance the exploits of this energetic American.

A novel published two or three years ago by the Macmillan Company which gains new significance through the present European disturbances is Mark Lee Luther's "The Sovereign Power." Though the hero is a young American and the heroine an American girl, one of the principal characters is a prince who is fighting for the possession of the Serbian throne. The politics of Austria, Italy, Russia, and Montenegro as well as the question of Serbian freedom all have a part in the theme.

On the Century Company's fall lists is "The Story-Life of Napoleon," by Wayne Whipple, author of "The Story of the American Flag," "The Story-Life of Lincoln," "The Story-Life of the Son of Man," etc. The book weaves into a complete and continuous biography hundreds of short stories from a variety of sources.

In a very short time the Putnams will make publication of a third edition of "Elfin Songs of Sunland," a collection of merry poems of child life and nature, by Charles Keeler. The new edition contains not a few additional poems in Mr. Keeler's best vein, and has been completely reset.

The first novel to be issued by A. C. McClurg & Co. for the autumn season is a Civil War story called "Marmaduke of Tennessee."

The Putnams will early this month make publication of an interesting and well illustrated work on "The Life and Times of Cleopatra," by Arthur E. P. B. Weigall, inspector-general of antiquities, government of Egypt, author of "The Life and Times of Akhnaton, Pharaoh of Egypt," "The Treasury of Ancient Egypt," etc. Mr. Weigall is eminently well qualified through a residence in Egypt of many years, a close association with Alexandria, Cleopatra's capital, and a daily familiarity with Greek and Egyptian antiquities, to write this biography.

An important travel book for September is Stephen Graham's "With Poor Immigrants to America," describing the author's own experiences with a band of immigrants. It is illustrated with reproductions of photographs and is announced for September 16 by the Macmillan Company.

"Soul-Spur," to be published this fall by the Century Company, is the title of the new book by Richard Wightman, author of "The Things He Wrote to Her."

His Satanic majesty does not play the stellar rôle in Mrs. Atherton's new novel, "Perch of the Devil," published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. Various religious publishing houses who have expressed their fear that the book might be of such a nature that they could not offer it to their customers have had their fears allayed by the announcement that the title is only the name of the mine owned by the hero, who took it in turn from the old slang name applied to Butte, where most of the action takes place.

The Home University Library (Henry Holt & Co.) will reach its nineteenth volume on September 12 with the following five books: "The Exploration of the Alps," by Arnold Lunn, M. A. The author is said to be a scholar in the literature of Alpine exploration, as well as an experienced climber and a lively writer. "The Renaissance," by Edith Sichel. The book is a sketch of the brilliant period as exemplified in its startling personalities both good and bad. "Between the Old Testament and the New," by R. H. Charles, D. Litt., D. D., Canon of Westminster, who shows, it is said, that the interval between the Testaments was not, as is usually believed,

a period barren of thought and aspiration. "Elizabethan Literature," by J. M. Robertson, who, veteran though he is, writes an enthusiastic story of the golden age in English literature; and "Chemistry," by Raphael Meldola, D. Sc., LL. D., F. R. S., a brief survey of this increasingly popular branch of science.

"The Russian People," by the Honorable Maurice Baring, is published by the George H. Doran Company and is timely. What the "bear of the north" is going to do, whether the Russians will prove barbarians or civilized, is the greatest problem of the war. Their history is magnificently romantic and largely unknown. But here the Honorable Maurice Baring, son of Lord Revelstoke, former diplomat in Paris, Rome, and Denmark, war correspondent in Russia and Manchuria and the Balkans, tells the history of the Russian people, their progress toward revolution and civilization, their attitude toward war and toward their rulers.

Since the publication, thirty years ago, of his "Essentials of Botany," which was one of the early volumes of the American Science Series, Professor Charles E. Bessey has trained up a son in the way he should go, and Henry Holt & Co. are announcing for publication on September 19 the eighth edition, thoroughly revised, of that standard text, this time done in collaboration by father and son. The elder Bessey is still actively teaching at the University of Nebraska; the son, Ernst A. Bessey, is professor of botany of the Michigan Agricultural College.

Baroness Orczy, author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "Unto Caesar," etc., is in private life Mrs. Montagu Barstow, the wife of an English gentleman, with a beautiful estate, but is by birth a sympathizer with Austria-Hungary. Her father was Baron Felix Orczy, one of the greatest noblemen of Hungary, and from her uncle, Baron Cherubin Orczy, the baroness inherited great holdings in Hungary. This fall the baroness is to have out a new novel of swords and hot riding, "The Laughing Cavalier."

A book of particular interest at present, owing to Italy's stand on the war question, is "United Italy," by F. M. Underwood, published by the George H. Doran Company. During the past thirty years Italy has undergone a complete change in nearly every respect, and what the Italians of today are really like, and what they want, is here told.

New Books Received.

OUR VILLA IN ITALY. By J. Lucas. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.50 net. A description of an Italian home.

EGYPT. By Pierre Loti. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Conveying vivid pictures of the charm of Egypt and the marvels of its antiquity.

A PLEA FOR SHAKESPEARE AND WHITMAN. By William Timothy Call. 669 East Thirty-Second Street, Brooklyn: W. T. Call.

"Some findings for persons who like to do their own thinking."

GREYLAKE OF MALLERBY. By William L. Cribb. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

SATURDAY'S CHILD. By Kathleen Norris. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

A novel.

THE GILDED CHRYSLIS. By Gertrude Pahlow. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE HOUSE. By Henry Bordeaux. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE LITTLE RED CHIMNEY. By Mary Finley Leonard. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1 net.

A story.

CANADIAN NIGHTS. By Albert Hickman. New York: The Century Company; \$1.30 net.

A collection of short stories.

UNDER COVER. By Roi Cooper Megrue. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE RELIGION OF THE SPIRIT IN MODERN LIFE. By Horatio W. Dresser, Ph. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net.

An interpretation of religion from the point of view of the inner experience.

DEMOSTHENES, AND THE LAST DAYS OF GREEK FREEDOM. By A. W. Pickard-Cambridge. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Issued in Heroes of the Nations.

THE KING OF ALSANDER. By James Elroy Flecker. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE LAY ANTHONY. By Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

MARY JANE'S PA. By Edith Ellis. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1 net.

A play. Issued in the Modern Drama Series.

THE SPIRIT OF LIFE. By Mowry Saben. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.50 net.

A book of essays.

THE RISE OF THE WORKING-CLASS. By Algernon Sidney Crapey. New York: The Century Company; \$1.30 net.

A consideration of some phases of the sociological and industrial future.

BURDETTE'S ORCHARD.

While the Jester was traveling recently a nursery man got on the train. Why he should have selected the Jester as a man pining away for a Norwegian stock pear-tree or an assortment of early green Lombardy apple scions no one can tell; but he did, and he talked tree to that patient child of sorrow for fifty-two miles.

"I have tried this pear," the Jester said, his sad face lighting up with a gleam of pleased recognition as the tree man showed him a colored lithograph of a pear as big as a football, with a neck like a champagne bottle, golden-yellow on one side, scarlet-streaked on the other. "I have tried this pear. I planted four of these Hibernian Dutch-checked mongolia tricolors ten years ago."

"She's the daisy," the tree man said; "didn't they do splendidly?"

"Beautifully," said the Jester. "All died the first year, and I never had a particle of trouble with them."

Then the tree man showed him a picture of an Oliver Gilsey open-stone hybrid peach (*Americanus brandificarius*). It was larger—in the lithograph—than a turnip, with down on it like the mustache of a college boy in the junior year, and it was rose-tinted like the deep-set heart of a sad-sounding curled seashell. On the opposite page a picture of the tree showed up like a century-old oak, gnarled, and rugged, and hardy as the granite cliff that from the mountainside frowned on the shadowy vale below.

[Loud cheers from the man on the wood-box, and cries from the passengers of "Go on!" and "More!"]

"Oh, yes," the Jester said, "I know that fruit. I have tried that brand of peach. It would have done well, no doubt, had we not planted the trees in the onion bed. The onions came up and choked all the trees out but one. It came up, and bore peaches, two of them. Not just exactly like that picture. One of them looked like a wart on a gum log, only it was harder, and the hair stuck out like bristles and quills. The other would have been a peach just like this, I suppose, only the stone grew on the outside. I don't want any fruit trees this spring, anyhow."

"But—" began the nursery man.

"I never see a beautiful lithograph of a fruit tree, crowned and gemmed with luscious fruit," the Jester went on, "without being reminded of an eminent success I made with plums. I owned a beautiful home surrounded with charming grounds, and fruit trees were one of my pastimes. A tree man came along one year, and sold me a plum tree. I had had little success with plum trees, on account of the rapacious and never satisfied curculio. But the tree man assured me the curculio would never touch this particularly beautiful variety; the Alonzo du Belvidere, or Light of the Harem-scarum. I bought the tree. It grew as never plum tree grew before; a great swelling mass of foliage that wooed the sunbeams to play with its dancing shadows. And fruit! Everybody that went by the homestead swore to himself there weren't enough dogs in the commonwealth to keep him on the roadway side of that fence a week longer. It never failed, not one single year. Season after season it put forth blooms until it looked like a springtime snowbank, and then in the season of its fruit it shone and glowed like a royal purple sunset in the back garden. One day Smith praised the tree, and I gave him of its fruit. He bit a piece out of the plum, and then started home for his gun. It was only a few steps, but twice before he got there

he forgot what he had started after. He climbed over into the foundations of a new house and tried to die. Then he stopped in a vacant lot, and ate the tops off the tar-weeds, to take the taste out of his mouth. When he got home he sent for Dr. Miller, and told him the Jester had poisoned him to get some money he owed him, and he wanted him to take down his ante-mortem statement.

"But he lived, and forgave the man who had filled his young life with bitterness, and one day, standing under the swaying boughs of this deadly upas plum tree, I told him all its woeful history. How at night the long-drawn howls and wails of terror-stricken boys, lying in the dew-sprinkled grass of the cow pasture, had filled the night with a weird, uncanny horror, and scared all of the neighbors' dogs, or so many of them as the wails would go round, under the barn in the tree-bordered hollow. How thievish and road-weary tramps had eaten of this fruit, and had gone off down street shouting "fire!" and had never been seen again. How one day a sandy pig, three and a half feet long, had eaten a couple of these plums that somebody had thrown over the fence, and then sat down in the dust of the street, and cried and sobbed with pain and mortification, until the golden sun went down in a sea of roseate splendor in the distant west. How visitors, friends of the family, and guests of the home, had plucked and bitten a plum before they could be warned, and then, with ghastly countenances, tried to look as though they liked it. The robins shunned that tree. The curculio never went near it. The wandering crows of the air wouldn't look at it. Nothing ever touched it except the English sparrows. They liked it, and grew fat upon it. Nothing," added the Jester, "nothing that ever grew can kill the English sparrow."

But the passengers knew that if he wandered off on that topic he could never be silenced, and the man on the wood-box besought him to tell the rest about the plum tree, while the tree man gathered his lithographs, and got off at a crossroad.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Because he couldn't—or wouldn't—get through his courses in mathematics Frank Norris, the novelist, never won a degree from the University of California. After four years at Berkeley he went away in 1894 and began to write those great novels of his, "McTeague," "Blix," "The Octopus," "The Pit," and the rest of them. Then in 1902, within eight years after leaving college, a famous novelist, he came back to Berkeley one day at President Wheeler's invitation and before the assembled students read with rare unction and charm one of his wonderful tales. Now a group of his college comrades have set up in the Greek Theatre a memorial to the brilliant California novelist, a massive chair, carved in Italy in Carrara marble, from designs which the Florentine sculptor modeled on an ancient Roman original, and on the white stone these words have been incised: "The Honesty, the Bravery, the Faith of Frank Norris All Live in His Work."

The will of Baron Basile der Schlichting, one of the notable Russian residents of Paris, who died recently, leaves his magnificent collection of paintings, bronzes, and sculptures, valued at \$20,000,000, to the Louvre. Among his objects of art are 114 snuff boxes for which the late J. Pierpont Morgan is said to have offered \$2,000,000. One of these boxes, painted by Fragonard, is valued at \$100,000.

back east



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THE COLUMBIA.

Six playlets are programmed this week for the Holbrook Blinn players, and the hill goes through on schedule time. Three are repetitions, two of these probably the most popular of all the playlets offered so far. They are "The Bride" and McLellan's "The Fountain," the sad and tender sentiment of the latter piece starting a whole flood of impressions to life, for the background of this beautiful little play is richly compounded of that atmosphere which hundreds of great writers have agreed is the essential breathing medium of Paris's literary and artistic Bohemia.

"Food" is only a merry trifle, but it plays its part in hestowing the halm of laughter between two plays of severe, even terrible, tension. "The Kiss in the Dark" contains, indeed, the most horrific situation it is possible to conceive of. There is in it no possible relief in the way of kindly sentiment, pity, or love. It includes a dreadful view of human nature at its worst, the drear spectacle of a man made demoniac by a peculiarly frightful misfortune. Those who love to sup on horrors may eat their fill in "The Kiss in the Dark," for the play is of the kind that will reach the sensibilities of the most literal and unimaginative. In it Jean Murdoch enacts the character of a girl who is suddenly and unexpectedly placed in a position of the most hideous peril, and for almost the first time in the engagement this refined and attractive, but usually colorless actress lost herself entirely. Her imagination was so powerfully affected that she ceased to be Jean Murdoch acting. Her physiognomy changed markedly, her soft blonde prettiness was masked by terror, and to us in front, our brows and members contracted by the sheer horror of it, she was actually the French light o' love, appalled and screaming in the grip of her sometimes lover's deadly revenge.

Harry Mestayer plays the part of the man who is suffering from the horribly primitive reprisal of a woman scorned with such a calculated progression of eagerness and longing that after the terrible drama is completed the shuddering memory reverts involuntarily to the advancing phases by which the quiet, weary, almost resigned invalid sitting in his chair is gradually transformed into a fiend incarnate.

"The Hard Man" is not so much a terrible as a strong and realistic drama-in-brief, with its moments of tension and great solemnity. The locale of "The Hard Man" is the Sudan, the action takes place in the headquarters tent of the British army, and, short though the play is, it leaves upon the mind a clear etching of one of the brief phases of military life. A group of war correspondents is seen engaged in half idle talk; there ensues a capture of one of the natives, for so the black, bearded, silent prisoner, wrapped in his Egyptian burnous, seems to be until with a quick motion the flowing garment is plucked aside and the naked torso revealed is white. The war correspondents have been summoned to view an act of solemn expiation, and the audience surrenders itself to the high-keyed yet mannishly restrained emotion of the moment until the last two words are spoken by "the hard man," the commander-in-chief of the British forces. Now, while one must admit the force of the dramatic dénouement made by those two words, yet for some reason they suddenly made one feel that it was a melodramatic dénouement, perhaps because such a situation is an old one in romantic literature. One must admit that General Allison could not very well say "my uncle," "my father," or even "my brother." Perhaps he could have said, "He was my friend." But all of these sound diluted, comparatively feeble, beside those two brief words he uttered, and yet—they broke the spell. Heavens, but how terribly sophisticated we are getting to be, and what a dull world it will become when all the story-situations have become too well known!

Mr. Blinn was the commander-in-chief, authoritative and curt; Mr. Mestayer, the American correspondent, more genial than the others, and with the easier standards of a young country whose prosperity makes sentiment more attainable, and Messrs. Mather, Gillet, and Edgard contributed the usual effect of reality by the ease and naturalism of their acting.

"The Bride" has proved so popular that it is again used as the wind-up, and sends everybody forth grinning from ear to ear. It shows Miss Polini to advantage in the best comedy work she has done during the season. The finest and strongest piece of work done by Mr. Blinn during this engagement is in the rôle of Beverly in "Fear," but next to that from the point of view of sheer delight in artistry comes his rag-picker in "The Fountain," and his elderly and damaged gallant in "The Bride." Mr. Blinn, however, plays another rôle that the public does not see, that of helpful coach to the less experienced members of his company, of stage director generally, and of expert critic and co-worker with his staff with every set that is placed upon the stage, and with every effect of light or shade that is given, as in "The Fountain," to emphasize or beautify or advance the scenes represented in the play.

Four weeks of the Princess Players, with a fifth announced, proves that the public takes kindly to the one-act plays. They give ample opportunity for pleasing all tastes, and the steady nuisance who is determined that levity is the only desirable element in stage-land may always go home with the taste of laughter in his mouth.

Only one play has not made good; and that one of their most interesting. "Any Night" has offended the tastes of the people who will allow the special sin to lift its dramatic head in palaces, but not in slums. For my part I see no difference in the ugliness—well, say Hichens's Belladonna's offense—and that of Mary the submerged, except, of course, that Belladonna's, while possibly more picturesque, is undoubtedly more heinous. The curious thing about the theatre-going public is that music, laughter, and comedy will cause it to tolerantly accept immorality as the motive of plays, the presence of mirth seeming, for some unknown reason, to make it excusable. "Madame Sherry," for instance, "The Pink Lady," "Adèle," and "The Merry Widow" are all delightfully entertaining, but they are one and all subtly sensuous and voluptuously conducive to immorality. More especially is this the case with "Madame Sherry," which practically all the theatre-going youth of the country has seen.

"Any Night," I certainly consider, is, dramatically speaking, more acceptable than "The Kiss in the Dark" or "The Black Mask," for the reason that there are gentle emotions brought to life in the first-mentioned play. This is not the case with the other two, which rely upon the element of undiluted horror for their effect. "Any Night" is just a drama of the slums, and it smells of sordid sins and whisky. But Mary Jones-Smith-or-Brown has her small assortment of virtues, redolent of poverty and disease, and therefore not picturesque like the splendidly clad Belladonna. The old man turns out to be a kindly being whom drunkenness has only temporarily deprived of his domestic virtues, and who is enabled through self-shame and horror of his daughter's sin to make a solemn burnt sacrifice to the forgiving gods. On the whole it seems to me that "Any Night" makes sin dismal, ugly, and repugnant, while it is actually made easy and alluring in the great mass of musical comedies borrowed from Europe, so much so that we are thoroughly used to it, are, indeed, scarcely conscious of it, and expose our young people to its subtly permeating influence without a thought; and all because the inference is conveyed with a laugh and a song.

In the matter of a hill composed entirely of one-act plays we have discovered that it offers opportunities to enshrine ideas that are too slight for the full-length play, and yet are worthy of a dramatic setting. Thus, while usage is apt to make us regard the full-length play as more artistically correct, yet we have found that "The Fountain" and "The Bride" are in their different ways works of art. That is, when properly presented. And furthermore, we are not obliged in one-act plays to live through the padding that is so often employed to piece out comedies to the conventional length.

A piece like "At the Switchboard" is really not a play at all; just a bit of dramatic freakery, which, however, we find thoroughly entertaining. In this Jean Murdoch, as Central, sits at the switchboard, and sometimes reading, sometimes listening with a fine, sardonic smile, hears humanity give itself away in its converse through the telephone. The invisible speakers gradually unfold a story, to which methodic Central tacks on the dénouement by matter-of-factly playing, in about one second by the clock, a rôle somewhat similar to that of the telephone girl in "The Woman." I amused myself by trying to discover the identity of the invisible speakers by their tones, and, if I am not mistaken, I can add further testimony as to the cleverness of the company by pronouncing Miss Benson to be both the suspected wife and the dog-owner with the scratchy voice, while Mr. Mestayer contributed a diversity of tones to the rôles of the husband, the lover, and the lawyer.

THE ORPHEUM.

In vaudeville this week local pride has reason to inflate itself somewhat, as Walde-mar Young's and William Jacobs's travesty, "When Caesar Ran a Paper," has soared at once and unmistakably to the top-line attraction at the Orpheum. No doubt the local prominence of the people concerned in this capital hurlesque has contributed to the general interest felt in it, but the vaudeville audiences go primarily to be amused, not to be benevolent, and "When Caesar Ran a Paper" amuses them. The playlet struck me as an unusually successful specimen of pure hurlesque, which is not so easy to find. Ross and Fenton, for instance, whom we have all seen, were only too frequently provided with insufficiently amusing vehicles. The lines of the Young-Jacobs piece are highly humorous, being couched in a very clever blend of up-to-date slang and antique grandiloquence. The situations provide ample occasion for amusing action, the presence of a lovely Cleopatra gratifies the general desire to see charming femininity in a cast, and the dénouement is extremely funny. Although the performers face the front with the aplomb of professionals they show palpable differences which, on the whole, add a certain freshness and élan to the general effect. As yet it seems not to have become routine to them, but remains great fun. But putting all that part of it aside, and viewing their feat from a strictly business point of view, the creators of the hurlesque have evolved a valuable asset, which will undoubtedly make good on the Orpheum circuit. The audiences regard the piece with delighted grins which rise to a cumulative roar when Mrs. Caesar declines to remain "above suspicion." Both Mr. Young and Mr. Jacobs are at ease in the toga, and enter with entire abandon into the hurlesque spirit which animates the piece, proving once more that promising amateurs are frequently far ahead of second-class professionals. Miss Ethyl McFarland is quite a find for the part of Cleopatra, as she is a very handsome girl, with what, at least, we call the Egyptian type of countenance, and is a supple and graceful dancer. Her speaking voice, with its full contralto tone, heats that of the average vaudeville performer all hollow, the only hlur on the effulgence of her charms being a Western liberality about her r's, which professionalism generally trains out of stage performers, and which so attractive an actress would do well to shed as soon as may be. The two men are really capital, and are so in accord with the spirit of real hurlesque that they are sure to continue in their double rôle of actor-playwrights and win more laurels for themselves in the rich and lucrative field of vaudeville.

Of the new numbers there are three which hit the popular fancy. One of them is "The Cop," another "Her Daddy's Friend," and the third Walter de Leon and "Muggins" Davies, who have resumed their former popularity in their former line, and are adding this week a new venture, an imitation and hurlesque of the "movies," which has tickled audiences and is making good.

"The Cop" is practically a two-rôle piece played by Francis McGinn and Joseph Green, each of whom does a neat hit of acting, although Mr. McGinn ought to go into training to give some likeness to the physical aspect of the frugal and abstinent Officer O'Reilly. The author, Tom Barry, struck a sympathetic vein in his piece and has the public with him, in spite of a tendency to overwork the "dear old mother" line of sentiment. However, the genuineness of tone in Mr. McGinn's acting, and a sly touch of Irish humor invested the hurly figure of Officer O'Reilly with a sympathetic halo, and the author's use of the unexpected at the close, and Officer O'Reilly's final joke, completed the conquest already begun by "The Cop."

Lola Merrill and Frank Otto in "My Daddy's Friend" give a very genuinely acted representation of a laughing flirtation between a young couple, each of the pair of players, who sing and dance also, showing themselves possessed of the ability to put into their mood the careless, happy essence of the moment's pleasure.

Aileen Stanley, "the girl with the personality," has too much self-confidence and too little distinctness of personality to warrant the descriptive phrase, and may be dismissed as a weak imitation of a stronger and more gifted sister in vaudeville.

Miller and Lyles in "a synopated argument" are clever and entertaining as black-face comedians, and amuse their public by their representation of hoxing in time to music. The bill, however, in toto, is rather lighter than usual, and the placing of the "Matinée Girls" act at the end, with its attenuated and distasteful comedy business, does not tend to restore the balance.

THE PANTAGES THEATRE.

They have a real live lion at the Pantages Theatre this week, and patrons there are tumbling over themselves to see the act which

enthrones his brute majesty. In this competitive age anybody on a vaudeville circuit who has an idea must look out for imitators. "The Lion's Bride" is an imitation, and a very good one, although on less elaborate lines, of Horace Golden's tiger play presented not so very long ago at the Orpheum. "The Lion's Bride" is supposed to transpire in India, and the action is expressed altogether by pantomime. Where the tiger dominated the scene in Horace Golden's play the lion at the Pantages is very much in evidence; an extremely histrionic lion, a sort of Johnny-on-the-spot, who paws the floor of his cage actively, bares his fangs spectacularly, and gives fearful hounds and roars at the psychological moment when the cruel ruler threatens with imprisonment in the lion's cage the pretty dancer who rejects his amorous overtures. We have the same thrill at the end when the contumacious fair one is thrust into the lion's cage, and, similarly, a mysterious reversal of things when the lion, the rip-roaring, frantically pacing, dangerous beast disappears, visibly, or invisibly, as you please, right before our eyes, as it were. How, I know not. Perhaps that very real looking brute was only the reflection of a lion off stage, but the trick, whatever it is, is cleverly done.

So were other tricks by Magician Carter, an extra on this week's bill, who, with a lot of handsome accessories in the way of triple velvet curtains, embroidered Oriental costumes, and gilded chests and cabinets, revives the always effective trick of "the vanishing lady," and shows us some deft juggling hesides.

Nadje, "the Vassar athletic girl," walks, and later jumps, on her hands up and down a flight of stairs, looking wonderfully un-human in the process, in spite of her reassuring smiles and chirps, and a couple of talented lads give a musical act in which one, as a violinist, impersonates a flaxen-curved head-and-butter miss, and the other sings operatic arias. The revelation of the violinist's sex to the audience merely by removing his wig again shows how generally vaudeville ideas travel, the surprise and comment that follows being sufficient in themselves to give prestige to the act. Sunnen, the young violinist, plays the Thais "Meditation" with great feeling and sweetness of tone, but Ross, the vocalist, is going to destroy a naturally fine voice if he doesn't look out. He is too young and untrained, as yet, to press that naturally full and musical haritone so hard, and if he continues it, present gain will prove future loss. However, young Ross has more instinctive music in his little finger than "the male Melha" has in his whole system; poor, honest, well-meaning, mistaken hoy, twisting and distorting his big, strong, masculine tone with all sorts of queer feminine perversions of nature, so that they may call him "the male Melha."

In spite of some distressing effects presented by the "New Orleans Creole Orchestra," that body of freak musicians, in conjunction with their vocalist, gave a very sweet and what seemed appropriately Southern rendition of "Ole Black Joe" and "My Old Kentucky Home," and the Pantages bill generally may be pronounced as considerably above its average merit.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Acts His Own Plays.

Sacha Guitry, the French dramatist who acts in his plays, is the son of Lucien Guitry, universally recognized as the foremost actor on the French stage. It was Lucien Guitry who enacted the title-rôle in "Chantecler" when Coquelin died. But in personal popularity Sacha leads his famous sire (says the *Theatre Magazine*). Last winter, for instance, Sacha was playing to packed houses at the Bouffes-Parisiens, one of the smartest playhouses in the French capital, while Lucien Guitry was hardly able to draw a corporal's guard at the Gymnase in Henri Lavedan's "Petard." In fact Guitry père appeared in four plays last winter, while his son played in one. The reason is very simple. Lucien Guitry is the exponent of the old-fashioned declamatory style of acting. Sacha is as natural as any one in your own home. Then, too, a play with Sacha Guitry in it is a family affair. For the younger Guitry not only writes the plays in which he appears, but entrusts the leading feminine rôles to his wife, Mlle. Charlotte Lyses. He designs his own scenery, and while he does not actually paint it the walls are hung with his paintings. For he is an artist of some reputation, as well as a player.

Not long after the recent publication of a book on singing methods, which appeared with Caruso's name affixed, a singing teacher named Meyerheim, living in London, accused the Italian tenor of having appropriated entire pages from her writings for the book. Now in the *Corriere della Sera* Caruso makes reply to the charge by disclaiming all connection with the book published as his and protests against the use of his name in association with it.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Comic Opera at the Cort Theatre.

What should prove to be not only the most important but the most interesting attraction offered to lovers of real comic opera this season is the fortnight's engagement of De Wolf Hopper and the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company, which will begin Sunday night, September 6, at the Cort Theatre.

William A. Brady, the producer, promises as great a light opera ensemble and chorus as has ever been heard in America, a number of noted instrumentalists for the augmented orchestra, and productions that in every way live up to the Gilbert and Sullivan traditions. The true lover of these operas will find the most adequate presentations in these revivals. In addition to Mr. Hopper, the cast includes: Idelle Patterson, Gladys Caldwell, Jayne Herbert, Anabel Jourdan, Maude Mordaunt, Una Brooks, Arthur Aldridge, Herbert Waterous, Arthur Cunningham, John Willard, Herbert Cripps, Henry Smith, and others.

The repertory for the first week is as follows: Sunday, Monday, and Saturday nights and Labor Day and Saturday matinees. "The Mikado"; Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday nights and Wednesday matinee, "Iolanthe." Neither of these operas will be repeated during the second and final week of the engagement, which begins Sunday, September 13. The first half of the latter week will be devoted to "The Pirates of Penzance," and from Thursday night on a double bill will be given, consisting of "Trial by Jury" and "Pinafore."

This system of reviving the works of Gilbert and Sullivan began three years ago, when "The Mikado" was restored. The great success attained by this comic opera was so pronounced that its producer was encouraged to further endeavor, so that now the repertory of the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company, in addition to "The Mikado," includes "The Pirates of Penzance," "Pinafore," "Iolanthe," and "Trial by Jury."

The average theatre-goer of today may not be quite as familiar with these charming operas as those of the last generation, but to most people they are still a fixed quantity in musical values, and to the majority they are fraught with tender memories. It may, however, be said, for the benefit of those who expect only to find amusement in much of the so-called musical comedy of the period, that in sheer musicianly technic and in almost perfect adroitness of libretto few compositions can be compared with these thirty-year-old favorites.

Final Week of the Blinn Players.

The Holbrook Blinn season at the Columbia Theatre for four weeks past has been a brilliant success, and the fifth and final week, commencing with next Monday night, September 7, promises to see the players enjoyed by immense audiences at every performance of the "request programme." Hundreds of letters asking for the presentation of this or that success of the Blinn repertory have been received at the box-office of the theatre, and a careful selection has led the management to make up the programme as follows:

"Hari Kari," the startling story of the white woman and the Japanese diplomatic attaché; the Frenchy "En Deshabille"; the terrific and overpowering playlet in two parts, "Fear," and the first production on any stage of a new piece entitled "Little Face." This play deals with primitive life, and from all accounts makes a very unique stage production.

In "Little Face" and the other plays on the programme the various members of the company will have ample opportunity for excellent work during the farewell week of the season. Holbrook Blinn, Emelie Polini, Jean Murdoch, Lewis Edgard, Vaughn Trevor, Harry Mestayer, Charles Mather, and the other players have become established favorites with theatre-goers of this city. Matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday.

Vaudeville at Pantages.

The West admires pluck, daring, and nerve, and Lucille Mulhall, champion horsewoman of America, who is the big feature on a cracking good bill at the Pantages, combines all of the qualities of the ideal cowboy of the ranges. Miss Mulhall won her spurs at the Winnipeg stampede last year in competition against a dozen noted horsewomen and steer ropers. The act which she has arranged for vaudeville is filled with dashing novelty and excitement. There are eight cowboys and four cowgirls with Miss Mulhall, and a thirty-minute miniature stampede is presented by the troupe of cow rustlers, in which roping, steer-throwing, expert lariat tossing, finishing with Miss Mulhall "bulling" a big, long-horned, genuine Texas steer.

"The Tinkling Tale of a Toy Shop" is the catchy title of the "Dolly Dolls," which embraces eight dashing maids. A wild capering jack-in-the-box is the comedian of the cast, while the pretty girls enact characters from Mother Goose rhymes.

Paris Green, who mixes sparkling repartee

with a green suit, does "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," a bit better than the average vaudevillean.

The Reid Sisters are acrobatic dancers with some new ideas in whirlwind steps.

Dave Vanfield opens the bill with clever tossing of cumbersome objects. Le Roy and Cahill, entertainers de luxe, and the Musical Bentleys, balance the rest of the show.

An extra added offering to the Pantages bill is the daily war slide service which is shown at every performance. This theatre has the exclusive privilege for this city from the Underwood Photo Company.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum offers for next week a programme of exceptional merit, interest, and variety. Arnold Daly, the famous American actor, who for several years past has successfully starred in the plays of George Bernard Shaw, is making his first tour over the Orpheum Circuit and will make his vaudeville debut in this city. Mr. Daly will appear in the comedietta, "How He Lied to Her Husband," which was especially written for him by Mr. Shaw. He brings with him his own company, which includes Doris Mitchell, an actress of exceptional merit.

The Charles McGoods Company, three in number, will present a novel act which begins with some astounding billiard shots and terminates with a series of wonderful and novel athletic acts in which the girl member of the trio particularly distinguishes herself.

"Sayings and Songs" is the title Henry Hines and George Fox give to their act. These clever young men are the authors of most of the songs they sing, and one of them excels as a ragtime pianist.

George Jones and Harry Sylvester will exhibit their ability and versatility in a comedy skit by Leo Carillo, entitled "The Two Drummers," which affords them abundant scope for good singing and clever and enjoyable comedy.

Frank Wilson appropriately styles himself "The Cycling Genius." His control over the wheel is marvelous, and the sensational feature of his act is the number of daring feats he performs while riding backward with his hands off the bar.

Byrd Crowell, the gifted and handsome young soprano, will display her beautiful voice in high-class songs, which she sings with a pathos that never fails to deeply move her audiences.

Next week will be the last of Lola Merrill and Frank Otto, Waldemar Young and William Jacobs, assisted by Ethyl McFarland, in "When Cæsar Ran a Paper," and Francis McGinn and company in "The Cop."

Testimonial Benefit for Treasurer David.

The opening performance of the farewell week of the Holbrook Blinn season at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, September 7, will be in the form of a testimonial benefit tendered to Charles David, treasurer of the theatre. It is expected that the house will be filled to its utter capacity, as Mr. David's popularity with the theatre-going public of this city is extreme.

During the fifth and final week of the Holbrook Blinn season at the Columbia Theatre there will be offered for the first time on any stage a one-act play entitled "Little Face." Mr. Blinn is putting the playlet on in San Francisco on an elaborate scale. "Little Face" will be one of the featured offerings of the fourth season of the Princess Players at their own theatre in New York, which begins immediately upon the return of the company from its sojourn in California.

One of the early attractions for the fall and winter season at the Columbia Theatre will be David Warfield, who will bring a revival of his great success, "The Auctioneer." All the living members of the original cast will again be seen in the rôles they created thirteen years ago.

"Hari Kari," the one-act Blinn production with its story of the white girl and the Japanese spy-lover, will attract special attention on the occasion of its revival as one of the "request programme" next week at the Columbia Theatre.

A story is in circulation in London (says *Musical News*) that Caruso when dining at a private house in that city not long ago was so much impressed with a dish of macaroni that the cook had sent up that he insisted upon going down to the kitchen to offer his thanks in person. Not only did he thank the lady, but he also offered her the choice of a ticket to hear him sing at Covent Garden or the privilege of hearing him sing on the spot. The cook, somewhat apprehensive as to the remembering capacity of famous tenors, decided that she would take the song on the spot, whereupon Caruso favored her with "La donna e mobile," sung in his most ingratiating

manner. Inasmuch as Caruso never sings either publicly or privately for a fee of less than \$2500, it is pointed out that the cook's macaroni was probably the most expensive dish ever eaten.

CURRENT VERSE.

IF!

Suppose 'twere done!
The lanyard pulled on every shotted gun;
Into the wheeling death-clutch sent
Each millioned armament,
To grapple there
On land, on sea and under, and in air!
Suppose at last 'twere come—
Now, while each bourse and shop and mill is dumb,
And arsenals and dockyards hum—
Now all complete, supreme,
That vast, Satanic dream!

Each field were trampled, soaked,
Each stream dyed, choked,
Each leaguered city and blockaded port
Made famine's sport;
The empty wave
Made reeling dreadnought's grave;
Cathedral, castle, gallery, smoking fell
'Neath bomb and shell:
In deathlike trance
Lay industry, finance;
Two thousand years'
Bequest, achievement, saving, disappears
In blood and tears,
In widowed woe
That slum and palace equal know,
In civilization's suicide—
What served thereby, what satisfied?
For justice, freedom, right, what wrought?
Naught!

Save, after the great cataclysm, perhaps
On the world's shaken map
New lines, more near or far,
Binding to King or Czar
In festering hate
Some newly vassal'd state;
And passion, lust, and pride, made satiate;
And just a trace
Of lingering smile on Satan's face!
—Bartholomew F. Griffin, in *Boston Globe*.

My Gifts.

I ask not less
Of you, love, than the whole—
Your beauty and your tenderness,
The lights and shadows of your soul.

Since give I must,
What give I in return?
—Not wisdom; all my wit is just
To look into your eyes and learn.

No grace nor gift
To furnish you delight
—No talent pure enough to lift
Into the sanction of your sight.

Nor joys, for they
Are merely sprung from you;
Nor fading sorrows laid away
Forever out of reach and view.

Yet, O, my dear!
One gift is mine, indeed
One passion fit for you to hear,
One virtue fit for me to plead!

From you to me
Come earth and heav'n afire;
I bring you my humility,
My need, my worship, my desire.
—From "Poems," by Gerald Gould.

The Call of the Wild.

I know a place where the fern is deep,
And the giant fir waves high,
And a rocky ledge hangs dark and steep,
And a laughing brook leaps by.
And it's there to be with a soul that's free
From the street's discordant jar,
With a blanket spread on a cedar bed,
And the voice of the world afar.

I know of a pool in a leafy dell
That the wary trout love best,
And a timid trail to the chaparral
Where the red deer lie at rest.
A night bird's call when the shadows fall
And a cougar's eerie cry,
A silence deep, and a dreamless sleep
Under the open sky. —Leslie's Weekly.

Gipsies.

Oh, for the summer again and the bliss of it!
Back to the road, love, and just you and me;
Night and its breath and the joy and the kiss of it—
Gipsies and lovers and dreamers are we!

All of the cares of the home and the fret of it
Left with the heat and the dust of the street;
Out on the road, and the joy that we get of it
Beckons and strengthens the wings of our feet!

Glow of the fire in the dusk and the gleam of it;
Scent of the pines and the runes of the night;
Musk of the bloom by the roads and the dream
Of it
Tangles the sense with its witching delight.

Mansions are prisons! Oh, what do we care for them?
Night, with the whispering winds at our tent!
Never a day nor an hour can we spare for them
Under the stars and the broad firmament!

Chill of the autumn! Ah, then we'll return again—
Bees to the hive when the flowers are dead;
Bright in our home then the fires will burn again,
Watch fires of love till the winter be fled!
—Will Lisenbee, in *Ainslee's Magazine*.

An Artistic State Fair Poster.

Far removed from the stereotyped style is the very attractive poster issued by the Southern Pacific Company relative to the California State Fair, which opens at Sacramento September 12. The railroad company will make reduced round-trip rates from all California points. The poster is out of the usual in every way, and will attract attention anywhere, carrying as it does a fine hint of home life and the farm. The idea for the artistic production originated with Mr. R. F. Wilson, of the Southern Pacific publicity department.

When Oscar Hammerstein's new opera house opened recently in New York every seat was taken. Scenes from "Aida" in French and "Faust" in Italian, with accompaniment of an orchestra of fifty pieces and a great organ, were received with tumultuous enthusiasm. The two scenes quite overshadowed the moving-picture features, all of which, however, were exceedingly good. Hammerstein himself was never more entertaining than when he sat on a bench in one of the private rooms of the theatre before the performance and told of his plans. "Whether the Metropolitan Opera Company can stop me from presenting operatic scenes at this house remains to be seen," he said. "It has cost me a lot of money, this house, and I should like to see it used, partially at least, for the purpose for which it was built—grand opera. I thought there would be no trouble about popular-priced opera in English; I was assured so and I went ahead and spent a million and a quarter. I have my regular operatic orchestra and some real stars; we shall attempt two acts from different operas every week. Of course this house can not pay at the prices charged; it will keep it running, I expect, until we can have grand opera here. In the meantime I am waiting to see if they will try to stop me from presenting sections of grand opera."

AMUSEMENTS

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VANITY FAIR.

There is a notable waning of interest in dancers and their dancing. Two months ago one might have supposed from the general trend of conversation that God created the earth as a vast dance hall and that there was even a suggestion of impiety in its neglect. But the fever seems to have passed. We hear little or nothing about the professionals. The idiotic Sunday supplement, carefully feeling the pulses of the idiots who read it, has decided that the time has come to talk about other things, such as cabbages and kings, and even the dance halls are by no means overcrowded. Possibly the war may be responsible for a certain sobering of sentiment, but this seems scarcely likely. The feeble minds who created the dancing craze are far beneath the reach of genuine human sympathies and quite incapable of self-denial. It is merely the passing of a cycle, just as cycles used to pass in our childhood when we suddenly abandoned marbles and began to play with tops. The mind of the craze-monger is indeed much like the mind of the child, but with the addition of a certain viciousness which helps toward an ugly combination.

In New York they attribute the slump in dancing to the influence of the professional. For a time the professional had it all his own way. He was a novelty and he found it quite easy for a time to persuade people that he could do something that they could not do or even expect to do, like jugglery or ventriloquism. The dance hall became a sort of stage for the professional, and people who went there to dance found themselves lining the walls and watching. The summer hotels in the East found it necessary to engage professionals, who competed against one another for a popularity that meant high fees. Indeed the fees became so high that it was necessary to charge admission, and then the bubble burst. People who were accustomed to look upon a little dancing as among the normal attractions of the summer hotel were disgusted to find that not only was their own dancing discouraged, but that they were actually expected to pay extra in order to see some one else dance. It was something like going for a day's fishing and then finding that you were expected to pay a fee in order to watch some one else fish. Then, too, the professional was found out. He was seen to be a mere grafter who could do no more than any one could do with a little practice. He invented new steps and pretended that they came from South America or Timbuctoo, and at last there were so many new dances ousting one another so quickly that the whole thing grew wearisome. It was easy to find a roomful of good tango dancers, for example, who were unable to pair off because of differences in their steps, and these differences had been invented by professionals who wanted to be unique. There was certain to be a revolt against the professional, and it has come. People who want to dance refuse to go where they will be abashed by a few agile young people who were behind ribbon counters and typewriters a year ago and who now call themselves professionals on the ground of a few weeks' special practice in a back bedroom. The New York *Sun* tells us of a tea-room opened at one of the most popular resorts in Rhode Island. There were scores of patronesses from Newport, Narragansett Pier, and other neighboring places. Two well-known professional ballroom dancers were to dance for a dollar admission, and a cup of tea was included. The dancers danced away quite merrily for three afternoons, but virtue in this case was its own reward. The highest attendance was six persons, and they came on the fourth day, when the dancers were so discouraged that they refused to appear.

Mr. Marion Reedy, the ever-delightful editor of the St. Louis *Mirror*, has chosen an inauspicious time for a vacation in Europe, but at least we are likely to get some entertaining letters while he is in that smitten continent. Mr. Reedy tells us something about the flight of the millionaires, and this must indeed have been an amusing spectacle, since there is nothing on earth quite so ludicrously and pathetically helpless as a penniless millionaire. Observing his antics under circumstances where letters of credit have about as much value as scraps of yesterday's newspaper, we begin to see how much of his manhood and his virility the average millionaire has transferred to his money-bags and how invertebrate he becomes the moment he is deprived of their support. He is much like a man whose legs have been suddenly cut off below the knees. Most other men, says Mr. Reedy, are used to being broke, and when such tribulation comes to them they act naturally and to the manner born. They have been there before. But imagine the poor millionaire who finds for the first time in his life that he can write anything he pleases upon a piece of paper, decorate it with signatures, endorsements to his heart's content and that it remains a piece of paper, and nothing more. Like Goliath when David slung the

stone into his forehead such a thing had never entered his head before, and so we may picture the poor millionaires wandering around like damned souls and wondering what had happened to a world that paid no attention to checks or promissory notes.

"Like all women in governing positions the queen is priest-ridden." These words are quoted from a correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, who is said to be in a position to know whereof he speaks. Whether Queen Mary is actually priest-ridden can be a matter of no more than academic interest to Americans, but is it true that "all women in governing positions" are afflicted in this way? And what is meant by a governing position? Does the writer refer only to queens and empresses, or does he include wives, who also are notoriously in governing positions?

That Queen Mary is priest-ridden is evident enough. Moreover, she thinks that every one else is, too. When she discovered that the music-hall stage fell somewhat short of her own pattern of the proprieties she promptly sent for the Archbishop of Canterbury and requested him to rectify that little matter. Probably it never occurred to her that the Archbishop of Canterbury had about as much power over the music-hall stage as he had over the moon, and that the great masses of people would view his interference with contemptuous amusement. The English church dignitary is almost invariably a Tory, and as such is regarded by the masses of the people as a sort of innocuous public enemy who is allowed to exist as an interesting historical survival like Temple Bar.

But there is certainly a sort of alliance between women and clergymen, and this is much more pronounced in Europe than it is here. Probably it accounts for much of the opposition to the suffrage that is found in the Old World, where there is a general disinclination to fortify church influence by giving political power to women who would certainly be victims of clerical influence. That there is now an almost universal hatred of clericalism is one of the things that are not usually said, but none the less it is a fact, and this hatred is strong among the democratic masses of Europe, who rightly look upon clericalism, and especially upon the clerical caste, as their enemy.

The *Atlantic Monthly* tells us something about manners in the early Victorian days, and it may be admitted that they were very bad. In 1810 a young woman in New York's best society refused to spend the winter in New York because, being lately betrothed, she must wear a large miniature of the young gentleman around her neck and endure coarse and embarrassing jokes whenever she appeared.

General Washington may be seen, in the pencil sketches by John Trumbull, comfortably sitting in church with his arm around a young woman's waist, nor was she kith or kin to him. Read the familiar memoirs of the reign of George IV, infer carefully what the manners and conversation must then have been, and ask yourself seriously how comfortable you would have felt in the midst of them.

The early Victorians thought these manners unfit for the presence of a young girl. They adjusted their demeanor to shield her. In consequence there arose from the court of Victoria an expectation of decorum, serene and assured, for every man or woman of sensitive fibre. A winnowing wind, with quiet, gleaming hand of selection and rejection, passed over all England and America, through every drawing-room, across every printing press, gently up and down the thoroughfare.

No one even smoked on the streets. Without outcry or indignation the change was wrought, and decent people could go about unabashed. Of course indecency and cruelty, barbarism and selfishness did not suddenly die. They lived, and thought the change an awful bore. Delicacy, sympathy, civilization, and generosity were the accepted standard, and those who by nature had them or longed to have them found encouragement all about. So the early Victorians impressed propriety upon the rising generation of mid-Victorians.

Do the surviving late-Victorians, the present still young generation of grandparents, realize that around them moves and works a whole generation which does not know Emerson, never read Tennyson, has not heard of Mrs. Gaskell, and despises George Eliot? Every book which inspired the mid-Victorians is "outworn," it is "a back number" to the post-Victorians. What have they read? They may have read Trollope, George Meredith, and Thomas Hardy, those doubting late-Victorians. Many of them have read nothing published before 1890, and practically none go back of 1870. This means that they have read chiefly what is expounded by Wells, Shaw, Chesterton, Galsworthy, and Maschfeld, not to mention Robert W. Chambers. . . . How will Wells, Shaw, and Galsworthy do for rulers of life? What laws do they expound? What inspirations do they offer?

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

One Oxford boy handed in the following in an examination paper in United States history: "General Braddock was killed in the Revolutionary War. He had three horses shot under him, and a fourth went through his clothes."

Sir George Warrander, who was once obliged to put off a dinner party in consequence of the death of a relative, and sat down to a haunch of venison by himself, said to the butler while eating: "John, this will make capital hash tomorrow." "Yes, Sir George," replied the servant, "if you leave off now."

Examined on history at West Point, Whistler failed to recall the date of the battle of Buena Vista. "Suppose," said the exasperated instructor, "you were to go out to dinner and the company began to talk of the Mexican War, and you, a West Point man, were asked the date of the battle; what would you do?" "Do?" was the reply. "Why, I should refuse to associate with people who could talk of such things at dinner!"

With the boundless enthusiasm of his kind the food faddist harangued the mob on the marvelous results to be obtained from chewing soap and eating nut butter. "Friends," he cried, swelling visibly and clapping his chest, "two years ago I was a walking skeleton—a haggard, miserable wreck. What do you suppose brought about this great change in me?" He paused to see the effect of his words. Then a voice rose from among his listeners: "Wot change?"

The prisoner had been called to the bar and had informed the judge that owing to lack of funds he was not represented by counsel. "In that case," said the judge, "the state will provide a counsel for you. Sitting over there on the first bench are Mr. Smith, Mr. Tompkins, and Mr. White, and there is another lawyer out in the hall. Whom do you want to represent you?" The prisoner looked the three lawyers over very carefully and turning to the judge said: "If it is all the same to you, your honor, I think I'll take a chance on the fellow in the hall."

Ex-President Taft, at a luncheon in Princeton, described the diet whereby he had reduced his weight seventy-five pounds. "It has been an easy diet," he ended; "just green vegetables, non-fat meats, and acid fruits. An easy diet, and it makes me feel as light and airy as the little man in the trolley car. A little wisp of a man jumped up in a crowded car and gallantly offered his seat to a large, stout, comely woman. She acknowledged with a pleasant smile his low bow and polite offer. Then she said: 'Thanks, so very much—but where did you get up from?'"

Lord Chief Justice Clerk Braxfield was a man of few words and of strong business habits, and, consequently, when he courted his second wife, he said to her: "Lizzie, I'm looking out for a wife, and I thought you just the person to suit me. Let me have your answer on or off tomorrow, and nae mair about it." The lady next day replied in the affirmative. Shortly after the marriage Lord Braxfield's butler came to him to give up his situation because he could not bear her ladyship's continual scolding. "Man," Braxfield exclaimed, "ye've little to complain of; ye may be thankful ye're no married to her."

M. Rouzier Dorcieres of Paris, who has fought many duels and directed over 200 others, enjoys telling the following story: Two gentlemen who had decided to settle a quarrel on the field of honor betook themselves with their seconds to a quiet country spot, where they would be free from reporters, photographers, and spectators, and where the only witnesses would be some cows peacefully grazing in the field. While the necessary preliminaries were being carried out the farmer on whose land they were rushed up. "Excuse me, gentlemen," he said, "but is it a sword or pistol duel?" "Sword." But what difference can that make to you?" "Well, you see, if it was with pistols, I'd want to take the cows in first."

Many years ago, when the late Chief Justice Beatty was a young lawyer in Sacramento, a client came in for advice. He said he had hired a horse to go to a neighboring town, for a dollar, but when he had returned the liveryman asked for a dollar more. "What for?" the client had asked. "For the ride back." The young lawyer gave some instructions, which the client followed. A little later he went to the liveryman and asked how much it would cost to hire a horse to go to Woodland. "Five dollars," was the reply. The client bired the team and went to Wood-

land. When he returned he rode home with a friend. He went to the stable and paid the keeper five dollars. "Where is my horse and carriage?" asked the owner. "In Woodland," was the unconcerned reply.

Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux, still familiarly known in the British service as "Lucky Lambton," for two years commanded the royal yacht, and once had occasion to reveal to King Edward how little thought of in the services was the lavishly awarded Victorian Order. A yachtsman had forced himself on the late king's attention at Cowes. "Do you know that man?" his majesty asked. "I'm afraid I do," said Admiral Lambton. "What do you think of him?" "Not much, sir; in fact, he's a bouncer." "I'm sorry to hear that," the king replied, "because I have just made him a member of the Victorian Order." "Glad to hear it, sir," the admiral chuckled. "It serves him right!"

When Bob Ingersoll was in the prime of his law practice in Peoria the colonel happened to have as his client a young and buxom widow. The opposing counsel was the late Jonathan K. Cooper, as stanch a Presbyterian as he was an able lawyer. At the close of the evidence Mr. Cooper arose and made a splendid argument on his side of the case, closing by saying that his legal opponent was prejudiced when it came to defending beautiful women. After the venerable Presbyterian closed, Colonel Ingersoll arose with a twinkle in his eye, and slowly and solemnly commenced as follows: "Gentlemen of the jury, the counsel on the other side is correct. I do have a leaning in the direction of beautiful women. I love the fireside about which play beautiful children, presided over by a smiling, beautiful mother. I tell you what it is, gentlemen of the jury, I would rather—much rather—if I had my choice, be in hell fifteen minutes, sitting on a hard wooden bench beside a woman as beautiful as Cleopatra, than to reside a lifetime in heaven singing psalms with Jonathan K. Cooper." Ingersoll won the suit.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Mary's Animal Show.
Mary had a little lamb—
'Twas Persian—on her coat;
She also had a mink or two
About her dainty throat;
A bird of paradise, a tern,
And ermine made the hat
That perched at jaunty angle
On her coiffure, largely "rat."
Her tiny boots were sable topped,
Her gloves were muskrat, too,
Her muff had heads and tails of half
The "critters" in the Zoo,
And when she walked abroad, I ween,
She feared no wintry wind;
At keeping warm, 'twas plain to see,
She had all Nature "skinned."
—National Humane Review.

What Next.

What of the styles for next season?
What sort of hats shall we wear?
What modes will show signs of reason?
What shall we do with our hair?
What startling dance will enthrall us?
What game of cards shall we play?
What new disease must befall us?
What sort of clubs will hold sway?
What brand-new microbes will hurt us?
What former faiths go adrift?
What new reforms will divert us?
What shall we try to uplift?
—The Club-Fellow.

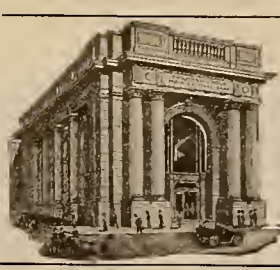
War Horrors on Broadway.

There is gloom in the gilded ratskeller;
There is woe in the lobsterine lane,
And the swell caravansary dweller
Daily sobs, "Am I living in vain?
Life's a horrible fraud
If this war that's abroad
Should cut off the supply of champagne!"

In those delicate little night parties
Where they serve you poulet à la reine
And the state of your appetite hearty's
And you thirst like an African plain,
Persons dreadfully dry
Simply suffer and sigh
As the waiter remarks, "No champagne!"
I met Lottie and Dottie and Tottie
Of the chorus (and none of 'em plain)
And their faces were horribly spotty
And they said, "Why, it's dryer than Maine!"
War is worse than it's said
When a lady unfed
Hears the chilling remark, "No champagne!"

Call a halt on the abstinent Kaiser!
Call a halt on this war on the Main!
Shall we suffer the loss of the geyser
That bedewed us with stimulant rain?
Shall embargoes and sich
Make the poor and the rich
Daily die for the lack of champagne?

Mr. Wilson! This crisis is serious
(As most crises are, I maintain).
For the hosts of the White Way imperious
Will not bear a tyrannical chain.
Tell the nations, O friend!
All embargoes must end
When the cargoes concerned are champagne!
—New York World.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The wedding of Mrs. Isabel Strong and Mr. Edward Salisbury Field took place Saturday at the home in Los Gatos of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Cool. The bride is the daughter of the late Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson and a sister of Mr. Lloyd Osborne. Mr. and Mrs. Field will reside in Montecito.

Mrs. Jonathan Brooks was hostess at bridge-tea Tuesday afternoon at her home on Vallejo Street.

Lieutenant Irving Hall Mayfield, U. S. N., and Mrs. Mayfield entertained a number of friends at dinner Tuesday evening at their home at Mare Island.

Mrs. Charles Humphreys and Mrs. Milton Elliott gave a dance Thursday evening at the Officers' Club at the Presidio. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Humphreys's parents, Judge Selden Kingsbury and Mrs. Kingsbury, of Honolulu.

Mrs. Frank McCoy entertained a number of friends at a the dansant Monday afternoon at her home at the Presidio.

Lieutenant-Commander Woodward, U. S. N., was host at a theatre and supper party recently, when a dozen friends enjoyed his hospitality.

Mrs. Ansel Robinson was the complimented guest at a tea Friday afternoon given by Mrs. Clara Darling at her home on Clay Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope entertained a number of young people at a dance Friday evening at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. Carl Wolf was host at a stag dinner Wednesday evening at his home on Jackson Street. The affair was in honor of Dr. Herbert Allen, whose wedding to Miss Gertrude Jolliffe will take place this month.

Mr. and Mrs. James McNab entertained a number of friends at dinner Thursday evening at their home on Broadway. The affair was in honor of Señor Horatio Anasagasti, commissioner from Argentina to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian de Guigné gave a dinner at the Santa Barbara Country Club Tuesday evening, when a dozen friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker have issued invitations to a dance Saturday evening, September 7, at their home in Montecito.

Miss Enid Foster was hostess at an informal luncheon Thursday at the home on Jackson Street of her sister, Mrs. Eldridge Green.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker entertained a number of young people at a dance Tuesday evening at their home in Burlingame in honor of their son, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Jr.

Miss Evelyn Palmer was hostess at a dance Friday evening at the home on Devisadero Street of her brother-in-law and sister, Lieutenant George Alexander Speer, Jr., U. S. A., and Mrs. Speer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto gave a dinner Thursday evening at their home on Washington Street.

Mrs. Charles Holbrook entertained a number of friends at an informal tea Saturday afternoon at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., entertained a number of young people at a party Tuesday afternoon at her home at Menlo Park. The affair was to celebrate the birthday of her little son.

Mr. and Mrs. Edson Adams gave a dance at their home in Piedmont Friday evening, when they entertained the young friends of their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Adams.

Mrs. George Haney was the guest of honor at a luncheon Tuesday, given by Mrs. Ernest L. Heuter at her home in Mill Valley.

Mrs. Harold Mann gave an informal tea at her home on Lake Street Thursday afternoon.

Miss Ethel Bacon of Kentucky was the guest of honor at a bridge-tea given Wednesday afternoon by her sister, Mrs. Gracie Macdonald.

Mrs. Jesse Dent Grant was hostess at a tea Monday afternoon in honor of her mother, Mrs. W. S. Chapman.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bancroft entertained a number of young people at a dance Wednesday evening at their home on Jackson Street. The affair was in honor of Miss Helen Higgins of Los Angeles.

Mrs. John Martin gave a luncheon Thursday at her home in Ross in honor of Miss Bernice Bromwell, whose wedding to Mr. John Martin, Jr., will take place some time this month.

Miss Ethel Palmanteer has issued invitations to a reception Wednesday afternoon, September 10, at her home in Oakland in honor of Mrs. William Haylock Fillmore.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pixley entertained a number of friends at dinner Monday evening at Shasta Springs, where they are spending the summer.

Mrs. Richard Heumann, Jr., was hostess at an informal bridge-luncheon Tuesday at her home on Gough Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear gave a dinner and bridge party Thursday evening at their home in Menlo Park.

Mrs. James Keeney was the complimented guest at a luncheon Thursday given by her daughter, Mrs. Talbot Walker, at the Santa Barbara Country Club.

Mr. Grattan Phillips was host at an informal dance Friday evening at his home on Vallejo Street. The affair was in honor of Miss Marian Long, whose wedding to Lieutenant Charles K. N. Isen, U. S. A., will take place some time this month.

Mrs. John Baker was the complimented guest at a matinee party and tea Wednesday afternoon given by Mrs. Joseph Desmond.

Miss Helen Johnson entertained a number of friends at a dance Thursday evening at the home in California Street of her parents, Dr. James Ward and Mrs. Ward.

Mrs. William G. Henshaw and Miss Florence

Henshaw gave a reception Saturday afternoon at their home in Santa Barbara.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Ethel Mary Crocker and Mr. William W. Crocker have returned from Europe and have joined their father, Mr. William H. Crocker, in Burlingame. Mrs. Crocker was detained in London by the illness of her younger daughter, Miss Helen Crocker, who is now convalescent and able to return home as soon as reservations can be made.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar J. De Pue spent the week-end at their country home in Yolo County.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger will soon give up their home in Oakland to reside in this city.

Mrs. William Wallace Mein has joined her father, Mr. Gardner Williams, in Monterey.

Miss Edith Treanor has returned from Santa Barbara, where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule.

Miss Isabel Chase has been spending the past week with Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Jorgensen have decided to reside in the East, as Mr. Jorgensen will continue his architectural studies at the Massachusetts School of Technology. The war in Europe has obliged them to abandon their original plan of residing in Paris, where Mr. Jorgensen expected to attend the Beaux Arts.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Hanchett and their family have returned from their seaside home at Capitola and are again occupying their residence on Washington Street. The Misses Lucy and Alice Hanchett will resume their studies at Miss Ransom's school in Piedmont.

Miss Helen Hamilton has been spending the past week with Miss Ruby Bond in San Mateo.

Mrs. Marshall Watkins arrived last week from Pasadena and has since been visiting her father, Mr. Albert P. Redding.

Mrs. B. J. Hoffacker and Mrs. E. G. Rodolph left last week for the East, where they will spend several months with relatives.

A large number of people from this city and the peninsula are in Monterey, where they will remain over the holidays. Among them are Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Douglas Whitman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin, Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard, Mrs. William D. Neilson, Mr. and Mrs. Felton Elkins, Mr. and Mrs. Robin Y. Hayne, Miss Jennie Hooker, and Miss Laura Bates.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville D. Baldwin and their grandchildren, Miss Evelyn McGaw and Master Baldwin McGaw, sailed Tuesday on the *Laconia* for home after a brief visit in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Royal Percival Macdonald and their children have moved from Oakland to this city and are established in a house on Clay Street, where they will reside permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Pigott and their little daughter returned Monday to their home in Sacramento after a visit with Mrs. G. F. Ashton and Miss Helen Ashton.

Mr. Matt Savage Walton has arrived from his home in Lexington, Kentucky, and has joined his fiancé, Miss Lillias Wheeler, at the country home on the McCloud River of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler.

Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton will sail September 8 from Honolulu, where she has been spending the past five months. Mr. Dutton, who returned a few weeks ago, has recently been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood and Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Glass and their children have returned to their home in Berkeley after having spent the summer at Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Morse will soon close their home in San Jose and will spend the winter in this city. They have rented the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bentley.

Miss Mattie Neilson has returned to her home in Idaho after a visit with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Joseph Leroy Neilson.

Miss Virginia Jolliffe is rapidly recovering from an operation for appendicitis. Captain Charles Minor Goodall, Mrs. Goodall, and Miss Helen Goodall arrived on the *Celtic* from London, and have returned home after a few months' travel in Europe.

Mrs. F. H. Allen and Miss Dorothy Allen have returned from New York and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Raas at their home in San Anselmo.

Mrs. Frederick Sanborn has returned from Europe after an absence of several months. Mr. and Mrs. Sanborn spent a few days recently in Pleasanton as the guests of Mrs. Hearst.

Miss Lillian Bacon is en route to her home in Louisville after an extended visit with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Gracie Macdonald.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph K. Hutchinson have returned from an automobile trip.

Mr. Francis Carolan left last week for New York en route to Paris, where he expected to join Mrs. Carolan, who has since cabled that she has reached London. She will leave shortly for this country, so Mr. Carolan may abandon his plan and await the arrival of his wife in New York.

Mrs. Lane-Leonard and her little daughter have returned from Wynton, on the McCloud River, where they spent several weeks.

Mrs. John C. Breckenridge has rented the home of Mrs. James A. Robinson in Woodside, where it is hoped Master John C. Breckenridge may soon recover from a serious illness which has confined him to the Adler Sanatorium during the past month.

Mr. Robert Hayes-Smith returned last week from New York, where he has been since his arrival from Europe. He joined Mrs. Smith and

their little son in Santa Barbara, where he spent the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Cranston Chamberlin and their infant son have returned to their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Fuller are on a trip through Southern California. They will stop en route at Del Monte, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Moody have returned to their home on Pacific Avenue after a summer spent in Belvedere.

Mrs. Gaillard Stoney has returned to her home on Jackson Street after a two weeks' visit with Mrs. John H. Robinson at Oro Cobre Lodge, in the Yuba River region.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn have rented the home on Pacific Avenue of Mrs. Wakefield Baker and will spend the winter months in town.

Mrs. S. R. Rosenstock and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall have returned from Monterey, where they have been spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Clark, with their son, Edward, Jr., and daughter, Miss Helen, have returned from a month's outing on the McCloud River and are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. George Gardner will leave today for her home in Cleveland, Ohio, after a two months' visit with her mother, Mrs. Thomas Findley. Mrs. Gardner will stop en route at Fort Flagler, Washington, to spend a few days with her sister Mrs. Harold Cloke, wife of Captain Cloke, U. S. A., who accompanied her to this city in June, when Mrs. Findley was seriously ill.

Captain William F. Hase, Coast Artillery Corps, has left for Washington, D. C., where he will assume the duties of assistant to the chief of the Coast Artillery Corps.

Major George H. R. Gosman, Medical Corps, is in command of the hospital on Alcatraz Island.

Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick R. Day will sail on the transport leaving October 5 for the Philippine Islands.

Lieutenant Thomas A. Bowen, U. S. A., has been made a junior aviator with the rank of first lieutenant.

Captain Albin B. Barber, Corps of Engineers, will relieve Captain Herbert J. Brees, U. S. Cavalry, as recorder for the Army Retiring Board.

Captain E. R. Tilton, Coast Artillery Corps, is again on duty at Fort Winfield Scott.

Mrs. Frank Freyer (formerly Miss Engrassia Critcher) has taken an apartment in San Diego, where she will be joined shortly by her husband, Lieutenant Frank Freyer, U. S. N., who is on duty in Mexican waters.

Lieutenant and Mrs. James Howell and Major and Mrs. Philip Wales are planning to leave in a few days for Del Monte.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Francis Pryor are again at their home on Yerba Buena Island after a month's outing in the Yuba River country.

Brigadier-General Albert L. Mills has been detailed as a member and Major William R. Smith as recorder of the Retiring Board at Washington, D. C.

Major and Mrs. Thomas B. Lamoureux are leaving this week for Fort Casey, Washington. Major Lamoureux has been transferred from Fort Baker to command Fort Casey.

Major Frank Ferguson will sail for Manila on the transport leaving October 5.

Captain and Mrs. Elmer Clark are sailing on October 5 for the Philippines.

Lieutenant-Colonel Omar Bundy has recently been promoted to the rank of colonel and given the command of the Sixteenth Infantry.

Captain Louis R. Ball, U. S. A., who has been on leave of absence, is at the Letterman General Hospital.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Hamilton was formerly Miss Grace Spreckels.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Germaine Vincent (formerly Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman) has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart McNab (formerly Miss Jane Wickersham) has been brightened by the advent of a son.

The home of Lieutenant and Mrs. Robert H. Dunlop has been brightened by the advent of a son.

Kesai, one of the most famous caricaturists of Japan during the reign of the print artists, is better known and appreciated in Paris today than he is in Tokyo. Kesai was born in 1761 and died in 1810. One of his famous prints, a bird's-eye view of Yedo which he dedicated to the Myonin in Kanda can still be seen at this temple. He was extremely versatile, producing many volumes of portraits of famous men and battles, fish and insects, grasses and trees, but his sketch books depicting the manners and customs of his times are among the treasures he has left, full of motion and humor. Later on in life he gave up the work of a print artist and entered the service of the Daiinyo of Fukui, Matsudaira, and devoted the remainder of his days to painting, which at that time was considered far above the work of the vulgar print artists. But it is as a sketch artist that he is now known and appreciated.

David Bispham will sing as a free lance during the approaching season in concerts and all-English lecture recitals.

A young lady of education and refinement, speaking French, German, and English, would like to be a companion to a young or elderly lady. Traveling preferred. Best of references. "E. Z. G." care of Argonaut.

Why the Pope Opposed Gas.

Gas and electric lights in Rome were a long time in receiving the sanction of the Vatican, and it was due to the untiring efforts of an English engineer that the Pontiff finally gave the former method of illumination the seal of his approval. In 1844 the Englishman settled in Rome, where he was well received by society. After a time he asked for an audience of the Pope—Gregory XVI—in order to obtain permission to set up gas works in the Eternal City. His reception at the Vatican was not flattering to his hopes. "I don't understand," said the Pontiff, "how you can submit to me a proposal so inimical to the interests of the church." The engineer was taken back (says the *London Standard*), but replied that he really could not see what bearing gas lighting could have on Catholicism. "It has a very direct bearing," said the Pope. "The faithful are in the habit of burning wax candles before the image of the Madonna. What do you think would become of the custom when they saw far more brilliant lights in their homes and in the streets!" So the introduction of gas came to a standstill. But Popes are not immortal, and Gregory XVI was succeeded by Pius IX, who brought more modern ideas into the Vatican, and the discussion of the gas question would have been forthwith taken up again had not the Revolution given him something far more serious to think about. However, after his return to Rome in 1852 he reopened the question, and two years later gas lighting was inaugurated in Rome. Prince Doria Pamphili gave a soirée in his palace on the Corso, when his winter garden was turned into a fairyland by lighting 2000 gas jets. But another struggle was destined to arise between the gas company and the Vatican. This time it was no longer a question of using gas in the Roman churches, but electricity. Several parishes asked to have it, and several families who had undertaken to keep lamps perpetually burning. The vica of Rome, Cardinal Parocchi, proved to be a hostile to progress as Gregory XVI had been and the affair hung fire till his death. The first act of his successor was to remove the embargo, and along with it the other under which the older system of gas lighting had always labored.

Beginning with the present season, Chauncey Olcott will be under the direct management of Henry Miller and Klaw & Erlanger. This year Mr. Olcott is to appear in "The Heart of Paddy Whack," a new play written especially for him by Rachel Crothers.

Young lady of culture and refinement desires position as visiting companion to semi invalid or elderly lady. Or act as chaperon and companion to motherless young girl. References exchanged. Address "S. M." Argonaut office.

Mme. Giacomina Minkowski of the Vo Schuch Minkowski School of Opera, Dresden, will take a limited number of pupils during her stay. Studio, room 1004, Kohle & Chase Bldg. Tuesday and Friday, 9 to 1.

For Sale—A Grand Piano, mahogany case, almost new, at a great sacrifice. Phone West 3683, or call at 3127 Washington Street.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Secretary of State Jordan has refused to place proposed San Francisco legislation on the November state election ballot and the Supreme Court will be asked to issue a writ directing how this legislation shall be submitted to the people. It is possible that it may have to be submitted on a separate ballot, in which case it will necessitate two ballot-boxes in each booth.

Property occupied by apartment houses at Castro and Market Streets was acquired for Twin Peaks tunnel purposes Tuesday, the first purchase of any considerable moment. It was bought of H. Peters for \$72,000. Other property-owners have expressed satisfaction at the appraisements made of their property, and say they are willing to sell rather than go through the cost of condemnation proceedings.

Following a conference on Tuesday with Ferdinand Daneo, consul-general for Italy at this port, and with four representatives of independent fish concerns, United States Attorney John W. Preston announced that a Federal grand jury investigation would be conducted into all the alleged illegal acts of the local fish trust.

James S. Hogue, convicted Southern Pacific train bandit, has been denied probation and will serve ten years in San Quentin Prison. William Nichols, probation officer, said in court that he could not find that Hogue deserved probation, on account of violence he used during the hold-up and because of a previous crime of which he is believed guilty. He recommended leniency to Judge Dunne. Hogue bled up the Southern Pacific Coast Limited on May 14 at tunnel 5 as it was heading for this city.

Work was started Saturday on the beautification of the Civic Centre. Loam is being spread over the grounds along McAllister, between Larkin and Polk Streets, and within a few weeks the planting of shrubs and plants will begin. As fast as the rest of the Civic Centre grounds are cleared of litter and debris they will receive the same treatment. It is expected that by January 1 the entire space between the Auditorium and McAllister Street will be cleared and planted.

The American-Hawaiian freighter *Arizona*, the first vessel to arrive at the Golden Gate from the Atlantic by way of the Panama Canal, steamed into port at noon last Saturday. The *Arizona* made the trip from Norfolk to San Francisco in twenty-five days.

More than \$101,000 has been taken in by the ticket office at the Exposition grounds since less than a year ago, when it was de-

cided that an admission fee should be charged to the grounds. The average is \$350 daily. The largest attendance of the special event days was on May 2, when 18,000 persons passed through the entrance gates for the Ball of All Nations.

Another stockholders' liability suit against owners of stock in the Ocean Shore Railroad has been filed in the superior court, the plaintiff being Clara E. L. Folger, who sues as the holder of 500 Ocean Shore bonds, of a face value of \$1000 each. The plaintiff names forty-five Ocean Shore stockholders as defendants, and places their liability for her bonds, which she says have defaulted, at \$478,480.

The contract for constructing the Municipal Railway through the Stockton Street tunnel has been awarded by the board of works to Eaton & Smith for \$9775. This part of the road extends from Sutter to Sacramento Street. J. P. Holland, who is removing the core from the tunnel, has been authorized to dump the debris on Kentucky Street at Fourth, where a fill is being made, the board agreeing to pay him twenty-five cents per cubic yard for the material.

William J. McGee, sub-treasurer of the United States, announces that \$6,000,000 of the \$20,000,000 emergency currency offered by the government to banks of California and Oregon has been issued.

The time for filing bids for the construction of the Twin Peaks tunnel has been extended on the city engineer's recommendation to September 30, so that Eastern contracting firms may have a sufficient opportunity to figure on the work. The reduction of the amount of the bond required under the state law to \$200,000 will encourage bidding, it is thought. The specifications allow 600 days for the work.

To make loans to its employees at a yearly interest of not more than five per cent in order to relieve the men of financial worries and thereby gain better service and bring employer and employee closer together is the plan Jesse W. Lillenthal, president of the United Railroads, will put into operation soon. The company employs over 3000 men.

Ten thousands letters were received at the local postoffice from Europe on Wednesday. This is the second large batch since the war began in Europe.

Six cents a kilowatt hour for electric energy furnished in San Francisco for the year ending June 30, 1914, was declared on Wednesday by H. M. Wright, master in chan-

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*Consulting Engineer for J. E. Krafft & Sons, Architects

cery, to be an unfair rate. He recommended that the United States court issue an injunction restraining the board of supervisors from enforcing this rate until the matter is settled in a hearing before Judge Van Fleet.

The laundry ordinance enacted by the board of supervisors last March with the avowed purpose of ousting every Chinese laundry in this city was declared unconstitutional by Judge Seawell on Wednesday. If the law had been constitutional 150 Chinese laundries would have had to close permanently.

Frederick B. Van Vorst, who has been in California for the last two months for the Eastern owners of the United Railroads, will recommend that the best portions of the Solano Farms be taken in hand and developed. The development will be handled so that the United Railroads will eventually be able to realize on the \$1,096,000 put into the farms by Patrick Calhoun.

Ruled by a great enchantress and having no form of money, the Panggangs, a rather recently discovered tribe in a mountainous jungle in the northern part of the Malay Peninsula, is one of the queerest known to white men. The tribesmen are of a negroid type, whose social organization is that of a simple form of commonwealth, and who are nomadic, wandering about from place to place in their dense jungles and forests. Among them dwells a woman whose strange characteristics are strongly reminiscent of Haggard's famous "She." The woman is supposed to be a great enchantress. She is held in dread by the Panggangs. She lives alone in a bamboo hut, shaded by the leaves of the sacred Ubang tree. Food is brought her daily by the oldest man or woman of the tribe. The Panggangs are said to be a peaceable and honest people, and do not, among themselves, either fight or steal. They literally have no use for money for trading purposes, but if by chance they get money they bury it, so that they may use it in trading after death. After getting a supply of food, they do no work whatever until the supply is ended. They eat any wild creature. These people do not seem to have any religion, but they have a queer belief in the transmigration of souls. In their country tigers are numerous, and they believe that sometimes their relatives, when they die, become changed into tigers.

First Stenographer—Out of a job, are you? Did the boss catch you flirting? Second Ditto—No, I caught the boss that way. You must come to our wedding, dear.—Boston Transcript.

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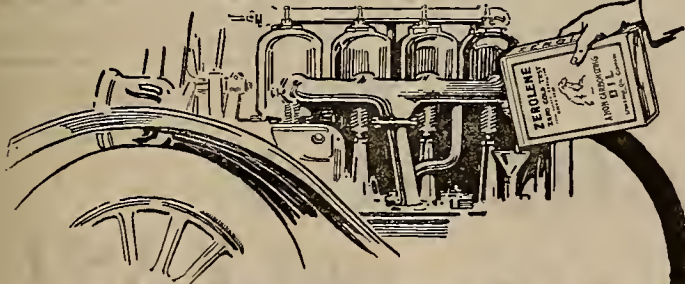
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Uplifter—I can see good in all things. *Pot*—Can you see good in a fog?—*Judge*.

"So you have a garden. What do you expect to raise?" "Muscle, my boy."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Mr. Wilgus tried to kiss me last evening." "How dared he?" "He didn't—I dared him."—*Pittsburgh Press*.

She—Am I the first girl you ever kissed? *He*—Why—er—I don't know. Your face seems familiar.—*Life*.

Bess—Jack seems perfectly devoted to you. Why don't you marry him? *Betty*—Oh, I like to have him devoted to me.—*New York Sun*.

"So you are taking summer boarders this year?" "Yep; we didn't have to, but my wife loves to hear 'em talk that city dialect."—*Judge*.

"You are not the boy who usually caddies for me?" "No, sir. I tossed up wif 'im for yer." "And you won't?" "No! I lost."—*London Mail*.

Horry—Marry me and your smallest wishes will always be fulfilled. *Carrie*—I am able to do that myself. What I want is a man who will gratify my highest wishes.—*Town Topics*.

Lawyer (in equal suffrage state)—Don't worry, the jury is sure to disagree. *Prisoner*—But are you certain? *Lawyer*—It's in-

evitable; two of the jurors are man and wife.—*Puck*.

Hocus—It must be a terrible thing for an opera singer to realize he is losing his voice. *Pocus*—It's more terrible when he doesn't realize it.—*Judge*.

"Don't keep pestering me." "Then you won't marry me?" "I wouldn't even be engaged to you at a summer resort."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

First Financier—They tell me Highflier's wrecking of that bank was grand larceny. *Second Financier*—Grand? Ah, it was magnificent!—*Town Topics*.

"I wonder how many men will be made unhappy when I marry," said the flirt. "How many do you expect to marry?" answered her dearest friend.—*Mon Licht*.

"This pianist has wonderful power. He can make you feel hot or cold, happy or morose, at will." "That's nothing new. So can our janitor."—*Conodion Courier*.

Pat—So ye don't expect Miss Mulligan will accept ye? And why not? *Mike*—So that she will. It is always the unexpected that happens, Pat.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Mr. Bingham—Why did that woman keep you standing at the door for half an hour? *His Talkative Wife*—She said she hadn't time to come in.—*Pearson's Weekly*.

Fother—What! You want to marry my daughter? Why, sir, you can't support her! I can hardly do it myself. *Suitor* (blankly)—C-can't we chip in together?—*London Opinion*.

"So your husband kept house and cooked his own meals while you were away. Did he enjoy it?" "He says he did; but I notice that the parrot has learned to swear during my absence."—*Boston Globe*.

Mrs. Golightly—What do you think, my dear? Such luck! We leave for Paris in an hour. *Choppie*—Really? *Mrs. Golightly*—Yes, we're going to Pasteur's. My husband has just been bitten by a mad dog.—*The Club-Fellow*.

"A great many of the people out our way think that you ought to come out and say something," said the adviser. "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum, "and if I do say something just as many people will say that I ought to have kept still."—*Washington Star*.

"Swearing doesn't help to play the game," said the young minister on the golf links. "Besides, it's very wicked." "It may be verra wicked, an' it may no help the playin'," but it's a gr-reat aid to conversation," replied the sophisticated caddy.—*Livingston Lance*.

He—At last we are alone. I've been hoping for this chance. *She*—So have I. *He* (pleased)—Ah! You knew, then, that I wanted to ask you to be my wife? *She*—Yes, and I wanted to say "No" emphatically and get it over with.—*Boston Transcript*.

"It is thought that the pyramids were built for the sake of giving employment to a large number of people." "Of course," replied the vivaciously positive girl. "Anybody could guess that. Look at all the guides who depend on them for a living."—*Washington Star*.

Oculist (pointing to his test-cord)—Can you read these letters? *Patient*—No, doctor. *Oculist*—Well, then, these? *Patient*—No, doctor. *Oculist* (impatiently pointing to the largest letters)—Well, these, then? *Patient*—No, doctor. *Oculist*—Why, hang it all, how is that possible? *Patient*—Because I never learned to read.—*Mon Licht*.

Proprietor of a Concert Party (engaging a soprano)—Now I want you to understand, Miss Deely, that I like my boys and girls to be like one big family—no quarreling, no jealousy. *Miss Deely*—Oh, that's quite all right. I've never heard anything in the work of any other singer to give me the slightest cause for jealousy.—*Musical America*.

Nodd—I hear that several hundred clergymen have been marooned in Europe and that their congregations in this country can find no substitutes. *Todd*—Um! That will not make so much difference at this time. *Nodd*—Why not? *Todd*—Well, we are all so busy reading the sanguinary details of the leading Christian nations of the world murdering and robbing each other that there is really no time to listen to the teachings of the Gospel.—*Life*.

A Missouri farmer whose son was an applicant for a position under the government, but who had been repeatedly turned down, said: "Well, it's hard luck, but Joe has missed that civil service again. It looks like they just won't have him." "What was the trouble?" "Oh, he was short on spellin' and geography and missed a good deal in arithmetic." "What's he going to do about it?" "I dunno," said the farmer. "Times is mighty hard, an' I reckon he'll have to go back to teaching school for a livin'."



MR. READER

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S. S. Tenyo Maru.....Tuesday, Oct. 6, 1914
S. S. Shinyo Maru (calls at Manila).....
.....Tuesday, Nov. 3, 1914

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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Political Outlook in California.

It will take further detailed reports and more figuring to make complete and final the record of the primary election of two weeks ago. Small corrections are to be made in some of the larger counties, while several of the smaller and more remote have not yet turned in the official figures. Out of 4463 precincts in the state 4033 have reported. Reports when they shall finally come from the missing precincts will not materially alter the figures.

Upon the face of the returns as they stand, subject as has already been explained to slight additions and corrections, four Republican candidates for the gubernatorial nomination (Belshaw, Fredericks, Keesling, and Ralston) received in the aggregate 223,588 votes. Two Republican senatorial candidates (Knowland and Shortridge) received 221,082 votes. Five Democratic candidates for the governorship (Curtin, Hall, King, Van Wyck, and White) received in the aggregate 108,934 votes. Two senatorial candidates (Griffin and

Phelan) received 108,500 votes. The one gubernatorial candidate on the Progressive ticket (Johnson) received 114,304 votes. Two Progressive candidates for the senatorship (Heney and Rowell) received 101,191 votes.

There are several interesting implications in these totals. For one thing there is in their relative evenness a suggestion of definite party alignment. For example, we see that 223,588 Republican votes were cast for the governorship and 221,082 for the senatorship. This indicates already that the party lines are being closely adhered to on the part of the Republicans. The same suggestion is supplied both by the Democratic and the Progressive votes. For the governorship the Democrats cast 108,934 votes and for the senatorship 108,500. The Progressive vote for governor (114,304) as compared with the aggregate vote for the senatorship (101,192) indicates that Governor Johnson is some thirteen thousand-and-odd votes ahead of his fellow Progressives on the senatorial ticket.

The declared hope of the Progressive prophets is that Governor Johnson will draw a very large proportion of the votes which were cast for Belshaw, Keesling, and Ralston, the Republican minority candidates in the primary. Let it be admitted that he may draw some votes from this source. Still the situation does not spell success for Johnson in the coming election. The margin of Fredericks's advantage is too great to be overcome by anything short of a landslide to Johnson, and there is nothing in the situation to suggest such a movement. The total number of votes cast for the three Republican minority candidates was 123,479. Even if one-third of these votes should go to Johnson—a violent assumption—Fredericks would still have a plurality.

There is nothing in the situation tending to encourage Progressive hopes excepting an arrogant conceit. Mr. Johnson is indeed an effective campaigner. But no amount of unctuous splicing is likely to turn the tide of popular sentiment away from Republicanism and toward Progressivism in the face of the open scandals of the Johnson administration and the rising tide of sentiment against increased and increasing taxation. Progressivism in California, as elsewhere, is a declining rather than an expanding quantity. It is now seen by many—many not easily convinced—that the Progressive movement, so called, is not a movement for the betterment of conditions in government or in society, but a movement which uses pretensions and assumptions of moral reform for no better purpose than to advance the personal fortunes of groups of ambitious and scheming politicians.

It is assumed in many quarters that "labor" will go *en masse* for Johnson. Those who thus found their hopes would do well to remember that there is a vast difference between "labor" and labor unionism. It is true that the professional leaders and whippers-in of organized labor, in pursuance of a low political bargain, are seeking to drive the forces of organized labor to Johnson's support. This was openly declared in the Labor Day exercises at San Francisco, when Boss Gallagher presented Mr. Johnson to a Labor Day audience as "their" candidate. But not all unionists are subject to orders, and not all labor, nor any great part of it indeed, is in the ranks of unionism. Labor in the mass is as independent of coercion in politics as is agriculture or any other of the classifications attempted to be placed upon groups and bodies of voters.

All conditions, concrete and sentimental, point to the success of Captain Fredericks in November. He has an overwhelming majority of his own party and an overwhelming majority over his nearest rival in either of the other parties. And when in addition to this advantage there is reckoned the very general disappointment at the results of the Johnson administration and

the manifest popular tendency away from Progressivism, the outcome seems all but an assurance.

Congress.

The United States of America, alone among the greater nations of the earth, is at peace. None the less we have our troubles, and at some points they press heavily—notably in connection with the long-drawn-out session of the legislative branch of the government. Congress has been in continuous session since April 15, 1913. Practically it has been in session since December, 1912, the brief intermission between March and April being formal rather than actual. Congress itself is tired, disgruntled, disgusted. It is in session, not because it wants to be, or because it thinks it ought to be, but because the Executive has decreed that it must stay in session until certain things are done. Yet there appears no capacity on the part of the majority, upon whom the responsibility rests, to do the things demanded. It was easy for the President to say to Congress: Pass measures to "destroy monopoly and injustice without injuring or disturbing business or interfering with small and legitimate business." It was easy to say: "Write a constitution of peace." These be glib phrases. To declare them is one thing. To translate them into laws is another. The Executive has not suggested to Congress how, constructively, it is to go about it. Congress has not been able unaided to work out the details.

When the tariff and currency bills were passed, Congress should have gone at once to consideration of the great appropriation bills with a view to cutting down expense and providing for the actual needs of the government. The Executive should have done its share by putting the currency system promptly into operation. The bill passed in January, and the board was not established until August, not even then until the pressure of conditions growing out of the European war enforced action. After the passage of the tariff and currency acts Congress was instructed—instructed is the right word—to take up anti-trust legislation. But before it had time to get fairly started there came a new order from the White House to repeal the Panama exemption bill. It took nearly three months to do this. Everything else was laid aside to accomplish a purpose foreordained and which under a prompt and capable organization of the majority in Congress ought to have been done in three weeks or less time. In the meantime appropriation measures were pressing. The tariff wasn't working right. All over the country business was depressed. Labor was out of employment and in distress. Foreign goods were coming in and taking the place of our own. Sales abroad were diminishing. The cost of living was not coming down. Finally the purpose of the administration as to the exemption act was achieved, but at the cost of putting over and confusing everything else.

Then there remained the appropriation bills. These measures should have been easily framed and quickly passed. Congress should have been permitted to go home and give the country a breathing spell. But the committees worked hesitatingly. Committees did not meet. Quorums could not be secured to consider details. What was agreed to one day was undone the next. Days and weeks ran on and no reports. Provision for the expenses of the government had to be made by resolution. The whole governmental machinery was disarranged, and it was not until August that the last of the regular appropriation bills, providing for the absolutely necessary running expenses of the government, was passed.

In the meantime Congress had received further instructions. It was told to pass a series of measures under what was called an "anti-trust programme." A lot of half-baked bills were hurriedly pulled together, but not without a world of muttering and grumbling.

Illconsidered as they were, these bills were rushed through the House under the whip and spur of gag rules. Then the Senate got reluctantly to work. But again there was no effective organization of forces, no definite leadership, no demonstration of constructive capacity. Excuse for delay was found in the necessity for dealing with the postponed appropriation bills. Finally a trust bill was reported, a bill which gives no assurance of equity or efficiency, a bill which nobody can be sure will not paralyze the business of the country, a bill which really satisfies nobody. Congress has been floundering along with it for weeks, trying to do what the President wants, in fact attempting to put through a measure which nobody understands and of which all are afraid. And the end is not yet.

Upon the situation as we have here described it came the so-called emergency bills under necessities imposed by the European war. In the academic calm of the White House the job no doubt seemed easy enough. But Congress really knows not what to do. The mere statement of a need falls far short of supplying a solution of the problems involved in answering it. Changed conditions are inevitable from the European situation. But nobody knows precisely what they are to be, and of course nobody can provide remedies in advance. There are limits to solution of problems by legislative enactment. Conditions can not always or often be known in advance. They must work themselves out; and the problems involved in them must largely be solved, not by legislative declarations, but by the genius, the energy, the ability of our people. A greater aid in working out and meeting these conditions, a greater good to the country, would be done if Congress would quit, go home, and relieve business of the uncertainties of half-considered, ill-considered, threatening proposals. What the country needs now is not theoretical and hurried legislation, but permission to address its confidence, its energy, its ability, its powers to the emergency problems that now confront us. Our wants will not be solved by restrictive legislation. The country needs rather to be unhampered, unembarrassed. The very first of all needs is removal of the menace which abides in the continued session of Congress under the inspiration of theoretical, academic, and nervous counsels.

The conditions under which Congress has been operating during the past half-year are illustrated by a statement made on the floor of the Senate by Senator Jones of Washington September 1st. The membership of the Senate is 96 and the presence of 49 senators constitutes a quorum. Now for the record: On July 25th at 5 o'clock there were 18 senators present; at 3:30, 20; at 4 o'clock, 19; at 4:30, 30; at 5 o'clock, 26; at 5:30, 28. On the following day at 12 o'clock there were 36 senators present; at 2:30 there were 29; at 1:30, 16; at 2 o'clock, 22; at 2:30, 19; at 3 o'clock, 29; at 3:30, 26; at 4 o'clock, 33; at 4:30, 27; at 5 o'clock, 25. On the day following at 12 o'clock there were 26 senators present; at 12:30, 27; at 1 o'clock, 24; at 2 o'clock, 15; at 2:30, 23; at 3 o'clock, 39; at 3:30, 31; at 4 o'clock, 32; at 4:30, 32; at 5:30, 31. And so on the record runs week after week.

On Tuesday, August 18th, after the Senate had revoked the rule under which committees might meet while the Senate was in session, at 12:30 there were 25 senators present; at 1:10, 20; at 2 o'clock, 18; at 2:30, 21; at 3:30, 19; at 4 o'clock, 27; at 4:30, 32; at 5 o'clock, 33. On Friday, August 21st, at 2:15, there were 18 senators present; at 2:30, 19. At 4 o'clock a quorum was called and at 4:05 the quorum was completed; that is, 49 senators had answered to their names. At 4:07, or two minutes afterwards, 22 senators were present on the floor; at 4:30, 20; at 5:03, 23; at 5:05, 29. On Monday, August 24th, a quorum was called at 11:45 o'clock. At 12:15 36 senators were present. Another roll-call occurred in the meantime. At 12:45 there were 19 senators present; at 1 o'clock, 16; at 1:15, 16. On August 25th at 1 o'clock there were 14 senators present; at 1:27 there was a roll-call and 50 senators answered; at 1:30, or three minutes afterwards, there were 19 senators on the floor; at 2 o'clock there were 9 senators on the floor; at 2:30 there was a roll-call and 49 senators answered to their names; at 2:32, or two minutes afterwards, there were 23 senators on the floor; at 3:30, 19; at 4 o'clock, 20, and at 4:30, 18. These records exhibit the conditions under which important, intricate, and problematical legislation has been under consideration. Nobody blames the senators for

being away. Congress has been in continuous and futile session for nearly two years, many members are worn out, all are disgruntled and disgusted. It would seem that under these conditions even so stubborn a man as the President would see that a grotesque farce is being enacted at the national capital. Verily it is time for Congress to quit and go home.

Theory and Practice.

The administration at Washington is finding out how much easier it is to declare emergencies, and to invent rhetorical formulæ for solving the problems which they impose, than to work out a constructive scheme of governmental practice to meet the new conditions. Comes the European war, with our foreign commerce paralyzed because there are no ships to carry our products to market. Bankruptcy threatens the South and other productive sections of the country. An obvious need is ships under the neutral American flag for the purpose of carrying cotton, wheat, corn, and what-not to Europe. It looked easy to the President, as things always look easy to the man whose horizon ends in the sphere of ideas and sentiments and who reckons little of working plans. The problem, the President thought, might be solved by granting American registration to foreign ships. When the impracticability of this proposal, regarded as an evasive device, was made plain, the President proposed that Americans be permitted actually to buy foreign ships in our ports and elsewhere, tied up by the war. Both England and France have protested in positive terms against the purchase of German ships on the theory that money paid for such ships would be a practical contribution to the German war resource. Germany has not yet been heard from, but her protest no doubt will be equally positive under the self-same theory as applied to English and French ships.

Then the President thought again. If he were authorized to suspend the navigation laws, then it would be easy to meet any condition which might arise. A willing Congress promptly granted the desired dispensation. The President may in his discretion and at his pleasure suspend any or all the laws affecting commerce. But no suspensions have been made. For in addition to the European protests there comes the protest of organized labor at home under the logical theory that a concession made to foreign commerce must of necessity lead to corresponding concessions in our domestic trade and thus alter the conditions which labor unionism succeeded in imposing upon that particular branch of home industry.

In addition to the act authorizing the President to suspend the navigation laws, it was suggested that the government ought to provide a system of war-risk insurance, although we are at peace with all the world. A bill to this effect was duly passed through Congress in hot haste under gag rule. Still nothing has been done practically for reasons which though not declared are fairly well understood.

The truth is that the government is afraid of its own measures—the very measures it has caused to be rushed through Congress. First, there is the fear of foreign resentment in case of foreign ships brought by purchase under American registry. Second, there is fear of political reprisals if labor unionism is not coddled. Administrative paralysis is the result. Congress, acting under orders from the White House, has done what was required of it, but the administration has not the resolution to follow up this action by doing what it wishes and had planned to do.

It is now expected any day that the President, under the authority provided by Congress, will suspend the shipping laws. His anxiety, under pressure from the South and West, to get our products to market may lead him for once to brave the anger of organized labor. Probably a few foreign bottoms now in American ports will be brought under American registry. But they will be few, for not many men of capital will venture their money in a species of enterprise calling for heavy investment unless they can be assured that the conditions will not be changed. It is not enough that we should be able to buy ships at the world price; it is necessary that we should be able to operate them on the world basis—not only this year, but next year and in still other years to come. Congress has given no assurance of permanent relaxation of the laws on this point and certainly the President can give none.

The only ships of foreign registry likely to be brought

under the American flag by this wonderful emergency legislation are those belonging to the Standard Oil, the Steel Trust, the United Fruit Company, and other American trusts which have been flying foreign flags in order that they might have the advantage of employing cheap labor and enjoying the other advantages which attach to foreign as compared from American registry. Now when war threatens them under their bogus foreign registration, and when our laws are suspended to their advantage, and when they have been insured by the government, they will come under the Stars and Stripes and go on with the business they have hitherto been doing.

In the meantime there is grievous need for something to be done to get our products to market. The problem can not be solved by mere emergency tricks. It must be done, if at all, through a radical readjustment of our navigation laws, with complete removal of all restrictions and with guaranties that they will not be reimposed when the pending war is over. Any effort to rehabilitate the American marine in any other way is visionary and foolish.

Concerning Fraudulent Candidacies.

Honesty in politics finds itself in instinctive sympathy with the movement now preparing to appeal to the courts with demands for elimination from party tickets, in the coming election, of candidates who by a species of trickery allowable under a faulty law contrived to "capture" nomination from parties other than their own. Theoretically and nominally a man seeking office represents the principles of the party whose nomination he bears. No man can consistently or legitimately be the candidate of parties representing opposing and conflicting principles. Those who sought nomination at the hands of other than their own party were simply eager graspers after office. No other view of the case is reasonable or possible.

What the courts may determine no man may now do more than guess. The common sense and the fundamental morality of the case are plain. But the law is confused and possibly inadequate. It may be that under the law this kind of fraud is permissible. But the moral delinquency ought to be manifest to the simplest understanding. Five pronounced Progressives, standing upon the Progressive platform, and aiming, not to promote, to but to defeat the Republican party in its fundamental motives and aims, contrived to get themselves placed as candidates of the Republican party. They are John M. Eshleman for lieutenant-governor, F. J. O'Brien for secretary of state, U. S. Webb for attorney-general, John S. Chambers for state controller, and W. S. Kingsbury for surveyor-general. Each of these men, in seeking nomination at the hands of a party of which he is an avowed enemy, is in a moral sense guilty of fraud. No one of them ought in common morality to have the support of any Republican. They hope to sneak into election at the hands of the Republicans precisely as they sneaked into nomination—through lack of knowledge and lack of consideration on the part of careless voters.

It is to be hoped in the interest of clean-cut and decent politics that the courts may cancel these names as they stand falsely placed on the Republican ticket. But it may be that the law does not provide a way. It may be left to the individual voter to rebuke the trick by which these enemies of Republicanism got their names on the Republican state ticket.

The War Tax.

Congress has been called upon to provide a scheme of special taxation to make up for the loss to the government incidentally resulting from the war in Europe. Receipts from duties on imports are shy at a rate which will make a deficit in the calculated revenues of the government to the extent of a hundred million dollars or more. Of course there is nothing to do but to screw higher old forms of taxation or find new objects to tax. The Ways and Means Committee of the House, under instructions from the White House, is already at work on a measure of war taxation. But it does not find the job an easy one.

It would be in character both poetic and righteous if ways might be found to centre the new demands upon articles which through the agency of selfish exploiters have been advanced in price under war conditions. Most notable is sugar. The problem, we suspect, would be found in an effort to get at the domestic sugar producer or dealer without hitting the consumer. There

is danger, under an attempt to do this, that the practical effect would be to provide the sugar exploiters with a plausible pretext, and give their operations the appearance of moral justification, rather than to mulct them in proper penalties. It is a usual consequence of legislation, devised in a spirit of reprisal, to work out effects directly opposite to those desired. Proper subjects for taxation are whisky, wines, malt liquors, and other widely used articles not essential to normal and comfortable life and therefore in a sense to be regarded as luxuries. But here comes a practical difficulty from the political standpoint. Whisky is chiefly produced in the Southern States, and it is the South which gives to the present national administration the backbone of its support. Under these conditions we venture the guess that while wines and malt liquors will be duly recognized by the tax assessors, whisky will be given a polite go-by.

If there were time in plenty to adjust the new taxes, incomes would no doubt come in for a new measure of attention. The general exemption limit, also the list of special exemptions, would be greatly reduced and possibly the rate would be increased. Something like this, we are told, was in the mind of the administration before the war began. But the occasion is urgent and there will be little time and perhaps less disposition to deal with questionable and uncertain quantities. The disposition will be to clap on special taxes in relation to sources of known productivity and for the collection of which the machinery is already in operation under the internal revenue system.

How urgent the necessity is may be inferred from the fact that the administration has found it necessary to act prior to the November elections. The political considerations from the administrative point of view would have been better sustained by waiting until November. But the fall-off in revenue has been so considerable, and the promise of future loss is so certain, the government could not afford to wait. Unpleasant as was the expedient, it was necessary that it be resorted to without delay.

Editorial Notes.

"God of our fatherland."—Nicholas. "God of our dear fatherland."—Wilhelm. "God of all French."—Poincaré. "God our defense and bulwark."—Franz Josef. "God of our race."—George. "God our right arm."—Albert. And from the cockpit of Europe comes the fighting slogan of Serbia, "We can take care of ourselves." Bully for Serbia! There is at once more self-respect, more pluck, even more piety, in its acclaim than in the puerile blasphemies of its neighbors.

In the furious campaign for "peace" inaugurated by the Hearst newspapers we have fresh illustration of the willingness of a considerable element to be humbugged. The "movement" in itself is an absurdity. The insincerity of it is open and manifest. It is designed as a new development in the business of thrilling an emotional and gullible public. It properly follows the Joe Knowles fake and the thousand other fakes with which the Hearst circus contrives to amuse the public. As to the honesty of this wondrous and sudden enthusiasm for peace, we have only to remember similar enthusiasms for war manifested a few years ago in the case of Spain, and only yesterday, so to speak, in the case of Mexico.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The German Reserve Strength.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 7, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: With the greatest interest I have been reading the weekly *résumés* of the European war by Mr. Sidney Coryn. The tenor of these articles makes it appear that Germany is doomed to final defeat. The arguments are forcible and may prove correct.

The delay in Belgium was serious and very likely not expected by the German leaders; that, however, they could have hoped to practically defeat France and have the German armies free again before Russia got well started is hardly believable. France has too large and efficient an army to be overrun in so short a time. The German general staff would not make such a grievous blunder and miscalculation.

Russia apparently was prepared for attack, had been mobilizing its frontier corps for some time, and had been practically on a war footing ever since the Balkan wars. It was continuing this mobilization, and this proves conclusively that Emperor William was forced for self-protection to call a halt and demand playing with open cards, otherwise the advantage of Russia would have been much larger with every passing day. The war had to come some day. The partial mobilization of Russia and the delay in Belgium appear to be the two extra obstacles to be overcome by Germany. Both will cost dearly, but while difficult, both may be overcome. That the German reserve strength is entirely underestimated is shown by the statement in issue of *Argonaut*, September 5th:

The strength of the German defensive force is unknown, but

must be very small, since it is admitted that the situation in France has called for practically the entire German strength.

Far from the truth! These are statements of the Allies which they would like to believe, but, if they should rely on them, they would be doomed to disappointment. Look at the following figures:

Germany has a yearly supply of young men fit for military duty of over 500,000 (after weeding out the weak ones through the most rigid physical examination). If French methods of examination were employed, the figure would be at least 150,000 higher. Germany has never been able to make use of its young men for military duty. It has suffered from an over-supply, and although nominally every German must serve under the colors, in reality about one-half of them do not serve; there are too many of them.

The new law, only lately in force, draws something over 400,000 of the 500,000 picked men for military duty. Before that, only about 320,000 have been taken yearly. A simple multiplication will give now the possible war strength of the empire. The two years' actual service, five years' reserve, and five years' Landwehr, or in other words the men from twenty to thirty-two, constitute the regular German army on war footing, that means twelve years, or 12x320,000—3,840,000 men. That is about as many men as can profitably be employed on any theatre of war without being encumbered by their very members. In fact, they are too many for action.

It is hardly possible that more than this number of men is under the colors at this time.

Our daily papers talk about the Landsturm having been called out. They are surely mixing up Landwehr with Landsturm. The Landsturm for the years from thirty-two to forty-five would add 13x320,000 or 4,160,000. All of these would still be men who had seen full regular service and had been through successive encampments at different times. There would remain the supply of 180,000 men a year who were physically up to the top-notch standard but did not serve because the ranks were full. This second Landsturm would give men from twenty to forty-five, or twenty-five years, or 25x180,000—4,500,000. And if it came to the last ditch, Germany could still muster all men from seventeen to twenty and forty-five to fifty, eight years, or 8x500,000—4,000,000 additional men.

Add those figures and you get a grand total of 16,500,000 men, of which 8,000,000 have seen full actual service and a large part of the remaining 8,500,000 have seen short service also as "Ersatz Reserve," a special training not necessary to enlarge upon here.

This is the German war machine "ein Volk in Waffen" something stupendous, almost beyond belief but true and actually in existence when needed. Can this army, led by superior officers, be beaten in the long run? By hunger—yes. By bullets—not likely.

The strongest factor in the combination of the Allies is England, not on account of its strong navy and certainly not on account of its rather insignificant army or any support this army may be able to give on the Continent, but merely on account of its happy geographical location. England is safe and very brave, because it can not be reached. If a few German army corps could ever cross the channel it would be all over with England in two weeks and the war would come to an end.

ERNST LUEHNING.

An Arraignment of Germany.

GUELPH, ONTARIO, CANADA, September 2, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I read with interest the letters of J. Henry Senger and Ernst Luehning in your issue of August 22d on the present war in Europe from the standpoint of German sympathizers. One can readily understand, after reading these letters, how easily national and racial prejudice can blind men to the real facts when one's own country is involved in a question at issue.

In the first place, Prussia, which is the brains, the heart, and the right arm of the German Empire, does not come into court with very clean hands. In 1864 she and Austria warred with little Denmark and filched Schleswig-Holstein. Two years later these two thieves quarreled and the Six Weeks' War gave Prussia the Elbe provinces and the leadership of the German peoples. Four years later, Prussia desired military supremacy in Europe and by the Treaty of Versailles attained it with the cession of Alsace-Lorraine and a war indemnity of one thousand millions. Straws show which way the stream runs, and the convicting proofs of the Pan-German party's attitude towards Britain are easily advanced. Have you heard of Professor Treischke? Professor Treischke is not a mere babler of vain words. His is one of those calm, clear, logical, and judicial intellects that sift the evidence carefully before passing judgment. Four years ago Professor Treischke said: "If the German Empire only has the courage to pursue an independent colonial policy with determination, then a conflict between British and German interests is inevitable. It was inevitable that Germany, the new great power of central Europe, should settle her accounts with the older great powers. Germany settled her account with Austria and Hungary at Sadowa in 1866; she settled her account with France at Versailles in 1871; she settled her account with Russia in 1909. Only one great power remains to be settled with and that is Great Britain, and that will be the lengthiest and the most difficult of all." General von der Goltz, the greatest of the German strategists, said, some four years ago: "The foundations of German power are laid so deep that we are warranted in hoping to dispute successfully with Great Britain for the supremacy of the world, and Germany must lose no time in making her preparations." And what about that toast which is drunk on board each German warship, "To the Day"? What day? It is to the day that shall see the German fleets sweep the flag of Britain from the seven seas of the world; to the day that these men hope will see Great Britain pass from the great powers and become the conscript appanage of the German Empire.

Prussia has been our ally in years gone by. We had never warred with Prussia. British gold and her own valor saved Prussia in the Seven Years' War, and Prussia was a good friend to Britain on that memorable June Sunday in 1815. Francis Joseph of Austria, now warring against Russia, owed his preservation at the time of his accession in 1848 to Russia. But what of these things? He who pins his faith on the lasting gratitude of nations is more foolish than he who builds his house on the shifting sands, or he who puts out in an earless, sailless, rudderless, and leaky boat to face the perils of an unknown sea.

Germany taunts Great Britain with having elected to ally herself with the semi-barbarism of Russia in preference to the science, the humaneness, and the culture of Germany. The burning of Louvain, the burnt-out homesteads of Belgium, the killing of wounded prisoners, the mounting of machine guns on Red Cross wagons, and the dropping of murderous bombs from Zeppelin dirigibles in the silence of the night are sufficient answers to the culture and humaneness of that Pan-German party which so unhappily dominates the real German character. Count Zeppelin was embraced by the emperor three years ago as the greatest mind in the empire. And the motto of each Zeppelin dirigible is "The women and the children first."

EUSTACE H. K. COCKIN.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.

With every desire to present a bird's-eye view of the scene of military operations in Europe there are probably not more than a couple of dozen men on earth who are in a position to do such a thing. Every now and then a corner of the veil is lifted and we are allowed a momentary glimpse of some small area packed with struggling gladiators and then the veil is dropped again and there is darkness and silence. Wounded men brought to Paris are unable to say where they were fighting. Letters from the front are so carefully censored that there is no indication of their origin. We hear of the great commanders at every point of the compass, but it is always at some place where they were not supposed to be. General Joffré, naturally assumed to be with the army before Paris, is suddenly reported to be in Belgium. The German crown prince is reported as being in danger of capture at Precy-sur-Oise, when he was believed to be with an army near Nancy. Who would have believed it possible that the movements of several millions of men could be so effectually screened from the eyes of the world?

It is certain that a battle is now being waged to the north-east and the east of Paris. The line must be about one hundred and fifty miles long and it probably stretches in a great semicircle from somewhere in the vicinity of Lille southward to within about thirty miles of Paris and thence eastward to Verdun, but the brunt of the fighting is along a line curving south from Precy-sur-Oise to Verdun. This would give a concave form to the forces of the Allies and a convex form to the armies of Germany. The longer line passes through Precy-sur-Oise, where the British force is said to have routed the German Imperial Guard, through Compiègne, where there has been very fierce fighting, and on to Verdun. The reports, coming mainly from French and English sources, indicate that the fortunes of war have on the whole been favorable to the Allies. The English holding the left wing are said to have turned the German flank and forced the invaders back toward St. Quentin. There were other successes at the extreme end of the line near Verdun, where the Germans are reported as falling slowly backward. Still another success is signaled from Lille, where General Joffré is said to have forced back the Germans toward Brussels. If these reports should be true, and if the French should be generally successful along the line, it will be seen that the investment of Paris is still a matter for the future and that it remains in fact impossible so long as the Allies can keep their forces intact in their present area. It will mean that the main French army is between Paris and its foes, and that the retiring German forces have their backs to the French metropolises.

But what are the Germans doing so far to the east of Paris? Last week their armies were headed direct for the city, and we were expecting to hear every hour that the assault on the Paris forts had actually begun. But suddenly there was a change in direction, whether preconcerted or not it is hard to say, but we may assume so. Instead of driving straight forward to Paris the German armies swerved to their left, leaving Paris on their right, and proceeded in the direction of Verdun and Sedan. The change is said to have been detected instantly by the French aeroplanes and the defending forces at once took up fresh positions to resist the advance in the new direction. There are various explanations of the apparent change of plan, and either of them, or all of them in combination may explain the move. Let us remember that the mere taking of Paris would have no strategical value whatever, although it would undoubtedly have its moral effect. The effort to take the capital would involve a large number of men for a period of probably many months, and this would be highly dangerous while the armies of the Allies were still in the field, vigorous and intact. Even though the Allies were driven south to the Loire their existence would make the siege of Paris an extremely difficult and hazardous enterprise. It was the great German victory at Sedan over MacMahon's army that made the siege of Paris possible in the war of 1870, and even then the siege might have been unsuccessful but for the surrender of Bazaine at Metz, which released a large German force for the project. Again, it is quite possible, and probable, that the Germans never intended to besiege Paris before they had destroyed the Allied armies, which they calculated upon doing before now, that their move direct on the capital was in the nature of a feint, and that they intended all along to push south and east and so to effect a junction with the other German army that was on its way south from Luxembourg. But however that may be, the rapidity of the French change of front must have been disconcerting, since the German path southward is barred. If the battle now being waged should go definitely against the Germans their position would be a very difficult one. On the other hand if the Germans should ultimately be successful the position of the Allies will be no worse than it was before, seeing that they will then fall back upon Paris and be once more in a position to put up a stiff and concentrated fight. But it may be fully a week before we can begin to speak of victory or defeat upon either side. So far there has been no definite victory or defeat upon either side since the war began in France. There have been many retirements to prepared positions, but nothing anywhere in the nature of a rout.

But let us suppose that the Germans had invested Paris with the intention of carrying it, and then a glance at the facts will show us the desperate nature of such an enterprise while a hostile army remained in the field. And here we are helped largely by a consideration of the siege of 1870.

the reports that were subsequently furnished by Von Moltke. According to these reports the armaments of the Paris forts consisted of 2625 pieces, and among them over two hundred of the largest size and the latest design. Ammunition had been stored to the extent of 500 rounds for each gun and there was enormous reserves of powder. It will be remembered that Von Moltke refrained from the early bombardment of Paris, and he gives us his reasons. He says that he was unable to do so. Before an actual assault could be made he had to be in control of all the railroads and canals by which he could bring up his heavy siege artillery, and he would have needed three hundred heavy guns with 500 rounds for each gun. The transportation of these guns would have required 4500 heavy wagons and 10,000 horses, and therefore the project was impossible so long as a hostile army remained anywhere in the field to interfere with his communications or to divert energy from the attack. It is true that Von Moltke did eventually bombard Paris, but not until the above-mentioned conditions had been complied with. MacMahon and Bazaine were both disposed of, and therefore the communications were safe. He was able to direct the whole of his energies to the assault, but although that assault was of the most vigorous kind Paris was able to repel it for 132 days. These statements by the great German strategist help us to understand why the Germans in the present war are showing no precipitancy in the attack upon Paris, and why they are so anxious to clear the field of enemies before undertaking a task so colossal. They could hardly hope to succeed in a task that Moltke had declared to be impossible and with conditions so much more favorable to a French defense.

For if it was a colossal task in the time of Moltke, forty-five years ago, what must it be now? We saw what the forts of Liège were able to do, and we may yet be staggered when we learn the price in human life that they exacted from their enemies. Maubeuge is still holding out against an enormous German force, while there are other fortifications that have merely been invested and that are still untaken. The fortifications of Paris that were faced by Von Moltke were mere toys in comparison with those that now frown over the city. Of the actual furnishing of these forts of course we know very little, but their number and position can not be hidden. The map that appears upon this page shows their general arrangement, and also that of all the other forts, most of which were erected since the last war and in direct preparation for this one. There are three distinct lines of defenses around Paris. First there is the wall of masonry, which did good service during the last siege, but that is now nearly obsolete. Then comes a circle of seventeen forts two miles from the walls, or thirty-two miles in extent, and beyond these there is still another circle seventy-five miles in circumference and occupying the heights around the city. These forts are all built in such a way as to cooperate with each other. Each is within the range of fire of those upon each side, and they are to be found dotted among the suburbs of Neuilly, Versailles, and Vincennes. Perhaps the most celebrated among them is Mont Valerien, which withstood the brunt of the German attack in 1870, but it is now strengthened by other subsidiary forts. The forts to the south of the city are at Ivry, Bietre, Vanves, Mont Rouge, and Issy. To the north and east are the forts of St. Denis, Aubervilliers, and Charenton. The outer forts are known to mount from twenty to sixty heavy guns of the most modern make, and the whole system has a garrison of 170,000 men. No force of less than half a million men could expect the least success against these defenses, while the experts of the world agree that it might easily require six months of hard work to overcome their resistance. Once more it is easy to understand why the Germans should show circumspection in their attack upon Paris and he reluctant to undertake such a feat so long as an aggressive army remained in the field.

And now let us look at another aspect of the struggle that at any moment may loom up largely. Last week this column contained a reference to a new English force that had been landed at Ostend and that was supposed to be aimed at the German line of communications when the time should be considered ripe for such a stroke. At about the same time there were numerous stories of a Russian force that had actually been landed in France and with the same objective. This Russian force was variously described as numbering from 85,000 men to 250,000 men and it was supposed to have been brought from Arangel in Finland, around the northern coast of Norway, landed at Leith or Edinburgh and so through Great Britain to Ostend. These stories were not official, and of course they were not confirmed from any official source, but various travelers arriving in New York from England said that they had seen the Russians, and now there is a fresh crop of references and stories to the same effect. Assuming that where there is so much smoke there must be some fire, we may ask ourselves where these Russians have been stationed. The reports from the front contain constant references to French, English, and Belgians, but not a word about Russians. May we suppose that they are somewhere in the north of France waiting for the psychological moment to push across Belgium into Germany and so cut the German communications? Moreover, there seems to be something curiously unusual about these German communications. It is almost an axiom of war that an invading army must leave large forces behind it at regular intervals upon its path in order that it may insure the steady arrival of ammunition and provisions, and the thousand and one kinds of supplies essential to an army on the march. But there is a great many stories to the effect that the Germans are not guarding their communications, and while it would be foolish to assume that so successful and competent a force has

been lacking in prudence, we may well wonder at so marked a departure from precedent. It is possible that we have here one more result of the wreck to the German plans that was involved in the resistance of Belgium and the consequent collapse of the time-table. An army that expected confidently to beat France into submission in the course of a few days would naturally be indifferent to its supplies, but however that may be, the fact remains that the whole vast German army seems to be handled as a flying column which is intended to "get there" in a single forced march. That the Germans should be able to live on the country and thus be independent of food supplies is possible enough, but it is inconceivable that they can be carrying with them enough am-

FORTIFICATIONS OF FRANCE.



munition to see them through. Ammunition is enormously heavy, as we have seen from Von Moltke's report of the first siege of Paris, and it would seem that a steady supply from the base must be essential. If the communications have actually been neglected—and this seems certain, since untaken fortresses have been left in the rear—we can only suppose that the Germans calculated upon a lightning campaign which would minimize their importance. And if this is so we can easily foresee the intention of their enemies, first to weaken them by continuous fighting far from their base, and then to cut through the life line of their communications. But of this we shall doubtless hear more later on, but in the meantime we may surrender to the conviction that the whole of the plan of campaign is not indicated in official statements and that it may be that it is the most vital movements that are the most invisible.

Events in the west of Europe are of so dramatic a nature as to divert our attention from the east, although the happenings on the Russian frontier are perhaps equally spec-

THE WAR IN THE EAST.



tacular, although not so closely reported. On September 3 came simultaneous reports from Paris and from Rotterdam of the movements eastward of large bodies of German soldiers, who were being hurriedly withdrawn from the western field for service against Russia in the east. There were no indications of the strength of these withdrawals, although it was said that their places would be taken by the Landsturm reservists recently summoned to the German colors. And indeed it was easy to understand that the situation in the east had become so grave as to demand instant attention. A glance at the map shows Russian Poland projecting eastward with Prussia to its north and Austria to its south. It was obviously impossible for the Russian armies to ad-

vance into Germany from the most westerly point of Russian Poland, since this would leave the ground open for the invasion of Poland to their rear from Prussia in the north and Austria in the south. The invasion was therefore begun from the extreme east of Prussia and from the extreme east of Austria. At the same time the Austrians attempted the very move foreseen of them and invaded Poland northward in the direction of Lublin. There are therefore at least three centres of activities, indeed we may say four, since the Russians directed another army toward Breslau. In the north the Russians have gained great successes and are already far advanced into Prussian territory. At the same time they were heavily defeated at Allenstein, a defeat that they freely admit and that they attribute to the arrival of heavy artillery from the fortresses in the German rear. This may hinder their advance for a short time, although we have to remember that the mere losses of men have no significance where the supply is practically inexhaustible. By this time we may suppose that the Russian forces are once more preparing to move forward into northern Prussia. In the south the Russian successes have been almost unbroken. Lemberg has been evacuated and there are stories of important Russian victories to the west of Lemberg and in the direction of Vienna. It is impossible to say what further resistance it may be in the power of the Austrians to make, but the Russians assert that the road to Vienna is practically open to them. The Russians also report successes for their Galician army. The Austrian reports are vague, and where they claim successes they are not large ones, and it is now evident that the Austrian action in crossing the Vistula and entering Russian territory was a hazardous one, although the aim was great, being no less than to prevent a direct Russian advance against Vienna and Berlin from the middle front. This they have possibly succeeded in doing, but if the northern Russian armies continue to be successful the relief will not be a long one. The frank Russian admission of a severe repulse at Allenstein leads us to believe that the Russian promise to tell the exact truth in official reports may have some justification, and this is certainly a virtue that no other war office is even trying to emulate. And the Russian official statements claim a large preponderance of successes, and a relatively open road into the heart of Austria and Prussia. Russia is therefore making herself decidedly felt, and her advance may well have the strongest possible influence upon the struggle in France. Moreover, the Russian forces in the south seem to be marching with almost unprecedented rapidity, the reports speaking of an advance of thirty-eight miles a day and a sleep allotment of three hours in the twenty-four.

A word may advantageously be said about the mines that are now causing the ships of all belligerent nations—and non-belligerents, too, for the matter of that—to go warily in strange waters. Mines are of two chief kinds, those that are exploded from the land or from another ship as soon as the enemy is seen to be in an exposed position, and mines that are fired automatically by contact. The contact mine is a metal case holding about one hundred pounds of dynamite and the mechanism that produces the explosion. The mine is lowered to a depth of about ten feet in the water and there anchored, and they are usually thus sown in groups. The charge is rarely more than the quantity stated, as it has been found that if it is in excess of this the detonation is likely to explode other mines in the vicinity. But observation mines often hold as much as 500 pounds of explosive, since they are sunk to a greater depth and they are not usually placed in such numbers, being most useful in narrow water-ways, where the exact position of a hostile ship can more easily be foreseen. These mines are connected electrically with the shore and the observer has only to wait until his victim has reached the fatal spot and the pressing of a button will do the rest. The use of drifting mines has been forbidden by international law, but this has been done since the Russo-Japanese War, when the Russians were charged with throwing mines promiscuously into the water. Hundreds of them were carried in all directions by wind and water and sufficed to enliven peaceful ships for months after the struggle was over.

The following time-table may be of some interest to those watching the course of events:

- June 28. The assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand.
- July 23. Austria's ultimatum to Serbia.
- July 28. Austrian declaration of war on Serbia.
- August 1. German declaration of war on Russia.
- August 2. Germany invades Luxembourg.
- August 4. German attack on Liège.
- August 6. Austrian declaration of war on Russia.
- August 8. Montenegrin declaration of war on Austria.
- Portugal declares her alliance with England.
- August 10. France declares war on Austria.
- August 13. England declares war on Austria.
- August 15. Japan sends ultimatum to Germany.
- August 17. Battle of Lorraine.
- August 20. Russians enter Prussia at Gumbinnen.
- August 23. Germans take Namur.
- August 25. Austria declares war on Japan.
- August 27. Russians take Tilsit.
- September 2. Air raid on Paris. Allies fall back steadily toward capital.
- September 4. Germans announced within thirty miles of Paris.
- September 8. Germans reported to be retreating.

SIDNEY CORVY.

After October 1 wooden roofs can not be laid in Boston owing to danger from fire.

STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

Private Van Doozle Makes a Surprising Discovery.

[Long before he became known to fame, Bret Harte wrote many stories for Californian publications. He was a frequent contributor to the *Golden Era* of San Francisco, and the *Northern Californian*. These immature contributions have finally been collected by Charles Meeker Kozlar, who has put them, unrevised, into a book just issued by the Houghton Mifflin Company, through whose courtesy the *Argonaut* is enabled to publish this story, which first appeared in the *Golden Era*, July 8, 1860.]

He was a Van Doozle. As a descendant of that ancient family I may assert, without unbecoming pride, that to be a Van Doozle signified, in the days of which I write, something and somebody. The Van Doozles in 1779 were a Dutch family, residing somewhere between New York and Albany on the Hudson, and my great-granduncle was an only son.

Every American has heard of the Legion. Scouting the eastern bank of the Hudson they were a formidable check upon the ravages of "cowboys" and "rangers" over that country lying between White Plains and New York City, known as the "Neutral Ground." The insecurity of property, through the boldness of some of these predatory excursions, extending into the little Dutch settlements, rendered the presence of an armed force particularly desirable, and the fame of these dashing dragoons quite won over the hearts of the honest Dutch farmers, and tended materially to open their larders to the wants of a sympathizing ally, in preference to the claims of an insulting foe.

My ancestor was stationed with his company in a certain quiet, dreary, gable-ended, weathercock-crowned village, abutting on a swelling bay of the Hudson, which may still be seen, but, alas for modern innovation, hardly recognized.

On the principal street the principal mansion in the good old days was occupied by one Jacob Bogardus, better known as "Yop" Bogardus. He was a man of strictly neutral politics. When the cowboys favored him with their attentions and pressed his hospitality he was known to declaim loudly against the ragamuffins of the Tory king; when cavalry scouts from above recruited themselves at his expense he was much incensed against the Yankees, whom he consigned to "der tuyful," and implored the protection of St. Nicholas against friends who lacked that all essential requisite, disinterestedness. But he was possessed of two redeeming peculiarities which rendered his acquaintance profitable to the old and desirable to the young—he was rich and had a pretty daughter.

Katrina Bogardus was a horrible coquette. In all their confidential intercourse she had never made my great-uncle any definite encouragement, not even the tip of her rosy finger to kiss. He caught occasional glances, very expressive, but not capable of perpetuation. She flirted easily with others and took particular pains to do so in my great-uncle's presence.

A fierce gallop tends to relieve a man's mind. My great-uncle experienced some solace in driving his spurs into his mare's side by way of revenge for the gaping wounds in his own. He made up his mind he would leave her—leave his corps if he had to desert—he would join Sumter in the South—he would forever banish all remembrance of the fatal witchery and would seek, yes, seek a soldier's grave. He looked out upon the swelling river that rolled placidly below him.

A sound of oars "cheeping" in rowlocks caught his ear. He was in that frame of mind that any occurrence to change the current of his thoughts was a reprieve and he listened eagerly. Then as the sound became more sensible he saw a boat approaching the shore below him. He remembered a bridle-path somewhat circuitous and steep, that led from the river below to where he had unconsciously halted. There were two men seated in the stern of the boat, wrapped in military cloaks. A third was pulling. They reached the embankment. My ancestor looked at the flints of his pistols and returned them cocked to his holsters. All this in a state of mechanical expectancy he could not account for.

He did not wait long, for presently two figures appeared slowly mounting the bank, which he at once recognized as the strangers of the boat. They were conversing earnestly. My great-uncle was not remarkably bright, but it struck him that the two strangers had important business, to have crossed the river at that hour; that they were strangers and that it was his duty as sergeant in Lee's Legion to inquire their business. So spurring his mare forward, as they reached the level of the cliff, he interposed his somewhat athletic figure and called on them to "halt."

They did so, but more in astonishment than fear. It gave my redoubtable ancestor a chance to examine them keenly. Hem! A tall, dark young man, black-eyed and aristocratic looking—a gentleman. A middle-aged man, with a face rather old, but massive and energetic; a dignified chap—some white ruffles on his sleeve and a semi-military style—a gentleman also. My great-uncle felt a strong desire to pitch into the slim young man by virtue of his personal appearance, but wasn't quite so certain about the other.

The younger stepped promptly forward and with a supercilious air, which annoyed my ancestor excessively, demanded:

"Who are you that stay travelers on the open road?

What authority have you to address strangers? Fall back, sir!"

My ancestral relative kept his eye on the spokesman and replied, simply:

"My name is Yont Van Doozle. I am a sergeant in Colonel Lee's cavalry. Here is my authority." And he produced the shining barrel of a pistol from his holster.

The young stranger laid his hand upon the sword and stopped impulsively, his dark face grew darker and his thin cheek lay close against his clenched teeth; but the elder laid his ruffled hand gravely upon the young man's arm and turned to my great-uncle:

"Do you not know, sir, that this is neutral ground?"

"Aye, I do," said my great-uncle, "but the times are troublous; it behooves all friends of the cause I profess to be wary. You are strangers and your attire shows you are not of us. You can not pass until you have given me your name, your rank, and your business."

The elder one again interrupted and conversed for a moment earnestly with his companion, who once more turned to my great-uncle:

"We are two to your one. If we choose your opposition would be a slight barrier. If we see fit to comply with your demand what reason have we to believe your rank, your name? You may be a ranger, a cowboy. Your manners," added the young man in his disagreeable way, "rather indicate the latter!"

"I am rough," said he, with a voice a little tremulous, but a steady, kindling eye; "I am rough, I know, but if I lie at such a moment I am the first of my family who have disgraced their name. If I am willing to believe you, a stranger, you should be as mindful of me, who dwell here upon the ground you trespass on."

The elder stranger stepped forward and holding out his hand said in a stately, dignified way: "Your hand, friend; we have wronged you. I believe you, as does my friend. Your curiosity shall be satisfied, and Colonel Lee shall know the worth of his honest sergeant."

He again held converse with his young companion, who again turned to my great-uncle:

"You have asked our names, rank and business. I am Alexander Hamilton, secretary to the Continental Congress." My uncle started. "Hamilton, the aide-de-camp of—"

He could only stammer out, "And your friend?"

"Your general—George Washington."

Colonel Hamilton resumed: "Our business must be kept secret. The general, however, has seen fit to partly confide its execution to you, as the lesson you have taught us has convinced us of the indiscretion of pursuing it further in person. You will wait here for an hour. A young lad will come to this spot by that time and you will inform him that you are commissioned by me to see him in safety to the opposite shore. A boat will be in readiness. He will return in an hour, and you will guard him in safety back. Remember that you are to press him with no questions. Keep your own counsel and you shall be suitably rewarded. Good-night, Sergeant Van Doozle." And with a military salute the young man and his leader retraced their steps toward the river.

My uncle again revived his wonted energies. He dismounted, tied his horse to a neighboring tree, and seating himself by the roadside waited the termination of his adventure. And when at the end of the hour he saw some one approaching he almost started forward with the name of Katrina upon his lips. It was only the boy—a chubby young fellow of about fourteen or fifteen, with an awkward, constrained air and a face completely muffled in a large scarf. He briefly and almost surlily repeated his commission, and led the way to the roadside. He was so occupied with his previous thoughts that he did not notice the startled gesture of the boy at the sound of his voice, or the faint sigh that escaped him as he passively followed my sturdy ancestor.

The hour passed quickly on the opposite side; on their return a similar silence ensued. My great-uncle conducted the young lad up the river bank and for the first time during this strange interview the silence was broken.

"You have been kind to me," said the lad timidly, but in a pleasant, musical voice. "You have been kind to me and you have fulfilled your duty of guardian well. Let me know your name that I may know whom to remember in my prayers."

There was a slight dash of wickedness in the speech, which my uncle—who was conscious of having behaved like a great brute—could not help noticing.

He colored slightly and answered in a desponding tone:

"It's no matter, no matter; we shall in all probability never meet again. I leave here tomorrow. Farewell, young sir; I have done but my duty. If I have done it poorly or rudely, pardon me; I meant no harm." And the poor fellow extended his hand.

But the lad fell back a step and placed his hand upon his breast, which trembled with its burden. A slight spasm seemed to agitate him, and when it passed his voice trembled as he asked: "But why, are you not in the Legion?"

"I shall be no longer; I leave here tomorrow. Good-night!" And he turned away.

"Stay," interrupted the lad, "one moment. You re-

fuse to give me your name! I know it! I shall never forget it! Good-by, Yont Van Doozle, and God bless you!"

My great-uncle turned. As he did so, I am sure I can not tell why, but the scarf fell off from the young lad's neck and face, and a multitude of glossy curls somehow shook out of his cap, which fell off in the general confusion and disarrangement of his toilet.

My great-uncle jumped six feet forward, exclaiming: "Katrina!"

"Yont!"

I should feel myself impertinent to describe the rest of that interview. I should do violence to the reader's judgment and penetration if I stopped to say how it was that Katrina had been the faithful ally of the American leader, and how, from her father's neutrality and her own popularity, she had gained the most valuable information from all sources—Cowboy and Ranger—and how in her odd disguise she had faithfully kept the American chief informed of the movements of hostile parties below; how, in short, she was the most charming and complete spy in petticoats the world had ever known, and how her innocence and purity were acknowledged by the great general who guarded her on these interviews with a father's care, and how she informed my great-uncle of this with many blushes, pouts, and prettinesses till the poor fellow was half crazy.

In the legend of the Golden Fleece lies hidden the record of an ancient method of the Tibareni, the sons of Tubal, for the collection of gold. The north coast of Asia Minor produced large quantities of the precious metals, as well as copper and iron. Gold was found in the gravel, as often happens still in streams draining from copper regions. The gold in copper ores, originally containing insignificant amounts of the precious metal, accumulates in the course of ages, and sometimes forms placers of astonishing richness. The ancient Tibareni washed the gold-bearing gravel, first by booming, which concentrated the gold into relatively small amounts of sand. This was then collected and washed through sluices having the bottoms lined with sheepskins. The gold would sink into the wool, while the sand would be washed away in the swift current (writes Courtenay de Kalb in the *Mining Age*). The skins were removed from the sluices, the coarser gold shaken out, and the fleeces, still glittering with the yellow metal, were hung upon boughs to dry so that the rest of the gold might be beaten from them and saved. The early Greek mariners, witnessing this process, carried home tales of the wonderful riches of a land where a warlike race of miners hung golden fleeces upon the trees in the grove of Ares. After so many millenniums the metalliferous country of Tubal-Cain is once more coming into prominence. The natives still cull the high-grade copper ore, and break it into smalls, which they cover with wood and roast to matte; they still work the matte in forge-like furnaces to black copper, which they ship to Alexandretta and to Euxine ports. They still make the famous carbonized iron that was celebrated as Damascus steel because it was distributed through this mart to the rest of the world after receiving a finish by local Damascus workmen. These decadent methods, that give a hint of the approved practice of the father of metallurgy, will soon become wholly extinct, for the modern miner is studying the disseminated copper ores of the Black Sea coast, and threatening to rekindle on a magnificent scale the smouldering fires of Tubal-Cain.

Rocksand, the famous race-horse of a decade ago, which died recently in Paris, was insured with Lloyd's for the sum of \$150,000. He was credited with winning close to \$250,000 during his turf career and many thousands of dollars in stud fees in later years. Foaled in 1900, his greatest victory was the winning of the Derby as a three-year-old. After his retirement he was sold to American breeders for \$125,000. Six years later he was purchased by a French syndicate for about the same figures. In view of his winnings, purchase prices, and stud fees he has recently been referred to as the million-dollar equine.

It is estimated that at least 20,000 pilgrims pass through the city of Damascus each year. They are material to the financial welfare of the ancient city, spending in the neighborhood of \$900,000 for goods of every kind. Damascus is busy and the people are industrious. Nearly everything actually needed by the native is made there, and there is a surplus sufficient to supply a large surrounding territory and the pilgrims and visitors who pass that way. In this respect Damascus has not changed in hundreds of years. It has always been a maker and distributor of food and raiment.

Imperial Valley, California, has this year ginned at Calexico the earliest bale of cotton ever produced in the United States. The cotton was grown as the third crop on the same stalks. The bale weighed 535 pounds.

Africa is in third place in the amount of cotton goods consumed. In some sections of Africa fifty per cent of the unbleached cotton trade is with the United States and only ten per cent with England.

WAR TIMES IN LONDON.

"Piccadilly" Gives Some Impressions of the English Metropolis Under the Pressure of Conflict.

There may be a natural assumption among *Argonaut* readers that a London correspondent should be able to give details of the war of a more or less exclusive kind, but that expectation may be at once dismissed. It may be that the well-informed American knows more of what is going on than the Londoner, where the censor sits supreme, and where the dispatch of a telegram to one's wife announcing one's detention at the office is attended with difficulties that do not emanate wholly from the conscience. The attitude of British officialism at the present time is one of a polite but a rigid and an exacting suspicion. For example, if you wish to penetrate into the recesses of a general postoffice you must run the gauntlet of policemen and secret service agents who will courteously demand to know the exact nature of your business and who will satisfy themselves that you are telling the exact truth. It is the part of wisdom nowadays to attend strictly to your own affairs, to avoid loitering, and to show no undue interest in public buildings. Do not write letters that you do not wish to have read by censors, and do not assume too much on a spirit of camaraderie that will cause the official world to take you to its bosom, so to speak, and to discuss with you confidentially and as man to man the details of the national defense. If you wish to know exactly what is going on in Europe you will find in the daily newspapers just as much as the authorities wish you to know and no more. It will not be a liberal allowance, and you may have your doubts of its thoroughness, but it is all that you will get, and it will be wise to make no private inquiries. Martial law has not shown itself to be in any way oppressive, but none the less it is not of the kind to encourage "back talk."

Indeed nothing is so surprising, at least to the American, as the compliance of the newspapers with the requests for reticence that have been issued by the authorities. But perhaps this is not to be counted unto them for righteousness. Some of them are merely making a virtue of necessity. England, be it remembered again, is under martial law, and this means that a few highly placed soldiers can issue their orders and enforce their instant obedience at the point of the bayonet. There can be no appeal against the dictates of the public safety. Newspaper influence in England is rarely of the terrorist kind, and in this case there is no one to terrorize unless it be Lord Kitchener, and an attempt to browbeat or threaten Lord Kitchener would provide an interesting incident—for the bystanders. The *Daily Mail*, the yellowest sheet in England, did indeed try its hand at the issue of unauthorized news, but probably it will not do so again unless it wishes to see its executive staff replaced by a file of soldiers to the detriment of the plant. The *Daily Mail* announced a naval battle in the North Sea, and the fact that it awarded an overwhelming victory to the British ships serve it not at all. It was a first offense and it escaped with a warning, but it is safe to predict that there will be no second offense from this quarter. Then the *Times* presumed upon its status and published some unauthorized news with the result that it was severely reprimanded by the prime minister in the House of Commons with the threat that it would be suppressed. Imagine suppressing the *Times*! It is like suppressing the Equator or the Zodiac. It is quite likely that passengers from England to America will carry news that has not been allowed to appear in English newspapers and that the average Englishman knows nothing of. Even so vast an operation as the transportation of the English army to the Continent was carried through without the appearance of a single word in the newspapers and there were thousands of Englishmen who knew nothing of it until it was an accomplished fact. No word is ever said about movements of troops in England.

It may now be asserted that there is no English party in opposition to the war, although at one time it looked as though there would be. When war first appeared above the horizon there were two powerful newspapers that fiercely demanded British neutrality. These were the *Daily News* and the *Manchester Guardian*. They were supported by a few men of large calibre, such as Lord Courtney and Lord Bryce, but the ranks of the neutrality men were thinned by Sir Edward Grey's speech immediately before the declaration of war, and they almost disappeared after Mr. Asquith's speech when war had been decided. It is very seldom that opinions are changed by speeches, but there were many instances of frank admission that such had been the case and that the prime minister's speech was an unanswerable one. Even the Labor party, which showed signs of distinct querulousness, threw its whole weight in favor of the war and so compelled the resignation of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who stood to his guns, if that term may properly be used of so pronounced a pacifist. The Socialists, both in England and Germany, are as war-minted as any which seems to dispose of the loud "internationalist" claims that were heard everywhere from Socialists. The Home Rule Irishmen came instantly into line at Mr. Redmond's word, and those who predicted disloyalty from the south of Erin may now ruminate

on the fact that the only Irishmen who have at all failed in enthusiasm are the Ulstermen under the leadership of Sir Edward Carson.

If one may judge from the atmosphere of the streets there will be no lack of volunteers to keep the army in France at its proper strength and to add to it almost indefinitely. Of course the volunteers are not drilled, but the day is past when the undrilled man is looked upon with scorn. It passed with the Boer war, when undrilled farmers showed what they could do. It may be said without hesitation that practically every man of suitable age whom one meets is ready and willing and anxious to hurry away to Hyde Park and be drilled in readiness for whatever may be required of him. And often the disappointment of those who are too old is genuine and pathetic. Scores of such men in London alone have petitioned for entry into the police force, where age does not count so much, in order to release younger men. Many of these volunteers are merchants who lay down important commercial work for four hours a day in order to do ordinary patrol work or even to serve as special firemen. And at last the boy scout has veritably come into his own. He is doing real work, and doing it efficiently, and sometimes with an intelligence that his elders might envy. Scores of these boys are stationed to watch the telegraph lines, and in at least one case they detected an illicit attempt to tamper with the wires and secured the arrest of the offender. There are numberless ways in which these boys can be useful, and they do their work with a pride that is good to see. It is said that the Belgian boy scouts are even more strenuously employed, and that many have already given their lives for their country. Then, too, the women are eager to be of service, but here the difficulties are greater. The Red Cross is overwhelmed by volunteer nurses, and it may be said that the volunteer nurse is of very little value in comparison with her trained sister. Often she is a mere sentimentalist and knows nothing of the stern and repulsive work that would be required of her. Nor is it desirable that women in general should employ themselves in making shirts for the soldiers, seeing that many shirt factories have already suspended and dismissed their hands because there is nothing for them to do in the absence of foreign orders. One young lady believed that she could be of service in carrying the wounded from the field of battle and she seemed to be physically qualified for the work, while another would like to join the navy, where her skill as a swimmer could be utilized in rescuing the drowning. Doubtless these well-intentioned energies will be duly organized as time goes on.

But there is little change in the external appearance of England. After the first thrill of war the nation went upon its way pretty much as usual. There is universal confidence in the ability of the government to carry the thing through, and while there are no illusions as to the magnitude of the contract, the absence of flurry in military circles and the tone of confidence adopted by the authorities in general have had a tranquilizing effect. Even the seaside resorts are nearly as full as usual, and the official bulletins are read without impatience or incredulity, although there is a general conviction that great movements are going forward of which no hint has been divulged.

LONDON, August 21, 1914.

PICCADILLY.

It is estimated that in the central provinces of India alone 1,400,000 of the native people use the mahua flower as a regular article of food. Though found in a purely wild state in many parts of India the value of the flowers and fruit has caused it to be brought under more or less cultivation. The economic value of the tree lies chiefly in its edible flowers and oil-yielding seeds. The flowers are eaten extensively while fresh, but generally speaking they are dried thoroughly and cooked with rice and other grains. Sometimes they are completely dried and reduced to a powder, and in this condition are cooked in round cakes and mixed with a variety of foodstuffs. Mahua is extremely sweet, and the ability to eat and digest it must be acquired. The art of distilling these flowers is a very ancient one. For the manufacture of spirits the flowers when dried are sold to village distillers or to the government distilleries. The flowers are immersed in water for about four days; they are then fermented and thereafter distilled. If the distillation has been carefully carried out the spirit thus produced is not unlike good Irish whisky. At first it has a strong, smoky, and rather foetid flavor, but age remedies this and converts it into a quite palatable though strong drink. The method of distillation is similar to that pursued in all other countries, save that in India it is less scientific and correspondingly more wasteful.

Holland's safety in time of war lies in her ability to flood great tracts of land. William of Orange flooded the country in 1574, and by so doing drove out the Spanish invaders. The same policy was adopted on the occasion of the French invasion of 1672. The movement of a lever at Amsterdam is sufficient to open every dike and dam in Holland simultaneously, it is said, to put under water within the space of a few hours the whole country from Naarden, on the Zuyder Zee, by Utrecht to Geertruidenberg, at the mouth of the Meuse.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Takashi Nakamura, formerly consul-general at Ottawa, Canada, and at London, England, has been appointed Japanese consul-general at New York.

Grand Duchess Marie Adelaide, ruler of the independent nation of Luxemburg, is only twenty years of age. Luxemburg was recently invaded by the German army.

Major-General Liu Tsching En, commandant of the Han Yang arsenal, in the province of Hupeh, China, has just arrived in this country to familiarize himself thoroughly with American manufacturing methods in munitions of war and in the rifling and manufacture of big guns. He will take back to his own country the machinery to establish a first-class factory in Hupeh.

David R. Francis, who has declined appointment as the first ambassador of this country to Argentina, is a former governor of Missouri. He was Secretary of the Interior under Cleveland, 1896-7. As president of the St. Louis Exposition he was decorated by the rulers of the principal countries of Europe and Asia. He is extensively engaged in business and is prominent as a banker.

Sir George Otto Trevelyan has finished the manuscript of the second and concluding volume of "George III and Charles Fox." Sir George, who is now in his seventy-seventh year, has thus brought to completion his great work on "The American Revolution" as well as the studies of Fox's career, whose first fruits were "The Early History of Charles James Fox," published just thirty-five years ago.

Dr. George Hoyt Whipple, who has come to California to assume the duties of director of the Hooper Foundation for Medical Research, University of California, has been resident pathologist of Johns Hopkins University since 1910. He is a native of New Hampshire and is a member of various scientific institutions.

Lieutenant-General George von der Marwitz, who has succeeded the late General von Emmich, one of the first noted German officers to perish in Belgium, is a member of one of the oldest Prussian noble families, and has been in the service since 1875. His regimental career was passed in the Cavalry of the Guards, rising to the command of the Third Guards, Uhlan Regiment. He was for some years chief of staff of the Eighteenth Army Corps at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, was promoted lieutenant-general in 1911 to command the Third Division at Stettin. He has since filled the appointment of inspector-general of cavalry.

Giacoma Dello Chiesa, the newly elected Pope, was formerly Archbishop of Bologna, Italy, and was created a cardinal on May 25, 1914. Benedict XV, as he will henceforth be known, was born at Pegli, in the diocese of Genoa, November 21, 1854, and was ordained a priest December 21, 1878. He served as secretary of the nunciature in Spain from 1883 to 1887, in which year he was appointed secretary to the late Cardinal Rampolla. He was appointed substitute secretary of state in 1901, and in 1907 he was elected to the post of adviser to the holy office. For seven years he administered the see of Bologna with notable success.

Dr. Marion Dorset, bichemist of the Federal Bureau of Animal Industry, is the scientist who first isolated the germ responsible for that farm scourge, cholera in the hog. That accomplished, he perfected a serum to combat it, protected his processes by patents, and then turned them over to the public, to be used without charge. That he is wholly wrapped up in his work is best testified to by the fact that although he receives a salary of only \$3500 a year, his discovery, so freely given, is saving the country about \$15,000,000 a year in this one branch of its food supply. Dr. Dorset is also the inventor of a secret ink used by the government in stamping meats that have been passed upon by the Federal inspectors in the packing-houses. Prior to Dr. Dorset's discovery the government was paying a private firm \$60,000 a year for metal tags for the same purpose.

Lord Kitchener, the war lord of England, is sixty-five years old and unmarried. An Irishman by birth, from County Kerry, he has the record of having accomplished everything he set his hand to. At twenty-one he entered the army from Woolwich Military School as a second lieutenant. Being attached to the army in Egypt at the very time when that country was in process of reorganization under British direction, he made his way grade by grade to the top, always working, seldom taking any part in the social diversions, and always exacting, without apology, the maximum of service from those under him. In 1892 he succeeded Sir Francis (Lord) Grenfell as Sirdar of the Egyptian army, and in 1896 made his historic advance on Khartoum. This brought him his peerage and a grant of £30,000 with the thanks of Parliament. His career in the South African war is recent history. Immediately after peace he went to India as commander-in-chief, and on completing his work there in 1909 he was made field marshal, commander-in-chief, and high commissioner in the Mediterranean. He declined to take up the Mediterranean appointment. His latest work has been in Egypt, where he made his early reputation. He was made an earl in June of this year.

DAYS IN ATTICA.

Mrs. R. C. Bosanquet Combines Travel, Art, and Archaeology in a Delightful Book.

This is not an ingratiating time for European travel, but Mrs. Bosanquet writes in so scholarly and attractive a way that her book should be as welcome at the fire-side as in the railroad train. Greece, she tells us, is still a remote land and even Greeks consider themselves as living beyond the confines of Europe proper. A century ago Athens possessed but one tavern, but there are now half a dozen first-class hotels and many smaller ones. To travel with a dragoman is the most comfortable way, but those who are thus personally conducted can not come into real contact with the country people, and to lose any opportunity for getting on friendly terms with the Greek peasant is a real loss, for no man is more simple and courteous than he is in his own home. But do not be familiar, says Mrs. Bosanquet, for familiarity is neither appreciated nor understood. In the country the manner of the well-bred is a combination of gravity and courtesy. Jocularly should follow only at a later stage of acquaintance:

Unfortunately there are now scattered through Greece—especially Laconia—a class of people of whom these remarks do not hold good. These are the Greeks who have returned from America. They have finished their business cares as fruit-sellers or ice-cream men, and have returned home either wealthy or penniless to finish their days in fame and idleness at their native café. There is no road so lonely that we may not suddenly be greeted by a jaunty hillycock and a cheeky grin: "Say, are you fellahs fr'm Chicago?" or, "Good-da, boss! Gimme a smoke." These encounters grate on the nerves, but are often kindly meant, and at the worst show only a vain officiousness. The Americanized Greek is a great person in his own town, and he welcomes this opportunity of spreading his plumes before his fellow-townsmen. It is hard if we curtly turn aside and do not allow him to parade his knowledge of the foreigners' language, and if we deny him the pleasure of ordering about his neighbors.

There are brigands in Greece, but the traveler need not seriously consider them. They are solitary men without combination or concerted action, and they have learned the lesson that molestation of Europeans or Americans is sure of retribution:

A chapter on travel in Greece would be incomplete without some mention of brigandage. Although the days of brigandage are over, there are still brigands in Greece; that is to say, there are large tracts of desolate country in which outlaws are hiding from justice. Where the Englishman drinks himself stupid, the Greek drinks himself furious. The sudden flare-up of a vicious quarrel usually ends in knives being drawn. One man falls. His opponent flies to the hills, often without waiting to see whether he has killed his man. The police pursue him, of course, but he has had a good start. His neighbors are too sympathetic, too conscious of their own fallibility to reveal his whereabouts. In half the cases of this kind the murderer gets clear away. Hereafter he has a miserable life, getting such food as he can by preying on a poor neighborhood. In the end he either dies of starvation, takes ship to America, or in despair gives himself up to justice.

Mrs. Bosanquet gives us a fascinating account of Grecian history as it may be read in the treasures of art and architecture now so profusely scattered over the land and that are sufficiently legible to erudition far less than hers. We have a valuable description of the Dionysiac Theatre at Athens with its innumerable seats so arranged as to indicate the rank of their occupants. The first row of carved marble chairs was for the Priest of Dionysus and his forty coadjutors, the design of the seats indicating the essentially religious character of these dramatic performances:

The second rank of seats are without backs. Here the populace came, the whole theatre holding, it is estimated, at least twenty thousand people. Plato indeed makes an estimate of thirty thousand. When our modern theatres are built with a box for the hishop, a row of stalls for vicars and magistrates, and seats without backs for the mere playgoer, then we may also hope for a pure classical drama.

The seats are carefully planned with a view to seating as many people as possible. Thirteen inches is all the space allowed to each spectator, but the base of the seat above is slightly hollowed out to allow him to sit well back in his seat. Each row thus acted as footstool to those above. The lines defining the rightful province of each spectator are carefully marked, but in spite of this there must have been plenty of shoving and grumbling. Even in the performances at the Roman circuses to which ladies were admitted Ovid shows that manners were far from perfect. "You who sit to our right be considerate of this lady, you hurt her by leaning up against her, and you who sit behind us draw back your legs, and he civil enough not to press our backs with your hard knees."

The Greek people have known many vicissitudes under their foreign rulers, suffering perhaps equally under Venetian and Turk. The hand of the Turk was perhaps the heaviest, yet he maintained better internal order, and his friendly attitude to the Greek church contrasted favorably with the jealousy shown towards it by Venetian Catholicism:

The social tyrannies of the Turk were those that counted most heavily against him when the day of reckoning came. A family whose daughter had been forced into a Turkish harem remembered the insult for generations. The yearly tribute of Christian children taken from their parents and carried off to Constantinople to swell the ranks of the Janissaries was an evil the memory of which never cooled, though the custom was discontinued in the seventh century. Eton's Survey of the Turkish Empire in the end of the eighteenth century gives instances of the exasperating petty tyrannies that were harder to hear than cruelty. A Christian on horseback must dismount as soon as he came in sight of a Turk. He must wear clothes of dark colors, slippers of dark color, and must paint his house black or brown. In pictures of this date the broad red sash and red boots denote the Turk as unmistakably as his fez. Bishops and other ecclesiastics were forbidden to wear the broad-brimmed

hats which custom had assigned them. Hence the peculiar brimless hats still worn by the Greek clergy.

Peasants are a familiar sight in the streets of Athens, but they are by no means the "country cousins" of European cities. They have more the air of local gentry paying an occasional visit to their county town. They know their way about and have their own haunts where they are welcomed. They amuse themselves with discretion, and when they return home they are not so jaded as is usually the case elsewhere:

There is another way in which the country element is kept alive in Athens. I have often been amazed at the number of bootblacks thronging all the public squares. It is true that the modern Athenians seem to rejoice in having their boots polished at all odd minutes, but even so I wondered what could be the special attraction that drew so large a proportion of youngsters to this not very remunerative trade. After a time I learned that this is the outward sign of a great educational movement. From all parts of Greece boys with any special aptitude for learning are drafted to Athens from the provinces and are given a free education in large night schools started for the purpose. In the daytime they earn their living and learn the practical wisdom of their trade, which is generally that of boot-black and errand boy. In the evening they go to school, and an ambitious boy pushes himself forward with no barrier between himself and the goal of his ambition, the Church, the Bar, or Parliament. Even in their school life they are a privileged class. It is always supposed that it is their political weight which prevents any attempt on the part of the municipality to provide crossings on the proverbially muddy streets. Any private enterprise in this direction would at once be rudely crushed by the united bootblacks. In American terms this may be described as a "great democratic educational shoe-shine company." The boys are all known as *loustri*, literally "shiners," though not every *loustro* follows the trade of a bootblack.

The *loustro* is an institution all over the city. He is the universal errand-boy, the trustworthy messenger, and the general domestic assistant in cases of emergency. He is ready to dig your garden, to transport your furniture, to wash your carriage, and run for a doctor. More than once I have seen a well-dressed woman call a *loustro* to carry her baby, and in each case the hunden seemed satisfied with its nurse. The *loustro* is distinguished by a long blouse of tucked country cotton and by a rather impish smile.

We are told a good deal about the status of women, a status that often combines a conventional servitude with an actual independence which makes it difficult to generalize:

It is easier to share the life of the peasant than the life of the townsman. The well-to-do peasant-proprietor is hospitality itself when you visit him in the country. Even in towns the peasant class seems more approachable than the black-coated gentry living beside them. Among the peasants the Turkish tradition still survives to a great extent. The women are secluded and are also in a sense subjugated, though this does not imply disrespect, much less ill-treatment. One characteristic family comes into my mind and I see the mother of our host, cooking and serving the dinner and then coming to stand behind his chair and dominate the conversation. No one who has heard this good lady contradicting her son, lecturing her guests, and laying down the law on questions of religion and philosophy will ever dramatize about the subjection of women in the East. Yet this same woman would not dream of sitting at table with her son, and was quite content to spend her days in the kitchen while he entertained us in the living-room. This common custom is no doubt a relic of Turkish manners. The old traditions are slowly changing, and one dare not generalize.

The marriage dowry is a Greek institution, and as marriage itself is almost obligatory the dowry becomes a serious problem and one that helps to keep the woman in a subordinate position:

One important matter that tends to keep a woman in a subordinate position is the necessity of providing her with a dowry. To put the matter bluntly, a Turk buys his wife, but a Christian woman must buy her husband. However useful a girl may be at home, no filial duties redeem her from the necessity of marriage. Until she is married her parents can not die and her brother can not live, for it is reckoned disgraceful for a man to marry before his sisters. This tradition dates no doubt from the Turkish denomination when an unprotected maiden might soon find herself in a Turk's harem. The difficulty of finding a husband resolves itself into the difficulty of finding a dowry. Once the money is provided there are matchmakers whose business it is to provide the girl with a suitable *parti*. The poorest parents must therefore provide for their daughters a sum of money—the amount varying in the different districts—a set of house linen, a small trousseau for herself, one or more suits of clothes for the bridegroom, and an umbrella. I shall never forget the emphasis laid on the last three words by one anxious parent. She seemed to feel that everything else might be possible, but the umbrella presented insuperable difficulties. Spinning and weaving, sewing and embroidery could all be managed at home. An umbrella must be paid for in hard cash.

Mrs. Bosanquet gives some valuable rules for the American or the European who takes up a residence in Greece, and we are not sure that most of these rules might not be applied with advantage elsewhere. In Greece, housekeeping is a game, and like all other games you must know the rules before you can enjoy it:

The first rule is "Never take anything seriously." If your cook bids you an eternal farewell two hours before your dinner party; if your new housemaid scrubs your parquet floors; if your tulip bulbs are cooked for onions, there is only one thing to be done, and that is *laugh*. At home we housewives are inclined to feel that our reputation is at stake if anything goes wrong. In Athens we all know that "such things will occur," and we all judge each other kindly and are willing to lend our cooks, or floor-polish, or our hulhs, as the case may be.

The second rule is "Live from hand to mouth." The conditions of the climate make it unwise to keep any store of provisions in the house. Be content that your cook should bring you each day your daily supply of bread, butter, milk, meat, and vegetables. If a party of English friends "come up with a song from the sea" and unexpectedly claim your hospitality for luncheon, your servants will gladly make all the show they can with everything there may happen to be in the house, though they and you must fast for it this night. Perhaps your hutler will dash out to "borrow" a leg of mutton from your neighbor or the roses from his garden.

No Greek servant ever fails to arise to an emergency. He loves emergencies. It is the daily round that grvels him.

Another wise rule is to remember that a difference in standard is no crime. We of the higher morality are so apt to make a tragedy of it when we discover that what we call "common honesty" is very uncommon. It is hard to maintain our own standard rigidly and yet to understand that the other folk have a different standard, but are not without their own moral scruples. It is bad enough to be cheated or robbed, but does it not make matters better to realize that the cheat or the robber was perhaps doing no wrong in his own eyes?

Once learn these rules and the game goes merrily. Greek servants are delightful to deal with. They are so clever, so willing, so light-hearted, enthusiastic in their gratitude, abject in their despair, devoted to the honor of their master's house, shrewd, humorous, "quick in the uptake." Above all things they are very adaptable. You start your housekeeping with, say, a cook, a butler, a housemaid, a nurse, and a gardener, but these designations are mere sketchy indications of their various spheres. One day perhaps the butler will be nursing the baby, while the gardener is showing the cook how to make a cake. The next day it is the butler who is cooking and the housemaid has chosen to do a little wedding in the garden. The Greek is no specialist. The old Athenian tradition survives and any citizen holds himself capable of filling any office.

Mrs. Bosanquet sketches for us in outline some Greek servants, first protesting that they are but composite pictures. For example, she tells us of the butler:

The butler is the mainstay and prop of the household. He rules the other servants like a housekeeper; he betrays their weaknesses to you; skillfully and delicately he imparts the impression that your peace and happiness depend on him. He alone can serve you faithfully; he alone knows where to keep your hats, your coats, your india-rubber, and your keys. He it is that guards you from intrusive callers when you are resting or induces the honored guest to stay "another little quarter" in the hope of your return. He signals to you with his eyebrows that there is no more cake for the last visitors, and deftly he reads your answering eyebrow signal that "there is a tin of shortbread in the cupboard and the keys are in the upper left-hand drawer." He adorns your table with flowers and arranges a hower of roses to welcome you after an absence from home. He waits until the last minute for your letters and then flies down the road at top-speed, never grumbling at the long chase, never failing to assure you that he was "just in time for the mail." He knows a remedy for every ailment that besets you and will try to right every accident in the house. On locks and electric bells he will try his skill, though he leaves them worse than he found them. He is no mean cook, and in many households it will fall to his share to prepare the breakfast. In an emergency he may be called upon to cook a dinner and he can always criticize the proper official over every dish. As a rule no joints are carved in the dining-room, so the butler must hand the portion ready cut, and he shows his special professional knowledge by murmuring in your ear, "Not that piece—the next."

Greek servants are not personally cleanly, although lavish with water about the house, and it is curious to note that men are often preferred to women for domestic service:

Many households, aware of the difficulty of finding a well-trained woman servant, prefer a "houseman" to a "housemaid." It must be confessed that he performs his duties with a delicate finish, superior to anything we know in England. He turns down a bed at night with a sprig of rosemary resting on the folded corner of the sheet; night attire is skillfully arranged as though its owner were expecting to dive into it from above; the morning cup of tea is served with a houer of flowers.

Mrs. Bosanquet warns us that we are liable to misunderstand the well-meant acts of the foreign servant. She tells us that on one occasion her gardener, of whom she stood rather in awe, strode across the garden and shouted at her. She took no heed, but at last he came up to her, repeated the loud unknown word and then put out his tongue and hissed. She fled, but it was not until the evening that it was explained to her that the menacing proceeding was intended to warn her of a dangerous snake that had been seen:

This, by the way, is one more illustration of a fact constantly brought home by life in a foreign country, namely that superfluous kindness is the most fruitful source of misunderstanding. You admire a peasant woman's baby and she spits at it to avert the evil eye. You try to photograph a beautiful child and she runs away in terror. You offer her eggs or sandwiches and she throws them to the ground because the church is fasting. On the other hand also we shrink when our muleteer offers us a titbit of smoked octopus which he has drawn out of his sash. We are half-hearted about the unripe artichokes that some friendly peasant presses upon us and we do not care much for the amateur guides and interpreters who attach themselves to us in gratuitous and quite disinterested kindness.

There are many pitfalls on the unfamiliar ground; our best motives are misunderstood; our kindest actions prove unkindness. For a time at least we must be content to stand apart in a silent benevolence. But when this stage is passed, when the ground is no longer unfamiliar, when we have learned to understand and to make ourselves understood, there follows a rich reward. Mutual distrust slowly changes into a friendship which never quite loses its glamour. As foreigners we are still surrounded with a halo of romantic interest that assuredly does not belong to us at home. Even our oddities seem attractive. And to us our Greek friends are jewels in a goody setting.

But Mrs. Bosanquet's book is by no means made up of personal experiences or the vicissitudes of travel. It is unusually rich in archaeological lore set forth with a competent knowledge and clarity that makes delightful reading. It may be some time before the distressful state of Europe will allow of its practical use upon the road, but in the meantime it would be hard to imagine a more attractive book for the fireside or for the student of Greek antiquities and of the history of Attica. The illustrations are numerous and well chosen.

DAYS IN ATTICA. By Mrs. R. C. Bosanquet. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Political Parties.

It is a matter for congratulation that there should be a demand for a second edition of Professor James Albert Woodburn's valuable work on party government in America and that it should be revised and enlarged with such competent care. The first edition appeared ten years ago, and they have been ten years filled with revolutionary changes and possibly bodeful of changes yet more revolutionary. If the learned author intends to keep his work up to date it may be less than ten years before it will need further revisions and further enlargements.

The scope of Professor Woodburn's book is defined by its sub-title, which describes the work as "a sketch of American party history and of the development and operations of party machinery, together with a consideration of certain party problems in their relations to political morality." It is an ambitious programme and one that would justify even more than the nearly five hundred well-written pages devoted to it. The author devotes his first part to an historical sketch of American political parties occupying about two hundred pages. This is followed by a survey of American party machinery and its methods of working, while the third section is devoted to the ethical problems in current politics with a general statement of the arguments pro and con, the initiative, referendum, and recall.

The author is usually judicial and impartial, and shows an obvious desire to state the case in strict accord with fact. But he seems sometimes to deviate, as, for example, where he says of the recall that "as a rule those who distrust the democracy and wish to shackle it . . . will be found among the objectors to the proposal," thus inferring that an enemy to democracy is the basis of antagonism to the recall. He might as well say that the military rule excluding dwarfs from the army shows an enmity to democracy, or the naval rule that places the calculation of navigation in the hands of specially trained men. To suggest that the grocer's young man's young woman ought not to vote on the recall of a judge for his decision on a highly technical point of law does not show any distrust of democracy any more than the parallel suggestion that the same young woman, worthy as she may be, ought not herself to occupy the bench. But such deviations are few and far between and scarcely detract from the merits of a valuable work that should be kept well within reach of the study table.

POLITICAL PARTIES AND PARTY PROBLEMS IN THE UNITED STATES. By James Albert Woodburn. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50 net.

Cats.

Personally we do not like cats, but not being reformers we have no wish to make our antipathies obligatory upon others. Indeed so great is our liberality in this matter that we are open to conviction and may even confess that May E. Southworth has made a breach in our outer defenses and threatens to turn our left wing, which is quite a painful position to be in.

This delightful book introduces to us a number of cats, cats of varying deportment and character, portentous cats, frivolous cats, and cats of gravity and responsibility. In our ignorance we had supposed that cats are cats, and not otherwise to be specified, but now we see that cats are like human beings, quite various, and that to be loved or hated they must be known individually. But we still intend that our knowledge shall be theoretical, of the vicarious kind, so to speak.

But truly the book is a delightful one. The author knows her cats uncannily. She translates them for us into the vernacular, and when in conclusion she expresses the hope that somewhere there may be a sort of cat paradise she wheedles us into compliance, but always on the understanding that it be not on the roof, our roof, nor in the back yard, our back yard. The many-tinted illustrations are an ornament to an attractive book whose technical workmanship equals its contents.

THE GREAT SMALL CAT AND OTHERS. By May E. Southworth. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

Church and People.

This substantial volume contains the opinions of 105 theologians, preachers, teachers, writers, and scientists on the new vexed question of popular abstention from church. The inquiry is condensed into the following three questions: Why are so many people indifferent to the claims of the church? Should membership in the church be contingent upon subscription to a creed which may be controversial? What should be the basis and direction of a theology fundamental to the church?

The replies to these questions are naturally of a varied nature and therefore are hardly suited to collective comment. The analysis and summary furnished by Clarence Augustine Beckwith is a useful feature, and the contri-

butions as a whole are marked by earnestness and care. It might be suggested that the popular attitude toward the churches is better defined by the word hostility than by the word indifference, and that this hostility is mainly due to the obvious failure of the churches to advance a single step toward the institution of a kingdom of righteousness upon earth or to produce any general effect whatsoever upon human character—as witness the present war in Europe. We seem to be in need of some competent statement of why people should go to church rather than labored and often prejudiced explanations of why they do not go.

THE CHURCH, THE PEOPLE, AND THE AGE. Edited by Robert Scott and George William Gilmore. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$3 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The literary magazines and the literary newspapers have had so much to say of the noted French critic but "newly dead," Jules Lemaitre, that it comes as a bit of surprise to read in Clayton Hamilton's preface to "Three Modern Plays from the French," which the Holts publish today, September 12, that Lemaitre's "The Pardon" offers to the reading public the very first opportunity to study his work as a dramatist; and that this is equally true of the two other plays in the volume, Lavedan's "The Prince d'Aurec" and Donnay's "The Other Danger." The last is translated by Charlotte Tenney David, but the other two by Barrett H. Clark, who sent the publishers his interesting introduction to Lemaitre's play before he had learned of his death.

Despite the loss of the proofs of her new book, "The Honorable Percival," Alice Hegar Rice will bring it out next month. The novel will be published by the Century Company.

Raymond B. Fosdick, formerly commissioner of accounts of New York City, is at work on "European Police Systems," the third in the series of books which the Century Company is publishing for the Bureau of Social Hygiene. The book is based upon intimate personal study of the police departments in twenty-two European cities, and will present facts of interest to all interested in the development of American police forces.

Homer Croy, author of "When to Lock the Stable," which has just been published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, is a native of Missouri. He began as a country reporter and has worked at many things. Of his book he says: "It came easily enough for me to write 'When to Lock the Stable.' The idea had been buzzing around in my head for some time. The scene is located in the town I was born in, and I knew in real life every character in the book. My favorite character in the book is Brassy, the hog cholera man. A lot of people have asked me why I give so much space to a man who sold cholera cure, and I say, 'Because I like him.' He started out to be a minor character, but pretty soon he was playing with the majors." The book is full of quaint, humorous narrative.

Lord Alfred Douglas's book, "Oscar Wilde and Myself," after considerable delay on account of litigation in which the author has been involved, has been issued in New York by Duffield & Co. and in London by John Long. The main purpose of the volume is to state the true nature and circumstances of the famous friendship between Wilde and the Marquis of Queensberry's son. There are especially interesting passages on the unpublished portions of "De Profundis," which Wilde's executor, Robert Ross, has given to the British Museum, to be opened about 1960, and which Lord Alfred declares contain severe attacks upon his character.

Duffield & Co. have recently published "The House," a novel by Henry Bordeaux, the author of "Footprints Beneath the Snow," "The Parting of the Ways," and "The Woolen Dress." This novel, a study of French family life in the country, has had a sale of one hundred thousand copies in France. That Bordeaux's increasing popularity will make him a member of the French Academy is, according to Alvin H. Sanborn, the well-known Parisian correspondent, almost a certainty.

Out of the seven novels which will make their stage appearances this fall, according to the reports coming from New York producers, four are books which have been published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company. The novels are "The Salamander," by Owen Johnson; "The Melting of Molly," by Maria Thompson Davicss; "He Comes Up Smiling," the first hook from the pen of the author who writes under the nom de plume, Charles Sherman; and "Fran," an American romance by John Breckenridge Ellis.

A revised and enlarged edition of "Panama: The Canal, The Country, and The People," is to be ready on September 16. Hitherto issued under the nom de plume of Albert Edwards, this will be brought out under the author's own name, Arthur Bullard. Mr. Bullard has collected considerable new

material since his Panama book was first published and this he has incorporated in two chapters which are appended to the previous text. The old material has also been revised where necessary. The name of Albert Edwards has become very well known both for travel volumes and for novels. "The Barbary Coast," "Comrade Yetta," and "A Man's World" are among the titles to which it has been affixed. The Macmillan Company is the publisher.

A prophecy of the amazing unanimity with which men known as anti-militarists or even as Socialists have obeyed the call to the colors in all the European nations was made in fiction a year ago, when Maurice Leblanc, author of "Arsène Lupin," wrote his brilliant war novel, "The Frontier." Here is seen a Frenchman, a university professor, who hates war and regards all Europe as his fatherland. Yet as the Germans, defiling through the Vosges, first set foot on the sacred soil of France, he seizes a musket and stands ready.

Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, one of the few war correspondents who was able to go out with the Turkish army during the recent war in the Balkans, in his story of that war, "With the Turks in Thrace," recently published by Doran, strongly indicates that the Turks are through with all desire to participate in future European wars.

A question which has greatly puzzled Americans during the present European war, the question of why Italy joined with Germany and Austria in the Triple Alliance against France, has been completely answered in the recently issued "Memoirs of Francesco Crispi." Crispi was the king of Italian statesmen, and in his memoirs he gives frankly the secrets of the diplomacy and statesmen of his time—the '90s and late '80s. The reason for Italy's union with Germany at the time, and her present reluctance, becomes entirely clear in the light of Crispi's remarks. "Memoirs of Francesco Crispi" is published by the George H. Doran Company.

A new play by Rabindranath Tagore, entitled "The King of the Dark Chamber," is announced for publication this month. This, according to a writer in *Drama*, is "the most essentially representative and the most perfect expression" of Tagore's genius. It is described by this same critic as "a synthetic vision of the realization of life."

Myron T. Herrick, American ambassador to France, whose resignation was regretfully accepted by President Wilson, has been at work upon a notable book on "Rural Credit." Now that he has been released from affairs of state, he will be able to complete the manuscript, which is scheduled for publication by D. Appleton & Co. among their early fall books.

Wilhelm Lamzus, whose book, "The Human Slaughter-House," describing the horror and futility of modern war, gained him the censure of the German authorities and the thanks of the Universal Peace Congress, may now be experiencing what he described, as all able-bodied Germans have been called to the colors. The book is published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

In spite of Mark Twain's horror of war he was inclined, says Albert Bigelow Paine, author of "Mark Twain: A Biography," published by Harper & Brothers, to speak hopefully of plans for universal peace. "The gospel of peace," he was accustomed to say, "is always making a deal of noise, always rejoicing in its progress, but always neglecting to furnish statistics. There are no peaceful nations now. All Christendom is a soldier-camp. The poor have been taxed in some nations to the starvation point to support the giant armaments which Christian governments have built up, each to protect itself from the rest of the Christian brotherhood, and incidentally to snatch any scrap of real estate

The White House

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left exposed by the weaker owner. . . . Within the last generation each Christian power has turned the bulk of its attention to finding out newer and still newer and more and more effective ways of killing Christians and, incidentally, a pagan now and then; and the surest way to get rich quickly in Christ's kingdom is to invent a kind of gun that can kill more Christians at one shot than other existing kind. All the Christian nations are at it. The more advanced they are the bigger and more destructive engines of war they create."

More or less credence has always seemed to be given to the story that Goldsmith's debts disrupted the arrangements made for his funeral. His biographers have not been above dwelling on this unhappy report. Now comes *Case and Comment* with the legal side of it, and makes out what appears to be a clear case. A public funeral in Westminster Abbey was designed, the pall-bearers had been selected from the distinguished circle to which Goldsmith belonged; and then the rapidly maturing arrangements came to a sudden halt. The public funeral was given up without explanation. The burial took place simply, almost secretly, in the ground of the Temple Church. None of the old literary friends were present. This strange change in procedure has been explained by the statement that friends feared that creditors would interfere with the public funeral by seizing the body, a right which it is alleged the creditors had under the law at that time. This explanation has been reiterated until it is quite generally believed. As a matter of fact the story is without foundation, because the law of England never gave a right of this nature to creditors. The story has also been quite industriously circulated about Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who likewise died heavily in debt. Whatever it was that changed the arrangements of a public funeral for Oliver Goldsmith, it may be safely asserted as a legal proposition that there was not any likelihood that the dead body would be seized by creditors. Goldsmith was hurried by his lawyer friends and neighbors within the boundaries of their own domain. He had lived his happiest days among them, and it was after all more fitting that he should lie down to his long rest in the midst of them, rather than in a garish and splendid tomb in Westminster Abbey.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Sun Lore.

The author of this interesting book has already shown his competence for such a task by his "Star Lore of All Ages," and he tells us that the wealth of material with regard to the sun in particular was large enough to justify the separate volume now published. Certainly it is admirably prepared, and distinguished alike by its erudition and its interest. We are all sun-worshippers, although our adoration has lost much of the poetry and imagination that decorated its earlier forms. Nor can we afford to look down upon a primitive humanity that found a correspondence between the physical source of life and light and heat, and the centre of spiritual force that had called the universe into being.

The author covers the whole ground of mythology, folklore, festivals, omens, traditions, superstitions, and symbology. His thirty illustrations are of marked value and beauty, while the size of the type and the excellence of the workmanship have combined in the production of a volume that should be a delight to own.

SUN LORE OF ALL AGES. By William Tyler Olcott, A. M. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Briefer Reviews.

The Stewart & Kidd Company has published one of the most satisfactory books on practical farming that has yet seen the light. It is entitled "The Business of Farming," and its author is William C. Smith, already well and favorably known for other hooks of a like kind. Mr. Smith says that his book is based on long experience, careful observation, and intense study, and even the most casual perusal of its clearly written pages shows that the claim is well sustained. So far as the layman can judge, it seems to contain nearly everything in the way of information conducive to successful agriculture.

The Century Company has published an important volume on "Juvenile Courts and Probation," by Bernard Flexner and Roger N. Baldwin. The volume was submitted to the National Probation Association as the report of the special committee on juvenile courts and their administration, and it has the sanction and approval of many eminent authorities on juvenile criminality. Not only do the authors outline the existing laws and the precise procedure that should be adopted, but they advance many sagacious and benevolent suggestions for the improvement and extension of a work so closely connected with the success of the coming civilization.

It is to be feared that Europe is no longer a field for the art student, nor likely to be yet awhile. But when that time shall come again, if it ever does, we shall remember with appreciation this little book by Lorinda Munson Bryant on "What Sculpture to See in Europe." But the book makes good reading even for those who must stay at home. The author has wisely selected the things most worth seeing, and she tells us why they are worth seeing by means of interpretative descriptions often accompanied with a bit of legend or history that adds much to the general interest. There are also one hundred and sixty illustrations. The book is published by the John Lane Company. Price, \$1.35 net.

The theory that the Gospels of Mark, Luke, and Matthew had a common source is used by Newell Dwight Hillis in the compilation of this attractive combination of fiction, history, and legend, appropriately entitled "The Story of Phædrus" (Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net). Phædrus is a Greek slave who steals a roll, or a piece of goatskin that held a saying of Christ. Transformed by reading the roll, Phædrus tries to right the wrong he has done by going up and down in the world bringing together the broken papyri that are afterwards found in a chest in the house of an old wheat merchant in Ephesus. The story is attractively told, while the colored illustrations by Bardwell are fine pieces of work.

New Books Received.

WHEN TO LOCK THE STABLE. By Homer Croy. Indianapolis: Bohrs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

MATTHEW HARGRAVES. By S. G. Tallentyre. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net. A novel.

A MOTHER IN EXILE. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.35 net. A novel.

HOW TO LIVE QUIETLY. By Annie Payson Call. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1 net. Advice on the preservation of health and poise.

THE LIGHT-BRINGERS. By Mary H. Wade. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1 net. Short biographies of great people. For children.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF JUNE, MIDSUMMER'S DAY. By Grace S. Richmond. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.25 net. A novel.

IMMANUEL KENT. By Houston Stewart Chamberlain. In two volumes. New York: John Lane Company.

A study and a comparison with Goethe, Leonardo da Vinci, Bruno, Plato, and Descartes. Authorized translation from the German by Lord Redesdale, G. C. V. O., K. C. B. With an introduction by the translator.

THE SEA IS KIND. By T. Sturge Moore. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net. A volume of verse.

THE FOLK OF FURRY FARM. By K. F. Purdon. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net. An Irish story about Irish people.

THE RAFT. By Coningsby Dawson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.35 net. A novel.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Richest Prince.

All their wealth and vast possessions
Vaunting high in choicest terms,
Sat the German princes feasting
In the knightly hall of Worms.

"Mighty," cried the Saxon ruler,
"Are the wealth and power I wield;
In my country's mountain gorges
Sparkling silver lies concealed."

"See my land with plenty glowing,"
Quoth the Palsgrave of the Rhine;
"Beauteous harvests in the valleys,
On the mountains noble wine."

"Spacious towns and wealthy convents,"
Lewis spake, Bavaria's lord,
"Make my land to yield me treasures
Great as those your field afford."

Württemberg's beloved monarch,
Eberhard the Bearded, cried:
"See, my land hath little cities,
'Mong my hills no metals hide;

"Yet one treasure it hath borne once,—
Sleeping in the woodland free,
I may lay my head in safety
On my lowliest vassal's knee."

Then, as with a single utterance,
Cried aloud those princes three:
"Bearded count, thy land hath jewels!
Thou art wealthier far than we!"

—Translated from the German of Andreas J. Kerner by H. W. Dulcken.

The Minstrel-Boy.

The Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp hung behind him.
"Land of Song!" said the warrior-hard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foe's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder,
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

—Thomas Moore.

The Well of St. Keyne.

A well there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stood beside,
And behind doth an ash tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveler came to the Well of St. Keyne;
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been traveling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the house hard by
At the Well to fill his pail;
On the Well-side he rested it,
And he made the Stranger hail.

"Now art thou a bachelor, Stranger?" quoth he,
"For an' if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life."

"Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been?
For an' if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was here,"
The Stranger he made reply,
"But that my draught should be the better for that,
I pray you answer me why?"

"St. Keyne," quoth the Cornishman, "many a time
Drank of this crystal Well,
And before the Angel summon'd her,
She laid on the water a spell."

"If the Husband of this gifted Well
Shall drink before his Wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be Master for life."

"But if the Wife should drink of it first,
God help the Husband then!"
The Stranger stooped to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

"You drank of the Well I warrant betimes?"
He to the Cornishman said:
But the Cornishman smiled as the Stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my Wife in the porch;
But I faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to Church."

—Robert Southey.

SPOOPENDYKE SICK.

His Touching Resignation Under Affliction.

"That's better," groaned Mr. Spoopendyke, as his wife arranged the cool pillows under his head. "Now I can die looking out upon the trees and sky," and Mr. Spoopendyke assumed a resigned expression of visage, and gazed out of the corner of his eye upon a bare ailanthus tree and a half-dozen telegraph wires.

"Oh! you won't die," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, cheerfully. "You're only a little sick, and you'll get over it."

"That's all you know about it," snarled Mr. Spoopendyke. "To hear you talk, one would think you had only to be fitted up with little beds and a bad smell to be a government hospital. I'm down sick, I tell ye, and I don't want any fooling about it."

"Well, well," cooed Mrs. Spoopendyke, "don't excite yourself. Keep quiet and you'll get well."

"Much you'd care," muttered Mr. Spoopendyke, turning on his side and resting his cheek on his hand—an attitude generally assumed by martyred spirits on the approach of dissolution.

"Will you take your drops again, dear?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke. "It's time for them."

"No, I won't. They're nasty. I haven't had anything but drops for a week. From the way you administer drops, one would think you were the trap door of a hanging machine. Gimme some figs."

"But there aint any figs, dear. I'll go and get you some," said Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"That's it," growled her husband. "You only want an excuse to leave me to die alone. Why haven't ye got some figs? You might know I'd want figs. Got any citron?"

"No, I haven't any citron; but I won't be more than a minute away, and I'll get you any fruit you want."

"Oh, yes, you'd get it, I have no doubt. What you want is a rail fence around, and a gate off the hinges, to be a dod-gasted orchard. Fetch me some strawberries."

"Why, strawberries are out of season. There aint any in the market now."

"I supposed you'd say that," moaned Mr. Spoopendyke. "You've always got some excuse. If I should die, you'd have an apology ready. Gimme something to take this taste out of my mouth."

"What would you like, dear?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Soap, dod gast it! Gimme soap if you can't think of anything else," demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "Mebbe you aint got any soap. At least, you wouldn't have if I wanted it. Got any cherries?"

"No; they are out of season. There are some grapes in the closet."

"Don't want any measly grapes. If I can't have what I want, I don't want it. Where's those drops? Why don't you give me my medicine? Going to let me die for want of a little attention? Want the life insurance, don't ye? Going to gimme those drops before the next election?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke ladled out the dose, half of which went down Mr. Spoopendyke's gullet and half over the front of his nightshirt.

"That's it," he howled. "Spill 'em. They're for external application. Put 'em anywhere. Pour 'em up the chimney," and Mr. Spoopendyke fired the spoon across the room.

"Have a piece of orange to take the taste away?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, pleasantly.

"No, I won't," objected her spouse. "Gimme a piece of muskmelon."

"I don't believe they have muskmelons in December," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Of course they don't," responded Mr. Spoopendyke. "They don't have anything when I'm sick. It's a wonder they have houses. It's a miracle they have beds. I'm astonished to think they have doctors and drug stores. I've got to hurry up and die, or they won't have any undertakers, or coffins, or graves. Gimme a piece of orange, will ye? S'pose I'm going to lie here and chaw on the taste of them drops for a month?"

"You'd like those grapes," suggested his wife.

"No, I wouldn't either. What do you want me to eat 'em for? Got any interest in the grape trade? Get any commission on those grapes? Anybody pay ye to make me eat 'em? One would think you only wanted an iron arbor and four small boys climbing over you to be a grapevine. Where's my pill?"

"You took your pill, dear," replied his patient wife.

"Oh, of course! A pill is out of season now. Can't even have a pill when I feel like it." And Mr. Spoopendyke groaned in spirit and looked dismal. "Now, sit down and don't move. I want to sleep. Don't you make a bit of noise, if you want me to live."

And Mrs. Spoopendyke held her breath and never rustled a feather while her husband lay and glared out of the window for an hour and a half.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Century Company will issue September 15 James Oppenheim's "Songs for the New Age," Samuel Merwin's "The Charmed Life of Miss Austin," and Eleanor Hallowell Abbott's "Little Eve Edgarton."

Improving on Nature

Nature does not always do things right. Often she makes a poor job of it. Nature can't be depended upon, though until recent years good people were forced to let well enough alone and take whatever the capricious dame had to offer.

Nobody who can help it trusts to Nature nowadays. People tired of freak seasons and when the opportunity offered to sidetrack Nature, they began to take it up. It was slow work at first, but now none would think of going back to old conditions.

This is particularly true of irrigation. Time was when the farmer, fruit-grower, and stockman trusted to Nature for timely rains. Sometimes they came and sometimes they didn't. A few years' of dry winters meant ruin.

Then came the electrically driven pump. It is now one of California's greatest factors in upbuilding the rural sections. Just for instance: In the year 1910, while electric power was quite extensively employed within the city limits of Woodland, Yolo County, there were only two electric motors in use for irrigating purposes without the city limits; one of 3 h. p. in a vegetable garden and one of 2 h. p. in the cemetery. Since that year the Pacific Gas and Electric Company has so far extended its distributing lines in the county that today a grand total of over fifty miles of 11,000-volt pole-line has made this wonderful energy available to many farmers and, in place of only 5 h. p. 2500 h. p. has been harnessed by the farmer to centrifugal pumps in units varying from 5 to 150 h. p. for the purpose of irrigating alfalfa, sugar beets, grain, corn, orchards, and vineyards.

The company supplies two-thirds of California's population with "Pacific Service."



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THE GILBERT-SULLIVAN COMPANY.

A very good company, though less well equipped than on its former visit with first-class artists among the principals, opened at the Cort on Sunday night in "The Mikado." The new generation has already learned to revel in both the delicious music and the delicious humor of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and the audience commenced giving encores immediately. Not so often, however, as seemed so to the company, who practically gave the musical part of the performance twice over, so automatically did they respond with an encore to each and every hurst of applause.

Of the former principals they now have De Wolf Hopper, comedian, Arthur Aldridge, tenor, and Arthur Cunningham, who was utility man before, and is now second comedian and first haritone. The incomparable George McFarlane, whom we could ill spare, is among the missing. Gladys Caldwell, rather inexperienced, but pretty and promising, and with a light but sweet and pleasing soprano, replaces Blanche Duffield, the exceptionally competent prima donna of two years ago, and Annabel Jourdan and Jayne Herbert fill with considerably lessened distinction the places in the company formerly occupied by Alice Brady and Kate Condon.

Still the personnel of the company, generally speaking, remains first-class. We have with us again the long comedian, who despite his past feats in fluffier fields, is now regarded as specializing in Gilbertian comedy. Herbert Waterous, both as singer and player, is distinctly first-class. As Pooi Bah he utters the juicy Gilbertian lines with that majestic regard for their polysyllabic humor which is an indispensable requisite in the player who fills the rôle of the Lord High Chancellor. Besides, Mr. Waterous is a physically imposing individual with the massive gravity of demeanor which befits the Lord High Everything Else, and a fine, voluminous speaking and singing voice to match.

Arthur Cunningham, as a player of Gilbertian comedy, demonstrated that he had joined the ranks of the elect during that other momentous season. No one should attempt the solemnly absurd rôles of Gilbertian comedy without possessing the quality in considerable degree of labial agility in pronouncing the lines and a natural appreciation of their humor. Arthur Cunningham has this. I remember that in the rôle of the Major-General, in "Pirates of Penzance," he performed great feats in this respect. As a comedian, however, he must always depend largely upon the oil supplied him by a congenial rôle. Mr. Cunningham looks like a bland idol, in his excellent make-up as the Mikado, speaks his lines with rich fluency, but is not funny enough to make us in the least degree faithful to the memory of George McFarlane.

De Wolf Hopper is, of course, extremely funny as Ko-Ko, although I think that he works the broken-hearted voice device so much that he almost stultifies himself with it before the evening is quite over. For some reason, however, Mr. Hopper's speeches are always an untiring fountain of humor. The stream of loquacious absurdities goes on, and on, and on, and no matter how often we have heard them, we laugh cumulatively to the very end. He is a past master in wringing the last drop of the juice of humor out of his lines, and the Ko-Ko capers of his long and limber body and equally limber tongue keep the audience in merry mood all the time that he is on the stage.

Arthur Aldridge repeats his gracefully nonchalant performance of Nanki-Poo, with almost but not quite the same agreeable vocal quality. His well-trained tenor is singularly mellow and sweet, but occasionally one hears through the velvet pile, both in his spoken and singing tones, that bedrock note which spells over-use. It is curious that so sweet and pleasing a singer is not invariably true to pitch; there is a puzzling incongruity about it, but so it is. But these blemishes do not go away with the fact that Mr. Aldridge is a more than ordinarily graceful and easy player in any rôle he undertakes, always pleasing to the eye, seldom other than most pleasing to the ear, and showing the same facility in speech that he does in attitude and gesture. His conception of the way to play the rôle of Nanki-Poo, with its unruffled ac-

ceptance of every breeze of fortune or misfortune that blows, strikes me as just exactly the right thing.

Gladys Caldwell is a smiling and sprightly little Yum-Yum, both she and Annabel Jourdan, as Pitti Sing, possessing that daintiness of size, shape, and feature that is indispensable in an appropriate representation of the minute Japanese maids of tradition, with their doll-like, flower-like prettiness.

John Willard, in the rôle of Pish-Tish, shows fine vocalism allied with only average stage talent, and the weak place in the performance is in the rôle of Katisha. Not but what Miss Jayne Herbert had an armful there to manage. There is nothing easy about the rôle of Katisha, who must sing her first imposing aria in serious dramatic style, and later show a decided ability in hurlesque. This latter quality Miss Herbert can scarcely be said to possess, all the laughs during the high hurlesque of the Katisha scenes being supplied by the other participant. Miss Herbert's voice, though decidedly a good one, will probably show to greater advantage in less taxing rôles, as Katisha has to do a great deal of her singing as the dramatic centre of an excited mob. These scenes brought out the chorus in great shape. Both the male and female chorus are excellent, and the production generally reaches the high-water mark in respect to costume, settings, and the accuracy in stage deployments which can only be attained by careful rehearsal.

Of the five best Gilbert and Sullivan operas there is little to choose between them in the matter of melodiousness and humor. But when it comes to heauty in the conception and design of the externals alone of these enchanting compositions, "Patience," "Iolanthe," and "The Mikado" stand together. It was one of the wonders of the wonderful Gilbert that he could simultaneously originate so much heauty and humor in the general outline as well as in the details of his works.

The old guard that loved "H. M. S. Pinafore," "The Mikado," and "The Pirates of Penzance" did not have equal opportunities to attach themselves to lovely "Iolanthe," as fewer companies brought it out. But neither the old guard nor the younger generation should miss seeing it, now that it is in our midst. During the last visit of Brady's organization, "Patience" occupied the place in the company's repertory now filled by "Iolanthe," which is a kind of *rara avis* on the stage. I know no scene in all five of the operas more melodiously pictorially effective than that in this fairy opera when the queen of the fairies and her tripping hand of fays unite in solo, duo, and choral invocation to disgraced Iolanthe, in her damp exile at the bottom of the brook. One who knows and loves those exquisitely lovely strains can scarcely fail to feel chills and thrills of ecstasy running up and down one's appreciative spine to bear them so sweetly revived. For there are many sweet voices in the present company, including chorus and principals.

As in "The Mikado," the performance shines more through its collective merit than individual excellence. It is a first-class production, but the personnel of the company is rather tame. De Wolf Hopper, with his exuberant personality, is far from tame, but it seems to me that this ardent appreciator of Gilbertian comedy is making the mistake of spilling out his personality too generously. Mr. Hopper, in fact, is over-elaborating the comedy rôles that he so loves, and also making the mistake of repeating his effects. Ko-Ko's broken-hearted voice reappeared as too similar an indication of the Lord High Chancellor's senility, and as the joke of it had been pretty well aired in "The Mikado," it became slightly attenuated in "Iolanthe." Yet this criticism is not made with the feeling that Mr. Hopper must pin his actions to old standards and traditions. Far from it. This is a later epoch and another public, and each player must work out his salvation according to his own lights. In spite of much fine detail in his Gilbertian personations Mr. Hopper is erring through excess of enthusiasm, and thus lessening the spontaneous humor of his comedy.

Idelle Patterson, the other first soprano, appeared as Phyllis, discovering herself to be a dainty brunette of attainments about equal to those of Gladys Caldwell, who was the Iolanthe of the east.

Arthur Aldridge and Arthur Cunningham were the two melodious lords, and John Willard appeared as a big-voiced but over-sissified Strephon. Herbert Waterous was an imposing Private Willis, and Jayne Herbert was a pretty good fairy queen, in spite of a complete absence in her mental make-up of a sense of burlesque. However, Miss Herbert gives much pleasure to her listeners, for her voice, while not quite resonant and impressive enough for all the demands of the music, still is full and sweet and well controlled, and in fact decidedly above that of the usual contralto singer in light opera. The train-bearer, Henry Smith, was nimble and quick, and the three sister fairies spoke and sang their little parts prettily. In fact the whole company, principals and minor folk, evidence

a tremendous amount of rehearsal in the polysyllabic intricacies of the inimitable text, which is too good to lose a syllable of. The tripping fairies were lovely to see in their fluttering draperies of pale-tinted, shaded silks, and the peers were overwhelmingly splendid in velvets and furs, and stiff with gold embroidery.

That haritone solo in the second act is a glorious song, very spiritedly sung, too, by Arthur Cunningham, and in spite of the hurlesque spirit of the text the chorus is inspiring with its ringing refrain.

And Britain won her proudest days
In good King George's glorious days.

THE ORPHEUM.

Good left-overs plus entertaining new attractions stiffen the Orpheum hill considerably this week, so that the habitué who has not yet seen "When Caesar Ran a Paper" and "The Cop" really can not afford to leave a visit out. Not only these two acts, but "Her Daddy's Friend" can be heard all over again with the keenest relish. At least that was my experience. Who does not enjoy the spectacle of engaging youth at the flirtatious age, when two pairs of laughing eyes meet each other full of provocation, and the bath into sentiment has not yet begun? That's what Lola Merrill and Frank Otto do. They are a very fetching couple and they give to the full the illusion of a flirtatious solitude *à deux* in their taking act.

As for "The Cop"—well, I am rather inclined to think it should be seen twice to be appreciated, for the second time the listener, full of benevolent satisfaction, is in the secret, and enjoys the feeling. And besides, Francis McGinn is a real actor, a man whose mellow voice and expressive and engaging countenance are full of a variety of little shades of feeling, humorous or otherwise. He is, too, a man of marked magnetism, and that little spice of Irish brogue and Irish comedy indicates that, given a full-length play and rôle as satisfactory as "The Cop," Mr. McGinn could win laurels as a legitimate Irish comedy star.

The Young-Jacobs hurlesque is also so full of entertaining humor that the second-time laughs are just as hearty as those at the first hearing. The travesty begins even with the solemn, music-accompanied rise of the tragic velvet curtain, and the settings alone, with their jumble of the solemn ancient and the frisky modern, play a humorous part before the principals appear. The piece goes to the accompaniment of a steady ripple of laughter, for every joke has its recognition, and the two men are charged to their finger-ends with the spirit of genuine hurlesque.

The head-liner of the week is, of course, the G. B. Shaw piece, played with Arnold Daly as the star. Subsidiary to this are several of the regular line of acts: "The Two Drummers," a little thin and given to noise, but capturing the jovially inclined men nevertheless; the McGoods in a very good acrobatic act, in which daring feats are accompanied with poses and attitudes of studied nonchalance; Frank Wilson, cycling genius, shows up his line of work skillfully; Byrd Crowell, soprano, gives an entertaining singing act, having a soft, sweet voice; and Harry Hines and George Fox, in sayings and songs, captured the house with their music and mimicry. These are the small-fry of the hill, as compared with the attractions previously mentioned, and yet, I dare swear, that in spite of the audience's expectant and appreciative attitude toward the universally known radical of English letters, these minor people, in many cases, gave more pleasure than did G. B. Shaw's wit and humor.

The fact is, "How He Lied to Her Husband" is far from being Shaw at his best. Of course, we all know by now that there is a certain naughty circuitousness to Mr. Shaw's humor, and that he always wants to catch his public napping. And of course he succeeds in "How He Lied to Her Husband," as, indeed, he does in all his pieces. But whenever he lays his comedy trap and catches an audience too neatly, as, for instance, when it is really believed that the husband was incensed on romantically stereotyped grounds, the author is the person that most enjoys the joke. And on such occasions he has his little joke at his own expense, as the public is always apt to be puzzled, and rather thrown off the track. It seems to me, also, that Mr. Shaw puts his heroine, Mrs. Bumpus, in too monotonously complaining an attitude, and runs a dangerous risk of tiring an audience by a certain nagging quality that the London heauty seems to possess. Of course, the joke lies in her literalness as compared to the insistent soulfulness of her lover; a state of mind, by the way, which Doris Mitchell was particularly clever in conveying. Mr. Daly is, indeed, extremely well supported, the lady in the case being a highly intelligent actress of individuality both of appearance and acting, and Mr. Ray Brown, as the husband, marking, both in tone and demeanor, the intrinsic differences which existed between him and Henry Rabjohn, the poet and lover. Mr.

Daly has a subtler rôle to fill, that of an idealizing lover who, while still clinging to his mountain peaks of sentiment, has many a severe jerk as he strives to climb, from the efforts of his severely practical companion to break the sentimental bonds that he had believed would hold them together. Mr. Daly has the delicate task of showing a poet, a real poet, in a state of ludicrous discomfort by his lady-love's fall from the heights and by the husband's indignation suddenly becoming a travesty of the emotion experienced by the usual matrimonial partner under such circumstances. This situation gave Mr. Daly an opportunity to do some very fine acting, but in spite of the overmastering reputation of the author of the "comeditina," I am of the opinion that this actor could find better material to star in, in or out of vaudeville, than "How He Lied to Her Husband." This, of course, from the "high-brow" point of view, is high treason, and no doubt Mr. Daly himself would think so. But I assert it even while realizing that Mr. Daly's talent for delicacy of satire, and the finer whimsicalities of histrionic expression have impelled him particularly toward making a cult of the Bernard Shaw drama. However, when a legitimate actor embarks in vaudeville he generally wishes his offering to be in line with what identifies him histrionically. Besides, "How He Lied to Her Husband" has affiliations with "Candida," so long associated with Mr. Daly's fame. It gives a travesty of the husband's attitude in "Candida," and, besides, holdly includes in its dialogue a disrespectful conversation on the subject of Shaw's famous play.

THE PRINCESS PLAYERS.

The programme during this last week of Holbrook Blinn's company consists of a request revival of three plays already produced, plus a cave-man curio by Roland Oliver, called "Little Face." Mr. Oliver's idea has been to present to our notice the prehistoric cave people taken up with their primitively ordered concerns, and incidentally showing the same kind of human nature that animates us today. It is, certainly, an original idea, and ought to work out very well.

And, indeed, it did work out rather well, but only rather. It was carefully put on, the performing company was clothed in skins, the hole-in-the-hillside caves were graphically indicated by a due mingling of skill from the stage carpenter and the scene painter, there are a number of cleverly originated details marking the difference in the cave-man's point of view from ours, and the dialogue is bright. Why it didn't go more uproariously I'm puzzled to know. It may be because so many deductions were uttered, instead of being inferred. True, there were a goodly number of bare legs, and arms, and breasts, and backs visible, but surely that should not be disconcerting. The dying dance epoch has hardened us to anything of the kind. But it looks as if the cave-man and his brood doesn't interest our sophisticated century. If we had read "Little Face" in advance we should have been apt to think it would go extremely instead of only rather well.

Take, for instance, "En Désahillé," which depicts two people animated by feelings very similar to those of Little Face and her swain, Round Arm. But the "En Désahillé" people, artificially though they demean themselves, are of our time, which is an age of artifice. Not but what all the good wives and sympathetic men in the audience chuckled mightily at the uprising of the primitive in Gregory, when, with the well-known groans and grunts and profanity of clumsy man, he hoisted himself into his bed, and composed himself to innocent slumber. Probably the fact that innocence, blushing, left the scene as soon as his slumbers were disturbed may partially account for the ensuing profound interest of the audience. But at any rate the couple in "Hari-Kari" and in "En Désahillé" were more intrinsically interesting to us than the skin-clad primitives in "Little Face."

Mr. Oliver shows us a family group, the women with their hair streaming over their bare backs, and all hands round having their bodies partially covered with skins, while their legs and arms are guiltless of covering. Little Face, the mature daughter of Scar Cheek and Yellow Tooth, is in a state of parous fear, having lived nineteen long winters without being overtaken during her occasional flights from a cave-man, and dreading perpetual spinsterhood. Pink Weed, her younger sister, is in better shape, and means to capture Round Arm, who is hanging around. The awakening of her sire's economic instincts induces him to cast forth Little Face into a cold and caveless world, where we are led to believe that she learns the value of coquetry. She shamelessly covers her modestly bared body with inciting robes, accumulates a choice collection of admirers, both married and matless, and thus the oldest profession has its first votary. And her father, having made the amazing discovery that a matless woman will prey upon the preserves of her more fortunate sisters, embodies in

an apothegm, thus evolving the first philosopher.

The company, it goes without saying, had been well rehearsed in their wearing of skins, and in assuming the presumably sprawling and squatting attitudes of our primitive ancestry. All of them except Mr. Blinn appear in the piece, and, save for a few lapses, such as Miss Murdoch's extremely shapely legs coyly attuning their gait from force of habit to the stylish modern standard, the company seemed quite habituated to primitive costumes and attitudes. Miss Polini shinned up a tree like a squirrel, and Mr. Trevor allowed his long and limber body to hang and slip precariously from a projecting limb of the same tree. They crawled into caves on hands and knees, when the man-eating tiger was seeking an evening meal, and demonstrations of regard took the form of a friendly rubbing of two shoulders together.

Mr. Oliver has refrained from any coarseness in his play, his whole intention being humorously to present our ancestors as being literal and primitive, and only unlike us in the absence of the disingenuous conventions of civilization. The play being originally conceived and well written is probably enough of a novelty to preserve in the repertory of the Princess Players, the advantage of Mr. Blinn's way of doing business being that an audience has so many diverse flavors offered to it in one evening that it would be rather difficult to depart unsatisfied.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Comic Opera at the Cort Theatre.

De Wolf Hopper and the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company at the Cort Theatre have registered another triumph. The success of this organization at the Cort two seasons ago has been repeated. Several of the principals of the company are better than their predecessors; the chorus is superior, vocally and in looks, and the work of the orchestra is finer.

"The Mikado" will be given for the last time tonight, bringing the first week of the engagement to a close. The second and final week will start tomorrow night with a performance of "The Pirates of Penzance," one of the happiest of the Gilbert and Sullivan masterpieces. Hopper will be seen in the ex-cruciatingly funny rôle of the sergeant of police. "The Pirates of Penzance" will be repeated on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights and at the Wednesday matinée.

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights and Saturday matinée will be devoted to the ever-popular "Pinafore," in which Hopper himself shines to particular advantage as Dick Deadeye.

In addition to Hopper, the cast will include Idelle Patterson, Gladys Caldwell, Jayne Herbert, Anabel Jourdan, Maude Mordaunt, Una Brooks, Arthur Aldridge, Herbert Waterous, Arthur Cunningham, John Willard, Herbert Crippe, Henry Smith, and the other principals of this distinguished organization. The production will in every way be up to the standard set by Producer William A. Brady in the operas already presented.

Gabriele D'Annunzio's stupendous spectacle, "Cahiria," comes to the Cort for a single week, beginning Sunday, September 20.

Last Nights of Holbrook Blinn Season.

The fifth and final week of Holbrook Blinn and his Princess Players at the Columbia Theatre will come to a close with the performance tonight—Saturday—of the programme of four one-act plays now being offered. The new playlet in two scenes, "Little Face," can be recorded as a Blinn success, and is well received along with the revivals of the terrific tragedy "Hari-Kari," the Frenchy farce "En Déshabillé," and the dramatic episode of British India, "Fear," in which the male members of the company appear to excellent advantage. The Blinn season will be recorded as one of the distinctive hits of the past year or two, and theatre-goers have attended the various plays in goodly numbers.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces for next week a new and splendid bill which includes seven new acts.

Jesse L. Lasky's "The Beauties," a miniature musical comedy, will be one of the headline attractions. It is among the greatest hits of the present vaudeville season and possesses a witty libretto by William Le Baron and sparkling music, the composition of Robert Hood Bowers. Beautiful girls, beautifully costumed, and clever comedians compose the cast of the production, which is embellished by elaborate and picturesque scenery.

Musical circles will immediately realize the importance of the engagement of Hans Kronold, who shares the headline honors. He is an international cellist, recognized by critics as a master of his instrument. With diffidence he accepted an engagement in vaudeville, fearing that there was a possibility of his art being too fine and subtle. His appearance at the Palace Theatre, New York,

demonstrated the error of his idea, for he was received with immense enthusiasm.

Alexander and Scott, a blackface team, sing coon songs and dance in a clever and diverting manner which makes a strong appeal to their audiences. They also excel as exponents of ducky wit.

"Chuck" Riesner and Henrietta Gores will appear in a humorous skit entitled "It's Only a Show." By Riesner, who in the rôle of an amateur actor recounts his amusing experiences.

Joseph Cole and Gertrude Denahy, who hail from this city, have just returned from a triumphant tour of the East, where they divided honors with the Castles and other famous ballroom dancers. They will present their latest terpsichorean creations.

Rita Boland and Lou Holtz will contribute a mélange of song, dance, and story in a bright and pleasing manner.

Next week will be the last of Arnold Daly, who will present for the first time here the one-act play, "Ask No Questions," by the Viennese author, Arthur Schnitzler. It is one of the famous Anatol Series. The only other holdover will be Harry Hines and George Fox in their diverting songs and sayings.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

Samuel Bearwitz, well known in Eastern musical-comedy circles, is sending to the Pantages Theatre the first of a series of tabloid comedies which he will present over the circuit. Stanley's Seminary Girls, with ten rollicking college girls, is the production which will head the new bill of eight acts which opens at the local Pantages Theatre on Sunday—tomorrow. Ruth Hoyt, a bewitching young vocalist, and Vincent Dusey, a droll comedian, have the principal rôles in "College Capers." Several exclusive song numbers, written for the act by Will Harris, the famous song writer, are presented.

Harry Antrim and Betsy Vale in a dainty conceit which they term "Filings of Fun" are the laughing hit of the show. Antrim does a number of clever impersonations and whistling selections. Miss Vale is a fetching comedienne with a wardrobe of stunning frocks.

"A Leap-Year Leap" is a breezy comedy playlet, with Willard Hutchinson, the legitimate comedy star, and a capable company.

James Brockman, who achieved a big hit on his last tour of the circuit, is back again with his strains from light opera. Brockman writes and sings his own hallads.

The Four Solis Brothers are masters of the Mexican marimbaphone.

Ford and Laird in a comedy skit entitled "A Study in Black and White," and Gloriana, a comely and shapely maiden in acrobatics, will round out the show.

One of the entertaining features of the show will be the newest war slides direct from the seat of war.

Richard Strauss does not often talk about himself, but he made an exception one day in Paris, where he went to superintend the production of his "Joseph Legend." He confessed to a representative of the Comœdia that he loves the orchestra better than anything else. "It my passion, my world, and my laboratory," he declared. "If I were Jupiter it would be my splendid thunder, and I pity that god for not having had anything but a monotonous and unvarying din to express his feelings. Variety is necessary—light and shade and, if possible, colors! But that is neither simple nor easy. I have played the piano ever since I was six, and already began to compose at that age. I was what we call an infant prodigy. My first orchestral symphony was executed while I was still at school, and all the critics agreed that I was a wonder master of instrumentation. At twenty I was conducting the orchestra at Meiningen, where Hans von Bülow engaged me for two years. Now I am fifty, and certain critics reproach me for complication and the celebrated discords. This is because, in spite of my labor and knowledge, I have not yet found out how to express myself more simply."

Lydia Sturtevant, contralto, who was for a season understudy with the Chicago Grand Opera Company and afterwards prima donna in the Sheehan Opera Company, has been booked for a complete season which will be spent in New York City. She is engaged for sixteen weeks with the New York Italian Grand Opera Company and will also make a number of guest appearances under the Aborns with the English opera company at the Century Theatre, New York.

The Treasury Department has ruled that opera singers and other artists who come to the United States and later return to their foreign homes hereafter will have to pay an income tax in like manner as American citizens.

Marcella Sembrich, at present in Switzerland, will sing in this country next January and February.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Autumn Glory.

Oh, the olden, golden glory
With the autumn pomps unfurled,
Mantling every hilltop hoary,
Flaming up and down the world!
Scarlet bough and crimson creeper,
Burning branch and kindling spire,
Dawn on dawning growing deeper
With the transitory fire!

Morn on morn a radiant shaping
Of a pageantry sublime:
Eve on eve a rapt redraping
Of the tapestries of time!

Not for one this sweeping wonder,
Bloom of beauty—not for one,
But for all men dwelling under
The dominion of the sun.

For from some celestial portal,
Whence all earthly splendors be,
Comes a voice to every mortal:
"Lo, lift up thine eyes, and see!"

—Clinton Scollard, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

The Four Men.

I shall go without companions,
And with nothing in my hand;
I shall pass through many places
That I may not understand—
Until I come to my own country,
Which is a pleasant land!

The trees that grow in my own country
Are the beech trees and the yew;
Many stand together,
And some stand few,
In the month of May in my own country
All the woods are new.

When I get to my own country
I shall lie down and sleep;
I shall watch in the valleys
The long flocks of sheep,
And then I shall dream, forever and all
A good dream and deep.

—Hilaire Belloc.

The Sweet o' the Year.

Get your summer smocks on, ye little elves and
fairies!
Put your winter ones away in burrows under-
ground—

Thick leaves and thistledown,
Rabbit-fur and missel-down,
Woven in your magic way which no one ever
varies,

Worn in earthy hidey-holes till Spring comes
round!

Get your summer smocks on! Be clad no more in
russet!
All the flow'rs are fashion-plates and fabrics for
your wear—

Gold and silver gossamer,
Webs from every blossom,
Fragrant and so delicate (with neither seam nor
gusset),

Filmiy you spin them, but they will not tear!
—Punch.

Aphrodite at Leatherhead.

Then did my lady from her gracious eyes
Make only answer for a little space;
But dreams as old as any paradise
Were passing o'er the Eden of her face.
She made as if to speak me answer thrice,
And twice there was a whisper full of ways!
And once there came a whisper full of sighs—
She was a very woman in her ways!
—From "Aphrodite and Other Poems," by John
Helston.

The Harvest.

They have just been mowing and threshing the
grain
In the golden fields of the world, my sweet;
And home o'er the hills they have driven the
wain
And off to the vessels they've hauled the wheat.
The corn is in silk in the vales of light,
And the pumpkins are golden between,
And the moon of the harvest looks down tonight
On a lovely and tender scene.

Over the waters there's harvest, too,
They will gather it soon on the field of strife;
And there it will lie in the damp and the dew,
In the ranks as they mowed it in all its life:
The harvest of valor and courage and skill,
The harvest of those who were young and fair,
Prone in the valleys, asleep on the hill,
With the dry blood clotting their ringleted hair.

Oh, what a harvest is this that they reap
With the guns of war and the sabre and sword!
Oh, what a pity that these should sleep
Who have gone down under the charge of the
horde!
The grim, dread harvest that death has mown
With his flashing thunder and fiery spear;
And we so glad in our hearts for our own,
For the harvests of love we have gathered,
dear!

—Baltimore Sun.

Loretta del Vallé, a new coloratura soprano, who has created enthusiasm in continental Europe, will be heard in this country this season, owing to the war. Mme. del Vallé made a remarkable impression in Prague, where she sang, in the original key, the rôle of Queen of the Night in "The Magic Flute."

The effect of the present unsettled European situation is evidenced by the number of productions which have been postponed. In New York fifteen new plays scheduled for production during August were postponed.

The Industrial Fair.

The Industrial Fair which will be held at the Coliseum from October 17 to October 25 will introduce to the visitors many novelties. At an expense exceeding \$5000 a gorgeous illuminating fountain and cascades will be installed in the middle of the main aisle in the special exhibits department. In the aviation and automobile sections, monarchs of the air and terra firma will be put to tests that will tax their capacities and demonstrate the improvements and advancements made in the motor world. In the fine arts division motion pictures will be shown in the crudeness of first efforts in this especial line and as they are shown in near perfection on the screen today. The music features of the fair will be far ahead of any like expositions and will embrace a massed band, every member of which is a soloist. Extraordinary numbers will be rendered by talented vocalists and instrumentalists.

In the good old days of 200 years ago or so singers and actors gave the world their greatest efforts for what was undoubtedly considered excellent remuneration, but which in these enlightened times of high-priced voices and talents would seem to be pitifully small. And who shall say the performers of the past were not fully as capable as the pampered darlings of the present? The highest salary paid went to Chassé, who received 3000 livres, or \$600 a year, as her fixed salary, 1000 livres extra for perquisites, 1200 livres for Easter and 200 for bread, wine, and boots—in those days an extraordinary allowance. Mlle. Antier, the first soprano of her day, was a close second with 4800 francs, or nearly \$1000 a year. Today the prima donna receives more than that for a single evening. In a year "La Camargo," the most beautiful woman of her day, received in francs what many of the lesser singers of today receive in a week in dollars—2700 francs. Louis XIV had the reputation of being a most generous manager and dramatic agent, since he granted 200 livres (about forty dollars) for the first ten performances and about 100 livres for the following. The deviser of the ballet received 120 livres for the first six performances and sixty for later ones.

W. J. Ferguson will be one of the leading members of the company supporting Fannie Ward this season and will play his original character. He is the only living actor who was in the cast of "Our American Cousin" on the night President Lincoln was assassinated in Ford's Theatre, Washington. He was the one to ring down the curtain after the tragedy.

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VANITY FAIR.

Since no one else is doing so, let us talk for a moment about the war, which is not wholly without its elements of grim humor. For example, we are not allowed entirely to forget the American millionaires in Europe, whose customary activities have been so sadly interfered with. It might be thought that war with its solemn tramp into hell of millions of armed men would momentarily eclipse the millionaire and even discourage the special correspondent, whose special mission in life it is to wipe his magnificent boots and his lordly nose. But not a bit of it. The special correspondent has been well drilled in his duties. He knows that the great throbbing heart of the American public can not continue to throb for equality and democracy without a steady flow of information about millionaires and their regal consorts, and if there is nothing to record in the way of social activities then perhaps the sorrows of the millionaire will do just as well. And so we have columns—yes, positively columns—of cabled reports about the missing baggage of some American Cæsus, compelled to leave some particular danger point in Europe, and now sniveling into his soup at the nearest point of safety and dictating information about his rubbishy carpet-bags to an obsequious circle of newspaper men who then rush frantically away to transmit this drivel to America at a dollar a word, or whatever it is. Another objectionable person has had to abandon a piano, and this also must be cabled, while still a third has lost an automobile, and we are duly informed by cable of its make, specifications, and value. Who are the people who want to read this nonsense to the exclusion of real news? Are there such people, or are they a figment of the average editorial mind, popularly supposed to be able to gauge the public taste, but actually knowing as little of it as a puppy dog knows about Confucius?

But perhaps the cream of all current war absurdities is the women's peace procession in New York. Do these amazing beings actually suppose that the fact of three thousand women dislocating the traffic of an American city can conceivably have any effect upon anything except the temper of the police and the nerves of busy people with something important to do? Why is it that a woman's first and only idea of reforming anything is to put on a special costume and join in a street procession, and that having done these ridiculous and futile things she then "points with pride" to her achievements and seems actually to believe that she has done something? We must be an amazingly polite people or there would have been some stern rebuke for the feminine peace pretensions that now meet us on every side. After spending a thousand years in provoking wars and in applauding them, after a thousand years of the frank worship and adulation of everything military, we are now calmly invited to look upon women as the princesses of peace and to find consolation in the fact that a handful of them in specially prepared costumes have assembled in New York with one thought for the war and two for the photographers. But of course no circus would be complete without the clown.

And in this connection we get a gleam of illumination from the columns of an important Eastern newspaper. It emanates from the page devoted to women, the veritable home and headquarters of sillinesses and absurdities. After recording various suffrage victories we find the inevitable falsehood that "the European war would never have occurred if women had the ballot. They have too vivid imaginations ever to endure the horrors of war, and they are too good housekeepers ever to tolerate its wastefulness." In the next column to this flatulent folly, and exactly parallel with it, we find a fashion paragraph headed "A Military Suggestion." It tells us that "Christiane," whoever she may be, has designed a white satin blouse and that the "military suggestion of the model seems very appropriate." It has "military straps and bands of red silk embroidered with gold thread" which are "most effective." Glancing through the descriptions of other new styles we find various imitations of military uniforms, and frankly recommended as such, and this bait is held out for the benefit of a sex who imprudently advertise their vote as the harbinger of peace on earth. What would be thought of men who demanded that their fall suits should include a pair of sham epaulettes or a tin sword? And as for women's influence upon peace, we may usefully remember that Colorado is the pioneer suffrage state, wherein not even a dog-catcher can be elected without the permission of women, and that Colorado is the one state in the Union that has been in a condition of civil war for two years, and where we read of a Governor besieged through a long night session by women clamorous for the summons of Federal soldiers. Let us then predict that the women's vote will usually be found to be

sharply divided between blatant militarists and sexless men.

The folly of this whole business is in the assumption that feminine influence, characteristics, and tendencies are supposed to be a wholly unknown quantity and that we are now asked to look upon women as a sort of new discovery or invention, like a Zeppelin. The precise way in which women will vote may be a little uncertain, like all untried things, but we are not at all in doubt as to their temperaments, their dispositions, or their predilections. And seeing that militarism has lived, moved, and had its being by the instigation and applause of women for a thousand years, we may be pardoned for believing that militarism will still be fostered and maintained by the feminine vote, whether it be cast in the special costume of the New York paraders or the other special costume invented as "a military suggestion" by the fair Christiane.

What has become of our multi-millionaires? Over and over again we have read with awe and exultation that these strange fowl number at least 450, but now that the income-tax collector is abroad in the land they seem to have taken to the tall timber and to have disappeared. Taxes on incomes ranging about \$500,000 were expected to yield \$23,000,000 a year. Actually they have yielded at the rate of \$4,125,420 a year. Either the multi-millionaire is largely a myth or else his successful pursuit has been looked upon as a kind of sacrilege and he has been allowed to get away with his unpaid taxes where they will be best for his particular malady—in his trousers pocket.

Though the interruption of the business of the Paris dressmakers is only temporary (says the New York Sun), and though some of the leading houses are planning to establish large agencies in New York for the accommodation of American women who have a weakness for Paris-made gowns, it is feared that the war will cause Paris to lose at least a small portion of its trade forever.

One customer who in all probability has placed her last order with the Rue de la Paix is the Crown Princess Cecelie of Germany. That she preferred Paris gowns to the creations of the Berlin dressmakers has long been an open secret. It is believed that in recent years she has ordered fewer from the French capital than formerly, the result, probably, of her royal father-in-law's opposition, for the Kaiser is not only the political head of the German nation, but the chief "drummer" for German trade, and he has not looked with favor on the purchase of foreign clothing by members of his own household.

The story goes that one day a few years ago a letter reached the manager of a large Paris fashion house, bidding her go to Potsdam with dress models to display before the crown princess. She took five monumental trunks filled with dresses and several mannikins—the animated fashion plates on which the couturières exhibit their wares. As a result of this visit the crown princess is said to have ordered twelve costumes.

Alexandra, now the Queen Mother of England, during the life of her husband had her ceremonial gowns made in Paris, and they were invariably of the latest cut which the Rue de la Paix had to offer. King Edward, loyal as he was to British industries, is thought to have encouraged his consort's selection of Paris for the purchase of her costumes, for he recognized that, in this field at least, London was outdone.

Queen Amelia of Portugal, before her bereavement, was a regular annual visitor to the Paris beauty shows. She bought corsets there by the dozen at prices ranging from \$40 to \$60 each and she revolutionized this garment, for she is a physician and has her own well-defined ideas of the plan on which they should be made.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland goes to Paris for her gala dresses and Queen Elena of Italy buys there every year despite the fact that Italy is, or was, in the Triple Alliance, while France has a place in the Triple Entente. Whether she will continue her patronage at the close of the war may depend on the attitude which King Victor Emmanuel eventually decides to take in the present conflict.

The following touching communication is printed by the New York Sun:

AU CHIEF DES REDACTEURS—Monsieur: Ce n'est pas la guerre entre la France et l'Allemagne qui me gêne, c'est plus la question si le garçon, au restaurant où je déjeune, frotte son visage avec la même serviette qu'il polit les cuillères et les autres instruments. Je demande le plus simple, mais propre service, et je n'aime pas que le garçon s'en sert du drap pour essuyer sa figure. HIRAM.

"Why do you think his wife is going to bring divorce proceedings?" "I know it, my dear. In the past month she has had at least a hundred photographs taken of herself at home with the children."—Puck.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Judge Robert Carey of Jersey City undertook in his younger days to prosecute a trademark suit that looked hopeless for his client. The client went abroad, leaving his cable address and instructions to be notified in the event of a decision. Carey won the case and cabled: "Justice has triumphed." The client wired back: "Take immediate appeal."

Paddy Gaffney was after getting the old-age pension, and wended his way to the post-office for his first grant. Paddy couldn't write his name, but managed to make a cross all right. The postmaster, wishing to have a joke with him, said: "Now, Paddy, don't you think 'twas hardly worth your while to come so far to make that cross?" "Well," replied Paddy, "no cross, no crown, me boy."

A young woman with a party of Americans going through the parks and gardens of Warwick Castle, England, lingered behind to admire the gorgeous peacocks. "Do those birds ever drop any of their tail feathers?" she asked of a gardener who stood by. He looked around, lowered his voice, and replied: "They're hobstinate beasts, miss, but they drops 'em heasy at the sight of a shillin'."

An American woman made the ascent of Vesuvius recently with a small party, which included Mrs. Cook, widow of the famous tourist manager. The display within the crater was unusually fine, which the Americans at dinner smilingly attributed to the presence of Mrs. Cook. After several moments of silence two Englishmen exclaimed in one breath: "But how could they manage that?"

A South Dakota railroad is noted for its execrable roadbed. A new brakeman was making his first run over the road at night and was standing in the centre of the car, grimly clutching the seats to keep erect. Suddenly the train struck a smooth place in the track and slid along without sound. Seizing his lantern, the brakeman ran for the door. "Jump for your lives!" he shouted. "She is off the track!"

Little Anna's father was a baseball enthusiast and had taken her to several games. One Sunday morning she went with him and her mother to the service in the Methodist Church. Anna was not much interested in the sermon until the minister warmed up to his subject and the older men nearer the pulpit began to shout, "Amen," "Hallelujah," etc. On the way home she looked up at her father and exclaimed, "Say, Pop, who were the men up front rooting for the preacher?"

A young man who, having run up a lot of bills which were considerably beyond his means to pay, was much pestered by collectors. He, however, had the disposition of a true Micawber and did not allow himself to be put out by their attentions. One day a collector came to his house, and in mounting the icy front steps slipped and broke his arm. The young spendthrift, who was looking out the window at the time, remarked calmly: "Well, I hope that will be a lesson to them to keep away from me for a while."

The man from Glasgow had suffered grievously in crossing the channel, and when he next had occasion to repeat the journey he did not intend that there should be so much acute physical discomfort attached to it. So he marched into a chemist's shop. "Have ye anything to stay the pangs of seasickness?" he asked in his winning Glasgow accent. "Certainly, sir; we have the very thing," said the obliging druggist. "Hoo much is it?" "Half a crown, sir." The Glasgow man staggered back a pace, visibly shaken. "Losh," he gasped when he recovered himself, "I wad sooner be seasick."

The eminent physicians had been called in consultation. They had retired to another room to discuss the patient's condition. In the closet of that room a small boy had been concealed by the patient's directions to listen to what the consultation decided and to tell the patient, who desired genuine information. "Well, Jimmy," said the patient, when the boy came to report, "what did they say?" "I couldn't tell you that," said the boy. "I listened as hard as I could, but they used such big words I couldn't remember much of it. All I could catch was when one doctor said: 'Well, we'll find that out at the autopsy.'"

Many years ago, in consequence of a commercial panic, there was a severe run on a bank in South Wales and the small farmers jostled each other in crowds to draw out their money. Things were rapidly going from bad to worse when the bank manager, in a fit of desperation, suddenly bethought him of

an expedient. By his directions a clerk, having heated some sovereigns in a frying-pan, paid them over the counter to an anxious applicant. "Why, they're quite hot!" said the latter as he took them up. "Of course," was the reply. "What else could you expect? They are only just out of the mould. We are coining them by hundreds as fast as we can." "Coining them!" thought the simple agriculturist; "then there is no fear of the money running short!" With this their confidence revived, the panic abated, and the bank was enabled to weather the storm.

The Marquis of Ormonde, the commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, is Hereditary Chief Butler of Ireland. One of his predecessors had a tutor whose name was Joseph. The pupil promised that when he succeeded to the title he would give the tutor, who was in holy orders, a living. In due course the pupil succeeded, but time passed and Joseph did not see a living coming his way. It happened, however, that he was asked to preach in Kilkenny Cathedral, and he saw Lord Ormonde among the congregation. Discarding the sermon he had prepared, he looked straight at the marquis, and gave out the text: "Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgot him." He got the living.

A story is told of an old Puritan and his encounter with Judge Jefferies in the seventeenth century. Jefferies, hearing the case against the Puritan, was trying to make fun of the old man, as was his habit. "I honor you, sir," said the judge, sneeringly, "from your head to your feet." "And I honor you, sir," said the old Puritan, "from the crown of your head to the soles of your feet." "I honor you," went on the judge, "from Land's End to John O'Groat's." "And I honor you from the Equator to the Antipodes." "I honor you," said the judge irascibly, "to the gates of Hell." The Puritan didn't reply at once. Then he said, "Sir, there is a passage in Holy Writ that says, 'Answer a fool according to his folly.' I have done so. But there is another passage that says, 'Answer not a fool according to his folly.' Sir, I decline to follow you to Hell!"

THE MERRY MUSE.

On the Cape.

We drove the Indians out of the land,
But a dire revenge these redmen planned;
For they fastened a name to every nook;
And every boy with a spelling book
Will have to toil till his hair turns gray
Before he can spell them the proper way.

The islands in Buzzard's Bay are these:
Cuttyhunk, Penikese,
Nashawena, Pasquenece,
Great Naushon, Nonamesset,
Uncatena and Weepecket.

But do not of your memory boast,
Take another look along our coast.

Chappaquiddick, Katama,
Menemsha Bight,
Sippewisset, Nobscosset, Ashumet,
Waquoit,
Monomoy, Siasconset and Nohska Light.

There's Quemagouisset and Monohansett,
Menanant, Cotuit, Cataumet and Gansett,
Tuckernuck, Sippican, then comes Cohasset,
Muskeget, Nantucket, Teaticket, Pocasset,
There's Titicut, Sankaty Head, Cotochesett,
Squihocket, Satucket, and then Mattakeset,
Succanesset, Namasket, and then Conemassett,
Mattapoisset and Mashpee and last of all Nausett.

Would you walk upon sands with such lingo
strewn,

Then take a seat on the "Flying Dude."
—Eva March Tappan, in New Bedford Standard.

A Peaceful Heart's Desire.

I'm tired of seeing Mars preempt the centre of the stage,
I'm tired of seeing war news spread across the whole front page;
I'm wearying of armies, forts and mines and fighting crews,
I want to see the old familiar headlines in the news.

Instead of "German Shell Fire Sets a Belgian Town Aflame,"

I'd read of "Kansan Victimized by Wire-Tapping Game."

I see that "Thousand Belgians Put a German Corps to Flight,"
But want to know that "Pankhurst Vows She Will Not Eat a Bite."

I learn today that "French and German Birdmen Clash in Air,"

But miss the "Actress, Jilted, Sues a Pittsburgh Millionaire."

What boots it that "Italians Threaten Now to Join the Fray,"

If I can't read that "Scientist Makes Hens Lay Twice a Day"?

And though it's true that "Russia Captures Eighty German Spies,"

I long to learn that "T. R. Stamps Barnes's Statements Wilful Lies."

I'm wearying of armies, forts and mines and fighting crews,

I want to see the old familiar headlines in the news!
—New York Sun.



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Capital actually paid up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,857,717.65
Employees' Pension Fund..... 177,508.71
Number of Depositors..... 66,367
For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1914, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared.
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DENVER & RIO GRANDE

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

News comes from Santa Barbara of the announcement of the engagement of Miss Florence Henshaw and Mr. Charles Keeney at a reception Saturday afternoon given by Miss Henshaw's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Henshaw, at their country home, Mina Vista. Miss Henshaw is a sister of Mrs. Harry Chickering and Mr. Griffith Henshaw. Mr. Keeney is the son of Dr. James Ward Keeney and Mrs. Keeney of this city and a brother of Mrs. Talbot Walker and Miss Helen Keeney and a cousin of Mrs. Willard Chamberlin. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

Mrs. Frank Howard Allen has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Dorothy Allen, to Mr. William Furman Hutchinson of New York. Miss Allen is the sister of Mr. Howard Allen, whose wedding to Miss Joelle Raas took place recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Egbert P. Stone have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Marian Stone, to Mr. Herbert Schmidt. Miss Stone is a sister of Mrs. Grayson Hinkley and the Misses Harriet and Dorothy Stone and Master Egbert B. Stone, Jr. Mr. Schmidt is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. R. Schmidt of this city. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Barbara Bernice Bromwell and Mr. John Martin, Jr., took place Wednesday afternoon at the home in Oakland of the bride's cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tripler Hutchinson. Mrs. Hutchinson was the matron of honor and the bridesmaids were the Misses Aileen Edoff, Anne Barbour, Elva Gibrardelli, Suzette Greenwood, Alice Palmer, Katherine Bangs, Doris Bornemann, Helen Breck. Mrs. Martin is the daughter of Mrs. Frances B. Bromwell of Oakland and a niece of Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Allen. Mr. Martin is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Martin of Ross and a brother of Mrs. Duval Moore and the Messrs. Walter, Howard, and Lewis Martin. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Martin will reside in Ross.

The wedding of Miss Doris Wilshire and Mr. Harold Plummer took place Tuesday evening at nine o'clock at the home on Jackson Street of the bride's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Polhemus. Mrs. Polhemus as matron of honor and Mr. Otis Johnson, who acted as best man, were the only bridal attendants. Mrs. Plummer is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire of this city.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Loffie and Dr. Herbert Allen will take place Thursday, September 24, at four o'clock at the home on Broadway of the Misses Loffie.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maud entertained a large number of friends at a dinner-dance Tuesday evening at Pebble Beach Lodge. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Maud's son, Mr. Clinton La Montagne, and his fiancée, Miss Otilla Laine.

Mr. Harold Plummer was host at a dinner at the Bohemian Club Friday evening, when he entertained a dozen friends, who made him the complimented guest the following evening at a dinner given at the University Club.

Mrs. Theodore Deming was hostess at a dinner Monday evening at her home in Pacific Grove. The affair was in honor of Bishop William Hall Moreland and Mrs. Moreland.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Selfridge entertained a number of friends at an informal dance recently, complimentary to their daughter, Mrs. Frederick Kellond.

Dr. Oliver Dwight Norton, U. S. N., and Mrs. Norton entertained a number of friends at a costume ball recently at their home at Santa Barbara. The affair was for the benefit of the Cottage Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson gave a dinner Saturday evening at their home in Burlingame in honor of their son, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Jr.

Miss Josephine Grant was hostess at a thè d'ansant Saturday afternoon at the home in Burlingame of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant.

Miss Adele Brune was hostess at an informal tea Wednesday afternoon at her home in Ross.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Thursday at her home in Burlingame.

Miss Hilda Van Sicken gave a picnic Sunday at Lake Tahoe, where she is spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall entertained a number of young people at dinner Friday evening preceding the dance given by Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker gave a picnic Sunday in the hills back of their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney V. Smith entertained a number of young people at a dinner recently in honor of Miss Otilla Laine and her fiancé, Mr. Chuton La Montagne.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell P. Hammond gave a dinner and bridge party Wednesday evening at their home on Washington Street.

Miss Nina Jones was hostess at a dinner recently at the Hotel Potter in Santa Barbara. The affair was in honor of Miss Anne Peters and Miss Helen Keeney.

Mr. and Mrs. Renhan Hale entertained a number of young people at a dance Saturday evening at their home in San Rafael in honor of their daughter, Miss Ruby Hale.

Mr. Henry T. Scott entertained a number of young people over the weekend at the McCloud City Club. The affair was in honor of the Misses Eudora and Beatrice Clover, the daughters of Admiral Richardson Clover, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Clover, of Washington, D. C., who are spending the summer at their ranch at Napa.

Miss Cora Smith was hostess at a dinner Wednesday evening at her home on California Street in honor of the Messrs Richard and Paul Pennoyer, who recently returned from Europe.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Ord Preston was christened Sunday at the home at Fort Mason of Mrs. Preston's parents, General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray. He was named Arthur Murray Preston after his grandfather.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard A. Clark and their son, Mr. Morris Clark, gave a dance Saturday evening at their home in Berkeley. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Clark's niece, Miss Ruth Walters, of St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Flood entertained a number of young people at a dance recently at their home in Menlo Park.

Miss Marian Long was hostess at a thè d'ansant Wednesday afternoon at the home on Steiner Street of her cousin, Mrs. Frederick Spencer Palmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cox were the complimented guests at a tea Saturday afternoon given by Mr. and Mrs. James Shea at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. William McLaughlin was host at a luncheon Thursday at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Miss Serena Bland and her fiancé, Mr. Charles Preusser.

Miss Dorothy Allen and her house guest, Miss Gladys Schlessinger of New York, were the complimented guests at a tea Thursday afternoon given by Miss Evelyn Van Winkle.

Miss Helen Garritt entertained a number of friends over the week-end at her home in San Mateo.

Miss Ernestine McNear was hostess at an informal luncheon Tuesday at the Francisca Club.

Mrs. Joseph A. Donahoe gave a tennis-tea recently at her home in Menlo Park in honor of her daughters, the Misses Barbara and Josephine Donahoe.

Mrs. William F. Lewis was hostess at a bridge-tea Wednesday afternoon at her home at the Presidio. Thursday afternoon Mrs. Lewis gave a reception in honor of her mother, Mrs. Moseley.

Mrs. William Lassiter gave a bridge party Friday afternoon at her home on Pierce Street in honor of her house guest, Mrs. M. Bowman.

Captain John Elliott, U. S. N., and Mrs. Elliott entertained a number of friends at dinner Saturday evening preceding the dance given by the officers and their wives at Mare Island.

Captain Daniel Craig, U. S. A., and Mrs. Craig gave a dinner Friday evening at their home at the Presidio in honor of Miss Marian Filius of Berkeley.

Captain Thomas Magruder, U. S. N., and Mrs. Magruder were the complimented guests at a dinner Monday evening given by Mr. and Mrs. George Klink.

Colonel Stephen Miller Foote, U. S. A., and Mrs. Foote and their daughters, the Misses Esther and Lois Foote, were the guests of honor at a reception Friday evening given by the officers stationed at Fort Scott and their wives.

Mrs. Ernest Agnew was hostess at a bridge-tea Tuesday afternoon at her home at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Edward L. Hooper, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hooper entertained a number of friends at a supper party Thursday at their home at the Presidio.

Captain William Monroe, U. S. A., and Mrs. Monroe gave a house party over the week-end at their home at Fort Scott.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. A. A. Pennoyer arrived recently from the East with her sons, Mr. Richard Pennoyer, first secretary of the American embassy in Peru, and Mr. Paul Pennoyer, who graduated from the Harvard Law School. They have since been joined by Mr. Sheldon Pennoyer, who was traveling in Italy when war was declared. Mrs. Pennoyer, who for several years has resided in Paris, came to California to spend a few weeks, but it is probable that she will remain here during the winter. Mr. Richard Pennoyer will return shortly to his post in South America.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Ford have rented their home on Broadway to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffin and are established in a cottage at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Belden, Jr., are enjoying a camping trip in Alpine County.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson have returned to their home on Pacific Avenue after having spent the summer in Woodside. Mrs. Wilson has recently been visiting her sister, Mrs. Edwin Jans, in Los Angeles.

Miss Ruth Richards arrived Saturday from her home in San Diego and will spend a month in this city as the guest of Miss Dorothy Baker.

Mrs. Frederick M. Pickering is expected to arrive soon from Boston, where she has been visiting relatives. En route home she will spend a few days with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, at their home in Tucson, Arizona.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Edwards have returned to their home in Santa Barbara after a week's visit here. They came to town to attend the wedding of their niece, Miss Doris Wilshire, who was married Tuesday evening to Mr. Harold Plummer.

Mr. Corbett L. Moody has returned from a brief visit in Europe, where he went with the University of California Glee Club. Mr. Moody remained a few weeks longer to visit relatives.

Dr. Gustavus C. Simmons and his nephew, Mr. Gustavus Miller, of Sacramento, have arrived in New York from Europe. Mrs. Simmons and the Misses Edna and Eleanor Simmons, who departed in July to remain a year abroad, decided to remain in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean and their little son, Peter, have been spending the past week in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Augustus Bray of Piedmont have been spending the past two weeks at Castle Crags.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Queen have returned

from Lake Tahoe, where they have been spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Wilson have returned from Ross, where they have been spending several months, and are established at the home on Pacific Avenue of Mrs. Wilson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mathieu.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Norris and their little son have arrived from Port Washington, Long Island, and will spend several weeks in this city. Mrs. Norris was formerly Miss Kathleen Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Walter and their daughter, Miss Marian Walter, are again occupying their home on Franklin Street after having spent the summer in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Weller have returned from a recent visit at Noyo River Tavern.

Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt, Mrs. Moffitt, Miss Alice Moffitt, and Master James Moffitt returned Monday from a summer outing at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henderson and their little son are home from Belvedere, where they have been during the past few months.

Mrs. James A. Follis, Miss Ethel Tompkins, and Mr. Philip Tompkins have returned from a trip to the high Sierras.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Johnson are established in an apartment on Green Street, where Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bliss resided before moving into their new home on Vallejo Street.

Mrs. Warren Dearborn Clark left Monday for the East to place her daughter, Miss Gertrude Clark, in Miss Spence's school and her son, Master Warren Clark, in Hill's school in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Crawford W. Clarke and her daughters, Mrs. M. C. Porter and Mrs. J. B. Wright, and her granddaughter, Miss Laura Baldwin, are expected to arrive today in New York from Europe. Before the war was declared their immediate plans included a trip through Russia, where they anticipated visiting all cities of interest.

Mrs. John Evelyn Page has returned to her home in Santa Barbara after a few days' visit in this city.

The Misses Ruth Zeile, Marie Louise Black, and the Messrs. Frederick Van Sicken, Raymond Ballard, and Frederick Tillmann were the house guests over the week-end of Miss Helen Garritt in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. August Schilling, Miss Elsa Schilling, and Miss Beatrice Simpson are at present in London, where they are planning to remain until September 26, when they expect to sail for home.

Miss Katherine Hitchcock has arrived from Washington, D. C., and is visiting Mrs. Thomas White in Sausalito.

Mrs. George W. McNear, Jr., has gone East to place her daughter and son, Miss Einnim McNear and Master George W. McNear III, in schools.

Mr. and Mrs. Otis Johnson arrived last week from their home in Fort Bragg, having come down to be present at the wedding Tuesday evening of Miss Doris Wilshire and Mr. Harold Plummer. Mrs. Edwin Lowe, sister of Mr. Johnson, arrived last Wednesday from Raymond, Washington, and is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Johnson.

Colonel Eben Swift, General Staff, U. S. A., has been detailed on the retiring board in this city and will relieve Colonel John L. Chamberlain.

Lieutenant Albert B. Dockery, U. S. Cavalry, will soon make a special trip to Bakersfield to inspect Troop A of the California National Guard. Major J. L. Knowlton, Quartermaster Corps, will sail on the next transport for his new duties in the Philippine Islands.

Lieutenant L. W. Prunty, Fourth Cavalry, is en route to his post at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii. Captain John Elliott, Mrs. Elliott, and Miss Priscilla Elliott have returned to their home at Mare Island. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butters in Piedmont for a number of days.

Captain John Joyes and Mrs. Joyes were the week-end guests of Captain William Monroe and Mrs. Monroe at Fort Scott.

Colonel John G. Gresham has assumed the duties of adjutant-general of the Western Department and will remain in charge until the War Department appoints a regular adjutant-general to the place.

Captain S. P. Vestal (retired) will act as professor of military science and tactics at the Hitchcock Military Academy and the Mount Tamalpais Military Academy.

Lieutenant Muir, U. S. A., and Mrs. Muir, while awaiting the sailing of the next transport for Lieutenant Muir's new station, are the guests of Captain Grimes and Mrs. Grimes.

General Woodruff and Mrs. Woodruff have moved in their new home in Berkeley.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lloyd M. Bret will be promoted to the colonelcy of the Tenth Cavalry to succeed the late Colonel Daniel H. Boughton.

Admiral Richardson Clover, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Clover, and the Misses Eudora and Beatrice Clover left last week for the McCloud River Country Club, and upon their return will leave for their home in Washington, D. C.

Captain Harry Howland, U. S. A., has returned home from a visit with friends in Los Angeles. Lieutenant-Commander C. T. Hutchins, Jr., U. S. N., and Mrs. Hutchins sailed Saturday on the steamer *Siberia* for China. Commander Hutchins has been detailed as naval attaché to China.

Captain S. A. Smoke, U. S. A. (retired), has been appointed commandant of the Exposition Guards and chief of the Exposition Military Bureau.

Captain Charles Bridges, U. S. A., who recently married Mrs. Sadie Aul of New York, will soon bring his bride on a visit to this city. His mother, Mrs. Annette H. Cheney and his sister, Mrs. Harriet Pitman, reside at the Hotel Sutter.

The home in Neuchatel, Switzerland, of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bovet has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Bovet was formerly Miss Alice Borel.

The Late A. Chesebrough.

From his youth to the hour of his death Mr. Chesebrough was in love with Life. Life gave richly to him in return—health, fortune, domestic affection, the blessings of sympathy, through a career extending far beyond the normal span of human life.

Mr. Chesebrough's Gift of Grace was a genius for friendship. His secret—if it was a secret—he carried openly before the world. It was the impulse to give joy to others; and as he gave so he received. As he loved others, so others loved him.

Mr. Chesebrough was not among the founders of California. The pioneer era had passed when he cast in his fortunes here. Yet there was in the man, in his acceptance of the real, in his contempt for the artificial in the liberality of his spirit, in the firmness of his attachments, that which classified him in the thought of everybody with the old and generous days.

Born in New England, bred in the South, Mr. Chesebrough had something of the spirit of both—the severe integrity of the one, the warmth of the other. Upon these qualities his business career was founded and sustained. It was in a sense a private career, yet one of essential public value. For many years—until his retirement within recent months—he stood prominent and useful among the agents of California's wider commercial relationships.

Truly it is hard to say farewell to one who never seemed to grow old, who never lost his zest of life, who, even as he stood amid gathering shadows, was ever considerate of his friends and cheered by their good-will, and—to the last—a lover of Life. A. H.

Fifth Year Berkeley Musical Association.

The Berkeley Musical Association, now entering on its fifth year, was formed for the purpose of making it possible to hear the best concerts given by artists of international reputation, both vocalists and instrumentalists, who visit California from year to year. Last season the following artists appeared before the association: Signor Emilio de Gogorza and his accompanist, Mr. Henri Giles; Mme. Frances Alda, soprano; Mr. Gutia Casini, violoncellist; Mr. Frank La Forge, pianist; Miss Kathleen Parlow, violinist; Mr. Charlton Keith, accompanist; Mr. Josef Hofman, pianist, and the Flonzaley Quartet. This coming season the council is warranted in promising a series of unusually interesting concerts. Since music has taken its permanent and rightful place in the university curriculum these concerts are to be looked upon as an educational factor in the life of every student. The University of California recognizes this and has again generously granted the Berkeley Musical Association the use of Harmon Gymnasium for the coming season's concerts, which will comfortably accommodate an audience of approximately twenty-one hundred.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macdonald has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Macdonald, who was formerly Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, is the daughter of Colonel J. C. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Kirkpatrick.

Martin Harvey, the London theatre manager, has placed his company on such a basis that each member will share its fortunes during the troublous times ahead.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Major Henry L. Roosevelt of the United States Marine Corps has been detailed as naval attaché to the American embassy at Paris. Major Roosevelt was for several years in the Philippine service, and upon his return to San Francisco a few months ago was summoned to Washington for duty at Vera Cruz. Later he accompanied the cruiser *Tennessee* as a member of the relief expedition to assist Americans in Europe, and upon his arrival there he received his present assignment. Major Roosevelt is a son-in-law of Judge William W. Morrow of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals.

The will of the late F. W. Dohrmann, filed within the week, gives in legacies as follows: To relatives and friends in America and Europe, \$58,000; to 160 old employees in the service of the company from five to thirty-eight years, \$18,000; to the University of California, for assisting members of the faculty and their families, \$5000; Associated Charities, \$3000; Federation of Jewish Charities, \$1500; German General Benevolent Society, \$2000; German Altenheim, \$1000; German Ladies' Benevolent Society, \$500; Mt. St. Joseph Orphanage Asylum, \$1000; Pacific Hebrew Orphan Asylum and Home, \$1000; San Francisco Protestant Orphan Society, \$1000; Maria Kipp Orphanage and Alhert, \$500; San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children, \$500; Youths' Directory, \$500; Boys' and Girls' Aid Society of California, \$500; Mary's Help Hospital, \$1000; San Francisco Home for Incurables, \$500; Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, \$500. In addition to these, annuities have been provided to run for ten years amounting to \$3000 per year. Mrs. Blanca W. Paulsen, sister of the late Mr. F. W. Dohrmann, is mentioned in the will, as follows: "As my sister, Mrs. Blanca W. Paulsen, is in comfortable financial circumstances, and has been remembered by me in recognition of her services to me and my family during my lifetime, I do not further provide for her at this time." The balance of the estate, share and share alike, divides amongst the three children, Mrs. Minna D. Pischel, Mr. A. B. C. Dohrmann, and Mr. F. W. Dohrmann, Jr.

H. L. Smith, after a continuous service of thirty-three years as secretary of the Board of Trade of San Francisco, has been retired from active service at his own request. G. W. Brainard, assistant secretary for several years, has been advanced to the position of secretary. Smith will remain with the board in an advisory capacity.

Pompilio Chhattari and Francisco Gibelo, who were taken into custody by Harry Moffitt

on Saturday, on Columbus Avenue, on a charge of making bad fifty-cent pieces, waived preliminary examination Tuesday morning and were held to answer before the Federal grand jury.

The board of state harbor commissioners has awarded a contract for the construction of pier thirty-seven to the Healy-Tibbitts Construction Company, at \$204,300, the lowest of five bids received. Chief Engineer Newman reported that the Healy-Tibbitts Construction Company had been ordered on September 2 to begin at once work on pier thirty-five.

Andronicus Chesebrough, for many years merchant and shipping man, who died at his home, 3508 Clay Street, Sunday night, was buried on Tuesday. He was born in Baltimore, Maryland, seventy-six years ago, was a widower and leaves the following-named children: Misses Edith and Helen Chesebrough and Arthur and Paul Chesebrough.

The biennial election of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of San Francisco took place on Monday at Hibernian Hall, 454 Valencia Street. The Rev. D. O. Crowley was made chaplain; P. B. Mahoney, president; J. C. O'Brien, vice-president; S. H. Malone, financial secretary; M. J. Giles, recording secretary, and M. M. Toomey, treasurer.

The International Harvester Company has been given a judgment for \$35,000 against the Coast Theatre Company by Judge Crothers. The judgment is for money stolen by Wallace J. Poland, former cashier of the local office of the Harvester Company, and invested by him in the moving-picture concern. Poland is now serving seven years in San Quentin.

At the conclusion of the grand jury investigation of the so-called "fish trust," John W. Preston, United States district attorney, said the inquiry, which lasted only a day, would be continued no further. "I have decided that no United States statute has been violated," he said, "and have dropped this line of the investigation."

The last of the earth from the Stockton Street tunnel has been removed. The timbering is fast coming out and the work of preparing the roadway for the rails of the municipal street-car line will begin. Aside from the floor of the tunnel, which has yet to be paved, the tunnel is completed. It is said to have the widest spread of arch of any tunnel in the world, and will not only accommodate two lines of street-cars, but vehicular travel as well, with sidewalks on each side for foot passengers.

Detective Miles Jackson was shot in the



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right arm and Detective Gallagher grazed by the same bullet in a raid on suspected burglars, who, according to information given the police, had planned to rob a Kearny Street jewelry store. Five former convicts were arrested, two of whom had been recently paroled. The arrested men are: John T. Smith, known as "Forty-year" Smith, paroled from San Quentin April 6; Terrence Fitts, recently paroled from San Quentin; Andrew Prescott, James P. Carpmill, and Charles Mack, alias "Bluff Kid." Smith did the shooting. A large quantity of loot, believed to have been stolen from Mission and Potrero stores, was found.

Before the full membership of the San Francisco Labor Council the cornerstone was laid for their new \$150,000 temple at Sixteenth and Capp Streets on Monday morning.

Central M. E. Church, in its week's celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation, has elected the following trustees: Rolla V. Watt, Samuel Martin, T. W. Nowlin, James A. Dyer, J. H. McCallum, C. C. Bradford, A. B. Southard, J. E. White, and F. H. Fishbeck.

Jacob Greenebaum, prominent in insurance and brokerage circles, and brother of Mrs. Louis Sloss and Mrs. Lewis Gerstle, died at the Richelieu Hotel on Wednesday in his eighty-third year. He was a director of the Temple Emanu-El.

The new wing of the Hotel St. Francis was opened for inspection by the public yesterday. In addition to 250 bedrooms, the wing will contain a lounging-room for men, reception-rooms for women, and a large ballroom. The new wing will not be open for guests until every detail of decoration has been finished, about November 1.

The Potrero Avenue and Eleventh Street municipal car line was put in operation on Monday with appropriate exercises. This new road connects with Van Ness Avenue at Eleventh Street and gives the people of the Mission district direct traffic to the exposition with transfer at Geary Street and the Union Street car either east or west. The line starts at Twenty-Fifth Street, traverses Potrero Avenue to Bryant Street as far as Eleventh Street, turns north along Eleventh Street to Market, where it crosses at an angle that allows it to turn into Van Ness Avenue.

The three sons of Ysaye went to the front when war broke out, and two are reported slain fighting in the Belgian ranks.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I told you to take the bill up to room twelve." "Well, I did." "Impossible; I hear the gentleman still singing."—*Man Loch*.

"That's what I call wasted energy," said Billson. "What is it?" asked Jillson. "Two girls kissing each other."—*Livingston Lance*.

"Why hasn't Turkey mixed herself up in this European war?" "Why, didn't you know that Turkey is not a Christian nation?"—*Life*.

Financier—That is not the same tale that you told me a few days ago. *Beggar*—No, sir. But you didn't believe that one.—*London Mail*.

Mrs. Gnaggs—And just to think! You used to say you would die for me! *Mr. Gnaggs*—Well, don't hurry me, my dear; don't hurry me.—*Judge*.

"Tallanthin says he's going to see a doctor. Needs something to build him up." "A doctor is no use in his case. He ought to see a contractor."—*Town Topics*.

"What's the trouble, old man?" "I'm in a bad way. I lie awake nights thinking about my work. Then when I'm at work I keep going to sleep."—*Tid-Bits*.

He—Do you think kissing is as dangerous as the doctors say? *She*—Well, it has certainly put an end to a good many bachelors, at any rate.—*New York Sun*.

"I used to be well off before the war started." "Poor man, is that so? And what was your business?" "I was a lecturer for international peace."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Doctor—In your present state of health I should advise a month in Bermuda. *Lady Patient*—But, doctor, I could never stand the smell of the onions.—*Boston Transcript*.

Wife—Oh, George, do order a rat-trap to be sent home today. *George*—But you bought one last week. *Wife*—Yes, dear, but there's a rat in that.—*Universalist Leader*.

Willis—Highflier had a narrow escape when he wrecked that hank. *Gillis*—Yes. If he had swiped only a couple of thousand less it

would have been larceny instead of financiering.—*Puck*.

Slick Stranger—Excuse me, sir, but weren't you in my class at college? *Farmer Jason*—Nope; I never went to college. I learned to drink right here in Moose Medder!—*Puck*.

"My doctor allows me only one glass of ale." "I have a glass, sir, that holds about a quart. Not so bad, sir," murmured the sympathetic waiter.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Mrs. Hoshleigh (honding boarder second cup)—You are very fond of coffee, Mr. Smart? *Smart*—No, but the doctor ordered me to take hot water for my indigestion.—*Boston Transcript*.

"He was always too proud." "He has swallowed his pride." "What has happened to him?" "He's busted." "He might have known if he ever swallowed his pride it would bust him."—*Haustan Post*.

"I see you have been wearing my dresses again, Jane," said her mistress. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself." "I was, mum. Jack said if I wore such clothes again he would never speak to me any more."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

She—Did you enjoy the opera last night, Herr Schwartz? *He*—No; I couldn't hear anything. *She*—Why not? *He*—Two ladies sat in front of me and chatted the whole evening about how much they loved music.—*Musical Courier*.

Former Haystack—I see by these here papers thet Cotopaxi is stirrin' things up ag'in. *Mrs. Haystack*—My gracious, Hiram, aint they enough of them European countries warrin' now without another j'inin' in?—*Livingston Lance*.

"Didn't marry her, eh? I suppose you were afraid you could not support her in the style to which she had become accustomed?" "Oh, no, I was not at all afraid of that?" "Then why didn't—" "It was she that was afraid I could not."—*Houston Post*.

Mrs. Firth—My husband is a perfect brute! *Friend*—You amaze me! *Mrs. Firth*—Yes, he is. Since the baby began teething nothing will quiet the little angel but pulling papa's beard; and—would you believe it?—yesterday he went and had his beard shaved off!—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"For the making of billiard balls 500 elephants are needed every year," said the famous big game hunter in his lecture on India. "How strange," whispered Mrs. Winsome to the lady who sat next, "that people can teach such great beasts to do such delicate work!"—*New York Times*.

First Politician—Say, Bill, wot's this blooming Mortuarium they be tarkin' so much about? *Second Politician*—Well, ye see, it's like this. You don't pay nothin' to nobody and the government pays it for ye. *First Politician*—Well, that sounds a bit of all right, don't it?—*Liverpool Mercury*.

First Egret—If this keeps up we may be able to raise a few more families. I wonder what's the matter with those human beings? We haven't been shot at or any of us killed now for some weeks. *Second Egret*—Don't you know? Why, they are busy now shooting and killing each other.—*Life*.

"My dear," said the young husband, "did you speak to the milkman about there being no cream on the milk?" "Yes; I told him about it this morning, and he explained it satisfactorily. I think it quite a credit to him, too." "What did he say?" "He said he always filled the jug so full that there was no room on top for cream."—*New York Globe*.

In a Safe Place.

From some of the small town drug stores in the stone quarry district of Indiana you can buy anything from talcum powder to blasting gelatine. Not long ago a small quarry operator drove up to one of these stores. The man was in a buggy and was accompanied by his wife. Calling to the proprietor of the store, he said: "Jim, bring me that box I bought a while ago."

The package was placed in the buggy at the feet of the man and his wife. The latter eyed the box suspiciously.

"What's in that package?" she asked, with some fervor.

"Now, never mind," said the husband. "That's not going to hurt you."

The evasion excited the woman's further suspicions. "Ed Spivens," she exclaimed, "that's a package of dynamite!"

"Well, what if it is," said Ed with some emphasis. "It won't do any damage unless it explodes."

"Ed Spivens," shrieked the woman, "if you think I am going to ride six miles in a buggy with you with fifty pounds of dynamite at my feet you are a bigger fool than I thought you were! You have that man take that stuff right out and put it in the back part of the buggy, under the seat."—*Indianapolis News*.



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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Alternatives of Peace.

More practically important now than Who began the War, is the other question, How is it to End? Three outcomes are possible: (1) General exhaustion of all parties, rendering them amenable to compromise; (2) decisive success of the German and Austro-Hungarian combination; (3) decisive success of the Allies, resulting in the crushing of the German armament.

Let us consider the first of these alternatives: We have seen a great aggressive movement on the part of German forces in Belgium and France sweep irresistibly almost to the gates of Paris. We have seen this movement checked and followed by a counter aggressive movement on the part of the Allies with the invading Germanic armies in slow retreat, a movement which may mean the withdrawal of these forces from alien territory. The situation in the French sphere of conflict as we write on Wednesday appears to be a tremendous struggle between well-matched powers, with neither strong enough to enforce a de-

cisive result. In the southern and southeastern spheres the forces in action are those of Austria-Hungary, Russia, and Servia and Montenegro. Servia has sharply repelled the Austrian, but she does not appear strong enough for an offensive movement. Her hope is for co-operation on the part of Austria's Slav subjects, notoriously unhappy under Hapsburg rule. On the northern frontier the Austrian inroad into Poland has conspicuously failed. The movement was met with unexpected promptness by Russia, who has had much the best of the fighting. In a series of fierce battles the fortunes of war have gone steadily against Austria, leaving Russia in possession of Lemberg and other strong strategic points. On both frontiers Austria, thus far a heavy loser, is distinctly on the defensive. In the northeastern sphere we are led to believe, although reports are conflicting, that the direct Russian advance upon Germany through East Prussia has not met with success. The situation there is in its way comparable with that in France and Belgium, less, however, as a result of contact of forces than of topographical difficulties. On the sea, there appears to be an almost complete neutralization of forces. The advantage possessed by England in her overwhelming naval superiority is counterbalanced by the fact that the German fleet has been kept intact and is master of the Baltic—this through the strategic aid of the Kiel Canal. The Austrian Adriatic fleet, while intact, is bottled up by the naval forces of the Allies in the Mediterranean.

With these conditions before us it is easy to conceive a continuance of the struggle along indecisive lines which must before a great lapse of time result in general exhaustion. It has been estimated that the war is costing \$50,000,000 per day. Each nation party to it must in the nature of things be under a tremendous financial strain. As yet, if we except Austria, no murmur of disaffection is heard, but there must develop, if the present situation shall continue, in each of the combatant countries as personal losses come home, a desire for relief and a sense of resentment against influences and powers responsible for the conflict. It is to be remembered that in each of the countries involved, excepting perhaps Russia, industry and commerce are paralyzed. The burden of the war is brought to every door, and to many it comes with the pitiful emphasis of family bereavement. Under these conditions there must come a reaction from the exhilaration of martial enthusiasm; and there must be felt in the governments of the several countries such popular pressure as may render them receptive to overtures looking to an end of this whole wretched business through some adjustment of compromise.

There is another consideration: Let us suppose for the purpose of speculation that Germany is forced back from Belgium, France, and Russia and into a generally defensive position. So placed, her powers under her extraordinary military organization and her large internal resource would be tremendous. Would the Allies wish to push their forces upon a situation bristling with difficulties and promising a sustained conflict with the only end in view the destruction of a state the necessity for whose existence, for the balance in Europe, they fully realize? What conditions of settlement may reasonably be considered by the belligerents?

The crux of this war issue is militarism, therefore the paramount consideration of peace will be disarmament, total or proportional. The Allies having expended so heavily upon this struggle will hardly be content to abandon it without assurance that the menace of German militarism shall be eliminated by a drastic reduction of her army and navy. In return they should be willing to accede to a proportional reduction in their several military and naval establishments. It may be

remarked in passing that this would meet with unqualified approval on the part of the whole world. Questions of money indemnity, excepting in the case of Belgium, which must be recompensed for her losses in a heroic effort to sustain her neutrality, might well be waived; and it is to be remembered that before crossing the Belgian frontier Germany declared her intention of indemnifying Belgium. Under such an adjustment there would probably be slight changes in the map of Europe or none at all, excepting as the loss might fall upon Austria. There ought to be added to the Balkan confederation a new Slavic state to include Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Croatia. This would tend towards the ultimate peace of Europe. A still further guaranty of peace would be an autonomous Poland; and Austria, Germany, and Russia might well, in consideration of advantages obviously to accrue, yield their Polish provinces under such a project. The promise of autonomy has already been made by the Russian emperor to his Polish subjects. Germany under motives of policy and Austria under compulsion might well assist in such an achievement of historic justice.

We have now to consider the second alternative. What would Germany and Austria demand as the price of decisive success of their arms against the Allies? We have two suggestive hints upon this point, one the settlement with France in 1870, when there was exacted in gold a sum double the charges of the war, plus the taking over of territory claimed as German, historically, in the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. The other is to be found in the final Anglo-German negotiations preceding the present war, when the German chancellor (von Bethmann-Hollweg) assured the British foreign secretary (Sir Edward Grey) that Germany had no wish to violate the territorial integrity of France, but declined to give the same assurances as to French colonial possessions. War alters the minds of nations as well as of men, and the demands of victory may easily go beyond ante-bellum aims. Probably Germany would demand from France a colossal money indemnity together with the cession of her colonies throughout the world. As to Belgium, the demand of Germany would hardly fall short of confiscation. Not only does Germany covet Belgium for herself, but more particularly for the accession to her sea power which the Belgian coast line with its ports on the Channel would yield. The German demand upon Russia is problematical. It would naturally have its financial side, plus, probably, slight territorial readjustments. The heaviest toll of victory on the part of Germany would fall upon England. In their ultimate effects her demands would be nothing short of destruction of British sea power, the natural sequence of which would be collapse of the British Empire. Somebody has said in the course of current discussion that German success would reduce England to the status of Holland. We may well believe it.

Victory for Austria would mean readjustment of affairs in the Balkan States, giving her an outlet on the Aegean Sea with actual possession of Albania and practical control of the Adriatic. Her main gain, however, would come through a greater solidarity of the diverse nationalities in her present dominion. She could not hope for territorial expansion in the north and would not desire to complicate her internal problems by accessions of Slavic territory. Under motives of prudence it is probable that German policy would swallow its resentment against Italy for her abandonment of the Triple Alliance and, making a virtue of her neutrality, leave her undisturbed.

And what of Germany, thus triumphant and gorged of spoil? We have to consider not merely a bigger Germany, richer in new territories and with a larger

coveted access to the sea and a look-out upon England. We must consider also a Germany exalted by a supreme success, enriched by indemnity, with every ambition stimulated by achievement, with the doors of world opportunity wide to her energies and her enterprise. We have to consider a Germany with her enemies, real and potential, prostrate before her and with the power to make new combinations and adjustments suited to her interest or her ambition. In brief we have to consider a world, leaving America out of the question, to which Germany may give the law. Imagination, furnished with this setting, finds it difficult to put bounds to the possibilities of Germanic expansion military, territorial, commercial, social.

Now let us turn to the third alternative, namely, the supposed complete success of the Allies. What if the combined armies of England, France, and Belgium, forcing back the Kaiser's legions, successfully invade Germany? What if Serbia, stirring discontent into flame, divide the house of Austria against itself? What if by a bold stroke, for which the memories of Copenhagen supply the inspiration, the English fleet shall move into the Baltic and overwhelm the German navy? It is a harrowing picture, yet it is not beyond the limits of possibility. What then? It will be for England, in counsel with Russia, France, Belgium, Serbia—and Italy—to dictate the terms. Can any man doubt that the knife will cut to the bone? Yet it is to be remembered that in the division of spoils by allies, mutual ambitions, jealousies, fears must be taken into account. Not only today, but tomorrow, with its possible realignments, must be regarded. It will, we think, be a common agreement that the cause of this war was the overgrown military establishment of Germany. Therefore the first demand will be for disarmament. Napoleon after Jena reduced the standing army of Prussia to 12,000 men. Times and conditions have altered, but it would not be surprising if this precedent were remembered. The next consideration will be the reimbursement of war expenditures, with Belgium by common consent a preferred creditor. The sum wrung from France by Germany in 1870 will be many times multiplied when the final score is presented to the German chancellery by the allied victors. Each of the conquering nations will expect full recompense for military expenditures, with further indemnity in reprisal for direct and indirect losses. Back of the question of recompense will lie a common determination so to impress and cripple Germany as to render her incapable of further menace to the peace of Europe.

In every age allies have found it easier to achieve victory than to apportion its spoils. Territorial readjustment will undoubtedly be the most difficult problem, and the rock upon which, without very skillful diplomacy, settlement may split. France will be content with Alsace-Lorraine. Serbia will demand the addition to her kingdom of the Serbian-speaking provinces of Austria-Hungary, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and perhaps Croatia. But it is to be doubted if Russia would look with favor upon such a dislocation of the Balkan balance. And if Serbia is to be territorially compensated the aspirations of Roumania and Bulgaria must be taken into consideration, and it is highly probable that some additional Austro-Hungarian territory must be sacrificed to their demands. A further demand of Serbia will be for a direct outlet upon the Adriatic.

The full wishes of Russia are not likely, we think, to be reflected in her positive demands. She wants Constantinople; she wants Prussian Poland to be joined to her own Polish provinces. She would like a free hand with Norway and Sweden to the end of finding an outlet to the open sea. But Russia will be mindful both of the jealousy and the power of England, and she will curb her spirit within limits which England may be willing to concede as reasonable. Before her mind there will be the thought of a possible future Anglo-German combination, and this consideration may make her content with moderate terms. The formation of a reconstituted and autonomous Poland under Russian sovereignty, thus satisfying her racial aspirations and fulfilling her promise to the Poles, would go far toward satisfying her.

Italy we are assuming to have had no actual share in the war. But in recompense for her desertion of the Triple Alliance the Allies may well apportion to her some share in the spoils.

We come now to the probable demand of Eng-

land. She will have suffered less than any of the Allies, yet her demands will not be rendered modest thereby. England is neither an Alphonse nor a Gaston. "After you," is a phrase not found in her diplomatic vocabulary. She chooses bold and grasps large. She will assert a special justification under her obligation to include the claims of her private ally Japan with her own. Territorially there is little that England wants which she hasn't got already. She will of course take German East Africa and hold the South Sea islands which her Colonials have seized. She will of course leave Japan in possession of what she has grasped in China. Wherever German enterprise has gained a footing round the world England will undertake to make that footing her own. But her greater reward will be in the crippling of Germany as an industrial and commercial rival in the markets of the world, and in relief from that hysterical fear of German invasion which had become her obsession.

Now let us ask is there any danger to the thing we call civilization in any one of the three suggested possible settlements above outlined. In the first, certainly none. Ending of the war through general exhaustion and mutual compromise would leave the situation practically as before from the standpoint of world interest, save for the inevitable material losses resulting from the destructions of war, the moral deterioration under the brutalities of war, and the social wreckage which war leaves in its wake. The second suggested settlement—a great Germanic triumph—would mean a Europe under German domination. That it would promote a prodigious industrial and commercial development may not reasonably be doubted. But there is a seamy side to empire of force. From Alexander to Napoleon the record and the lesson are the same. Europe dominated by Germany would for a time be Europe quiescent, but it would not be Europe content. National subjection, no matter how strong the repressive power, ultimately leads to struggles of liberation. Who can doubt that the setting up of such an empire would but postpone the prospect of universal peace. With half Europe in subjection there might be outward calm, but no peace.

There are those who believe that German defeat means disproportionate extension of the Slavic power, with the overwhelming and possible blotting out of the distinctive civilization of western Europe. The terror which this apparition takes in various minds finds illustration in references to Russia in such phrases as "the hordes of Tartary," "minions of the Czar," etc. Misconception as well as terror is embodied in these characterizations. Russia is not an ogre. In any intelligent view she does not fit into nightmare. Despite objections which may be urged against her system of government and its administration, it may still be asserted with confidence that Russia embodies no menace to the intellectual and social organization of Europe. Geography, racial traits, economic conditions, tradition, and habit preclude any movement on the part of Russia calculated even remotely to menace Western civilization. Those who really know Russia know that her cue in the interchanges of nations is that of receptivity. Yet those who have observed the renaissance of literature and art in Russia, those who have been in personal touch with her intellectual element and as well with the rank and file of her people, have learned the sincerity and the power of the Slavic character, and are justified in expecting that Russia will contribute her full share to the progressive march of the world. Russia is a country of mighty potentialities. But her genius has in it no vice of gross aggression. It may surprise many to know that among the leading forces of Russian life there are those who look to the West, not with covetous eyes, but rather askance and with dread for its example as tending to corrupt the simplicity and idealism of the Slavic character.

If success for England in this great struggle should augment the spirit of arrogance in a none-too-modest race, if it should yield her no lesson of duty and wisdom—we came near adding humility—the day of triumph would be an ill day for her. England may properly be characterized as the foremost national force in present-day civilization. Yet there are spots on this sun. England tends to a gross materialism. In a hundred ways she sacrifices the ideal to the material. It

may be observed in the selfish attitude of her privileged classes. It may be seen in the indifference of the prosperous few to the necessitous many. It may be seen in the wanton waste of manly force in idle sports. It may be seen in an all but universal sacrifice of sentiment to interest in the more intimate relations of life, including marriage. In general it is manifest in a grossly materialistic point of view towards human interests and problems. England has yet to learn that leadership of the world is not a mandate of overlordship, and that peoples must not be exploited or governed against their will and under selfish motives. The history of England in relation to her colonies has not reacted in just the right way upon the national intelligence or the national temper. England has yet to translate from poetry into prose the lofty ideal of a parliament of man, a federation of the world.

"Why Not Pray NOW?"

With that desire to promote the cause of true piety that is always a distinguishing mark of good citizenship the *Argonaut* hastens to give the widest publicity to a suggestion emanating—from an economical postal card—from the California Development Board. The suggestion relates approvingly to the "day of prayer" conventionally ordained by the President for October 4. But why, asks the California Development Board, should we wait until October 4? Why not pray now? Assuming, says the postal card with appropriate statistical precision, that 20,000 men a day are being killed or wounded and that some twenty-four days must elapse between the mailing of the postal card on September 10 and the day of prayer on October 4 it is evident that the casualty lists will be increased to the extent of 280,000 men before the prayers of the assembled nation can reach the Throne of Grace. Indeed the situation may be even worse than this. Without allowing for delays in transmission we must remember that some hundreds of millions of our fellow-Christians in Europe, quite as devout as ourselves, are praying with an edifying fervor for the destruction of their Christian enemies by fire and steel, and that some twenty millions of Christian soldiers are doing what in them lies to make those prayers effective, and with a quite startling success. These European supplications may therefore be regarded as of a distinctly competitive nature, and as they will be in an overwhelming majority—a point not to be overlooked in these democratic days—it is evident that we should snatch what advantage may accrue from a prompt and careful dispatch. We may reasonably believe that the prayers of the California Development Board will receive some of the preferential treatment usually accorded to new accounts, but it would be unwise to make this an excuse for procrastination or indifference. It would indeed be calamitous if Providence should permit the killing and maiming of some quarter of a million men, to the ultimate detriment of development business throughout the world, and all through a failure on the part of the commercial circles of California, led by the California Development Board, to intimate their opinions and wishes on a matter so essential to business stability and financial progress. Therefore why not pray now?

But, in all seriousness, what an appalling conception of Deity. Even the heathen in his blindness never fashioned forth such a God as this, a God who sanctions the daily destruction of twenty thousand men until his intervention shall have been invoked by the postal cards of the California Development Board, a God who takes toll of twenty thousand lives a day for the lack of a collective prayer. Ashteroth and Moloch were never quite so cruel as that. If the present war in Europe has followed upon two thousands years of prayer, perhaps we had better stop praying altogether lest some worse thing befall us.

Folly at the Greek Theatre.

As a community we are somewhat prone to cheap and spectacular futilities, but possibly we have never before been guilty of anything quite so silly or quite so offensive as the so-called peace meeting at the Berkeley Greek Theatre on Sunday. Even sincerity would not greatly have mitigated either its silliness or its offensiveness, and of sincerity there was not a trace except as it may have been mingled with the credulities of the audience. The present fortunes of Europe may be said to be in the hands of some few

dozen men who are many thousands of miles away, whose minds are burdened day and night with incalculable issues, and who are about as likely to hear of a meeting in the Greek Theatre, or to care if they did hear of it, as is the man in the moon. Doubtless it was a profound gratification to the busybodies who prinked and posed on the Berkeley stage to posture as the molders of world destinies. The vain and the vacuous are always quick to seize such chances, but the fly on the wheel felt the same kind of gratification, and with an equal right.

There was no sincerity in this pitiful performance, and the actors, from President Wheeler downward, knew it well. They knew that nothing that they could say or do could have the faintest effect upon European affairs. They knew that they might just as well demonstrate against the volcano. They knew that they were mere puppets in the vulgar vaudeville furnished by Mr. Hearst for the delectation of feeble minds and vicious instincts. They allowed themselves to their own discredit to figure on Mr. Hearst's unending playbill in company with the "nature man," the popular beauties, and the latest murderer. At Mr. Hearst's beck they donned the sandwich boards and went forth as advertisement agents for the *Examiner*.

If the Greek Theatre is to be used consistently as an annex to the *Examiner* office it is just as well that we should know it. Possibly there are other newspapers in the state that would be willing enough to make similar educational "benefactions" for such a return, benefactions henceforth to be sustained by public funds and then used for the squalid and stealthy purposes of gain. It may be said frankly enough that this is a heavy price to be paid for the Greek Theatre and that it would be better to abandon it, to return it whence it came, than to incur the discredit of such a childish imposture as that of last Sunday. At a time when our educational taxes are heavy enough in all conscience it may be advisable to curtail expenditures that are thus flagrantly used for the profit of an individual, for the exploitation of egregious vanities, and for the deception of an emotional and credulous public.

Socialism and War.

War is a pitiless destroyer of illusions, and of other things, and perhaps one of the greatest of the illusions that have now been shattered by the cannon was the expectation that an international Socialism would preserve the peace of the world. We were told so confidently that the workers of every country would make common cause against war and we were invited to thank God for a Socialism that would submerge the hostilities of the frontiers under a wave of proletarian fraternity. It need hardly be said that this economic pacifism has been conspicuous by its absence. The Socialists have indeed been heard from—we can always depend upon hearing from the Socialists, but their note has been one of the usual military defiance, not of concord. They have all shouted their respective patriotisms in the ancient and approved way, and the same men who breathed the aspirations of international amity across the convention rooms in the piping days of peace have hurried away to destroy each other with bullet and bayonet. Vandervelde is a member of the war cabinet in Belgium, and Guesde in a similar capacity is giving his services to France. Even Prince Kropotkin, anarchist and pacifist, is all aflame with enthusiasm for the Slav armies, and so the "war against war" that was predicted so happily has melted away in the world of dreams from which it ought never to have emerged in any such guise. It is true that there were a few incipient protests in Germany and an abortive labor demonstration in England, but these feeble flames flickered out almost before they were kindled. The Socialists throughout Europe have proved almost as credulous as any one else. From the east of Russia to the west of France every mother's son of them, so far as can be judged, is persuaded that he is defending his country from the wicked rapacities of its enemies.

In common justice it may be said that Socialism, as such, is not alone to blame for this melancholy gap between preaching and practice. Socialists are not the only reformers who have constructed dazzling edifices of social regeneration from which the trifling element of human nature has been excluded. And human nature has such an awkward habit of asserting itself to the confusion and ruin of short-sighted ideals.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

England and the War.

LONDON, ENGLAND, August 31, 1914.

MY DEAR MR. HOLMAN: During recent years I have read with very deep interest your admirably expressed views on current events in San Francisco, Mexico, and Ireland, and latterly on the European holocaust. I recognize the impartial spirit in which "the motives of the conflict" are analyzed in your issue of 15th August, but I am sure you will allow me without offense to call in question the *Argonaut's* conception of the motives impelling the British nation to declare war on Germany. You give it as your conclusion that the real motive is fear of the aggrandizement and arrogance of Germany. For the same reason you say that "Holland and Belgium stand with England." But Holland has remained neutral.

That a very general distrust of the ultimate aims of the military party in Germany has long been prevalent in England is common knowledge, yet I suppose there never was a period in this country's history when the spirit of Jingoism was more conspicuous by its absence. We have rarely if ever had a government which was more imbued with a hatred of war, or more assiduous in its efforts in the cause of peace. If it was by design that we went into the war, do you suppose we would have done so with an army of only two or three hundred thousand men?

The simple fact is that in all human probability we would not have been at war today had it not been for the ruthless violation by Germany of the integrity of Belgium, which she as well as we are bound by solemn obligation to maintain. You call that "only a pretext" on our part! Have we, then, come to this that even among friends a binding contract is "only a scrap of paper," while among the civilized nations the recognized code of morals for the future is to be "to hell with contracts"? I do not believe that view was intended to be conveyed by the *Argonaut*, still less do I repent the decision of my countrymen that come what may their fixed resolve is that that code shall not prevail.

The root difference between the military masters of Germany and the representative rulers of the British nation lay in the fact that the former did not credit that we would risk all to uphold the right, whereas the latter to the last refused to believe in the possibility of so wanton an outrage as that perpetrated by Germany on a small and neutral state. Hence came the proposal to us from Germany which Mr. Asquith, than whom there is no greater master of vocabulary, could only describe as "infamous." "Motives" or "pretexts" played no part in our reply; we were left no alternative save dishonor.

With very kind regards,

ALEX. B. WILLIAMSON.

Answer to an Arraignment of Germany in the "Argonaut," September 12, 1914.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 15, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: With the above article of our English friend (or should I say Canadian?) I heartily agree, especially as to the main statement that one can readily understand how easily national and racial prejudice can blind men to the real facts when one's own country is involved in a question at issue. No further proof is needed for the assertion than the article of our English friend, giving as it does an absolute British view of the world's happenings.

The acquisition of Schleswig-Holstein is called "filched from Denmark." It was taken in war, that is surely a fact of history, as my former article also clearly stated. As a good American, however, I hold that "a government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed." There is not the slightest doubt that the overwhelming majority of the people of Schleswig-Holstein, certainly very close to 100 per cent, give this consent to Prussia and never gave it to Denmark, because the people were and are Germans. Will my friend accept this proof as final?

The designation of Prussia and Austria as two thieves is a rather unhappy slip of the pen of our blameless Briton. Would he like to see a close examination made of Great Britain's numberless possessions distributed all over our globe and how his shrewd country came in possession of it all? Would any Briton like to see as a proof of the validity of Great Britain's rule over almost half of the people of this earth the American standard of test made, viz., "the consent of the governed"? Hardly! With indignation every true Englishman would have a lot to say about bringing the light of civilization, freedom of men (by which he means Englishmen), spreading Christianity among people who did not ask for it and do not want it, etc. All of which incidentally is immensely profitable to this benefactor. But he would forget to answer the main question as to the consent of the governed.

This nation at one time was also so ungrateful as not to be able to see the eternal gratitude it owed to the mother country; it refused to be held in bondage any longer and, horrible to relate, it revolted! The men who did so and who were leaders, if they had been unfortunate enough to be caught by Great Britain at the right time, would have been shot or more likely been hanged as common revolutionists and traitors, while, since they were successful, we Americans now glorify them, and in our opinion justly so, as national heroes.

All of which proves quite conclusively that it is very difficult, if not impossible, to get out of one's own skin, since it is grown on. We all were born with it and have to wear it, and especially our English cousins. Their skins seem to stick tighter than anybody else's. It is all right that they own the earth, how could one dare to question it! But if anybody else thinks he ought to have a piece of it also, up goes the howl! They skimmed the cream off everywhere and now can not even see without misgivings and envy that some one else takes their leavings and tries to make something useful out of it by persistent hard work!

With the best of personal feelings, respectfully submitted for the consideration of my English critic.

ERNEST LUEHNING.

From a California Refugee.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ENGLAND, August 31, 1914.

MY DEAR ARGONAUT: Each week since we have been here in England—regardless of the irregularities and delays in the mails—the *Argonaut* has appeared and been welcomed by our little group of Americans with all the joyousness accorded the coming of an intimate friend of the household.

It has been doubly welcome in these times of great tension and anxiety, and we read with interest your editorials of the war. You are to be congratulated upon your accurate interpretation of the underlying causes that have precipitated this general European conflict. Though so far from the storm centre, your diagnosis and prognosis of this most serious malady that is sweeping over Europe is as correct as though you were here with your finger upon the pulse of the patient. I can not refrain from expressing our appreciation, since it

is quite the fashion here for subscribers to write to their newspapers. The precious space the *Times* devotes to letters from the people is a most interesting study, presenting every phase of human thought, from the strong plea written by Sir William Osler for vaccination against typhoid fever for the British army to the letter of thanks from the full heart of a little French lad to his friends in "Angleterre" for their loyal support of his beloved country.

It is an experience never to be forgotten to be in the midst of this great nation in this, her supreme hour, and to witness her superb self-control and poise. Each one is doing his duty. "Steady" is the watchword. No wasting of precious power in loud talk or emotional outbursts. Each one realizes that the test of the national power is now being made, and the struggle for her very existence is upon her.

Even though the British Empire is in the fullness of her splendid civilization, yet there are signs of weakness, evidence of decadence all around us. The anxious, hardly-expressed thought is, Can we withstand the onslaught of the tremendous power of another civilization against ours? Before this reaches you the die may be cast.

But in this time of great seriousness there are certain lessons that we Americans must learn. Europe has hitherto been the playground or the holiday land for the Americans. Not for many years to come will Europe be in condition to be visited, devastated and broken as her countries will be. We must make our own holiday places in America, where man can add to the wonders of nature the charm and artistic finish that has been done with such success over here.

Then we must create our own art centres, glowing with the inspiration of a young and virile nation. We must ourselves create for our women the gowns that are suitable and expressive of the distinctive and beautiful type of womanhood that belongs to America. Then we must make for ourselves all those articles of luxury that we have hitherto depended upon the skilled artisans of the Old World to make for us.

While contemplating all these new lines of industry we must not be unmindful of the qualities that have made these nations great in the doing of them—the deliberate thoughtfulness, the thoroughness and never-ending patience and the accuracy of execution. When these become for us national characteristics, then shall we become a mighty people.

Sincerely yours, FLORENCE N. WARD.

A Jingle with a Punch.

SANTA CLARA COUNTY, September 16, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:

When war has risen like a flood,
And vultures circle overhead;
When there are nations bathed in blood
Who can not count their dead;
We want no saffron-colored dove
To tell us war must cease.
Or count the gain in gold for those
Who dwell in tents of peace.

This is no time to wave our flag,
And greet our course with cheers;
Our flag is wreathed with mourning, and
Our eyes are dimmed with tears.
And men must rise in anger,
And think of him with shame
Who cries "Peace!" in the market-place
To advertise his name.

Let every man search deep his heart
And ask the reason why
He should escape, and pay no toll,
When millions march to die.
Let every man remember, too,
The one, three months ago,
Who did his yellow best to make
A war with Mexico. D.

From One Jealous for His Prerogative.

NORDBORFF, CAL., September 14, 1914.

MY DEAR EDITOR: Those editorial notes in your paper of 12th instant anent the pious assertions of some of the nations of Europe provoke me to return thanks to you for your hit at humbug.

I miss the Great Republic, which perhaps more frequently than any other nation puts forth the claim "In God we trust." Yours sincerely, HABITUAL BLASPHEMER.

Why Japan Joined England.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 12, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT—Sir: With the dispatch of the Mikado's ultimatum to the Kaiser there seems to have been started in this country a movement aimed at the alienation of American sympathy for the Japanese. The contentions of those who regard the Japanese move with disfavor resolve into these three points:

First—Japan thrust herself into the war without England's invitation.

Second—Japan has territorial ambition in China.

Third—Japan wants to "get even" with Germany. Sympathy and loyalty for my native country impels me to express myself on these points. The first contention is not only unwarranted, but false. Japan did not join hands with England without England's request. When it became evident that England must come to the rescue of France and Belgium, the press of Japan, without exception, hoped that Japan would not be called upon to aid her Western ally. But the Western ally did call upon Japan.

On August 3, that is, the day before England declared war on Germany, the British ambassador to Japan hurried back to Tokio from his summer villa and immediately requested an interview with Baron Kato, foreign minister. At this conference the British ambassador informed Baron Kato that his government was compelled to open hostilities against Germany and desired to ascertain whether Japan would aid England in the event of British interests in the Far East being jeopardized by German activities. Baron Kato answered that the question before him was such a serious one that he could not answer it on his own account.

On the evening of the same day Count Okuma convened a meeting of all the cabinet members. Bearing the resolution of this meeting, Baron Kato on August 4 called upon the British ambassador and told the latter that Japan would not shirk the responsibilities which the alliance with England put upon her shoulders.

At this time Japan did not expect to be called upon to aid England for at least a few months. But on August 7 the British ambassador suddenly asked for an interview with Baron Kato and told the foreign minister that the situation had developed in such a manner as to oblige England to ask for Japan's assistance without delay. On the evening of that day Premier Okuma requested the "elder statesmen" and his colleagues to assemble at his mansion. The conference lasted until two o'clock the next morning. Before it adjourned Japan's policy was definitely formulated.

What caused Downing Street to invite Japan's cooperation?

so soon is not clearly known to the outside world. But the Japanese press is in all probability right when it says that Japan and England were obliged to act promptly in order to frustrate the German scheme to transfer Kiau-chow to the Chinese government before Germany was compelled to surrender it at the point of the sword. Had Germany succeeded in carrying out this scheme she would still have enjoyed, in virtue of Article 5 of the Kiau-chow convention of 1898, the privilege of securing at some future time "a more suitable territory" in China. This was exactly the condition which the allies did not want to see established in China. If, on the other hand, Germany were forced to abandon Kiau-chow by the arbitrament of the sword, China would no longer be under obligation to "cede to Germany a more suitable place."

This was, I think, what persuaded Japan and England to act promptly in the Far East. In the meantime a German cruiser, ignoring the rights of a neutral state, captured a Russian steamer within Japanese jurisdiction; a British gunboat, chased by another German cruiser, fled into a port only a hundred miles west of Tokio; a number of British merchant vessels were either captured or chased by German warships; while a few Japanese ships were also intercepted by German cruisers. These activities of the German squadron were interpreted by Japan and England as disturbance to "general peace" in the Far East and to the "special interests" of the two countries in said region.

The second point, that Japan has territorial ambition, is easily disposed of. In proposing to restore Kiau-chow to China, Japan is not actuated by altruistic motives, but by motives of self-interest. Not that she wants to ingratiate herself with China, but because she thinks her interests and safety can be best protected by preserving the territorial integrity of China.

Japan's strength lies in her isolated position, widely separated from the aggressive countries of the West. As England is trying to avoid the hunt of German aggressiveness by upholding the independence and integrity of the Netherlands, so Japan is anxious to maintain the territorial integrity of China, making it a sort of buffer state. This cherished aim of Japan's has been partly frustrated because of German and Russian encroachments upon China. To protect her existence and safety against the designs of such ambitious powers Japan was compelled to occupy Korea and Port Arthur, thus making her territory contiguous to that of Russia. Today Japan feels more forcibly than ever the disadvantage of having such an aggressive nation as Russia as her neighbor, and she does not want to see another ambitious power establish itself upon Chinese soil.

This is the reason Japan does not wish to occupy Kiau-chow or any other section of China. The logic is clear. Should Japan occupy Kiau-chow permanently, other powers would surely follow Japan's suit and slice up for themselves large portions of Chinese territory. Should this come to pass, the powerful nations of the West would become Japan's immediate neighbors, thus inevitably weakening her naturally strong position. This means a larger army and a more powerful navy, with proportionately heavier burdens of taxation. No sane Japanese can fail to see that the game is not worth the candle. It is only by maintaining the territorial integrity of China that Japan can enjoy peace and devote her energies to the promotion of the arts of peace.

The third point, that Japan wants to "get even" with Germany, contains much truth. Obviously, Japan has not forgotten the lessons which Germany taught her, and she thinks that the present is the opportune moment to return Germany's courtesy. Considering Germany's provocative attitude towards Japan during the past twenty long years, who can blame the Japanese? Japan sincerely believes that Germany is a disturbing element in the Far East and a constant menace to her safety.

Most Americans know how the Kaiser treated the Mikado at the end of the Chino-Japanese war, which cost Japan a hundred thousand lives and a billion yen. Few, however, know that Germany's interference with the Chino-Japanese peace terms was only the first of the many unpleasant experiences which Japan has had with Germany.

The Germans today are diligently telling the public what enormous sums the Berlin government has expended for the upbuilding of Kiau-chow, but compared with the sacrifice Japan offered upon the altar of Port Arthur, German expenditure on Kiau-chow sinks into insignificance. Germany ousted Japan from Port Arthur because she wanted to give it to Russia so that she might take Kiau-chow without Russia's objection. It was a game of give-and-take between the Czar and Kaiser. When the peace treaty was signed between Japan and China all Japan was celebrating; the next day the nation was in mourning because of the German advice compelling Japan to quit Port Arthur. Never has Japan's pride been so greatly outraged as on that occasion. An officer destroyed himself in protest against the government's acquiescence in the German advice; several cut their fingers and with their own blood wrote memorials urging the government not to be bullied by the powers.

The German seizure of Kiau-chow, followed by the Russian occupation of Port Arthur, the British occupation of Wei-hai-wei, and the French occupation of Kwan-chow Bay, was responsible for the Boxer disturbance of 1910. When the Boxers besieged the legations in Peking Japan immediately proposed to the powers that she be permitted to rush her troops to rescue the beleaguered foreigners. The Kaiser put his foot upon the Japanese overture and insisted that unless he was satisfied that Japan's action would by no means interfere with the interests of other nations he could not consent to the proposal.

The historic picture of the Yellow Peril painted by the Kaiser was disagreeable enough to the Japanese, but when the Japanese found the Kaiser secretly encouraging the Czar to muster his troops in Manchuria in the wake of the Boxer incident, they saw in him an imminent danger to their country. About this time the London Times published an article reporting the existence of a secret treaty by which the Kaiser was to render the Czar clandestine assistance in the event of a Russo-Japanese war.

When Japan was engaged in a life-and-death struggle in Manchuria, German attitude towards Russia was the virtual violation of neutrality. The German government, for example, permitted a German steamship company to sell a number of steamships to the Russian navy and to help Rozhdestvenski's Baltic squadron secure coal en route to the Japan Sea. What was more surprising, a German prince who was by Japan's special courtesy allowed to accompany the army to the front was found secretly reporting to his government the activities of the Mikado's forces without permission of the censoring officers.

From such experiences the Japanese believe that the presence on Chinese soil of a German naval and military base is a constant menace to their country. Would that China could be far-sighted enough to see that her position can be strengthened only by coöperating with Japan. The two Asian nations should combine their strength to check territorial ambitions of Western powers.

Author of "Asia at the Door," "American-Japanese Relations," etc.

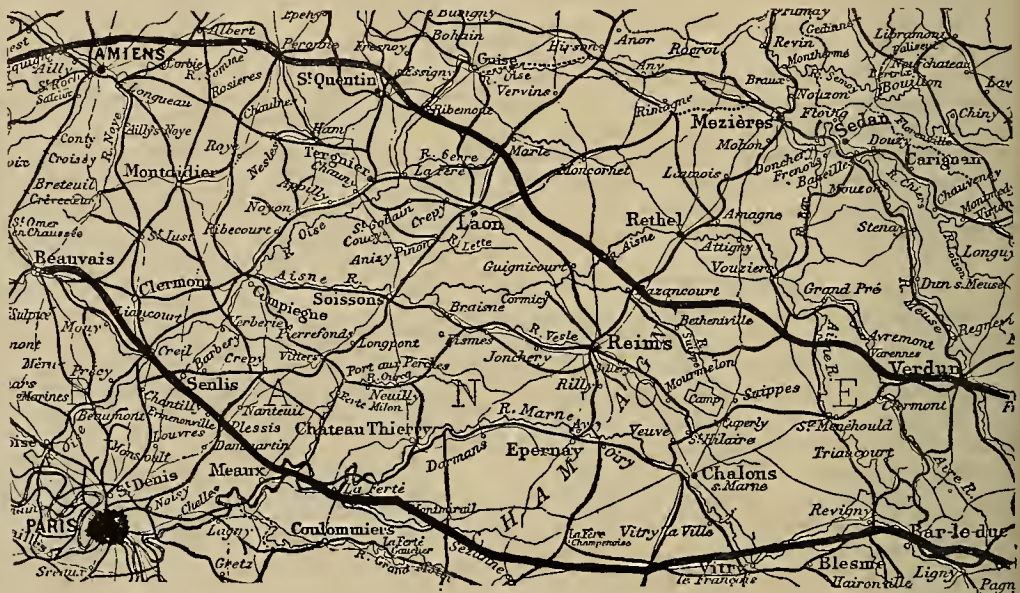
THE THEATRE OF WAR.

If the belligerent forces would but stand still for a few days it would be possible to write a statement of their positions that would still be accurate on the day of publication. But they do not stand still, and however rapid may be the dispatch and the receipt of official reports we may be sure that the chessboard has changed somewhat by the time those reports are in print. Moreover, it is well known that official reports exercise a sort of poetic license with regard to date lines, not only because an excessive precision in this respect is to be deprecated for military reasons, but also that the public may enjoy the illusion of promptness. A commander who is directing a million men through a five-day battle has not much leisure for official reports, as witness the pathetic remonstrance of the French war office to the effect that the demand of the public for two bulletins a day is unreasonable. When the reports are received from the front they must be summarized and edited with great caution, and so by the time the authorized version appears in print the actual stage of operations will have changed. It is usually safe to assume that any reported fact is already some days old, irrespective of the date line and the deceptive words "yesterday" and "today." And while speaking of reports it may be well to repeat that nearly all the published accounts upon which we base our conclusions emanate from French and British sources and that our views might be much modified if we were in possession of the German point of view. None the less the map has a certain eloquence of its own.

But it is certain that something almost like a miracle has been achieved within a week. The rôles of offense and defense have been reversed. Ten days ago the main German army in crescent formation lay stretched from Beauvais to Bar-le-Duc and eastward to St. Die. It had swerved to the east and south of Paris in order to crush the Allies before

battle, which now seems to be in its last phases. The lower line represents the German forces ten days ago. The upper line represents the new position to which they have been driven. It will be observed that the German right wing under General von Kluck has suffered the most severely, having been forced back beyond Amiens and St. Quentin, or a distance of about ninety miles. The German centre at Sezanne has moved back to a point beyond Reims, while the German left around Verdun has been nearly stationary, although the army of the crown prince, which was near Verdun, is said to have been forced some few miles to the north and to be in danger of isolation. The Germans may therefore be said to have moved on the pivot at Verdun and consequently their whole line is now nearly parallel with the French frontier. That they will try to make a determined stand somewhere before allowing themselves to be forced back into Belgium or through Luxembourg goes without saying, and it also goes without saying that the Allies will do their best to keep them on the move and to give them no leisure either to rest or to entrench. If the Germans are unable to fortify they will retreat slowly and fight a series of rear-guard actions, and these are always formidable from such an army as theirs. But at the moment it seems to be their intention to make a stand at the River Aisne, although they must fight here at a great disadvantage. The retirement of the German centre at Sezanne and Vitry Le Francois seems to have been due less to the direct attack of the French than to the success of the British force immediately to the north of Paris and operating against the German right wing. It is evident that when the wing of an army has been pushed back to a certain point the centre also must retire to prevent an envelopment and also to protect its communications. On the other hand the centre must fall back if it is in danger of being pierced, which would have the effect of cutting the army into two pieces. It is said that General von Kluck recklessly exposed himself under the impression that the British

THE GERMAN WITHDRAWAL.



attempting the capture of the capital, since there could be no successful siege so long as a vigorous and intact enemy remained in existence. We need not stay to ask if this swerve to the east had been foreseen, if it was a part of the original German plan. Probably it had not been foreseen. The German confidence seems to have been so limitless—and to an extent so well justified—as to include the crushing of the French army somewhere in the north of France and an unhampered advance to Paris. Nor need we ask if the persistent falling back of the Allies was a part of their plan of campaign and intended to culminate in the favorable ground where they now find themselves. It is easy to persuade ourselves that we intended to do what we are forced to do and perhaps it is not important to the practical study of things as they are. That the ground lying immediately north and northeast of Paris was extraordinarily favorable to the Allies is evident enough. In the immediate vicinity of all great capitals is a network of railroads that cross and intersect like the strings of a fish net. This gives an extraordinary advantage to troops in possession of them and an extraordinary disadvantage to the attackers, since the defensive forces can be moved with great rapidity from point to point in answer to the needs of the moment. On the other hand the attacking force finds either that the lines in their area have been destroyed or that all rolling stock appliances have been removed. Then again it will be seen that the area around Paris is intersected with various rivers that the defenders can cross with ease, but that are veritable death traps to the attackers, who find that all bridges are broken and that their hastily built pontoons are easily and instantly destroyed by long-range artillery fire. But putting all considerations of intention and foresight on one side, it is obvious that the Allies around Paris were in a situation that must have been after their own hearts and that the cards were stacked in their favor.

force facing him was so depleted by losses as to be negligible. As soon as his retreat became imperative the centre also had to retire in order to straighten the line and to guard the rear. The vital nature of this particular struggle is shown by the almost identical terms in which the rival commanders exhorted their troops. General Joffré in a general order said that "a force which can not advance further shall, no matter at what cost, retain the conquered ground and be killed on the spot rather than fall back. Under the present circumstances no weakness can be tolerated." The German commander warned his men that "the whole forces of the German army, as well as those of our army corps, must be engaged all along the line from Paris to Verdun, in order to save the welfare and the honor of Germany. I expect that every officer and soldier, notwithstanding the battles and heroisms of the last few days, will do his full duty until death. Everything depends on the result of the day tomorrow."

Let us assume that the Germans are forced to continue their backward movement and so ask ourselves which way they will go. Their main force entered France by way of Belgium, but if it should be necessary for them to return—a necessity not yet faced—will they return the same way that they came? Can they do so? It may be impossible, and for reasons presently to be stated. In the meantime look at the map of Europe and note that the French frontier is divided into four approximately equal portions facing on Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and Belgium. But there is still another frontier, so insignificant in size that the tourist hardly notices it, but that becomes anything but insignificant in the lurid light of war. Just to the south of Belgium is the tiny Duchy of Luxembourg occupying a few miles of the French frontier. The integrity of Luxembourg was guaranteed by the powers in just the same way as the integrity of Belgium, and in just the same way it was violated, seeing that the Germans sent one of their invading armies through its territory. It is said that the grand duchess drew her automobile across the road and implored the Germans to

The map that appears upon this page shows the approximate position of the German army before and after the

turn back—fruitlessly, it need hardly be said. Now the Italian and Swiss frontiers are obviously out of the question, so far as a German retreat is concerned. The German frontier is also out of the question because it is too far south and also because of its fortifications. There remain, then, Belgium and Luxembourg as the two open doors back to Germany.

But are both of these doors actually open? Is the door through Belgium still open, or, if it is still open, is it liable to be slammed shut at any moment? Belgium is supposed to have been overrun by the Germans, but as a matter of fact it was not quite overrun. The northern portion of the country was never occupied at all and the northern portion includes Antwerp and Ostend, and in Antwerp there is an aggressive Belgian army. When the Germans met with their recent reverses they were so badly in need of reinforcements that they denuded Belgium of the troops that were holding the country, and in their place they left a weak force of recruits and some sailors, a force so weak that the Belgians at once sallied from Antwerp and began to make themselves unpleasant by harassing the German garrisons as well as the southern-bound regiments. Now it is quite on the cards that the Belgians, with such foreign aid as may be available, may find themselves in a position not only to sweep their country clear of what few German forces are still there, but also to bar the gates against the return of the main German armies. Much, of course, would depend on the condition of the German armies, for even such magnificent discipline and magnificent courage as they have displayed may not be proof against incessant hammering at their rear combined with roads soft under autumn rains and with all the discouragements incidental to a retreat. But there are other reasons why the Belgian passage may prove impossible.

When the story of a Russian army in Belgium was first told it was received with incredulity. It will be remembered that this army was supposed to have been brought from Archangel in Finland, over the northern coasts of Scandinavia to Leith, thence by rail to the south of England and across the Channel to Belgium. We were told that there were no Russian soldiers at Archangel and that none could be taken there and therefore none taken from there. But the stories increased and multiplied. Passengers from England arriving in New York said that they had seen the Russians in England and that they had certainly been taken to Belgium. Within the last few days there have been half a dozen references to these Russians in cable reports, and one correspondent whose message had been passed by the censor said that the army was of considerable size, but that it would be indiscreet to state its whereabouts. It may be said, moreover, that the wife of a well-known San Francisco banker now in London, writing to a member of her family in a letter received on Tuesday of this week, states that she saw detachments of Russian soldiers in London, of course without knowing anything of their origin or destination, and this is but one of many such personal testimonies. Now there has been no reference at any time to the presence of Russians at the front, and there would have been references had they been at the front and participating in the fighting. Assuming that these stories have some foundation, and they must have, we may ask ourselves what has been done with this force and for what purpose is it being reserved? Is it possible that it is somewhere in the neighborhood of Antwerp or of Ostend and that its purpose is to cut the German communications or to bar the Belgian frontiers to the returning Germans just at the moment of the greatest German weakness? In this case Germany would be forced to use the Luxembourg door, and this also might be shut at the critical moment. That the German communications are extraordinarily weak has already been noted and explained on the ground of the expected rapidity of the German advance, a rapidity so great as to minimize the necessity for the usual safeguards. Indeed the line of communications through Belgium seems already to have been attacked more than once if we can believe the many reports of a shortage in the ammunition and other supplies. It will be readily seen that an army of a million men needs the constant support of another and ever-moving army of supply wagons, and that these supplies must be guarded by strong forces through every yard of hostile territory. The Germans may have expected to live to a great extent upon the country traversed, but they could not get their ammunition from the country, and for this they would have to depend upon their communications. And it is just in the ammunition supplies that the pinch seems to have been felt. It may be that the communications through Belgium have already become so insecure that it has been necessary to establish a fresh route through Luxembourg, and that this may account for delay and a temporary stoppage of supplies. Certain eastern military strategists have pointed out that the effort finally to cut the German communications would properly be postponed until the extension of the line and natural exhaustion and retreat had done their full work in depleting the strength of the invaders. It is quite on the cards that we may presently hear something startling about these Russian troops and so realize that the most critical of all operations has been successfully bidden.

Americans accustomed to geographical vastnesses are apt to forget how small is the actual field of hostilities in Europe, at least in the west of Europe. Imagine a strip about one hundred and eighty miles wide and stretching from San Francisco to Fresno and you have a rough idea of the extent of the territory in which these millions of men are struggling and dying. From Paris to Lille is 110 miles, to Amiens 70 miles, to Liège 200 miles, to Verdun 120 miles, to Bar-le-Duc 130 miles, to Metz 180 miles, and to San

Quentin 80 miles. Belgium occupies a little more than eleven thousand square miles.

A recent report from General Joffré speaks highly of the service rendered to the intelligence department of his army by the aeroplane service, and while the Zeppelin seems to have been neither useful nor ornamental, the aeroplane has evidently gone far to justify its military existence. Indeed it must be so when we remember that the aeroplane can easily travel a thousand miles a day, and in relative safety from attack except from its own kind, while an army is doing wonders if it covers twenty miles a day. Nothing can be concealed from the aeroplane, and it is certainly to this arm that the credit must be given for the instant detection of the position of the German armies after they were expected to attack Paris and failed to do so. General Bonneau of the French army during some recent manoeuvres expressed his high sense of the value of the aeroplane when he said, "With the aeroplanes everything is seen by the eye; nothing is left to guess." Mr. Henry Woodhouse, writing for the *Springfield Republican*, gives some surprising figures of the numbers of aeroplanes that are probably now in operation by the European armies. He tells us that France has 1200 military aeroplanes, as well as 500 machines that were privately owned. Germany has 600 military machines and 400 added by acquisition. Russia has 800 military aeroplanes and 150 of private ownership. England has 200 sea planes, 300 military aeroplanes, and 300 others that have been recently acquired. Austria has 100 military aeroplanes and 250 that have been acquired, while Belgium has a total of 80, and Serbia of 40. Of dirigibles, including Zeppelins, France has 31, Germany 35, Russia 16, England 15, Austria 10, and Belgium 2. The dirigibles vary, of course, very much in size, ranging from 490 feet in length to 250 feet. These totals are certainly surprising, but it may be said in mitigation that a considerable number of the machines are inefficient for lack of aviators and also of the necessary equipment and rolling stock. Mr. Woodhouse tells us that for the last two years the German and French frontiers have been patrolled at night by dirigibles. On the night of October 15, 1912, he says, the French military dirigible, *Adjutant Vincenot*, which recently made a record of over thirty-five hours' cruising without stopping and was then stationed at the military camp of Toul, while making a reconnaissance along the German frontier, met a German military Zeppelin dirigible, stationed at Metz, which was also reconnoitering along the German frontier. This was the first time that dirigibles had met one another on actual duty. The two dirigibles ignored each other, but the German dirigible remained in the neighborhood until the French had started back for Nancy.

We have heard a good deal about the taking of forts, and it is not always understood why some of these places are taken almost at once, while others make a prolonged resistance. In the first place it may be pointed out that if a fort is not in a position to do valuable work by holding out it is practically surrendered by the removal of most of its garrison and its guns. In the second place the taking of a fort depends almost entirely upon the calibre of the guns brought against it and of the guns that defend it. The Germans are in possession of siege guns that would reduce any fortress in the world, that would hammer it to pieces by explosive shocks. But such guns are very difficult to transport. If the German siege guns were kept steadily in action they would consume 5000 tons of ammunition a day, and in many cases this would be an almost impossible burden on the communications. The German siege guns are drawn by traction engines, and the difficulties over soft ground are therefore obvious. Of course such guns may be silenced by equally impressive defense guns, and perhaps there are such guns in the Paris forts. An attack on Paris would be an artillery duel, but the forts could certainly have been destroyed in the event of a failure on the part of the garrisons to silence the attacking guns. The new Krupp guns can throw a 484-pound projectile six miles, and a 759-pound projectile four miles, and it is said that the French have nothing so powerful as this. It may be said that there has been no confirmation on the part of the Allies of the taking of the fortress of Maubeuge announced from Berlin about ten days ago. Even if it were true it is impossible to believe that Maubeuge contained 40,000 men or anything approaching that number. To shut up and render useless so large a force as this would be folly at a time when every available man was needed at the front.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1914.

The African possessions and protectorates of the European powers now at war are more than three times as large as Continental United States. They are more than three times as large as all of Europe now plunged in war, and are eleven times larger than England, France, Germany, and Belgium, which control them. The largest individual holder of African territory is France, with 3,812,000 square miles, more than a million and a half of which is the Sahara Desert. England controls 3,618,245 square miles; Belgium, with Belgian Congo as its sole possession, 802,000 square miles, and Germany 1,035,086 square miles.

Originally there were no fish in Crater Lake, one of nature's wonders on the summit of the Cascade Range in southern Oregon. Rainbow trout were planted, and now they swarm the waters, ranging up to ten pounds in weight. The lake itself has an area of twenty and one-fourth square miles (water surface), which is situated in the caldera of an extinct volcano. It is surrounded by unbroken cliffs which range from 500 to nearly 2000 feet in height.

THE DREAM OF YOUTH.

The Old Lovers Meet, to Know a Great Peace.

A bent old woman on whose face life had set the most terrible mask of suffering and disappointment stood in the Rue de la Paix begging. It was a clouded day in Paris with an atmosphere that draped the passing throngs in chill. In spite of this, or perhaps because of it, the beggars were not doing well. The populace was excited over the news of war having been declared against France. The old woman, who mumbled with a German accent, at length withdrew, stumbling along the boulevard by means of a cane. Avoiding the crush of the thoroughfare, she turned into the first cross street. A dirty child with pathetic, peaked face and upturned nose sat crying in a doorway. "Ma mère, ma mère!" it repeated shrilly.

With a few soothing words the old beggar woman took the child by the hand and led it along. A fat, slovenly female who appeared around a corner proved to be its mother. "So it is going to be war again," she said, after amenities. "Well, it might as well be something."

"War is awful," returned the old woman, her tones grown suddenly strong. "It was war that ruined me, the war of seventy. I come from the Rhine. It was when I visited my uncle in Alsace that I met Adrien. He was a soldier of France, a cuirassier. We loved each other. Then the war broke out. Adrien went to a German prison. I was disgraced for trying to help him escape. He did escape later and went to fight. I heard he was killed. I came to Paris and became as you see—nothing."

"It is a sad story," remarked the other. "There are many sad stories in the world—it is too true."

The old beggar woman continued on her way. After long and weary blocks she reached the corner of Rue de la Beure. She sat down on an empty box to rest. Twilight had come with a ghost of a moon. The din of Paris heightened by the stir of war cut it with a clamorous note even in this remote and mouldy quarter. Around the figure of the old woman the gabled, green-shuttered houses gathered like poor spectres struck numb. Voices from a casement or slouching couples gave a lair touch to the picture.

An old man with a crutch on the side of a limp hip and an extremely faded face and pointed chin approached gradually. He paused for breath by the side of the old lady. She looked up at him and he looked down at her. Their look grew, it became hawklike, it melted.

"Adrien," she breathed, with something like youth in the word, "Adrien! After all these wasted years!" She rose unsteadily. There was a tear in her eye.

"Marie! Ma Marie! La petite Marie!" he exclaimed, comprehending slowly. His hands made a motion to clasp her and fell under the burden of his years.

For long minutes they stood with clinging fingers regarding each other and with murmurs of youth on their lips. The call of a new war "extra" smote their ears—the ears of a soldier and the woman who in her rose-fleshed springtime had lost most everything for the love of a soldier.

He pushed her gently forward. "You will come with me," he said.

Slowly and with gnarled hands still caught together they moved slowly up the Rue de la Beure. Their few sentences seemed to have exhausted everything. It brought them to the point of speaking of what they had become, and that was to be avoided. Strangely silent, strangely glad, and with a monosyllable here and there like those occasional flowers which denote a meadow, they arrived at length at a flung-open door where the old man entered, and reached an attic after a weary climb in which they assisted each other.

The moon floated through a small window. The old man lit a gas-jet, which flared miserably. From a dark corner in the room he produced a bottle of liqueur. He poured it into stained glasses and carried one to his companion, who sat smiling on the edge of the pallet. They drank together. At that moment came the sound of a band playing the "Marseillaise" and the heavy tramp of soldiers. It passed slowly.

Something beautiful drifted in the face of the old woman. "Oh, Adrien," she sighed, plucking him with her hands, "it is just like our youth, like the days in seventy. Oh, Adrien, Adrien!" Tears choked her voice.

As the "Marseillaise" came again they clasped each other.

Then he shuffled over and blew out the gas. They crept together on the pallet, their arms about one another, and wanly smiling into each other's face in the half darkness.

In that very position and still smiling the concierge found them next day. The room was full of gas and the sleepers lay very still.

BILLEE GLYNN.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1914.

The University of California now has a large number of university extension classes, over 1500 students being enrolled for correspondence instruction in a wide variety of university subjects, besides 10,000 in agriculture.

SOME ENGLISH HAPPENINGS.

"Piccadilly" Laments the Absence of News and Writes About Alien Enemies in England.

The American reader is apt to think that nothing can be easier than to write an informing and illuminating letter from London that shall picture some aspects of England under the war cloud that are not to be found elsewhere. As a matter of fact nothing can be more difficult. In my last letter I touched upon the newspaper censorship that prevents the publication of even the smallest hint of undesirable news. There may be something of extraordinary interest going on in the east of London and if the news ever reaches the west at all it will be only by word of mouth. The average Londoner knows nothing at all of what is transpiring around him unless he happens to see it himself—and he will probably be told in about a minute to "move on"—or unless he speaks with some one who has seen it. The American with a good American newspaper is much better informed than the Londoner.

Aliens, and particularly hostile aliens, are having a rather unpleasant time in England just at present. Probably hostile aliens are having an unpleasant time all over Europe. Perhaps most of them would have a still more unpleasant time in their own countries, and this may account for their fidelity to the lands of their adoption. Mr. Raphael Roche, who has just reached England from Germany, says that the following notice was posted on the walls of Dresden when he left: "All foreigners are no longer the guests of Germany, but its enemies, kept here by stress of circumstances. If they are allowed out on the streets they must bear themselves with a modest demeanor and must be in bed by eight in the evening." Fortunately there was no stipulation as to the hour of rising, but one wonders why even an alien enemy should be required to go to bed by daylight.

England does not put her alien enemies to bed, but she keeps a sharp eye on them just the same. They must register themselves with the police, and any one giving hospitality to an alien enemy must do the same. Every change of address, and even every journey, must be duly reported, and the least omission in these formalities will have unpleasant results. Curiously enough, you may become an object of suspicion if you keep pigeons, since every one knows that pigeons are more or less reliable messengers, and as a matter of fact pigeons were the only means of communication between Paris and the outside world during the siege of forty years ago. More than one eminently respectable Englishman has already been asked to give evidence that his pigeons do not fly away to Germany with little missives tucked under their wings when they are released from their cootes. On the whole it is better not to keep pigeons or to do anything else that may bring upon you the dubious eye of authority which may not always be intelligent. And if you happen to be a foreigner it would be well to avoid every appearance of pigeons, unless they are in pies. No one at all is exempt from these regulations. If you happen to have such a thing as a German or an Austrian baby about the house or in your baggage you had better go to the police and make a clean breast of it. Age and sex do not count here. For example, Miss Gertrude Sinclair happened to have a maid in her service who was an Austrian. The maid, somewhat tardily, went to the police to register, and she was arrested for not having registered earlier. Then Miss Sinclair was arrested for not having done her part and was remanded on \$100 bail, although the girl had been in her service only three weeks and had assured her mistress that she had complied with the regulations. But the girl herself went to prison, although not, probably, a very rigorous prison. An Austrian hop-picker was arrested in Kent for traveling without a permit, and he must have been a very desperate and dangerous alien enemy, seeing that he had a map of the county in his pocket, bought for six cents at the stationery store. Moreover, he was an impenitent alien enemy, for he told the policeman that he would soon be released by the German army, which he seemed to be expecting momentarily. A German was arrested at Mitcham for the same offense of traveling without a permit. But this particular German might have gone on his nefarious way unchecked but for his pleasant little habit, possibly inspired by his native lager, of calling passers-by "dirty English dogs" and assuring them that they had just two weeks to live. The detective who arrested this valiant alien is now a marked one and will be specially reported by his victim to the German officials when they presently assume their new duties in England.

But a substantial capture was made at Teddington. Alien enemies are not allowed to use motor-cars of their own, and naturally they are forbidden to have firearms. And here was Emile Medinger, actually an officer in the Austrian army and found in possession of two motor-cars, three guns, four revolvers, five pistols, and 327 cartridges. What this alien enemy intended to do with this amazing arsenal was not apparent, but he expressed extreme regret and the most cordial sentiments and was released on paying a fine of \$500.

referred just now to Mr. Roche, who has just reached England from Dresden, to which place he went—unavailingly—for the benefit of his health imme-

diately before the outbreak of war. Mr. Roche says that Prince Lichnowsky, who was German ambassador to Great Britain, is now in permanent disgrace with the emperor, who declined to receive him on his return. It seems that the prince gave the emperor an exaggerated account of the trouble in Ulster, assuring him that England's hands were too full with the threat of civil war in Ireland to pay much attention to continental doings. Civil war, said the prince, was quite certain, and that under no circumstance would England embroil herself with Germany. Prince Lichnowsky and his wife were greatly liked in England, and there was profound regret at the circumstances of their departure. But the incident shows the fatal ease with which the situation in Ulster could be misinterpreted, and by one who had been in close touch with the situation for many years.

LONDON, September 2, 1914.

PRODUCTION OF CALIFORNIA MINES IN 1913.

Largest Output of Gold in Thirty-One Years.

The value of the recoverable gold, silver, copper, lead, and zinc produced at mines in California in 1913, according to the United States Geological Survey, was \$26,812,489, compared with \$26,383,946 in 1912. Except in zinc there was an increase in the output of all these metals, although the tonnage from deep mines showed a decline and there were fewer mines reporting production than in 1912.

The mine production of gold in 1913 was \$20,406,958—\$693,480 more than in 1912. The deep mines of the state produced \$11,570,781, an increase over the year previous of half a million dollars. The placer mines produced \$8,836,177 in gold, an increase of \$190,514. This output of gold in California was the largest in thirty-one years. Only three times in forty-nine years has the gold output exceeded \$20,000,000, and if the year 1883 is excluded, the gold output in 1913 was higher than it has been since 1864. The gold is now derived from extensive operations rather than from efforts of individuals or numerous small enterprises. Some of the deeper quartz mines are working as good ore at vertical depths of 3000 to nearly 4000 feet as was found near the surface. The dredgers are now producing 91.56 per cent of the placer gold from ground which was formerly considered worthless for mining, as being too poor in gold, having no "fall" or no drainage, and on which water could not be used advantageously on any scale under the old systems of gravel mining. There are now sixty-three dredgers in operation in California, and since the beginning of operations with these machines in the state fifteen years ago, the dredge gold output has reached a total of \$65,505,485. There were 410 deep mines reporting production in 1913, a decrease of 122 compared with 1912.

The production of silver at mines in California in 1913 was 1,378,399 fine ounces, valued at \$832,553, an increase of 78,263 fine ounces. Shasta County, as usual, was the largest producer of silver, making an output valued at \$426,203. The recoverable copper obtained from California ores in 1913 amounted to 34,575,007 pounds, valued at \$5,359,126, a decrease of \$160,400 in value compared with 1912. The decrease in value is due to the lower price of copper in 1913. The largest production came from Shasta County, which produced ore valued at \$4,191,866. The two largest deep-mine gold camps are Grass Valley (including Nevada City), in Nevada County, and Jackson (including Sutter Creek), in Amador County, and it is due to these two camps that the counties of Nevada and Amador ranked first and second respectively in 1913 in gold production. The Jackson district yielded \$2,117,962 in gold. The Grass Valley district yielded \$2,830,661 in gold. Three other counties had a production of more than \$2,000,000 in gold—Sacramento, \$2,503,633; Yuba, \$2,491,505; and Butte, \$2,269,849. These three counties owe their large production of gold to the dredging industry, from which the bulk of their gold is derived. The most productive metal camp in the state in 1913 was Kennett, in Shasta County, where the largest smelter in California is situated. The total output at Kennett was 280,657 tons of ore containing recoverable values in gold, silver, and copper amounting to \$3,716,430, or \$13.24 a ton.

No brushes are ever made of camel's hair, yet they are asked for daily and sold as such. There are very many kinds of hair used in the making of "camel's hair" brushes, such as bear, fox, rabbit, squirrel, etc., and, indeed, one authority states that over one hundred and fifty sorts of brushes are known as "camel's hair" brushes, but there is only one definition accepted by the British Board of Trade—"camel's hair" brushes made from squirrel tails, these being the best and most expensive. Real camel's hair is absolutely useless for making brushes, and resembles soft tow of a yellow-brownish color; the mane of a camel is the only part which could be used, and possibly a dozen brushes could be made from one mane. As a matter of fact there are only two specimens of brushes made from the actual hair of a camel in existence. The reason for the term "camel's hair" is the fact that a man named "Camel" was the first one to make these finer kinds of brushes.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Stephan Painsstoff, who has just been appointed Bulgarian minister to this country, was for a long time a professor in Robert College, Constantinople.

Alfred P. T. von Tirpitz, chief of the admiralty of the German navy, is second in command only to Prince Henry of Prussia, the Kaiser's brother. He is an officer of great experience in sea duty.

Dr. Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg, imperial German chancellor, was a lawyer in his earlier life. He is now fifty-seven years of age. He studied law at Göttingen and practiced for six years, after which, in 1879, he was made a judge at Potsdam. There he became intimate with and gained the confidence of the present emperor, with whom he had formerly been a fellow-student at Bonn.

Lieutenant-General Nicholas Yanushkevitch, the newly appointed Russian chief of the general staff, was formerly director of the staff college, and is credited with great administrative qualities. Born in 1868, he is one of the youngest generals in the Russian army. He has yet to gain a reputation in the field, but his position as chief of the general staff makes him the brain of the Russian army.

Count Mensdoff, late Austrian minister plenipotentiary to England, was the best known and most popular foreign diplomat in that country. He made his acquaintance with London and its multifarious society in 1889, when he joined the ambassadorial staff as an attaché. Ten years ago he became minister plenipotentiary. He enjoyed in special degree the personal favor of King Edward, with whom he was related by distant family ties.

H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, who has just returned from a long stay abroad, has probably more decorations than any other American author. His latest have been received from the government of King Victor Emmanuel, the Orders of Saints Maurice and Lazarus, and the Crown of Italy, in recognition of his efforts to bring Goldoni to the attention of Americans. This last distinction corresponds to the Cross of the Legion of Honor received several years ago by Mr. Chatfield-Taylor from the French government in recognition of his biography of Molière.

Mrs. Anna M. Bruen, of the First Presbyterian Church of Belvidere, New Jersey, who has taught Sunday-school for eighty years, holds the world's record, so far as known, for continuous service in this field. She began the work at the age of twelve, and is at her post every Sunday. Since public schools were not numerous in her youth, the Sunday-school teacher had to begin usually with the alphabet. Since the opening of the Chautauqua institution at Chautauqua, New York, she has been almost every year a keenly interested attendant on lectures there.

William C. de Lanoy, just appointed by the President to the position of director of the new bureau of war risk insurance, is the senior member of the firm of De Lanoy & De Lanoy, New York, and his name has been known in insurance circles for thirty years. It will be the duty of the new head of the bureau to devise with the aid of the advisory board a form of government policy for war risks, fix the rates, and provide a business method. The bureau will have to be built from the bottom to the top. Mr. de Lanoy is independent in politics, and is a member of several insurance associations.

General Joseph Gallieni, in whose hands the defense of Paris has been placed, may be called the Kitchener of France. He is reticent and reserved to the point of taciturnity. Although little known in this country, General Gallieni bears a reputation in Europe equalled by few military leaders. General Gallieni is now sixty-five years old. His parents were Italians and his wife is an Italian. He is, like Joffré and Pau, a veteran of the Franco-Prussian War. In recent years, however, his work as a soldier has been done in the French colonies. His great achievement was the conquest and pacification of Madagascar, though before that he campaigned for nearly twenty years in Cochin China. Ten years of his life were given by Gallieni conquering Madagascar and transforming the formerly barbarous island kingdom into a civilized and rich self-supporting dependency of France.

Marquis di San Giuliano, Italian minister of foreign affairs, credited with some writers with having prevented Italy from taking part in the European war, is a Sicilian nobleman of Norman descent, with a consistent hatred of Austria, notwithstanding the fact that Italy was supposedly Austria's friend. He has lived sixty-one years, more than half of which have been spent in public life. First, under secretary in the ministry of agriculture, he was transferred in a subordinate capacity to the foreign office. In 1899 he was made postmaster-general, a position that seems to have been little to his liking. In 1905, however, he gained the post he long had sought and became minister for foreign affairs. He spent much time in the United States in 1904, attending the Interparliamentary Union at St. Louis as president of the Italian delegation. As a result of the Italian-Turkish war the King of Italy created him a Knight of the Order of the Annunciation.

TEA FROM CHINA.

Its Growth and Preparation in the Home of the Plant.

From A. D. 350 to 1838, China tea, and China tea alone, was recognized as the article of commerce known as tea and China has been the fountain head whence the tea culture has spread to other countries. Even at the present day by far the most highly prized and the highest priced teas from India and Ceylon are produced from plants of Chinese origin (says the *National Record of China*).

Despite all that has been written about it, a large majority of people are still possessed of the idea that black and green teas come from distinct varieties of plants. For a time there may have been some reason for entertaining this view because originally black tea alone was exported, grown in Kwangtung and the north and west parts of the province of Fukien, and shipped from the one port of Canton. Subsequently, when green tea became an article of foreign trade, it was discovered that this new departure was grown and manufactured in the more northern

provinces of Chekiang and Anhwei. To the black teas hotanists gave the scientific name of *Thea bohea* because largely grown on the range of hills of that name in Fukien. The latter was designated *Thea vividis* from the comparative greenness of its leaf. But the plants have now long been known to be of one and the same description, though Chinese rarely make both kinds of tea, black and green, in the same district. An exception to the general rule may be found in the province of Chekiang.

The Chinese, as is well known, do not drink colored green teas, but only the sundried article, and are said to express surprise that civilized nations should so unnecessarily go out of their way to take the faked when the pure, genuine, and unadulterated article is at their disposal, and as often as not at a lower price.

Tea is grown in China in an absolutely different way from that which obtains in the other great producing countries—India, Ceylon, or Java. In these countries large plantations are to be seen covering many acres of carefully tended cultivated plants, under one management. The produce of each estate is

manufactured into the trade article by machinery, and the busy work goes on uninterruptedly for ten or twelve months in the year. In China there are few plantations worthy of the name. The plant is grown for the most part on the slopes or at the bases of low hills, at nothing like the mountain heights of Assam or Darjiling in India or Ceylon, where tea is cultivated at elevations of 1000 to 7000 feet; but very largely in small patches around and often actually in the gardens of the endless farmsteads, where the drainage is quick and the necessary moisture unailing. The small tea patch is the farmer's heritage. In some few districts, where population is sparse, labor is imported from a distance, but as the picking lasts little over a fortnight that distance can not be great. As a rule the picking is confined to members of the farmer's entourage, and the necessary preliminary sundrying of the leaf is performed in the immediate neighborhood of the hamlet.

The young leaves gathered early in the spring are white or very light yellow velvety tipped teas with no fragrance, little or no flavor except what one would imagine a decoction of straw to taste like, and are unfer-

mented. These teas are made from the earliest buds in the Packlum, Chingtoo, and Panyong districts of Fukien, and the annual yield varies between 6000 and 10,000 chests, Persia being the chief purchaser. These teas are picked at least a month before general picking commences, command what are none other than fancy prices, \$200 to \$400 per picul, and are usually made to order.

This picking over, the general picking commences, and this, unfortunately, is not carried on with any reasonable regard to future supplies. The aim of the native would seem to be to get, and to get immediately, as much leaf off the tea shrub as he can. There is none of the science of picking which obtains in India. In China the leaves are stripped off wholesale with any amount of stalk attached. In India due regard is taken that the lowest leaf in a "flush" or shoot should be so nipped off as to leave the bud in its axil uninjured on the branch, as from it the next flush will then develop and the supply so be continued.

China teas for foreign consumption are prepared entirely by hand, and not by machinery, as in India and Ceylon.

\$100,000,000

**NEW YORK CITY 6 PER CENT REVENUE BONDS
AND CORPORATE STOCK NOTES**

Maturing as follows:

\$57,000,000 6 per cent corporate stock notes due September 1, 1915

\$18,000,000 6 per cent revenue bonds due September 1, 1916

\$25,000,000 6 per cent revenue bonds due September 1, 1917

Price 100 and accrued interest

These three issues are direct obligations of the City of New York

Exempt from the Federal Income Tax

Exempt from all taxation in New York State except for State purposes

**Interest at six per cent per annum, payable semi-annually on
March 1st and September 1st**

**Principal and interest payable in gold coin of the United States of America of the
present standard of weight and fineness at the office of the
Comptroller of the City of New York**

**Coupon form in denominations of \$500, \$1000, \$5000 and \$10,000
Registered form in denominations of \$500 and multiples thereof as desired
Coupon and registered forms interchangeable**

We are advised that these bonds and notes are available for the following purposes:

1—As part collateral for circulation, under the Aldrich-Vreeland act of May 30, 1908.

2—As security under the workmen's compensation law of New York State.

3—As an investment for savings banks and trustees in New York State and elsewhere.

A syndicate of banks and trust companies of New York City has purchased these bonds from the city at par and accrued interest. A large part of the bonds having been withdrawn from sale by the subscribing banks and trust companies, we offer the remainder, on their behalf, for public subscription at the cost price.

Subscription books will be closed at 12 o'clock noon, Tuesday, September 22, 1914, or earlier, in our discretion, without notice. The right is reserved to reject any and all applications, and also, in any case, to award a smaller amount than applied for.

Applications for bonds should be accompanied by a remittance in New York funds of \$50 for each \$1000 bond applied for. The balance will be payable at the offices of the undersigned, Monday, September 28th. If only a portion of the amount applied for be allotted, the balance of the deposit will be applied toward the amount remaining to be paid.

KUHN, LOEB & CO.

J. P. MORGAN & CO.

New York, September 17, 1914.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

My Love and I.

What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and—marry the wrong woman, which perhaps is only a variant of the loss of the soul? Alice Brown in her latest novel tells the story of a mésalliance, and incidentally reduces material success to the dross that it is in comparison with domestic fortune.

Her novel is in the autobiographical form. Martin Redfield, stable boy in Trinidad, meets a cultivated Englishman who adopts him and teaches him. On the death of his patron Martin takes up newspaper work and discovers a prolific vein in his ability to write stories of Italian life in America. Then he meets Mildred, who is lovely, calm, and cool, and in the passion of his infatuation he marries her.

It takes Martin a long time to explore Mildred, to discover that she is utterly heartless, calculating, and selfish, bent upon nothing but ease and social advantages, and wholly unscrupulous in her methods to obtain them. She has the invincible virginity of mind that comes only from self-absorption. She has neither passions nor impulses. Martin's income, large as it is, is poured into the bottomless ocean of her worldly ambitions.

The autobiographical novel is hard to write, because it is so difficult to steer wisely between reticence and revelation and at the same time to succeed in self-portraiture. But here the success is nearly perfect and, strangely enough, it loses nothing from the fact that the portrait is that of a man and that the artist is a woman. Martin has all the virility that the most exacting can demand. His literary and journalistic associates are real men, and not the mercerized presentments that so often follow the feminine touch. If there is over-characterization anywhere it is with the women, and not with the men. Mildred herself we all know. She lives in every street. But Mary, who keeps the boarding-house, the friend of every human being who needs a friend, Mary with her insatiable maternity, seems almost too good to be true, and so perhaps does Ellen Tracy. Martin looks over the prison walls of his marriage and sees the Eden that might have been his had he known in time the worthlessness and the deceptiveness of the beauty that bewitched his boyish fancy.

The author has written a compelling story, one that is full of dignity and truth and that subtly calls forth and displays the nobilities of human nature that respond to suffering.

MY LOVE AND I. By Alice Brown (Martin Redfield). New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Philippines.

The number of those who wish to communicate "the facts" about the Philippines is now a large and increasing one, and they all suggest the inference that these precious facts are to be found only in their own pages, all other pages being prejudiced, or uninformed, or apocryphal. Now we have Mr. Carl Crow, who says that every American ought to know (1) Have the Philippines benefited by American control? (2) Are the Filipinos ready for self-government? (3) What is the real conditions of the Islands with respect to education, politics, religion, industrial development, etc.? (4) What is our duty to the people of the Islands and how can we best fulfill it? The Filipinos, says Mr. Crow, are not ready for self-government. Probably this is true enough, since there are very few even among white people who have ever made anything but a hideous mess of the same undertaking—as witness the state of Europe at the present moment—but we rather imagine that Mr. Crow could go anywhere on earth and use pretty much the same methods to pretty much the same result. The rest of the book is a general survey of conditions throughout the Islands, a survey that is both superficial and narrow-angled, but that none the less contrives to be interesting. To read other books about the Philippines and to neglect this one would be a mistake.

AMERICA AND THE PHILIPPINES. By Carl Crow. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$2 net.

"Broken Music."

This story, notable as it is, leaves us with a certain sense of dissatisfaction. Its central theme is a moral one, but we feel that the hero is by no means so good a man on the last page as he was on the first, nor are we allowed any assurance that his shattered ideals will be restored. Jean, Baron D'Ucelles, has been brought up in the French provinces and his highest ideal is that he may devote his musical genius to the service of religion. Then comes his residence in Paris, and of course his piety melts away like a snowball in hell. He finds favor in true Gallic fashion from great actresses and singers, and he pays the price in alternate ecstasies and penitences. Then the little singer, Margot, comes into his life, giving to him the whole passionate worship of her nature, selling her furniture to support him when he is ill, living with no other thought than service and surrender. And when he parts from Margot,

cruelly and needlessly, he says: "Something has made a new man of me tonight, and I have an idea that this new man will make a little music. *Mon Dieu!* broken music, perhaps, but one can not have everything complete! At the bottom of all music I find that there is grief." The most salutary grief that could happen to Jean would be a thrashing of the same kind that he administers to the singing teacher who has attempted Margot's corruption.

The story is notable for its remarkable depiction of musical and dramatic life in Paris and for the delicate artistry of its literary workmanship. But will not the author give us a sequel that shall make us think less harshly of Jean, Baron D'Ucelles?

"BROKEN MUSIC." By Phyllis Bottome. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35 net.

The Lay Anthony.

Mr. Hergesheimer tells an unusual story in an unusual way, but often with an undue lack of reticence. His hero is a young boy who is painfully anxious to conceal from his associates the fact that he is still—"in the exact, physical aspect of the word—pure." With every intention to remedy this reproach he is presently restrained by his sudden passion for a young girl, and when he leaves home he carries her memory as a sort of protective vision. We have a somewhat too vivid account of his temptations, and then the story plunges for a time into a sort of epic tragedy that is undeniably good work. Perhaps there is no reason why an author should not take off his gloves when he believes that his work needs naked hands, and so it may suffice to say that Mr. Hergesheimer has certainly taken off his gloves here. And the resulting picture has many artistic virtues.

THE LAY ANTHONY. By Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.25 net.

Sunrise Valley.

We may wonder if the author ever knew such people as she here depicts or whether she merely thinks that there ought to be such people. She tells us of a fashionable girl of New York who by the death of her father is compelled to teach school in the country and to accept the hospitalities of a farm house as part of her pay. Expecting to find herself in aboriginal surroundings, she discovers that her hostess is a lady of education and refinement and that the son of her hostess is immaculately irreproachable in manners and hearing. So Blanche learns the needed lesson that there are other standards than wealth and under the chastening influences of country life she almost ceases to be silly. The author can not be said actually to worship the probabilities, but her motives are quite beyond praise.

SUNRISE VALLEY. By Marion Hill. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Anonymous "They Who Question" was published September 3 by the Macmillan Company. Coming as it does when many nations are at war, with the consequent untold misery of thousands of men and women, it seems to voice the heartfelt cry of people the world over. For "They Who Question" is concerned with one phase of the problem of physical suffering, particularly that which is unmerited. Why does a just God allow it—this is the question presented. It is rumored that the author of "They Who Question" is a well-known writer.

The Century Company published September 15 Samuel Merwin's new book, "The Charmed Life of Miss Austin." The scenes are set on the China coast. Miss Austin is the typical "nice" American girl from home who has many unusual adventures.

"Germany and England," by T. A. Cramh. M. A., late professor of history at Queen's College, London, is soon to be published by Moffat, Yard & Co. This book was written before the outbreak of war, and in view of subsequent events it has an enormous and vital interest—particularly for the citizens of this country. The late Professor Cramh was a sincere student of history. He grasped the underlying spirit of the German character far better than the majority of English-speaking people ever do.

"Jehane of the Forest" (Lippincott) is a novel with much of the charm and flavor of Maurice Hewlett's earlier works. The scene is laid in the Forest of Wyrc, near Wales, in the dim years before Richard Cœur de Lion was King of England. The story is filled with the spirit of the woods and of old English chivalry.

The Putnams recently published a story entitled "The King of Alsander," by James Elroy Flecker, author of "The Golden Journey to Samarkand." It is a tale of romance, a tale of madmen, kings, scholars, grocers, consuls and Jews; a tale with two heroines, both of extreme and indescribable beauty; a tale of the South and of sunshine, wherein will be found disguises, mysteries, conspira-

cies, fights, at least one good whipping, and plenty of blood and love and absurdity.

Eleanor Hallowell Abbott's new book, "Little Eve Edgerton," is the story of the unconventional daughter of an eccentric father, and of what happened when she met a very conventional young man in a fashionable summer hotel. The illustrations are by Crosby. The Century Company issued "Little Eve Edgerton" September 15.

James Oppenheim's "Songs for the New Age" is a collection of one hundred of his latest poems, in the form called "poly-rhythmical," by Clement Richardson Wood. The book has just been published by the Century Company.

Reginald Blunt's new book, "In Cheyne Walk and Thersabout" (Lippincott), tells of a district which has been the home of Sir Thomas More, of Henry VIII, of Steel and Swift, Turner, Carlyle, and Whistler, and is rich in opportunities for such a writer as Mr. Blunt. He has dwelt at length on equally interesting but less-known people, and his account of Don Saltero's "Coffee House," of Dr. Dominici's "Bath," and on the "Physic Garden" will delight all those who love the odd nooks and corners of old London.

"The Dutch East," by J. Macmillan Brown, is a volume describing that almost unknown part of the world reached by voyaging outward through the once pirate-ridden Archipelago of Tears. It is published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

Little, Brown & Co. will publish on November 6 a new and revised edition of "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations." The new tenth edition is edited by Nathan Haskell Dole. "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations" has long been the accepted authority. Revised and enlarged, it now includes quotations from nearly 200 of the more important writers of the last few decades, not included in the previous editions, among them Stevenson, Swinburne, Kipling, and Mark Twain.

Jack London's new sea story, "The Mutiny of the *Elsinore*," was published September 9 by the Macmillan Company. This is in a way reminiscent of "The Sea Wolf," pronounced, in fact, even more stirring by some of those who have read advance copies of it.

A new hook hearing greatly on the European situation has just been secured by Little, Brown & Co., and will be published this fall. It is entitled "Sea, Land, and Air Strategy," by Colonel Sir George Aston, K. C. B. The author is an officer of the Marine Artillery and has been a professor of the Royal Naval College and director of the Staff College of England's war machine.

The second and final volume of "George the Third and Charles Fox," from the pen of the Right Honorable Sir George Trevelyan, is in preparation and will appear shortly. It brings to a close the series of six volumes of which the first four are entitled "The American Revolution." The forthcoming volume contains a narrative of the events in England, and on the Continent of Europe, which had a bearing upon the struggle in America; and it tells the story of General Nathaniel Greene and the war in the Carolinas, of Dr. Franklin and John Adams in Paris, and the campaign of Yorktown. It will be published by Longmans, Green & Co.

Ernest W. Hornung, the author of "Raffles" and "The Amateur Cracksmen," is a brother-in-law of A. Conan Doyle.

Books Worth While on the European Crisis.

The following books, covering every phase of the European question, are sold at leading book stores:

"The Memoirs of Francesco Crispi," edited by Thomas Palamenghi-Crispi. 3 vols. George H. Doran Company; \$10.50.

"The Borderland of Czar and Kaiser," by Poultnery Bigelow. Harper & Brothers; \$2.

"Poland of Today and Yesterday," by Nevin O. Winter. L. C. Page & Co.; \$3.

"Thirty Years: Anglo-French Reminiscences, 1876-1906," by Sir Thomas Barclay. Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.50.

"England and the Orleans Monarchy," by Major John Hall. E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$4.

"Common Sense in Foreign Policy," by Sir Harry Johnston. E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25.

"England Invaded," by Edward Ford and Gordon Home. Macmillan Company; \$2.

"A History of England and Greater Britain," by Arthur Lyon Cross. Macmillan Company; \$2.50.

"The Day of the Saxon," by General Homer Lea. Harper & Brothers; \$1.80.

"The Passing of Empire," by H. Fielding-Hall. Macmillan Company; \$2.50.

"When William Came," by H. H. Munroe. John Lane Company; \$1.25.

"How France is Governed," by Raymond Poincaré. McBride, Nast & Co.; \$2.25.

"France Under the Republic," by Jean Charlemagne Bracq. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

"France from Behind the Veil," by Paul Vassili. Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$3.75.

The White House

Books on the European Crisis

THIRTY YEARS: Anglo-French Reminiscences, 1876-1906—Barclay.....\$3.50
HOW FRANCE IS GOVERNED—Poincaré... 2.25
IMPERIAL GERMANY—Prince von Bülow... 3.75
PAN-GERMANISM—Usher..... 1.75
CHANGING RUSSIA—Graham..... 2.50
ARMS AND INDUSTRY—Angell..... 1.25

And many others not enumerated here.

Books mentioned on this page of the ARGONAUT can be procured here. Mail orders promptly filled.

Raphael Weill & Co., Inc.

All Books that are reviewed in the Argonaut can be obtained at

Robertson's

222 STOCKTON ST.

Union Square San Francisco

"Source Problems of the French Revolution," by Fred Morrow Fling and Helen Dresser Fling. Harper & Brothers; \$1.10.

"German Sea-Power," by Archibald S. Hurd and Henry Castle. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3.25.

"History of the German Struggle for Liberty," by Poultnery Bigelow. 4 vols. Harper & Brothers; \$10.50.

"Germany and the Next War," by F. Bernhardt. Longmans, Green & Co.; \$3.

"Germany and the German Emperor," by G. H. Perris. Henry Holt & Co.; \$3.

"Men Around the Kaiser," by Frederick W. Wile. J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.75.

"Imperial Germany," by Prince Bernhard von Bülow. Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$3.

"The German Emperor and the Peace of the World," by Alfred H. Fried. George H. Doran Company; \$2.

"Germany," by A. W. Holland. Macmillan Company; \$2.

"Monarchical Socialism in Germany," by Elmer Roberts. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25.

"Pan-Germanism," by Roland G. Usher. Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75.

"Austria: Her People and Their Home Lands," by James Baker. John Lane Company; \$6.50.

"Hungary: Its History and Revolutions." Macmillan Company; \$1.

"Hungary's Fight for National Existence," by Baron Ladislas Hengelmüller von Henger-vár. Macmillan Company; \$3.25.

"The Hapsburg Monarchy," by Henry Wickham Stead. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50.

"Italy of the Italians," by H. Zimmermann. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

"Cavour and the Making of Modern Italy," by Pietro Orsi. G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

"Italy's War for a Desert," by Francis McCullagh. Browne & Howell Company; \$2.75.

"The Servian People: Their Past Glory and Their Destiny," by Prince Lazarovich-Hrehe-ljanovich. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$5.

"Hellas and the Balkan Wars," by D. J. Cassavetti. Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$3.

"Czar Ferdinand and His People," by John MacDonal. Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$4.

"The Balkans," by William M. Sloan. Eaton & Mains; \$1.50.

"Behind the Veil at the Russian Court," by Count Paul Vassili. John Lane Company; \$4.50.

"Russia and the Russians," by H. W. Williams. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

"History of Russia," by Vasilii Osipovich Kluchevsky. 3 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

"Changing Russia," by Stephen Graham. John Lane Company; \$2.50.

"War and Waste," by David Starr Jordan. Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.25.

"The Human Slaughter House," by Wilhelm Lamzus. Frederick A. Stokes Company; 50 cents.

"The Balkan Wars, 1912-1913," by Jacob Gould Schurman. Princeton University Press; \$1.

"Our Navy," by Archibald Hurd. Frederick Warne & Co.; 50 cents.

"Arms and Industry," by Norman Angell. G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25.

"A History of Diplomacy in the International Development of Europe," by David Jayne Hill. Vol. III. Longmans, Green & Co.; \$6.

"The Essentials of International Public Law," by Amos S. Hershey. Macmillan Company; \$3.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Ever After.

Juliet Wilbur Tompkins tells a story of a rich young girl who gives play to her benevolent instincts by establishing a sort of summer home for indigent artists and who finds, of course, that her protégés are sadly ungrateful. All but one, and him she marries. But in spite of her generosity Lucy has an inherited streak of parsimony. She calculates interest, and scales the waiter's tip, which proves trying to her spendthrift artist husband. Then come the usual marital frictions, which are finally lubricated in an unexpected way, but we may admit that our sympathies are rather with Lucy. The story is a little artificial and a little superficial, but somehow we read on to the last page.

EVER AFTER. By Juliet Wilbur Tompkins. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.20 net.

Briefer Reviews.

"The Light Bringers," by Mary H. Wade (Little, Brown & Co.; \$1 net), is a series of short biographies of men and women who have done something to make the world better or to add to its knowledge. The five biographies comprised in the present volume are devoted to Peary, Clara Barton, the Wright Brothers, Julia Ward Howe, Marconi, and Amundsen. The book is intended for young people and is brightly and attractively written.

"Nurses for Our Neighbors," by Alfred Worcester (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net), is a history of nursing both here and abroad. But it is something more than a history. Dr. Worcester makes a strong plea for what may be called the heart interest in nursing, odious as that phrase is. He suggests that the care of the sick has become a matter of medical intellect to the exclusion of love and the sincere desire to help. It is a striking presentation and one that can leave few of its readers unmoved.

Harper & Brothers have just published "How to Play Baseball," by John J. McGraw, manager of the champion Giants. He says in his foreword, "In this series of lesson talks on the various positions on a ball club I shall try to instruct my readers the same as I do the young fellows who go south to Marlin, Texas, for their first spring practice with the Giants. Only I shall go into more detail, endeavoring to show the boy or the young man how he can become a good ball-player if he has the physical ability." The author's admirable and practical advice is sustained by a number of unusually good illustrations.

Annie Payson Call is already well known for her hooks on what may be called the New Quietism, books that have probably brought health and happiness to large numbers. Her eminently sensible gospel is that of peace, internal tranquillity, and a refusal to react to the annoyance and provocations of life, a doctrine that seems to resemble what is known as New Thought, although it has none of the eccentricities and vagaries of that strange hash of philosophies that is neither new nor thought. Miss Call's latest volume is entitled "How to Live Quietly," and it may confidently be recommended to those who need its sage and kindly counsel. It is published by Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$1 net.

If the rural school shall eventually repay one tithe of the attention now being given to it we need have no doubts of its future as a place of light and leading. The day when "anything is good enough" for the country has evidently passed, and without laments. The latest addition to the literature of the country school is "The Rural School," by Horace M. Culter and Julia M. Stone (Silver, Burdett & Co.), in which the authors seem to cover the whole ground with a thoroughness and a clarity rarely equaled and never surpassed. The teacher who makes of this work his *vade mecum* will find himself equipped at all points. It may be said, moreover, that the illustrations actually illustrate, a virtue rare enough in books of this kind.

The latest addition to the Childhood and Youth Series now in course of issue by the Bobbs-Merrill Company is "Natural Education," by Winifred Sackville Stoner (\$1 net). The author tells how she educated her daughter during the first ten years of her life so that she could speak several languages and write for periodicals at the age of five. It need hardly be said that the story is an extraordinary one, but when we have finished it we feel a greater admiration for the mother than for the daughter. Moreover, we are by no means sure whether the child's capacities were due to education or to heredity. We should like to see Mrs. Stoner try her methods on some child not her own. Of course there is the usual worship of the body and the usual oblivion to the fact that the world owes its greatest debt to the physically infirm, but that is only to be expected at a time when the world has resolutely closed its eyes to all values save the physical.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Soldier's Dream.

Our hughes sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars sat their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet Vision I saw;
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:
'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my hosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us!—rest!—thou art weary and worn!"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

—Thomas Campbell.

The Belfry of Bruges.

In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry
old and brown;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it
watches o'er the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty
tower I stood,
And the world threw off its darkness, like the
weeds of widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with
streams and vapors gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast
the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chim-
neys, here and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, van-
ished, ghost-like, into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early
morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron heating in the ancient
tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the
swallows wild and high
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more
distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the
olden times,
With their strange, unearthly changes, rang the
melancholy chimes.

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the
nuns sing in the choir;
And the great hell tolled among them, like the
chanting of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms
filled my brain;
They who live in history only seemed to walk the
earth again;

All the Foresters of Flanders.—mighty Baldwin
Bras de Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de
Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned those
days of old;
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who
bore the Fleece of Gold;

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden
argosies;
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal
pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on
the ground;
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk
and hound;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke
slept with the queen,
And the armed guard around them, and the sword
unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and
Juliers hold,
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the
Spurs of Gold;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White
Hoods moving west,
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden
Dragon's nest.

And again the whistled Spaniard all the land
with terror smote;
And again the wild alarum sounded from the
toesin's throat;

Till the bell of Gbent responded o'er lagoon and
dike of sand,
"I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in
the land!"

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The
awakened city's roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into
their graves once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes; and, before
I was aware,
Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-
illuminated square.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

New Books Received.

THE UNSEEN EMPIRE. By Atherton Brownell. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.
"A dramatic story of peace, done in the form of a play."

PARTY GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By William Milligan Sloane. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2 net.

A history of American politics and an exposition of party political tendencies in practice.

MARK TIDE IN THE BACKWOODS. By Clarence B. Kelland. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

A story of adventure for boys.

CAPTAIN OF THE CAT'S PAW. By William O. Stoddard, Jr. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

A story for boys.

APPLIED CITY GOVERNMENT. By Herman G. James, J. D., Ph. D. New York: Harper & Brothers; 75 cents.

The principles and practice of city charter making.

THE LAST INVASION. By Donal H. Haines. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.

A tale of the supposed invasion of the United States.

THE NEW CLARION. By Will N. Harhen. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE SPRING LADY. By Mary Brecht Pulver. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

INSURGENT MEXICO. By John Reed. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

"A true story of the real Mexico."

THE DUTCH EAST. By J. Macmillan Brown. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Truhner & Co., Ltd.; \$3.50 net.

Sketches and pictures in a little known field.

THE CHOICE OF LIFE. By Georgette Leblanc (Mrs. Maurice Maeterlinck). New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A novel with a meaning.

THE GREATEST OF THESE. By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS. By Ian Hay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE DONS OF THE OLD PUEBLO. By Percival J. Cooney. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A love tale of Old California.

THE PRINCE OF GRAUSTARK. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

PSYCHOLOGY, GENERAL AND APPLIED. By Hugo Münsterberg. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.75 net.

A text-book.

FLAME OF FROST. By Alice Jones. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30 net.

A novel.

THE WALL BETWEEN. By Ralph D. Paine. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

Wrote a Book as a Pleasure.

Adam W. Kirkaldy, now a soher professor of finance in the University of Birmingham, England, says that for many years, from early boyhood in fact, his interest had been connected with the sea and ships and that it has been a great pleasure to write his exceptionally valuable new book, "British Shipping," just published by E. P. Dutton & Co. He discusses ownership and the modifications caused by the modern tendency to combine; and explains the classification and registry of shipping, its insurance and regulations. He outlines and discusses the probable economic effects of the opening of the Panama Canal and in conclusion describes the leading

ports of the United Kingdom, giving the port and dock regulations and customs of each; valuable appendices taken from official statistics at Lloyd's and elsewhere; give tonnage entered and cleared from British ports, development of business passing through the Suez Canal; number and tonnage of companies; working of some cargo steamship companies, tables of distances by trade routes; prices and values of fuel; fluctuations of freights, 1884-1913; workings of some passenger steamship companies, etc.

In a book issued in April, 1913, Francis Grierson, born in England, raised on the American prairies, and proclaimed in the courts of Europe as a musical and literary genius, clearly prophesied war as part of the new era soon to appear. After warning against the "Teutonic Juggernaut" Mr. Grierson said in "The Invincible Alliance," published by the John Lane Company: "It requires Anglo-demoniacal effrontery to suggest disarmament when dealing with a people like the Germans. This effrontery comes only from ignorance of the Bismarckian ambition, of the tendency of the German youth, of everything pertaining to the Teutonic race of today. . . . We are about to enter a phase of existence so new, so strange, so fantastically paradoxical, so extravagantly unhistorical, so ironically bewildering that it is hardly possible to conceive the situation." As to the final outcome, he says: "The new era will bring with it a spiritual renaissance, and the unity of the Anglo-American people."

The Bobbs-Merrill Company has secured for fall publication a novel dealing with early life in the Middle West which is said to be not only deeply interesting, but historically valuable. The manuscript was sent from New York City, but only after the publishers had been warned that the authorship would not be disclosed and the promise extracted from them that they would make no effort to discover who wrote it. This demand, which was acceded to after proper investigation, seems to carry anonymity to the extreme limit. The title of the new novel is "In My Youth," which would indicate that the story must be something along autobiographical lines.

Few people are aware that William Allen Butler, creator of the famous Flora McFlimsey of "Nothing to Wear," wrote stories and much delightful verse for children, for it has usually appeared anonymously in newspapers and primers. The Frederick A. Stokes Company has been fortunate enough to secure perhaps the most charming of these stories, "The Animal Book," for publication this fall. It was written for some of the author's own little friends and after his death was found among his unpublished papers.

Students of heredity will find subject for thought in the house of Hohenzollern. Kaiser Wilhelm, present head of that line, is a member of that historic house. The father of the founder of the Hohenzollerns was Karl of Swabia, known throughout the civilized world of that time as Karl the Quarrelsome, who for years never set foot in his own capital, leading his armies all over Europe in wars of his own making.

William Winter, "the Nestor of Dramatic Criticism," has recently finished the second series of "Shakespeare-on-the-Stage," to be published this month. It is a masterly addition to his writings.



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"THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE."

And still the wonder grew! How did he do it? Gilbert, I mean. And how did the two do it? How did they manage to blend in so ideal a union text and melodies that seem to emanate from one comprehending brain? Those five miracles!—"The Mikado," "Pinafore," "Iolanthe," "Patience," and "The Pirates of Penzance"! One can not pick and choose between them, they are all so enchantingly beautiful and so enchantingly burlesque in spirit.

In "The Pirates of Penzance" one continually feels the playful Gilbertian satire making havoc of the old-time opera which prevailed in Gilbert's day; "The Bohemian Girl," for instance, and as there is no special cult, as in "Patience," or public body, as in "Pinafore" or "Iolanthe," under fire, we hand ourselves over unreservedly to enjoying the frank hurlesquing of opera as opera. There is the pirate chorus, with its fearsome pirate king, alternately swayed by the most ruthless and the most tender sentiments. There is the youthful hero, literal and single-minded, like the old operatic heroes and marvelously innocent as to the beauty status of his mature Ruth. There are the numerous daughters of the Major-General—two dozen of them, at least—all simultaneously and decorously agitated by the same sentiments, except Mahel. Being the heroine, she is different. There is the instantaneous love affair, the conversion of the indentured pirate into a follower of the queen's colors, and the operatic wars between legitimate and illegitimate forces so deliciously travestied by introducing a band of trembling policemen on the scene.

Although De Wolf Hopper's presence during the whole of the first act was very much missed during the early-week performances, the company this week is individually making a rather better showing in the matter of hurlesque acting, the rôles seeming to hit off their special aptitudes. Jayne Herbert, for instance, was for some reason less heavily taxed in the rôle of Ruth, Frederick's mature nursemaid. Arthur Cunningham repeated his feats of polysyllabic dexterity in the rôle of the Major-General, which is the best thing he does in the line of Gilbertian comedy. That is a fine stage for a major-general, that first entry of the numerous offspring sired of Mahel's sisters, and Arthur Cunningham held dominance of the scene with unusual authority and distinction. And here I should pause to warmly commend the good work of the stage director who has trained company and chorus with such fine thoroughness. The chorus that supports the Major-General in this scene has no slouch of a task. Gilbertian comedy is nothing without appreciation and distinctness on the part of both players and chorus. We are frequently forced to the perception that the minor players in long-run plays only half know what they are talking about. And while I don't believe that all of the present Gilbert and Sullivan players understand every one of the allusions which include satiric mention of many institutions and customs of England that are entirely unknown to us Americans, still there are signs that the stage director saw to it that they understood enough to approximate a general understanding of the joke. Hence the absence of meaningless gabble. The chorus has been worked, and toiled, and sweated over. No doubt of it. One has but to observe the youngest and fluffiest of them getting their limber tongues around the Gilbertian patter to understand how much. And they were all, both men and girls, a highly satisfactory accessory to the Major-General in that rapid curio among patter songs, "I am the very model of a modern major-general."

Arthur Aldridge, with his honest, round British face and equally round British tones was, as usual, very likable and thorough in his work, both spoken and sung, his little weakness concerning pitch having for the time been sternly disciplined out of sight—or, rather, hearing. There is another sinner in this respect in the company, and, curiously enough, one who, like Mr. Aldridge, is also endowed with musical perception and an extremely fine voice. This is no less a person than the dainty little soprano, Idelle Patterson, who gave a very pleasing personation of Mahel this week. Like the Major-General, Mahel also has a very effective stage en-

trance, in which, by the way, the mischievous satire on grand opera shines at its brightest. Every one who knows the opera remembers with delight Gilbert's naughty take-off on the grand-operatic carrying of one over-worked word through pages of vocal pyrotechnics. Thus does the Major-General's fairest daughter, when she pours forth a volume of floritura on the simple announcement, "Tis Mahel." And Gilbert showed his usual perspicacity in selecting the name Mahel, generally spelled "Mable" by the honest working-girl. Miss Patterson quite shone vocally in this scene, her light, pretty voice shining almost brilliantly in the roulades, staccatos, and trills with which Mahel diversified her simple announcement. Only unfortunately in the "Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah" passage her amiable little weakness concerning pitch was evident.

Herbert Waterous's great, tall shape, alarmingly tricked out in the high-booted splendors of the pirate king, was extremely effective in unison with his big booming voice in setting before our delighted eyes a travesty of the pirate chief of high-colored fiction and romantic opera.

Although Mr. Willard's guileless blue eyes and schoolboy expression are the work, not of art, but nature, they consorted rather humorously with his broad shoulders, athletic build, and the fearful insignia on the piratic flag which the chief's lieutenant waved with such conscientious particularity.

We were rather impatient for the coming of our comedian, who, on this occasion, not having his legs curled up in Ko-Ko contortions, nor his back bent by the Lord Chancellor's senile infirmities, showed himself full length in the second act as a tall, dark-blue column of constabulary apprehension. And here is another scene, one of the best in the low comedy of the five operas, that would almost make a graven image laugh. That chorus of "the policeman's lot" has sung its way over the round world. De Wolf Hopper, it goes without saying, does it up in fine shape, the chorus playing their part of robust echo with delightful absurdity. There again training told, and they were exact in their full-toned ensemble to the last shadow of a shade of a syllable. As I regarded the dejected apprehension written upon the saturnine countenance of the tall and melancholy sergeant I suddenly saw in the mind's eye another shape away back in the past, filling that same rôle in different spirit. This was a jolly, rotund, full-paunched personage, who strutted up and down in front of his band of dark-blue braves, twirling his club, à la drum major, and throwing out his chest victoriously. This was the conception of a player whose sergeant had more vanity than imagination. What a diversity of types one famous rôle can leave on the memory. I should think, by the way, that a comedian of Mr. Hopper's enthusiasm and love of detail would refresh himself, during the monotony of a long run, by occasionally varying his personation. It might be hard on his associates, but on the other hand it wouldn't be at all bad for them to have to work up a little flexibility themselves, and simultaneously exercise their benumbed faculties by escaping week about from the monotony of long-run routine. However, Mr. Hopper's gloomily dignified sergeant was funny enough in all conscience, and kept the audience a-gurgling like the enterprising burglar of whom he sung. Mr. Hopper speaks his lines in rich cockney dialect, for which, by the way, he built up a nose to match, and when the usual speech was called for, that, too, was couched in purest cockney. It was amusing, but nothing in the way of stage speeches, nothing is so ridiculous and enjoyable as a long stretch of De Wolf Hopperisms, extending into an indefinite and loosely related series of allusions, like the gossiping detail of the teller of the tale in Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog of Calaveras."

Gilbert and Sullivan, much as they travestied its more foolish manifestations, never neglected to scatter lyric gems of sentiment throughout their operas. They are all so deliciously sweet, these little songs of love, or the more grandiloquent apostrophes, such as "Hail, Poetry, thou heaven-born maid." This one unquestionably treads on the heels of grand opera in unruly mood, and if every one could glean each word from the lips of the chorus, which, by the way, even with such carefully trained people as these is an almost impossible feat, they would realize it. There is almost musical grandeur in the effect when, in one concerted burst of glorious harmony they sing,

Hail, flowing fount of sentiment!
Hail! all hail! divine emollient!

In contrast to such numbers as this are the tenderly reminiscent song of Iolanthe to the Lord Chancellor, the "None shall part us" of the young lovers, and the "Sorry her lot" from "Pinafore." The melodious duet, "Oh, leave me not to pine alone," with its charming refrain, "Fa, la, la, la," is one of these that the ear drinks with delight. Mr. Aldridge's piano passages are sometimes thrillingly sweet, although he is rather stingy with

them. He could use them more freely in this song, but both he and Miss Patterson sang it charmingly to hushed and appreciative listeners. This week ends the season, with "H. M. S. Pinafore," and perhaps we will have to wait long years for another revival before we again hear the most perfect quintet of comic operas ever composed in the English-speaking world.

THE ORPHEUM.

Nothing in this world ever remains evenly good or evenly bad. We seldom realize this, and are prone to think conditions as we found them will remain static. I never shall forget my amazement when I first discovered, after a prolonged period of abstinence from this type of entertainment, that vaudeville had risen in quality, and that it was no longer necessary to endure three-fourths of it for the sake of the one-fourth that was worth while. As a general thing every number on the programme is good of its kind, and even if it is not your kind—or you had thought so—it will surprise you into enjoying yourself.

This week, however, the Orpheum bill is like old times. There is a swarm of insects there, some of whom have broken prematurely into the rarefied atmosphere of high-class vaudeville. These ephemera buzz in pairs, and their buzzing is as the crackling of thorns under a pot. And we find ourselves in the same old familiar attitude of enduring the three-fourths for the sake of one-fourth of the bill.

This one-fourth consists of the Arnold Daly, the Hans Kronold, and the Jesse Lasky act. True, the Cole and Denaby modern dance act is a good one, in spite of the pair of dancers lacking in individuality and distinction, although the men of these dancing pairs, with their self-effacing subordination to the charms of their fair partners, bear a general family resemblance to each other.

The Jesse L. Lasky act begins tamely, and one has to endure some mechanically rattled dialogue, during which the wires are laid for the presentation of "The Beauties," for so this musical comedy in miniature is called. The "beauty seeker" is an artist in need of a group of natural types, and his faithful heuchman captures them in the steerage of a European liner, so that our first view of them is of a collection of clumsy peasant wenches in native dress. However, the ingenious henchman disarms the wrath of his patron by rigging up the group in gorgeous, up-to-date array, and although the ten fair ones could not be called beauties except by a stretch of the imagination, still as they have show-girl figures and wear handsome costumes of a certain uniformity, except for a very effective divergence of color, the interest of the house warmed up very appreciably when the peacock parade of transformed white-armed and white-necked hours began. That was really the objective point of the whole proposition. It wasn't a bad idea at all, more especially as the selection of the girls was made according to type, which shed some extra interest on the affair. And then, Ziegfeld to the contrary notwithstanding, the public still enjoys the spectacle of the stately show-girl parade. The novelty is gone, but fine-looking girls admittedly exhibiting their charms in fine clothes are always an agreeable sight. Look at the mannequins trying on hats in a show-window. They can draw a crowd any time. They did well in selecting Mae Busch for the American beauty. She is decidedly the prettiest. Next to her in point of beauty is Gertrude Selph, the Russian; then Carmen Granada, the Spaniard. Thea Thompson, the fair Swede, should also be classed in with the extra "lookers," although she needs to acquire that air of profound unconsciousness which so many dazzling beauties, who pass their lives through a lane of admiring glances, so miraculously assume. The rest are right enough as to face and very good as to figure.

Hans Kronold, the cellist, gives an interesting musical number, consisting of four selections that are popular, well-known, and not ashamed to hold up their heads in high musical society; the "Traumeri," for instance. This performer shows great technical skill and much delicacy of effect in his selections, and exhibits a noticeably sweet tone. His share on the programme was needed and appreciated, music, as an actual art, being not otherwise represented.

Arnold Daly has gone back on George Bernard Shaw this week and taken up with Arthur Schnitzler, the brilliant Viennese cynic, who makes a specialty of presenting to our consideration charming women and men of the world who make at once a game and a business of love. In "Ask No Questions" a lover who frankly admits to a quizzically sympathetic friend his own infidelities to his adored mistress expresses a deep disbeliever in her fidelity to himself. His friend suggests solving his doubts through the agency of hypnotism, but the doubting lover finally discovers himself unable to put the question. This piece, of course, was written for a totally different public with totally different stand-

ards. A vaudeville audience likes particularly to see replicas of itself in dramatically, or sentimentally, or humorously exaggerated pictures of the life it lives. Still the Schnitzler piece, considering this fact, goes very well, perhaps because the playing this week is not of so polished a strain, excellent though it is, and also because Mr. Schnitzler does not try to tease, and entangle, and perplex his public. Doris Mitchell has no special opportunity, as during the majority of time that she is visible she is reclining in hypnotically induced slumber. Mr. Daly plays the rôle of the doubting lover with persuasive art that yet discloses itself too plainly to be art. He would do well if he could reinforce his subtle technic with a leaven of that plain sincerity which constitutes Mr. Ray Brown's special asset. I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that Mr. Daly, while not "playing down" to a vaudeville audience, somewhat over-stresses his more obvious effects because he is addressing a vaudeville audience. But he never lays things on thick, always remaining a player of delicately indicated states of mind and showing admirably in "Ask No Questions" the half-comic doubts, fears, and hesitations of the lover who

Either fears his fate too much
Or his deserts are small,
Who fears to put it to the touch,
And win, or lose it all.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Louvain, the quaint old Belgian city, said to have been largely destroyed by fire after falling into the hands of German soldiers, was, before the rise of Brussels, the capital of the province of Brabant. Local tradition attributes the establishment of a permanent camp at this spot to Julius Caesar, but the town did not obtain importance until the twelfth century, when it became a place of residence for the Dukes of Brabant. In 1356 the town had a population of more than 50,000 and was prosperous as the centre of the Belgian woolen trade. The famous Hôtel de Ville, saved from the flames, is one of the richest and most ornate examples of pointed Gothic. The building is three stories high, each story with ten pointed windows forming the façade facing the square. Above is a graceful balustrade with a lofty roof rising behind. The interior contains no noteworthy features. The church of St. Pierre was opposite the Hôtel de Ville. It was built in the form of a cross with a low tower to which the spire was never added. It contained seven chapels, in two of which were paintings by Dierich Bouts. There was also an ancient tomb, the monument of Henry I, Duke of Brabant, who died in 1235.

Richard Wagner's fondness for his faithful dog Peps is well known. At the time when almost all the musical world had turned against him, he would sometimes, in his walks with the dog, declaim aloud against his foes. Then the dog would rush backward and forward, harking and snapping, as if helping his master to defeat his enemies. When Wagner returned home from an excursion to some other city Peps would always receive a present as well as the other members of the family. "Peps received them joyfully," he writes to a friend after one of these excursions. When the time came for the little life to be ended Wagner scarcely left the dying dog's side. He even put off two days an important journey because of Peps's illness and death. He writes afterward to his friend Praeger: "He died in my arms on the night of the ninth, passing away without a sound, quietly and peacefully. On the morrow we buried him in the garden beside the house. I cried much, and since then I have felt bitter pain and sorrow for the dear friend of the past thirteen years."

One of the most notable examples of self-sacrifice by the well-to-do on behalf of the poor is furnished by the work of the Honorable Albinia Brodrick, sister of Lord Middleton, in building Ballinacoon, the hospital at Caher Daniel, County Kerry, for the service of Irish peasants. The hospital, which was begun under her direction eight years ago, is now almost completed. During the eight years Miss Brodrick has led a life of self-denial in the furtherance of the work, living in a cottage on five shillings a week, and saving money by undertaking the duties of foreman herself. Miss Brodrick's devotion to the welfare of the peasants led her to become certificated as medical and surgical nurse and sanitary inspector. She also sold her antique furniture and her beautiful china and jewelry, devoting the proceeds to the work she has at heart. Although a Protestant among a Roman Catholic community, Miss Brodrick is regarded with much affection by those among whom she lives.

Gustav Strube, director of the Peabody Conservatory and formerly a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will conduct a new orchestra in Worcester next season, one rehearsal programme given every week during his engagement of twenty weeks.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Cabiria" Opens Sunday at the Cort.

"Cabiria," the wonderful photo-spectacle comes to the Cort Theatre for an engagement of a single week commencing on Sunday night, September 20, with matinees daily. It is doubtful if any attraction has appeared in San Francisco in a very long time that has created wider interest and caused more discussion than this "historical vision of the third century before Christ," as it has been called by its author, the gifted Italian poet and dramatist, Gabriele d'Annunzio.

The time of this vast photo-drama is when Rome and Carthage were engaged in that titanic struggle which resulted in the final supremacy of the former, and was followed by the consolidation of the Roman Empire, which shortly before the Christian era probably reached the apogee of its greatness. In the film an attempt is made, and with great success, to show life as it was lived in those strenuous times.

The producers of "Cabiria" referred to reliable historical records for their facts. There is no anachronism in the picture. Every detail is faultless. For scenic splendor nothing approaching the score or more incidents shown in this work have ever been projected upon a screen. The eruption of Mount Etna, Hannibal and his great army crossing the Alps, the destruction of the Roman fleet, the burning of the camp of Syphax, the caravan crossing the desert by moonlight, the siege of Ciria, and the scenes in the fearsome temple of Moloch, are realistic almost beyond belief. The fine symphony orchestra and chorus of mixed voices add greatly to the enjoyment of the entertainment in rendering music that has been expressly composed for this remarkable film spectacle. Matinees are to be given every day at 2:20 o'clock, and a popular scale of prices will obtain.

"A Pair of Sixes" follows.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum bill next week will be headed by the delightful little comedienne, Hermine Shone, who will present "The Last of the Quakers," an idyllic comedy in one act by Edgar Allan Woolf. It is a unique combination of modernism and Quakerism. Miss Shone as Pamela Roythorne is particularly happy, and is credited with making the most emphatic hit of her career. She is supported by an admirable little company.

The Six American Dancers, a sextet of stylish steppers, consisting of Estelle Lovenberg, Adelaide Lovenberg, Evelyn Ramsay, William Prucella, Charles Connor, and Thomas Neary, will appear in an entirely new act which includes a most unique and beautiful series of dances conceived and produced by Mr. Lovenberg. One of the chief features will be "Six Periods of American History," each being represented with a different style of dance and an appropriate costume. They are: "Indian," "First White Man," "Dutch," "English," 1850 and 1914. Other dances in his novelty are "The Demure Mademoiselle," "The Graceful Grisettes," "The Dancing Husars," and "The Little Wooden Soldiers."

Ismed, a famous Turkish pianist, who comes direct from Constantinople, is a sensation not only as a musician, but as a showman. His performance will be found very entertaining and much out of the ordinary.

Maurice Burkhart and Elmore White, who style themselves "Home-Run Hitters in the Singing League," certainly know how to put song across the footlights, as well as how to make a home run into public favor.

Binns and Bert, two young Englishmen who have made the world laugh, call themselves "Wrinkle Erasers." They present a gymnastic performance in a humorous manner with decidedly unconventional make-ups. They are dashing, daring, clever, diverting, and original.

With the programme Hans Kronold, the famous cellist; Alexander and Scott, and Jesse L. Lasky's "The Beauties" will close their engagements.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

Menlo Moore's musical "tab," which he terms "a host of happy incidents of co-education days," otherwise a rollicking comedy with a sextet of singing and dancing maidens, the feature on the new eight-act bill which opens at the Pantages on Sunday. As in all vaudeville tabloids the plot is skimmed rough with a bang and in the "Fair Co-Eds" more has written thirty minutes of fast fun with a sprinkling of clean and nifty dances tacked back of elaborate scenery. Buxsome Bert Perry, who incidentally was the first actor to say "fat men" parts in the "movies," has the principal comedy rôle of the piece.

Clara Beyers, a well-known and liked stock tress, will make her vaudeville debut, supported by Clarence Arper and little Bonita Emmens. Miss Beyers will present "Self-defense," a genuine dramatic thriller with an expected climax.

Schiller's stringed quintet is a classy musical offering with Helenka Schiller carrying

the honors of the act. The girls play popular and classical selections on the 'cello, violin, and piano.

Kitner, Haynes, and Montgomery are a singing trio with a special ship scenery setting, and they have built a comedy act called "Swells at Sea," which is one big laugh from the rise of the curtain.

Billy Chase and Charlotte Latour have a breezy comedy talking and singing act.

Fancy and funny tumbling with daring somersaults will be shown by Heras and Preston.

Frank and Lillian Burbank call their specialty "Five feet of voice and six feet of music."

The war slide service and comedy motion pictures will complete the bill.

"Trial by Jury" at the Greek Theatre.

A signal honor has been conferred on De Wolf Hopper and the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company by the Musical and Dramatic Committee of the University of California, of which Professor William Dallam Armes is chairman, through an invitation to present "Trial by Jury" at the Greek Theatre. This little seen Gilbert and Sullivan masterpiece will be given on Friday afternoon, September 25, at three o'clock.

"Trial by Jury" will be preceded by a concert of gems from the repertory of the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company, consisting of solos, duets, and ensemble numbers, contributed to by Hopper and the distinguished members of the organization. There will be an orchestra of forty pieces.

The affair promises to be one of the most unique and important in the history of the Greek Theatre. "Trial by Jury" has not been presented professionally in this country in something like thirty years, probably because it in itself is not long enough for a complete entertainment. The following principals will appear: De Wolf Hopper, Arthur Aldridge, John Willard, Arthur Cunningham, Herbert Waterous, Gladys Caldwell, Anabel Jourdan. Tickets are for sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, San Francisco and Oakland; the Associated Students' store, Tupper & Reed's, Glessner, Morse & Geary's, the Sign of the Bear, and Sadler's, Berkeley. Popular prices will obtain.

Symphony Orchestra Concert Season.

Seats are on sale at the offices of Frank W. Healy, manager, for the subscription series of ten symphony concerts of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, to take place at the Cort Theatre at three o'clock on the following Friday afternoons: October 23, November 6, November 20, December 4, December 11, January 8, January 22, February 5, February 19, March 5.

Henry Hadley, who returns to San Francisco today, will find an orchestra of well-equipped and experienced musicians ready to respond to his baton, and a list of splendid artists to assist as soloists at the concerts. Some of the original list of famous Old World violinists, singers, and pianists selected for soloists are fighting or marching, and others, male and female, while accorded every courtesy, will not be allowed to leave their countries until the war is over. However, there will be no famine, as any number of artists compelled to cancel European concert tours are rushing to America.

The soloists for the first half of the approaching season are: Marcella Craft, a California girl and the sensation of many operatic seasons at Kiel, Mayence, Munich, and Berlin, and who sang for the Kaiserin at the Berlin palace, and was further honored by being selected by Richard Strauss, the composer, to sing the title-rôle in his "Salomé" at the gala performance at the Berlin Opera, and Tina Lerner, the beautiful and talented Russian pianist. Both are now safe in America. Miss Craft will return to the Munich Opera after the war is over, but Miss Lerner will in future make her home in America and visit Europe only as a touring concert artist.

The programme to be given at the first concert of the orchestra, subject to slight change, follows:

Overture, "Euryanthe" Weber
Symphony No. 1, G Minor Kalinnikow
(First performance in San Francisco)
Variations on a theme by Haydn, Opus 56-A Brahms
Overture, "Sakuntala," Opus 13 Goldmark

Six new classical ballets, a forty-minute modern ballroom soirée, and ten new diversissements, making what is claimed to be the most comprehensive choreographic programme ever arranged, will be presented by Mlle. Anna Pavlova during her forthcoming tour of America. In addition to her new programme and enlarged company Mlle. Pavlova will have new scenery and costumes.

The Brighton, England, municipality recently voted the sum of \$125,000 to build a new concert hall for the municipal orchestra and to remodel the terrace for outdoor concerts.

CURRENT VERSE.

Drake's Drum.

Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round-shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Yarnder lumes the island, yarnder lie the ships,
Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
An' the shore lights flashin' an' the night-tide dashin',
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Doven seas,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round-shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long ago!
—From "The Island Race," by Henry John Newbolt.

The Harvesters.

(FRANCE, 1914.)

Look! the harvest stands unreaped
In the silent golden field!
Where is he who should be there,
Wont the sickle keen to wield?
Look! the vineyard clusters darken,
Who is there to store its yield?
Yester eve, at angelus—
Ah, how many with us kneeled!

Hush! the reaper—he is reaped,
He is brother to the clod;
Not like sheaves can he be raised.
And the vintage—my God!
Is become the vintage heaped,
Only waiting to be trod,
When the rich wine of his life
Shall be drunken by the sod!

Woman, you your hand must serve;
Breast the silent golden corn;
Do not stay for words or tears
Till the teeming field be shorn,
Till the clusters dark with wine
To the presses shall be borne.
Him, the valiant, whom you loved,
Proudly shall our cross adorn.

Hush! the reaper—he is reaped!
On the breast that breathes no more
What avails your honor cross?
What avails the harvest store,
When the land is stripped of men?
Hearts shall thirst and hunger sore.
Aye, no blood of grapes shall hearten
When the wine of life ye pour!

Women, now the corn is ground
And the wine is in the cave,
Sow the fields and prune the vines;
When next summer's harvests wave,
Praise be yours, and yours alone,
For the bounty that ye gave.
Go, be mothers to the soil
That is orphaned of the brave.

Hush! the reaper—he is reaped!
Ask that we the soil prepare
And the red wine seal away!
Grief all fields for us shall bear,
Grief the cup that we must drink.
And the children of our care
Shall be starved for father love—
Aye, the years of famine fare!
—Edith M. Thomas, in New York Sun.

Long Summer Days.

"He'd nothing but his violin—I'd nothing but my song—
Yet we were wed when skies were blue—and Summer days were long."

In Love's Lost Garden through the years
Once more the Dreamers seek old ways
That lead through heartache and through tears
To Life's long vanished Yesterdays;
To Yesterdays when dreams came true,
And they, apart from all the throng,
Meet once again where skies are blue—
And Summer days are long.

Once more he walks the old-time lanes,
And in the dream that follows there
Puts "blood of roses in her veins"—
Weaves "yellow sunshine for her hair";
Though coming darkness blurs the view,
He hears again an old-time song—
He only knows that skies are blue
And Summer days are long.

In Love's Dim Garden one by one
We seek again some vanished day
That calls us, when our youth is done,
Across the Fields of Far-Away;
Through drifting years when dreams come true
And hearts were bold and brave and strong—
When Love but knew that skies were blue—
And Summer days were long.
—Grantland Rice, in Collier's.

The San Francisco Institute of Art.

An exhibition of water colors by American artists is under way at the Art Institute, and will continue to September 25. This collection was arranged by the American Federation of Arts, and is comprised of ninety-four paintings, representative of the best work of artists using this medium. As it is seldom possible to view a collection of water colors of a high standard in San Francisco, and by artists of national prominence, the board feels gratified in offering this opportunity to the art public.

The Norman kings had a way of their own of making money from their warlike preparations. William Rufus, in the sixth year of his reign, "caused 20,000 Foot to be lifted in England to rendezvous in Normandy; but when they were come to the sea coast in order to be transported he sent them all home again, after exacting ten shillings from each of them for their diet." Years afterwards Richard I, according to the old chronicle, "Ordnained that there should be Jousts and Tournaments throughout England, for the better exercise of men in Martial Affairs; yet so that all Persons should pay for their Licenses to hear a part in these exercises, after the following rates: Every Earl twenty marks, every Baron ten marks, and such as had no land, two marks."

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VANITY FAIR.

Our sympathies are with Sara M'Pike, who writes a letter to the New York *Evening Globe* for the purpose of administering chastisement to a male person called Angus Morrison. The *Globe* opens its hospitable columns to the letters of the public, which seems rather an unkind thing to do, because the public never displays its idiosyncrasy so effectively as when it writes letters to newspapers. Take, for example, the letter of Angus, who seems to be one of those exuberant donkeys that are always eager to run out into the paddock and Bray, oblivious to the fact that but for the Bray we might never guess the particular zoological department to which they belong. Angus is troubled in what he calls his mind because the leaders of the feminist movement have no babies—or so he says—and also because women in general seem somewhat less addicted to the baby habit than in those dear dead days now gone beyond recall. Of course Angus knows the remedy. The tribe of Angus always knows the remedy for everything. Give Angus two clear minutes to diagnose the disease, any disease, and he will hand you out the requisite prescription with a Bray of self-applause. Give the vote, says Angus, only to men and women who can prove that they are the parents of two children. And Angus is still at large.

And so Sara M'Pike mobilizes on the spot, advances her left wing, and attacks with horse, foot, and artillery. She says that as a matter of fact most of the feminist leaders are married, and then as she sees a disposition on the part of Angus to retire his centre and to take up a new strategical position she hastens to say, rather immodestly we think, that "as for sterility, it was necessary to explain to a visiting English clergyman two years ago that many women were childless because of the dissolute lives led by their husbands previous to marriage." Why it should be necessary to explain this to a visiting English clergyman deponent sayeth not. Are we to understand that Sara herself undertook this delicate explanatory mission? And what did the visiting English clergyman say? Personally we do not understand such matters, not being a high-school girl, although various kind ladies have visited this office from time to time in the effort to make the thing clear to us, and one of them had a diagram, the horriddest thing we ever saw and quite unsuited to adults. So we will take Sara's word for it that men are to blame for the absence of a good many children that ought to be born as well for the presence of a good many children that ought not to be born. As we have already said, we are not instructed in such gear, and Sara is, but we intend to get hold of some simple school textbook on sex hygiene and study it, pictures and all. Then we shall be able to hold our own conversationally at the next Sunday-school treat, and perhaps we might even write to the newspapers.

Now we may confess to a certain impatience with those noisy people who are eternally urging women to have more babies. Mr. Bernard Shaw said recently that if he were invited to have a baby—a highly unlikely contingency—he would demand a good stiff fee. We feel very much the same way ourselves, although our revenue from that particular source is never likely to be a large one. And we may remark furthermore and with the utmost frankness that if the needs of posterity were brought to our attention we should reply that the needs of posterity left us cold, irresponsive, and unmoved. Anything more uninteresting or less inspiring than posterity it is hard to imagine. We should explain that our fee for having a baby was \$10,000, not C. O. D., but cash with order, *caveat emptor*, and that until the money was actually paid in cold cash we should refuse to consider the proposition. If posterity wants babies, posterity may take such steps in the matter as seem good to it. Posterity has never done anything for us so far as we are aware.

It is certainly amusing to hear these pleas for posterity emanating from people who would not themselves endure a headache to save posterity from annihilation. We have been reading some of the women's newspapers lately and have been much struck with some articles on the Twilight Sleep, although why such a silly name must be given to something that seems to be only a new anæsthetic we can not imagine. But we gather that the having of babies is distinctly inconvenient and uncomfortable, and the objections of some women are therefore quite reasonable. Moreover, babies are largely a nuisance, and we have a strong suspicion that those who clamor for an increase in their number are usually militarists, who believe that the supreme end and aim of women should be to produce soldiers. Now these opinions may seem diametrically opposed to those that we have expressed upon other occasions, but although we have many vices, and hope to acquire many new ones, the vice of consistency will never be found among them.

A determined effort was made during the Franco-Prussian war to organize a battalion of women, and it would have succeeded but for the opposition of the authorities. Felix Belly, who was responsible for the movement, says that there were three thousand women applicants. He adds: "The military uniform pleases them and they also have a real instinct for war. They will be model soldiers, since they drink little, and especially because they don't smoke. They will be attired in black trousers, with orange hands, black woollen blouses, and a cap trimmed with orange, and they can carry light arms." Women played a large part in French revolutionary days. The march of women on Versailles was led by a girl, and one of their number was Theroigne de Mericourt, who rode all the way upon a cannon. The women of the Fauhourgs were veritable Amazons and were even used to escort prisoners to the guillotine. All through the provinces there were formidable hands of women, armed and drilled and ready to fight like—women. These facts may have some relevance to the present feminine pose as age-long champions of peace.

In the same connection we may note the number of women now to be seen on the streets dressed in imitation of Cossacks. A military touch is quite an essential of the modern costume.

That "love sickness" is no mere poetical fancy, but a real malady, is the pronouncement of an editorial writer in the *British Medical Journal*, London. Every one knows that the rejected lover may suffer loss of appetite, waste of tissue, and depression of spirits. Burton in his "Anatomy of Melancholy" treats at length of the peculiar variety of melancholy due to despised love, and accounts its symptoms by the dozen. According to Plato, Empedocles, the philosopher, who was present at the cutting up of one that died for love, reported that "his heart was combusted, his liver smoky, his lungs dried up, insomuch that he verily believed his soul was either sodden or roasted through the vehemency of love's fire."

The English writer goes on to say: From an Italian medical journal of recent date we learn that Dr. F. Barrett, whom we are unable to identify, and to whose work no reference is given, holds that love is an intoxication of the nervous centres. The circulatory system may be affected, especially if the patient is young and is suffering from a first attack. This recalls Galen's story of how he diagnosed the case of a young girl who was thought by her anxious parents to be dying. Believing that nothing more than love sickness was the matter, the astute physician had the suspected object brought into her presence, meanwhile keeping his hand on her wrist. The sight of the young man quickened the maiden's pulse to a rate that left no doubt in Galen's mind as to the cause of her indisposition. Dr. Barrett, we are told, has made researches on the blood of people in love, and has found marked leucocytosis.

If the disease is not speedily cured, love may lead to neurasthenia, and even insanity; it also predisposes to tuberculosis. It is high time, he concludes, that we should think of devising a purely medical treatment for love. What form is this to take? The bacillus of love has not yet been discovered, and therefore no vaccine is available for the cure of the disease. Montaigne also thought that love should be treated by medicine. As translated by John Florio, he says: "Philosophy thinketh she hath not ill employed her means, having yielded the sovereign rule of our mind, and the authority to restrain our appetites, unto reason. Amongst which, those who judge there is none more violent than those which love hegetteth, have this for their opinion, that they holde both of body and soule; and man is wholly possessed with them; so that health is selfe depended of them, and physick is sometimes constrained to serve them." We are left in the dark by Dr. Barrett as to the exact line of "purely medical treatment" to be adopted for the cure of love, and we venture to think that it will laugh at physic as it proverbially does at locksmiths. It is probable that none of the many methods described in Ovid's "Remedia Amoris" has ever cured any lover of his disease. The chief difficulty in the way of successful treatment lies in the fact that the patient, as a rule, does not wish to be cured.

Antwerp, it is said, takes its name from a castle which in Frankish times marked the site of the city. This castle was built to protect the entrance of the Scheldt, and to prevent foreign traders introducing goods into the country without paying toll to the sovereign lord. The penalty for theft and smuggling was in those days the cutting off of a hand, and, as in this case, the severed members were thrown into the Scheldt, the castle came to be known as Andhunerho (or, in Flemish, Antwerpen), "the place of hand-throwing." The castle and two severed hands appear on the city arms to this day.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Everything had gone wrong with Grumps that morning; and as he strode gloomily down the suburban road on his way to the station he was simply aching for an outlet for his temper. "Good-morning," cheerfully called out the man from The Elms, overtaking him. "Good-morning—good-afternoon—good-evening. Now we've made a day of it!" snarled Grumps, viciously.

Her friends had asked their young hostess to play for them, and she was performing a difficult selection from Wagner. In the midst of it she suddenly stopped in confusion. "What's the matter?" asked one of the visitors. "I—I struck a false note," faltered the performer. "Well, what of it?" cried another guest. "Go ahead. Nobody but Wagner would ever know it, and he's dead."

An illustration of thrift is contained in the story of a Scotswoman who had been promised a present of a new bonnet by a lady. Before she made the purchase the lady called and asked the good woman, "Would you rather have a felt or a straw bonnet, Mrs. MacDuff?" "Weel," said Mrs. MacDuff, "I think I'll tak' a strae ane. It'll maybe be a mouthful to the coo when I'm done wi' it."

Mr. Pinchpenny had a habit of getting professional services free whenever he needed them by working some sort of dodge or other. Not long ago he met his doctor in the street. "Dr. Goodfellow," he said, "I know a man who is suffering agonies from neuralgia. At times he is so bad he simply howls with the pain. What would you do in that case?" "Well, I don't know," was the doctor's prompt reply. "I suppose I should howl with pain, too."

The judge decided that certain evidence was inadmissible. Counsel took strong exception to the ruling, and insisted that it was admissible. "I know, your honor," said he warmly, "that it is proper evidence. Here I have been practicing at the bar for forty years, and now I want to know if I am supposed to be a fool?" "That," quietly replied the judge, "is a question of fact, and not of law, so I won't pass any opinion upon it, but will let the jury decide."

Senator Borah, in an argument about trusts, said at a banquet in Washington: "These men protest too much. They protest eternally. They're like Mrs. Caudle. Mr. Caudle fell asleep one night in the midst of a curtain lecture. When he awoke the next morning there lay his wife, her head on the pillow beside him, scolding away for dear life. Amid all that noise he looked confused for a moment. Then, with a yawn, he asked: 'Say, my love, are you talking yet or again?'"

Somebody passed a counterfeit dollar on old Uncle Mose, which nearly broke his heart. Weeks later he related his troubles to his employer. "Ah done gih up lookin' fer de man whut gimme it," he said. "Ah reckon it aint no use tryin' fer to find him." "Well, it looks pretty good for a counterfeit," remarked the other. "Why don't you try to get rid of it?" "Yes, sah, yes, sah. Sho' does look thataway. Some days Ah think masef it's good. Guess Ah'll jes' wait fer one of 'em good days an' jes' pass it erlong."

Emma, Queen-Mother of the Netherlands, is the subject of many stories in her own country, where the people adore her. During the time when she acted as regent before the present Queen Wilhelmina came of age, it is said that one morning Queen Emma was awakened by a peremptory knocking at her bedroom door. "Who is there?" she asked. A preciously dignified voice answered, "The Queen of Holland." The Queen-Mother quietly answered: "I am not dressed and therefore not able to receive her majesty, hut, if it is my little girl, she may come in."

Blackinton is a lawyer of the old school, and has a well-deserved reputation for good-heartedness that keeps him poor. He was recently imposed upon by the town's most successful miser, one Scruggins, who placed troublesome legal work in his hands. As the time came for settlement, Scruggins hemmed and hawed and manifested all the symptoms of being in acute pain over having to pay a just debt. The lawyer's sunny good-nature again asserted itself. "I won't charge you anything for my services," he said. Scruggins peered sharply through his bushy eyebrows. "Well, I'd like to have a receipt, anyhow," he growled.

A certain saw-mill in Georgia recently acquired a new superintendent, whose ideas of work did not at all agree with those of certain of the hands. He was a hustler, and difficult to hoodwink. Yet stern as was his

temper, he had to smile at the procedure of two of the darkies employed there. "Where are you going?" he one day demanded of these two, who were shuffling along as if bent on nothing in particular. "Boss," said one, "we is goin' up to the mill with dis heah plank." "Plank! Plank! I don't see any plank!" roared the new superintendent. Not at all agitated by this display of temper, the speaker looked down at his hands, then over his shoulder. Finally to his fellow-worker he calmly observed: "Well, don't dat heat all, Tom! Ef we aint gone an' clean fergit dat plank!"

Richard Le Gallienne is not enthusiastic over that historic institution, the English inn. "They are picturesque," he said, on his return from abroad, "but the food they serve is something terrible. After a visit to Blenheim Palace I entered an inn in the quaint village of Woodstock. As I lunched—or tried to lunch—my landlord said to me: 'The great Dook of Marlborough once set in that chair you're settin' in, sir.' 'Is that so?' said I. 'And the dook once drunk 'is heer out o' that same mug you're a-drinkin' out of.' 'And I het,' said I, 'I het he refused to eat this fish, too. Well, take it away, my man. I don't want it, either.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Election Afterthought.

Little Groups of Voters,
Little Knots of Fans,
Oft do lots of damage—
Make the "Also Rans."
—Cincinnati Times.

Father's Method.

When father talks about the war
He doesn't put on airs.
He calls it Liege, to rhyme with siege,
The French be never spares.
Those foreign towns don't bother him,
He needs no clever book
To help him out, when he's in doubt,
He says 'em as they look.

Though some may call Namur "Nah-moor,"
It's "Nam'er" plain to dad;
He doesn't pose, as one who knows
Each foreign guttural fad.
He doesn't twist his tongue about
To get 'em, book or crook,
The way they're said, but plods ahead
An' reads 'em as they look.
—Detroit Free Press.

Down in Maine.

They've fortified the pigsty now, they've put chain
armor on the cow;
They're going to hide the grizzled guide
Until December first.
For soon the sportsman will be here, alert to
slay the gentle deer;
And for six weeks, with blanching cheeks,
All Maine will fear the worst!

No longer through the sheltered vales and down
the mountain's shady trails
The native may serenely stray,
Lest from some nearby crag
A huntsman with mistaken aim may mark him
grimly for his game,
And smile a joyous smile the while
He yells: "A stag! A stag!"

Who strolls among the forest lands takes his existence
in his bands;
The very trees are ill at ease,
The hillsides quake with fear!
Yet what are these wild things that frisk and
romp and leap, immune from risk,
With no alarm, no fear of harm?
Tut! tut! Why they are deer!
—James J. Montague, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Tip for all Tipsters.

He traveled 'round the country and he tipped
where'er he went
And he was nearly always "broke" or else was
badly bent.
He tipped the chair-car porter and the boy who
lugged his grip;
In fact there wasn't any one whom this man didn't
tip.
He tipped the old hack driver who took him to
the hotel,
He tipped the hotel porter, and each time he
pushed the bell
He tipped the bellhop handsomely because he
knew he must;
He knew that he was up against the tip receivers'
trust.
He tipped the café waiter and he tipped the bus
boy, too,
The leader of the orchestra and all his merry
crew.
He tipped the barkeeper every time he went to
take a drink;
He tried to tip the mayor, too, before he stopped
to think.
He tipped the car conductors and he tipped the
corner cop;
He got the tipping habit so he really couldn't
stop.
He tipped the auto scorchers who ran over him
one day;
They took him in a basket to the hospital straight-
way.
Before the operation he produced his friendly
purse,
He thought he simply had to tip the doctor and
the nurse.
When he had reached the other shore his terror
it was great;
He had no coin with which to tip St. Peter at the
gate.
—Milwaukee News.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. James Athearn Folger has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Evelyn Cunningham, to Mr. Joseph Donohoe, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe of Menlo Park. Miss Cunningham is a sister of Miss Genevieve Cunningham, a niece of Mrs. George Whittell, and a cousin of Mrs. Murray Sargent and the Misses Sara and Elizabeth Cunningham. Mr. Donohoe is the grandson of Mrs. A. M. Parrott and Mrs. Emily Donohoe.

Mrs. W. G. Palmanteer of Oakland has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Ethel Palmanteer, to Mr. Arthur Collis Gibson of Boston.

The wedding of Miss Marian Long and Lieutenant Charles K. Nulsen, U. S. N., took place Tuesday at the home on Steiner Street of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Palmer. Mrs. Palmer and Lieutenant Lester Baker, U. S. N., were the only bridal attendants.

The wedding of Miss Alice Warner and Dr. Hubert Law will take place Saturday afternoon, November 7, in Monterey.

The wedding of Miss Edwina Danner and Mr. Edgar J. Berg of Seattle took place Saturday noon in the chapel of Grace Cathedral. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Janet Danner. Following the ceremony a reception was given at the home of the bride's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt Baker. Mr. and Mrs. Berg will reside in Seattle.

The wedding of Miss Delphine Hammer and Mr. Carlton Earl Miller of Santa Barbara will take place Wednesday afternoon, September 30, at the family residence in Hartford, Connecticut.

The wedding of Miss Elise Stern, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Stern, and Mr. Walter Haas will take place Sunday, October 18, at the home in Atherton of Mr. and Mrs. Stern. Miss Marian Walter will be maid of honor.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Douglas Whitman entertained a number of friends at a dinner Friday evening in Monterey.

Miss Cora Otis was hostess at a luncheon Friday, when she entertained the Friday Sewing Club at her home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Cutter and their daughter, Miss Edith Cutter, gave a reception Thursday at their home on Washington Street in honor of Miss Mary Jones, who will be married Thursday, October 6, to Mr. George Henry Cutter.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bancroft gave an informal dance recently at their home on Jackson Street complimentary to their house guest, Miss Helen Higgins, of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Watson D. Fernmore was hostess at a luncheon Thursday, when she entertained the Fortnightly Bridge Club.

Mrs. Joseph Hutchinson was hostess at a tea at her home on Arguello Boulevard. The affair was in honor of Miss Dorothy Allen, whose engagement to Mr. William Furnam Hutchinson has recently been announced.

Mrs. Dolly Heynemann Greenebaum gave a dinner Sunday evening in honor of Mrs. Frank Owen of Medford, Oregon.

Miss Grace Gibson was hostess at a dinner-dance recently at Hotel del Coronado in honor of Miss Frances Bridges and Captain Harold Geiger, U. S. A., who were married Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali gave a christening party last week, when their little daughter was named Constanza Maria Vittoria Avenali. The sponsors were Mrs. Willard N. Drown and Prince Castani.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian de Guigné gave a dinner last week at the Santa Barbara Country Club. Mrs. Clara Darling entertained a few friends Wednesday at a matinee party, which was followed by an informal tea.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Wheeler gave a reception Friday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue complimentary to Congressman Joseph Knowland and Mrs. Knowland.

Mrs. George B. Kelham was hostess recently at a tea in honor of Mrs. Jules Guerin.

Miss Marie Louise Black was hostess Monday at a luncheon and matinee party.

Miss Mary Armshy entertained a number of friends at a theatre party in honor of Miss Mary Chess and Miss Dorothy Jennings of Pittsburgh.

Mrs. Adrian von Behrens and the Misses von Behrens have gone to Santa Barbara after a short sojourn at the Fairmont. Mrs. von Behrens had a small tea at their apartments last week. Among those invited were Mrs. Charles G. Norris (Kathleen Thompson), Dr. Millicent Cosgrave, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Morrow, Miss Edith Lloyd, the Misses Lloyd, and Mr. Lloyd Butler of Los Angeles.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Thomas, Miss Gertrude Thomas, and Miss Marian Crocker are home again after a two weeks' visit in Monterey.

Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith and her little son returned Wednesday from Santa Barbara, where they have been spending the past month.

Mrs. Eugene Bresse and her daughter, Miss Metha McMahon, will leave shortly for a visit in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and their children are again established in their residence on Pacific Avenue after having spent the summer at their country home in Sonoma County.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker have returned from Santa Barbara, where they have been since June. They are at their home in Woodside.

Mrs. Colin M. Boyd has arrived in New York from Europe and will visit friends in Philadelphia before returning home.

Dr. Max Rothschild and Mrs. Rothschild have

returned to Burlingame after a two weeks' visit in Monterey.

Miss Flora Low and Miss Eleanor Morgan have arrived in New York from Europe, where they planned to remain a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent and their daughters, the Misses Ruth and Frances Lent, have returned from Europe, where they have been traveling since March.

Dr. James Ward Keeney, Mrs. Keeney, and Miss Helen Keeney have returned to their home on Buchanan Street after having spent the summer in Woodside and Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair, who arrived recently from Europe, are at the Ritz-Carlton in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome A. Hart are anticipating spending the winter in this city. During the summer they have been occupying a cottage in Monterey.

Mrs. Frederick Kellond left last week for Salt Lake City to attend the wedding of her brother, Mr. John S. Selfridge, who was married Tuesday to Miss Virginia Beatty.

Mr. Charles N. Black, Miss Marie Louise Black, and Miss Leslie Miller have returned from Monterey, where they spent the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich (formerly Miss Henriette Blanding) have been spending the past week in the Grand Cañon of Arizona.

Dr. Henry Pritchett and Mrs. Pritchett of Santa Barbara have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Elliott McAllister at their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Wheeler have returned from their country home in San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase have rented a cottage in Burlingame, where they will reside permanently.

Miss Marian Baker has returned from San Diego, where she has been spending the summer with her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Sefton.

Mr. Francis Farquhar has returned after a two years' absence in Europe, and has recently been visiting his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Farquhar, in Santa Monica.

Mrs. Pio Alberto Morbio went to New York to meet her daughter, Miss Marguerite Morbio, who was accompanied from England by her aunt, Mrs. Clara Sutro English.

Miss Gladys Sullivan and her brother, Mr. Noel Sullivan, are en route home from Europe.

Mrs. Francis Carolan and Mrs. William G. Irwin are among the well-known Californians who sailed Tuesday on the *Adriatic* from England.

Mrs. Henry Foster has returned from Honolulu, where she has been since April.

Mrs. M. A. Huntington and her daughter, Miss Marian Huntington, have been obliged to abandon their plans to motor through England and Ireland, and have decided to sail for home in October. They will be accompanied by Signor and Signora de Grassi of London. The latter was formerly Miss June Morgan of Oakland.

Mrs. William Miller Graham left last week for New York to place their daughter, Miss Geraldine Graham, in Miss Dunshee's school. They stopped en route at Tulsa, Oklahoma, to visit Mr. Graham and Mr. Earl Graham. Mrs. Graham will spend a few days in this city before returning to Santa Barbara.

Mr. Raphael Weill is en route home from Europe after an absence of several months.

Mrs. Parsons, Miss Julia Parsons, and Mr. Richard Parsons, of Cleveland, Ohio, who have been at Cloyne Court, Berkeley, during the summer, will return shortly to Santa Barbara for the winter. Mr. Parsons was formerly chargé d'affaires at Rome.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Norris and their little son have gone to Mill Valley to visit Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Thompson.

Dr. and Mrs. Moritz Bonn of Vienna have arrived in California and will spend the winter at Cloyne Court, Berkeley.

Dr. and Mrs. Kaspar Pischel and family, who have been spending the summer at their home in Ross, have returned to their residence at 1817 California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Morrow are established in an apartment at 1871 Sacramento Street.

Lieutenant C. J. Goodier, U. S. A., has been spending a few days here on leave of absence from his duties at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Major-General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., commanding the Western Department, is on a tour of inspection of the troops and stations in Alaska.

Colonel G. H. Hunter, U. S. A., is in the city on leave from the Presidio of Monterey.

Lieutenant Thomas E. Cathro, U. S. A., will leave soon for the Army and Navy Hospital at Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Colonel D. C. Shanks, U. S. A., has arrived here from Washington, D. C., and has assumed his duties as department inspector of the Western Department.

Captain Herbert J. Brees, U. S. A., will sail on September 25 for the Philippines.

The home of Dr. George Lyman and Mrs. Lyman (formerly Miss Dorothy Van Sicken) has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

A daughter has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury of this city at the home in Boston of Mrs. Pillsbury's parents, General Charles Taylor and Mrs. Taylor.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Fagan, who was formerly Miss Marie Russell, is the daughter of Mrs. Eugene Lent.

Though the Western trip of the Boston Symphony Orchestra planned for early this fall will have to be abandoned, there is every reason to believe that the regular series of concerts in Boston and elsewhere will be carried out according to schedule.

The Late Senator Felton.

A career very exceptional in its interests and its achievements ended with the death of Charles N. Felton at his home in Menlo Park on Sunday last at the age of eighty-two. Mr. Felton came to California a youth in 1849. He bore an active part in the stirring life of the early days. He was successively miner, store-keeper, general trader, officer of the peace, promoter of large enterprises, legislator, member of Congress, senator of the United States.

Mr. Felton had high energies, an alert mind, and positive convictions with rare independence of character. He was conspicuously successful in political life. Yet he was nothing of what in these days we style a politician. In his politics there were no vices of concealment, of concession, of intrigue. He stood for the principles and the causes which he espoused openly and aggressively. He cajoled neither political manipulators nor the public. Whoever might wish to know where he stood had no difficulty in learning.

One circumstance in Mr. Felton's senatorial career will serve to illustrate the temper of the man. During the administration of President Harrison there was proposed in Congress under influences originating in California a measure to restrain Chinese immigration—the familiar restriction law still in force. Either in principle or in form the measure was not satisfactory to the President, who invited a group of senators favorable to the bill, Mr. Felton among them, to a conference at the White House. In the course of the talk the President suggested changes which he wished to be made, and then in a tone quite positive remarked: "You must do this!" What followed I had long ago from one who was present at the interview. One or two of the senators looked embarrassed; others tamely accepted the executive order without protest. Senator Felton, who sat near the President, rose to his feet. "Mr. President," he said, "I am here at your invitation to listen to what you have to say about this measure. I have heard you respectfully up to this moment. But no man, sir—not even the President of the United States—may say to me, a senator of the United States, what I must do. My authority as a senator is as clearly fixed in the Constitution as yours as President. You are commissioned to execute the laws. I am among those commissioned to make them. I do not presume to instruct you as to your duty, nor do I permit you to instruct me."

Those familiar with the highly poised personality of Senator Felton will find it easy to conceive the fire and force of a declaration like of which probably was never before or since thrust into the teeth of a President of the United States in his own office.

The fortunes of life gave to Mr. Felton many blessings, not least among them vigor of mind and a generous interest in the affairs of life, sustained to the day of his death. Verily a strong man, a patriot, a man faithful and true alike to his principles and to his friendships passed out with the death of Senator Felton.

The Late James B. Haggin

James B. Haggin, dead at his home in New York at the age of ninety-two, although in recent years a resident of New York was a Californian of singular distinction. A native of Kentucky, by profession a lawyer, Mr. Haggin came to California in 1851, establishing himself at Sacramento in partnership with his brother-in-law, the late Lloyd Tevis. The firm maintained a high position at the bar until 1858, when both Haggin and Tevis removed to San Francisco, where they continued in legal practice until 1866. Then, abandoning the law for finance, they went into mining, farming, real estate, and horse and cattle raising upon an almost unparalleled scale. At one time it might with almost literal truth have been said of Mr. Haggin that he was the greatest miner, the greatest farmer, the greatest breeder of blood-horses, and one of the wealthiest men in the United States. And to his credit it may be said that not one dollar of his estate came to him through politics or subsidy or in any other way than the open methods of legitimate business.

Mr. Haggin had a certain reserve of manner in business which came to him through his Turkish mother, a woman of Christian faith whom his father married in Constantinople. In social life he was all that was hospitable and charming. From 1856 to 1894 his home and that of his brother-in-law, Mr. Tevis, formed what may be called the social centre of San Francisco. Mr. Haggin was twice married, first to Miss Sanders of Kentucky and after her death to Miss Voorhees of the same state. He leaves one son, Louis T. Haggin, of New York City.

Mr. Haggin had a fine gift of wit and humor, though it was rarely exhibited in public. An interesting example of his capabilities in this line has long been current in San Francisco. During the panic of 1907 Mr. Haggin, for reasons sufficient to himself,

mortgaged his home for a large sum. The matter got into the newspapers, creating widespread astonishment. A reporter from one of the San Francisco papers called upon Mr. Haggin and began his inquisition. "How many questions do you wish to ask me?" queried Mr. Haggin. "Only one," replied the reporter. "Then ask your question and I will answer it," said Mr. Haggin. "Why," asked the reporter, "did you mortgage your house?" "Because," replied Mr. Haggin, "I needed the money." Then the door flew open and the reporter found himself on the outside a bit stupefied by a success which somehow had left him no wiser than before.

Mr. Haggin was in his own way a very charitable man. He gave freely in relief of individual distress and he never spoke of his benefactions. Himself a Southerner, he had a special sympathy with men impoverished by the Civil War; and many among those who came to California at the end of that struggle owed their beginnings here both to the courtesy and the direct assistance of Mr. Haggin.

C. T.

The Forthcoming Apple Show.

Twenty-one apple-producing counties of California—every county in the state that grows apples for commercial use—will be represented in the forthcoming California Apple Show in this city, October 1 to 11. The Sebastopol apple-growing region, the home of the Gravenstein, will hold out of apples a Dutch windmill complete in every detail. The windmill will revolve and be twenty-five feet high. The Julian district in San Diego County has decided to build a replica of Ramona's marriage place. The little house will be constructed wholly of apples, green and dried, and will have a roof of moss and an entrance of manzanita. The Loma Fruit Company at Watsonville will build an allegory called the "Kiss of the Oceans." North and South America will be made to form the profiles of two girls; the Panama Canal will represent their lips in the act of kissing. Watsonville, the original home of the apple show, will be reproduced pictorially in apple jelly. The equivalent of more than 10,000 glasses of jelly will be used in the design. The school children of Watsonville will reproduce the Panama Canal zone. Inyo County's commissioners have appropriated \$500 for the building of a huge water-wheel as their feature display. The wheel will actually turn through water and will be made wholly of apples, green and dried. Santa Clara County will have an elaborate feature display, and although no announcement has been made, it is believed the famous Lick Observatory will be reproduced. The Southern Pacific Railway will exhibit the safety device for which it received the E. H. Harriman memorial medal as a reward for having accomplished most toward guaranteeing the safety of travel. The huge tents that will shelter 2,000,000 apples are on the ground at Eighth and Market Streets.

Benefit for Vocational Training School.

Next Saturday afternoon, September 26, in the spacious court of the Palace Hotel, the Vocational Training School will be benefited by a thé dansant to be held between the hours of four and seven. The patronesses announce as a special feature the appearance of Mlle. La Gai, who will be assisted by Quentin Tod of London. The Vocational Training School has been of peculiar interest to many prominent women during the last few years, and its growth has been fostered with the idea of preparing young girls to be capable wage-earners. Tables are being rapidly engaged for the event.

War clouds notwithstanding, Bayreuth announces that it will hold its usual Wagner festival in 1915, and as an additional attraction will break with its old custom of presenting only one other work beside "Parsifal" and the "Ring" cycle. Next summer's "extras" will include "Meistersinger" and "The Flying Dutchman."

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

A combination electric and cable road for the Church Street hill was decided upon by the board of supervisors on Monday. The proposal to build the combination road is in direct conflict with the recommendation of City Engineer O'Shaughnessy and entails an expenditure of nearly \$200,000 not contemplated in the bond issue. The city engineer also pointed out that it will necessitate the employment of extra men that will cost \$50 a day for the life of the road.

With the sailing of the steamer *Astec* from this port September 17 the Pacific Mail Steamship Company suspended its service to New York by way of Panama. The announcement was made in a circular issued from the offices of the company, in which R. P. Schwerin expressed regret that the clause of the Panama Canal act regarding railroad-owned vessels forbids continuance of the service. The Pacific Mail Company will continue its service to Mexican ports and establish new lines to ports in the Caribbean Sea and Europe.

More than 2000 articles of fire-fighting equipment of the early days in California were brought from Stockton to the Golden Gate Park Museum by Curator George Barron last Sunday. The collection, including a hand pump fire engine in use in the Slough City in 1850, was in the possession of the Exempt Firemen's Society of Stockton, where the relics have been treasured for many years.

The body of the late Charles N. Felton, a San Francisco pioneer of 1849, and former United States senator, who died at his home in Menlo Park last Sunday, was laid to rest on Tuesday. The interment was private, but the funeral service in Grace Pro-Cathedral was attended by hundreds of the old friends of the veteran statesman, and the flowers sent were many and beautiful.

Michel Weill, nephew of Raphael Weill, founder and owner of the White House, was recently wounded twice on the battlefield, according to a cablegram received on Tuesday in this city from Paris. Young Weill was a lieutenant in the French reserve army and joined his colors immediately after war was declared. He was shot through the shoulder and arm. He has never renounced his French citizenship, although he has spent most of his life in California.

The bookkeeping department of the board of public works has not filed monthly reports concerning the finances of the Municipal Railway lines this year, and Bookkeeper Leonard Leavy explains that he has been unable to do so through not having blanks and books that are needed. The failure of the mayor and board of supervisors to settle the

printing controversy is charged with being the cause of the delay.

On account of the work still to be done in the Stockton Street tunnel the city engineer's department declares the Municipal Railway line through the tunnel will not be ready for operation until the close of this year. The interior of the tunnel has to be plastered and the street within the bore and at the approaches has to be paved.

Edward Hacker, United States examiner in a suit brought by the government against the American Can Company and about thirty subsidiary companies in an effort to dissolve the so-called tin can manufacturing trust, on Tuesday began the hearing in this city by the taking of testimony relating to the conditions under which the alleged trust gained control of the can-making business on the Coast in 1901. A. W. Livingston, who was associated with the Pacific Sheet and Metal Works, testified regarding the various companies manufacturing cans in San Francisco at the time of the formation of the American Can Company. A. D. Cutler, a former police commissioner, told of the sale in 1901 of the Pacific Sheet and Metal Works to the American Can Company for \$1,100,000 in preferred stock and a similar amount in common stock and \$1,700,000 in cash for the stock and trade. He also said that the officers of the company selling signed an agreement not to engage in tin can manufacture.

Henry T. Scott has been elected president of the Maryland Society of California. In addition the following officers were elected: William T. Goldshorough, W. B. Wentz, E. H. Montell, and John E. Bennett, vice-presidents; B. F. Cater, secretary and treasurer; N. H. Ellicott, Ernest Meiere, Thomas C. Berry, H. J. Jones, and W. B. Wentz, executive committee; Walter Dorr, S. F. Norwood, and W. T. Goldshorough, committee on constitution and by-laws.

Chief Justice Matthew I. Sullivan of the state supreme court, recently appointed by Governor Johnson to fill the unexpired term of the late Chief Justice William H. Beatty, took his place on the bench with his colleagues for the first time on Monday.

Seven rabbis of the Bay cities participated in the dedication of the new synagogue of the First Hebrew Congregation, Temple Sinai, on Sunday afternoon. The Rev. Dr. M. Friedlander of Oakland conducted the dedicatory services and was assisted by the Rev. Dr. Nieto, the Rev. M. S. Levy, Rahhi Rosenwasser of San Francisco, Michael Fried of Sacramento, Edgar Magnin of Stockton, Cantor Reuben Rinder of Temple Emanu-El, and the Rev. Dr. Martin A. Meyer, rahhi of Temple Emanu-El. The church is furnished with fifty-two stained art glass windows pro-



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vided by Abraham Jonas, president of the congregation.

Specifications for the Municipal Railway's California Street line have been prepared by the city engineer and adopted by the board of works, but Assistant City Engineer Ransom told the supervisors on Wednesday that, as this line would cost \$127,500 and the available balance remaining in the bond fund was only \$35,500, enough bonds to make up the difference would have to be sold before a contract for construction could be let.

The works board has awarded to Monson Brothers for \$197,586 the contract for the carpentry and mill work for the new city hall. The contract for the sewer in Fulton Street from Forty-Eighth Avenue to the Great Highway was given to F. Rolandi for \$21,372.

The final test of the Islais Creek incinerator is now being made. The report of the city engineer on it in a few weeks will probably be decisive, it is said at the City Hall, and the possibility of the rejection of the plant by the city officials is being discussed. The payments on the Destructor Company's contract began April 1, 1912, and continued to May 19, 1913, aggregating \$85,699.51. The contract price is \$118,168.

George J. Oliva of 1936 Leavenworth Street was shot and fatally wounded on Wednesday evening when he accidentally kicked over a rifle at the Ryland ranch, twelve miles east of San Jose. He was one of the best-known business men of the North Beach district.

The bookkeeping department of the board of works furnished on Wednesday a statement of the receipts and expenses of the Geary Street and Union Street Municipal Railway lines for the fiscal year that ended June 30. The gross receipts of the Geary line from July 1, 1913, to June 30, 1914, were \$642,450.74, and the operating expenses \$294,036.22. The obligatory charter charges and other reserves which had to be deducted were: Liability compensation from January 1, \$3886.83; depreciation, etc., 18 per cent of the gross, \$115,641.13; interest on bonds sold, 4½ per cent, \$88,605. The true net profit was set down at \$140,281.56 after making these deductions, aggregating \$208,132.96.

"D'ye ken Mac fell in the river on his way hame last nicht?" "Ye dinna mean tae say he wis drowned?" "No, but he took in sae much watter that it spoiled a' th' effects o' th' guid whusky he'd drunk."—Livingston Lance.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Hicks—You never can tell about a woman.
Wicks—You shouldn't, anyhow.—*Boston Transcript.*

Yabsley—My car has drop forgings. Gabsley—What are drop forgings? Yabsley—I don't know.—*Dallas News.*

"She was completely prostrated and made very ill by his perfdy." "Did she recover?" "Yes, \$5000."—*Boston Globe.*

"Dear lady, your child grows prettier every day." "Oh, you exaggerate, sir." "Well, then let us say—every other day."—*Man Lacht.*

Wife—Now, John, my sister Belle and her steady are coming to call on us tonight. So you must act the part of an ideally happy married man. She's not quite sure of him yet. John (*savagely*)—Leave it to me! That lobster trimmed me on a horse trade once! Leave it to me!—*Boston Globe.*

Nervous Lady (*in whose street there have been several burglaries*)—How often do you policemen come down this road? I'm constantly about, but I never see you. Policeman—Ah, very likely I sees you when you

don't see me, mum. It's a policeman's business to secrete 'isself.—*Punch.*

"How did you get along playing golf with your wife?" "Well, at the ninth hole she was about twenty-two thousand words ahead."—*Life.*

Mrs. Deere—How modestly she dresses and how sensibly! Mrs. Sneers—Yes; that woman will do anything to attract attention!—*Topeka Journal.*

Friend (*to unlucky angler*)—Hallo, have you fallen in? Angler (*wringing his clothes*)—No, you idiot! This is perspiration.—*Boston Transcript.*

Member (*showing visitor through*)—Yes, my dear, every woman ought to join a club. It's so refreshing to hlaekhall some one you don't like.—*Life.*

"Betty said that if any man kissed her without warning she would scream for her father." "What did you do?" "I warned her."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Do you like Wagner?" "Better than I used to," replied Mr. Cumrox. "There's a lot of his music that no one would attempt to dance to."—*Washington Star.*

"What's dis yuh easy payment plan dat yo' hought dat swell suit o' clothes on, sah?" "Dollah down and a dollah ev'ry time de collector done kotch'es me."—*Judge.*

"Who are those people who are cheering?" asked the recruit as the soldiers marched to the train. "Those," replied the veteran, "are the people who are not going."—*Puck.*

Fortune Teller—Beware of a dark man, whom you will soon meet. He will be a villain. Girl—How perfectly delightful! How soon will I meet him?—*New York Globe.*

Maid (*knacking in the morning*)—Madame, I've forgotten whether you wanted to be waked at seven or eight. Madame—What time is it now? Maid—Eight.—*Lustige Blätter.*

Artist—I've spent a dollar carfare toting that sketch around town, yet you only offer me two dollars. Art Editor—Well, that's a hundred per cent on your money, isn't it?—*Life.*

"Eureka!" shouted Diogenes. "I have found honest men by the score!" "How?" questioned his cynic companions. "By direct inquiry," answered the great philosopher.—*Judge.*

"Colonel, I hear there's a shortage of drinking water in town," said the new arrival. "Yes, sah. It's likely to be hahd on ouah hosses and cows, sah."—*Livingston Lance.*

"Jones wanted to spend his vacation in the country and Mrs. Jones wanted to go to the seashore." "How did they settle it?" "It is evident that you are not married."—*New York Sun.*

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A Tulip Bed.

Almost any city dweller may have a tulip bed if he will follow a few simple directions. In October spade up your geranium plot, then give the seed-store men eight dollars for a peck of rare and costly bulbs. Insert the bulbs carefully in the loose soil an inch or so deep and nine inches apart each way by carpenter's rule. Rake the surface over gently until it is level and neat, and your tulip bed is ready to be enjoyed.

A tulip hed in winter is the most enjoyahle thing out of doors. It is a favorite promenade for small hoys, and they will come a mile to walk on your tulips if they learn that you have any planted.

Last Sunday while I was at divine worship a company of nice little fellows from the streets nearby came into my yard and held a running bread jump contest on my tulips. When Maggie, the maid, sought, in an unkind moment, to stop their innocent fun, they pelted her with tulip hulhs, hless their little hearts!

If located beside a fence, a tulip hed makes a soft and safe landing place for young athletes pole-vaulting from the adjoining yard. It is also much enjoyed by milkmen, especially after rains, as a spot to plant their feet while stepping over the fence to deliver milk at the next house. I expect to raise a fine crop of milkweed in my tulip hed next summer. The ashmen, too, have a bright minute in their gritty and grimy day; that is when they discover a tulip hed upon which to pile ash-hoxes.

Dogs find a tulip hed useful as a savings bank. From surface indications I judge that the hones deposited in my tulip hed now number thirty-two, not counting the eight bones I paid for the bulbs. I helieve in encouraging thrift, so when I see my forehanded though four-footed depositors excavating my eight dollars' worth of hulhs I never run out and kick them in the ribs, as many a hard-hoofed man would do. I am particularly careful not to hurt their feelings if they are large dogs with regular teeth.—*L. H. Rabbins in Life.*



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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The "Special War Tax."

The so-styled "special war tax" project is encountering objections, not indeed serious enough to defeat it, but calculated to expose the element of political sharp practice embodied in it. The proposers of this taxing project, unwelcome as all such projects are, would have the country believe that it is all on account of the war in Europe. Yet upon careful scrutiny of conditions as they effect the income of the government, it is discovered that if there had been no war in Europe there would still have been a very considerable deficit in our national revenues. Explanation is simple. The tariff under the "reform" of last year has not produced the calculated revenue. Again, the income tax has not yielded returns up to expectation and promise. In other words Democratic policy, cutting off the national income at one end and augmenting national expense at the other, has had a bad effect upon the national finances. In the language of the street it has put the treasury on the blink. Before anything out of the ordinary had happened in Europe administrative and congressional authorities were casting about for

ways and means to make up the deficit. In the nick of time along comes this war, providing an obvious necessity and a specious pretext. The necessities of the situation have been summed up, lumped together, and presented as wholly due to the war. Now there is no disposition on the part of Republican members of Congress to refuse to the administration anything it may need in the way of income, but it is not to be permitted, unchallenged, to conceal the failures of its policy behind a pretense that the war is solely responsible. The special tax scheme will be accepted finally. But the causes for it are to be threshed over under discussions in and out of Congress to the end that the public may know that while something is due to special necessities imposed by war, much is due to necessities directly produced by Democratic policy apart from and independent of the war.

As Related to the United States.

We considered briefly last week the possible effect of such a disaster to the arms of the Allies as would leave Great Britain—and her colonial system—defenseless; and there was hazarded the prophecy that it would mean a smash-up of the empire. What might happen under such a cataclysm is an interesting subject for speculation. Conquering Germany might be expected to grasp whatever she felt herself strong enough to hold. This would hardly include India, and it certainly would not include British America, Australia, New Zealand, nor the great self-governing states of Africa. Break-up of the empire for these several countries could not mean a new dominion, but rather a new era under the principle of autonomy. Each of these countries, excepting, possibly, India, would no doubt set up as an independent nationality. Yet it may be doubted if this condition would long obtain in the case of British America. The attraction of the American Union would be certain sooner or later to become an irresistible influence. Separatist sentiment might for a time cause Canada to hold aloof. But in the end she would come to us under the operation of the same forces which have already given us multitudes of her citizens. In selfish spirit, therefore, we may easily develop calculations based upon the presumption of British defeat.

Among the smaller English possessions are the islands of Jamaica and her sisters of the Antilly group, also British Guiana. France, which would of course share in British disaster, is likewise the owner of an important island or two in the Caribbean. These minor fractions of British sovereignty would surely fall to the conquering Germany, if—America were to sit idly by.

What would we do about it? Would we permit an exhilarated master of Europe, notoriously militant and notoriously ambitious for world dominion, to come into possession of a group of American islands so placed as practically to mark the approach to our Panama Canal? Would we, in brief, permit the setting up of the stations and fortresses of an all-powerful and still unsated nation at our door? The query is interesting. It opens up a world of considerations worth attention in a purely speculative sense—worth very serious attention if the matter should be removed from the sphere of speculation to that of material reality.

It is easily argued that no country of Europe, however aggrandized, however aspiring, could for a moment think of extending its dominion over the United States of America. Yet nothing stands removed beyond the bounds of possibility; and we have already been reminded by the frank discussions of General Bernardi, celebrated German writer on military affairs, that America does not lie beyond the scope of the German imagination. In a book of two years ago, interest in which has been revived by the war, General Ber-

nardi gravely considers from the military point of view the project of American conquest. Subjugation of the United States he graciously asserts to be out of the question. Then upon the basis of a declaration that it could not be done, he goes on to show how it might be done. He describes in detail methods of assault from the sea by which the great Atlantic cities of New York, Baltimore, Boston, and Philadelphia might be seized and held. The effect, he points out, would be to paralyze American finance, commerce, and industry, with the ultimate result of bringing the republic to its knees. This of course is mere speculation; yet it is speculation so authoritative as to get itself before the world in printed form under a notable name, and to command the attention of the political and military world.

The mental attitude of this country towards General Bernardi's plan naturally takes the form of inquiry as to what we would be doing while our coast cities were in the process of being seized. Possibly the plan would include the hypnotizing or chloroforming of everybody in the country. The question—What would we be doing in the case of foreign assault?—may be left to our military men. At least it is worth while for us to know that foreign military writers regard it as worth while to consider speculatively by what means the United States might be conquered.

While there is no immediate danger that anybody will sail across the Atlantic and possess themselves of our coast cities, and so paralyze and subdue our country, it is to be remembered that any country which has a long exposed flank may under circumstances easily conceived be invaded. For example, England might through her territory on her northern boundary strike us at any point between British Columbia and Nova Scotia. The fact that she is not likely to do it does not alter the fact that she might do it if she would. Again, we have a long exposed flank to the south. Mexico, or an enemy operating through Mexico, might strike us at any point between San Diego and Fort Brown. That is to say, aggressive assault would be possible. In a military sense we lie under the hazard of two long lines subject to flank approach.

We may see by the conditions and operations of the pending war in Europe the military significance of this situation. It is a situation which keeps France, Germany, Austria, and Russia practically under arms year in and year out. It is analagous to the situation in the Eastern Hemisphere that brought on the present conflict. It is relatively the situation which keeps even the minor countries of Belgium, Holland, Sweden on all but a war footing. Apart and practically impregnable to land approach stands Britain, because she is an island. Alone among the nations of Europe her people are exempt from the tremendous burden of land armament, since practically her military establishment is limited to the necessities of police service at home and in the colonies.

Now America but for her exposed flanks north and south would be in a better position as regards aggressive assault than England, for instead of a narrow channel she stands separated from hostile approach by wide oceans. The military lesson of this war to the United States should be an appreciation of our advantage, plus appreciation of the necessity for making that advantage absolute. Aggression in the military sense is no part of the American spirit. We have no wish to aggrandize our country at the expense of others. Yet it ought to be a fixed aim of American policy, subject to times and occasions, to possess the regions which in their separated character define the weakness of her military position. In brief, American policy should look ultimately to possession of the continent south to the protecting waters which mark the two ends of the Panama Canal, and at the north—

us say to the Aurora Borealis. Territorially so extended the United States would be free forevermore from any hazard of assault from without.

We trust nobody will imagine that the *Argonaut* is suddenly affected with the spirit of jingoism, that it counsels the swallowing up of territories belonging to other nations. It is one thing to wish to steal your neighbor's property; it is quite another to have in mind the acquiring of it when time and occasion may serve, and by legitimate processes. We do not advise or desire an aggressive movement against anybody. At the same time it may properly be—we think it should be—an ultimate object of American ambition to extend the blessings, and with the blessings the dominion, of the Stars and Stripes to Panama at the south and to the frozen zone at the north. Let us wait upon occasion, let us deal in the open, let us scheme no schemes. But at the same time let us make it a national dream, just as Russia dreams of Constantinople, that the day may come when the United States may stand practically an island with three sides to the open sea and one to the impenetrable Arctic.

The Pinch of War.

Those who imagined at the beginning of the war nearly two months ago that the United States was destined to profit by the calamities of Europe are already discovering that under the interchanges of modern life the whole world is close knit—that whatever exhausts one country finds its reflections and reactions everywhere. Inevitably, if the conflict should be a prolonged one, the prices of American foodstuffs would go high. But the advantage would accrue relatively to few. To the general American public it would imply hardship, since domestic buyers would have to compete with foreign buyers and pay war prices for the essential commodities of life. But we are not all producers and sellers of foodstuffs. Most of us, in fact, do other things for a living. Nearly everybody finds his activities more or less cut down by the war condition. Already, before there has been any movement at all in the way of high prices for products, if we except sugar alone, general business is slow in the United States; and the particular kinds of business dependent upon foreign connections are dull to stagnation. The limitations upon international commerce, the closing of foreign markets to American buyers, the shutting up of the ever-prolific European money market to American borrowers, the uncertainties attending international insurance—these conditions are already disturbing business life this side the Atlantic. The closing of the American exchanges has, too, a tremendous effect upon speculative business and upon the business of investment.

Locally one has but to go up and down Grant Avenue or Powell Street to discover where and how the shoe pinches. There is hardly a retail business house of importance which does not deal more or less in imported merchandise. The cutting off of supplies means practically the cutting off of the dealer's margin of profit. Indeed the dealer is lucky who finds that only his normal profit can be charged up to the war account. Then, various kinds of European business, ordinarily represented here, have ceased altogether. This affects the market for rentals in the business district. It throws multitudes of clerks out of employment. It even reaches into the outskirts, making dull times for the grocer, the baker, and the candlestick maker. What is true of San Francisco is true of every other city in the country. The farmers of California, who were by many presumed to be in the way of large profits, have not as yet discovered the advantage so glibly prophesied for them. If anything is to come to us under the enlarged necessities of Europe, up to now it is not reflected in increased demand or in better prices. As time goes on no doubt there will be an upward movement in the value of food staples. But it will be accompanied by difficulties and increased hazards of foreign transport. And these exactions are quite likely to swallow up whatever increase there may be in values.

The general financial situation here in the United States is still fairly good. But it can be observed that bankers, with the prudence characteristic of their race, are tightening rather than loosening their policies of business. If not everybody, at least the bankers know that a time is coming for which they need to brace themselves. With the opening of the exchanges there

is bound to be a flood of selling orders from the European holders of American securities. The great markets will be called upon to take prodigious quantities of American paper in one form or another, since Europe will be seeking everywhere—particularly in America—for money to supply the deficits which the havoc of war is creating.

Already the greatest of all our business institutions—the government—is feeling the pinch of exceptionally short receipts. Increased national taxation is now being arranged for and it is bound to make a considerable figure in our business affairs before the end is reached. Private business, including transportation, manufacture, the jobbing trade, and the retail trade, are all destined to "get theirs" in due order. There is no such thing in the business world, under modern conditions, as isolation; still less is there such a thing as immunity from hardships which affect half the world.

Conditions of Conquest.

Somebody with a gift for phrase-making has said, in view of the participation of Japan and India in the pending conflict, that Europe is committing hari-kari on the doorstep of Asia. This remark has the instant value of spectacularism. Behind it there is the idea that Asiatics, brought into conflict with white men, relieved of the terror with which tradition and prestige have in the imagination of the Oriental clothed the Western races, will turn and rend Europe. Already the Oriental knows that the spirit of prowess takes small heed of the color of men's skins. Long ago he discovered that other things being equal he is as good a man in a fight as another—if not indeed something better. Your Oriental, broadly speaking, is a fatalist, a fact which adds a distinct element of effectiveness to the soldier, singly or *en masse*. Attila made manifest the fact that the Oriental is a fighting man. Later the Arab confirmed and enforced the lesson. Again the Turk drove home the fighting efficiency of the Oriental fatalist. More recently the Japanese have made it clear to the world that the Oriental lacks no quality essential to the effective soldier. But in every instance where "Oriental hordes" have descended upon and smashed Western races the contest has been that of virility against degeneracy. The Oriental, like any other man, knows when to strike. It is when the race against which he moves has become debilitated by wealth, luxury, inaction.

Assuming that the Oriental—the Japanese, the Chinese, the Hindu—has designs upon the Western races, the time for action is not when these races have been physically reinvigorated by war. And that is precisely the situation in which the Western races will stand at the end of this conflict. Much of their wealth will indeed have been dissipated. But those forms of vitality essential to warfare will be higher than before. It will not be a time for a great aggressive movement on the part of the Oriental, even if the idea of such a movement shall be in his mind. If the Oriental is ever to advance upon the Western world he will choose a time when the canker of long peace shall have corrupted and corroded the Western spirit and character. It will not be at a time when the man of the West is stripped of his impedimenta and when his spirit and his muscles alike have been toned up by conflict. Whoever talks about Europe committing hari-kari on the doorstep of Asia talks nonsense. Europe will never be safer against Oriental aggression than at a time when war has put iron into the Western blood and toned up the sinews of Western manhood.

The Re-Mapping of Europe.

The inevitable wind-up of a general European war, no matter where ultimate victory may lie, is a conference after the great precedent of the Vienna Congress of 1814. In the historic meeting at Vienna the powers were represented by their rulers in person, each of course accompanied by a group of ministers and advisers and a retinue of lackeys. But the world is not what it was in 1814, and in the present instance the tradition is not likely to govern. Following the immediate cataclysm there is likely to be plenty of occupation at home for the heads of the different nations. Furthermore, kingship nowadays carries with it no such measure of authoritative prestige as it did a hundred years ago. No prince of any European country, even if on the ground, would be able to speak with the force and effect of his prede-

cessor at the Congress of Vienna. Constitutionalism, now all but universal, has made new disposition of the substance of authority in the countries of Europe, including even Russia. Hence when it comes to arranging terms of peace the nominal rulers of the European world would be just so much superfluous baggage. The several countries will be represented by agents duly commissioned under old names and forms, but in reality representative of nationalities rather than of mere personalities or dynasties.

Where will the grand peace pow-wow be held? Madrid, Lisbon, Rome—each is a possibility. Washington, however, despite distance, promises a calmer atmosphere than any one of them. The candidacy of Washington, if we may so put it, presents one objection, namely, the presence in the capacity of immediate host of our bustling, oily, voluble Secretary of State, William Jennings Bryan, who would naturally wish to get all the limelight possible to be extracted from the situation. To this born self-advertiser it would be a grand opportunity to exploit swollen vanities and further exemplify the virtues of grape juice. Still President Wilson could be depended upon for dignity and propriety, and it has been discovered by close observers that he is a master of the difficult trick of crimping Mr. Bryan upon occasion.

In the new Senate Office Building at Washington there is a marble chamber, a stately apartment, designed for treaty-making and other purposes of international character. It has never been used. It stands bare save for two long tables across the ends of the room. It is an ideal setting for a peace congress, and the building of which it is a feature has accommodations both sumptuous and ample for incidental uses.

Nothing in the history of international entertainment has quite equaled the sumptuousness and splendorousness provided at Vienna. The cost of it—we trust to a none-too-trustworthy memory for the figures—was upwards of five millions at a time when money went three times as far as it does now. With no royalties to be accommodated the social and domestic requirements of the congress would be less than at Vienna. Still there would be a lot doing for which it would be the privilege of the Washington government as the host to pay. Congress—even a Democratic Congress—under the circumstances would find it easy to be generous.

Editorial Notes.

In times not very remote the State Fair at Sacramento, along with much that was meritorious, was marked by many things tending in Washington's fine phrase to grieve the judicious. There were fine displays of live stock, products, industrial processes, etc. Along with these things there went a carnival of abominations, including a debauch of drinking and a riot of gambling. It was impracticable, so it was argued, to separate the sheep from the goats. Shut up the bars, bar pool selling, it was said, and the State Fair would surely be a failure. The public, it was argued with something like a derisive sneer, will not turn out to a fair organized upon Sunday-school standards. Despite these presentments liquor selling on the fair grounds and pool selling in the booths was prohibited. And behold! A finer and better fair than ever seen in the history of the state. It is the testimony not only of all who attended last week's fair, but of the "gate," the race-course, and all the rest of it, that the fair was a tremendous success. Here we have a demonstration very well worth attention. It is nothing less than this, namely, that a fair organized upon clean lines and maintained under wholesome restrictions will attract more people, finer exhibits, and provide in all ways a better occasion than a fair founded upon the wide-open principle. The reorganized State Fair is successful and popular. It provides more that is worth doing and worth seeing, and sustains an infinitely better atmosphere, than a fair organized in the interests of gamblers and marked by unseemly practices.

Vineyard-owners and wine-makers of California do not find the "war tax" scheme in some of its details pleasant reading. They discover that while whisky, a proper subject for taxation, is wholly exempt, the burden falls heavily upon their special industry. Very naturally they ask why wines and beer should be specially taxed, while whisky is exempt. The answer to this question they discover to lie in the fact that whisky

is a product of the South—the same South which provides for a Democratic administration and a Democratic Congress the backbone of its power—whereas wines and beer are produced chiefly in states not affiliated with the Democratic party and therefore less effectively represented at Washington in the present state of politics. Probably the scheme as devised will go through. Protest will avail nothing. There is obvious, however, a positive determination to give to the country the facts, to the end that there may be popular understanding of why the tax is imposed; also why the brunt of it is so adjusted that it will give the Democratic South the go-by and the Republican North (including California) the full weight of its exactions.

LETTERS FROM THE WAR ZONE.

There must be many Californians who have relatives and friends within the war zone and who are doubtless in receipt of letters descriptive of some of the stirring scenes that have passed before their eyes. Thanks to the courtesy of the recipient of some of these letters the *Argonaut* is able to present its readers with a dramatic picture of events that transpired in Germany and in France immediately before and after the declaration of war. The writer, the wife of one of the best-known citizens of San Francisco, was in Baden, Germany, at the time when war first became a certainty and she left for Paris on the last train that crossed the frontier. Finding it impossible to remain in Paris, she accepted the hospitality of relatives at Limoges, and her letter is therefore dated from that city:

LIMOGES, FRANCE, August 3, 1914.

I was awake early this morning and downstairs to see W., who was leaving for Paris at 6:30 by motor. It was such a relief to have him arrive at Baden-Baden last Thursday at six p. m. I was at my wit's end, and it was very hard to know what to do. H. had managed to acquire a most awful cold. The doctor said she must not be moved for several days, and then must be taken to the high mountains. This advice at a moment when Russia was piling her troops at the German frontier and Germany was mobilizing was dreadfully disconcerting. Never have I seen events or rather emotions and actions which precede and lead to great events follow with such rapidity. * * * The banks were refusing to pay gold and the hotels were refusing to accept checks. It seemed ominous, and as fast as I decided to leave Baden for France some one begged me to remain in Germany. The doctor told me that he must go to the war and the sanatorium in which I was located would be turned into a Red Cross hospital; his nurses, too, would have to go; all the hotels would be closed; the waiters would go; private motors were being seized; no more tourists were allowed entry into Switzerland. I had no money in Germany and the banks laughed at French bank checks, so I crept out alone and bought the family's tickets for Paris with England and America in my mind. * * * That evening there was the usual war talk, and two South African ladies begged me to leave with the children, since I had the tickets, so out we came on Friday morning on the last train which left Germany for France.

Baden was delightful, beautiful, clean, salubrious. It was wonderful to see the big Zeppelin every morning, to hear the rasping of the bullets of the rifle practice firing which was going on in the hills. Well, things looked ready in Alsace and on the German frontier last Friday morning. Every bridge and cross road was crowded, men were busy on the sides of the railway unwinding copper wire for new telegraphic installations. The hills and plains were sown at regular intervals with Marconi towers. We saw cannon on the hills, but no troops, only scattered soldiers across on the French frontier. It was disappointing, because no preparations seemed to be under way. The only indication of anything unusual was the tear-stained faces of the women at Tahern in Alsace. We were told that war had been declared; immediately several in our car burst into tears. Never was there such a hot day nor such a hot and crowded train. Everything was full, even the couloirs were full, and still the people crowded in at every station. At Nancy I took two people into our compartment and we bunched ourselves together to make room for them. They were gentle folks and he was going to rejoin his regiment. He told us that 240,000 soldiers marched into Nancy the night before. We were an hour late at Paris, and the train stopped a long way out from the station. There were no porters and we ourselves dumped our luggage out of the windows on to the dusty tracks. There were no omnibuses and a friendly chasseur from the Meurice offered to deliver my baggage at the Ritz. Outside the station there were plenty of taxis, but Paris was wilder than ever. The Ritz, too, was less calm and well poised than usual. Many of the waiters had gone. Only one was in the grill room next day when I lunched there. * * * Mr. Ellis, proprietor of the Ritz, asks his would-be customers if they have real cash, otherwise no tea, no lunch. The Ritz was full of gesticulating Americans, but the steamboat offices were fuller. No more tickets were sold for channel crossings, so I was very glad to accept the invitation to come here in the country.

The general mobilization of the French troops was ordered on Saturday afternoon, and there was great rejoicing in the

towns we passed through, except everywhere the ugly, swollen, tear-stained faces of the women. Soldiers were patrolling everywhere. The peasants, who had just received their muskets, were still in their working blouses. Trains were immediately reserved for mobilization purposes and no passengers allowed to ride, and we passed them filled with soldiers. * * * The Curé, whom I saw twice yesterday, left this morning. We went to a service yesterday afternoon; it was a benediction for the men going to the war. The church was filled with women and children; none of the men who were being blessed came. Every one here has to wait on himself. There is so little money and no one knows how soon they can get any more. * * * We have heard rumors of fighting today on the frontier and all reports are favorable to the French. We shall learn the truth tonight.

This is Tuesday. War has been declared today by Germany against France. We motored to Soissons this morning and all about the country, going through several villages, in one of which we saw the garde champêtre beating his drum and announcing the declaration to the peasants. We went to try to get fifteen beds for the hospital here. We bought coarse linen for sheets and pillow cases and pecans sacking for two litters. We wore Red Cross badges and the little car carried a big Red Cross flag. All the departing soldiers waved at and saluted us and asked if we were going to the front. * * * I must get a *billet de circulation* from the mayor. I had one this morning, but it was only for these environs. We were stopped several times, once by a man with a bayonet.

Accompanying the above letter was a communication addressed to the writer by one of the best-known literary men of England, whose American wife came from one of the old established families of the South. The letter relates to the much-discussed landing in England of a Russian army, and it will be read with interest in this connection:

MY DEAR MRS. —: That is a rumor so persistent I begin to believe there is truth at the back of it. You recall you told me you heard that Russian troops might come to France through the Dardanelles. On Thursday Lord G. told me a rumor reached him that a large Russian force was to arrive from Arcangel on the White Sea and come round the North Cape to Inverness and from thence to a south port here for Ostend. The country side here is full of the story that the Southeastern Railroad was choked with Russian troop trains yesterday. My doctor, who told me, declares that the guard of a train who had seen "them big bearded men who talked foreign" was his informant. I can not yet believe it; but Lord P., who was lunching with us Thursday and who is very knowledgeable about such matters, said that it was practicable—that they could get to Inverness by big steamers from Arcangel in five days.

Probably by this time you in London may know it; it is not possible that fifty or a hundred thousand Russians could pass the whole length of the Isles without it being common talk in town. The press are splendidly secretive, are they not? I shall come up tomorrow. I have got all the village folk here shooting at butts in the park and they shape well. When the extreme novelty of the rifle has worn off lots of them will enlist. * * *

But never since Duke William landed within five miles of this have we had three days comparable in anxiety to those on this side Thursday. God muscle all those good fellows on the Sambre.

Among letters we have been permitted to see from the war zone is one from a young son of Prince Poniatowski, formerly of California, who is now actively in French service. Prince Poniatowski himself has been detailed to train cavalry recruits, and according to his son's letter is in the saddle from morning till night. The writer of the letter, a boy of seventeen, himself in service as a stretcher bearer, tells of the exploits of his elder brother, Stanislaus, a boy of nineteen, permitted to enlist under age and serving as a military chauffeur. Young Casimir writes:

We left Lime' yesterday because we could hear the cannons and knew that the Germans were advancing rapidly. I am writing from Paris. A German aeroplane threw five bombs into Paris yesterday, but luckily did no damage. We leave today for Limoges to be with papa, who is at the garrison there training a regiment of cavalry. Stan has been at all the big battles in the north. He came back to Lime' last night with a wounded captain whom he had saved by carrying him off the battlefield. Stan's good luck is with him. In one battle the radiator of his motor was blown open by a bomb. An instant later a second bomb crashed into the back of the motor, breaking the glass and blowing the doors and top off the limousine. Stan is quite unhurt and quite as well as ever.

In special uses of the national forests California leads all states, taking the government's receipts as a criterion. Such uses include all sorts of activities exclusive of those connected with lumbering, grazing, and the development of water-power. According to figures just issued by the Department of Agriculture, special uses of California's forests yielded \$16,258.06, or twice as much as those of any other state except Arizona, where the receipts were some \$3000 less. The total receipts from the forests within the state were \$260,007.34.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"Sincerity the Keynote."

FIREBAUGH, CAL., September 20, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: As a "mere man in the alfalfa" allow me to compliment and heartily endorse your article, "Folly at the Greek Theatre." I am really glad that some one is unbiased enough in the American press world to appreciate facts as they are and to give public expression to them.

The fact of a peace crusade being organized and engineered by a man who strove his utmost to inveigle this country in a war with Mexico for his own financial ends is sufficient guaranty for its insincerity and worthlessness, and reduces the status of Berkeley University immeasurably in the eyes of all learned and refined savants. An educational board that tolerates such buffoonery as was witnessed last Sunday and which endorses the recent antics of the nature fakir deserves the sympathy of all sincere and intelligent humans.

Trusting that you may continue your onslaught on the sensation monger and egotist, and that *sincerity*, the keynote of peace and success, may predominate in this and European countries,

AN EXILE FROM ERIN.

Truly a "Mix-Up."

PALO ALTO, September 20, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Your editorial, "Folly at the Greek Theatre," is pertinent. Barnum, the great circus man previous to Hearst, knew what he was talking about when he said "the American people like to be humbugged."

About the last thing that Hearst desires is to stop this war. If he thought for a moment that his fanfare would bring such results he would not be on the job.

This is truly a mix-up, Hearst for peace and the grand secretary of the Y. M. C. A. calling on the President for warships to be sent to Turkey.

A. J. RUNYON.

Some Suggestive Queries.

SAN MATEO, September 19, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: The letter of Mr. Alexander B. Williamson printed in your issue of this date renders the situation concerning the causes of the war between England and Germany pretty clear, so much so that we may seek additional information from that quarter. I trust that asking a favor of a reply to some questions in this perplexing situation may not be construed as encroaching to an undue extent upon your and Mr. Williamson's kindness.

If the German violation of Belgium's neutrality is a "want-on outrage," is "infamous," what is the violation of China's neutrality by Japan? Is not a thief generally considered more culpable when he takes bread without the object of saving his family from distress than with such incentive? The connection of England with this step of Japan and the latter's entrance upon the war is ably reported in the same issue of your valuable paper by Mr. K. K. Kawakami, and I beg to refer to the same.

Is it or is it not true that in the plans which England years ago made in conjunction with France to govern these nations' first steps in the event of a war with Germany, a landing of British troops on Belgian soil was provided for?

In the White Paper issued by Sir Edward Grey, Russia acknowledges that Austria is undoubtedly entitled to some satisfaction from Serbia. Americans should be rather inclined to agree with that, in view of our doings in Mexico, Cuba, etc. Besides Americans can have little sympathy with the Serbian nation, so long as the findings of the commission, on which several Americans served as members, are to the effect that the Serbian outrages in the Balkan war were unsurpassed by anything known in that line, and absolutely unprintable. It is also quite to the point to consider what the Czar would have done, had the Serbs, for example, killed his son, instead of the Austrian archduke.

What we should like to know is, what right had Russia to interfere in Austria's attempt to punish Serbia for her palpable misdeeds? Particularly after Austria, according to the White Paper, had bound herself not to take Serbian territory and not to reduce Serbian sovereignty. Russia may claim a protectorate over all Slavs, but seeing that Austria is half Slav herself, is this not in itself aggression?

The White Paper makes it quite clear that Austria would persist in her determination to punish Serbia, and the existing alliances rendered it equally clear that interference of Russia would inevitably cause a general European war.

The White Paper does not show that either France or England exerted themselves to the last degree to restrain Russia from interfering; on the contrary, both nations appear to have acknowledged that Russia must interfere. Can the world at large endure a general European war with more equanimity than a more or less just punishment of Serbia?

The White Paper shows that Russia was absolutely determined upon war, in case Austria attacked Serbia. On account of her position, was not therefore Germany compelled to declare war in this contingency?

A word about militarism. Is not Germany on account of her geographical position compelled to keep a large army? Is there any difference between this and the keeping of a large navy on the part of England?

In this connection is it not appropriate to consider the fact that in the last forty years Germany has had no wars and England has had many?

Germany apparently has no reason to want anything of Russia but to be left alone. She has no quarrel with France, except possibly over Alsace-Lorraine.

Which country has the best claim to these provinces? Is it not significant that every city, every hamlet, every river, has an unmistakably German name?

We have heard so much on the English side of this execrable contest that one is curious to hear from the other side. Perhaps you can help out. It does not seem exactly in consonance with American love of fair play to prevent one of the contestants from being heard, and to accept the other's explanations without scrutiny, although the truthfulness of the war news we have received for six weeks past has been such that we are now prepared to accept anything as gospel.

GEORGE WATSON.

Illinois was third among the states of the Union in 1913 in the value of its mineral production. The state owes its prominence as a mining state chiefly to its importance as a producer of coal and petroleum and to the development of its clay-working industries. In coal production Illinois is exceeded only by Pennsylvania and West Virginia, and in the production of petroleum only by California and Oklahoma. In the manufacture of clay products Illinois ranks fourth.

During the past fiscal year, July 1, 1913, to June 30, 1914, 57,762 acres of land in the national forests in California were listed to 510 applicants under the forest homestead laws.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.

At the moment of writing on Wednesday forenoon comes official notification of the retirement of the German right wing under General von Kluck. The Allies are said to have forced the invaders back for a distance of many miles in the course of forty-eight hours, which would bring them nearly as far as La Fère, or a little to the south of St. Quentin. A glance at the map shows the rival armies closely locked in semi-lunar formation and stretching from the neighborhood of Amiens to the vicinity of the fortress of Verdun, a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles. The region occupied by the Germans was chosen by them on their retreat from the Marne, and it seems to be very strong with the River Aisne in front and high hills behind. The main effort of the Germans is directed toward the penetration of the French centre, which would of course cut the French army in two, while the Allies are intent upon turning the German flanks at both ends of the line. General von Kluck occupies the German right and consequently he is faced by the Allies' left, and it is here that the French and British are reporting their chief successes. It will be remembered that the battle of the Marne was virtually decided by the success of the Allies in turning the German right flank, and they are now trying to repeat the operation, and with some apparent success.

The importance of a flanking movement is obvious, since it means not only a possible assault from the rear, but also a severance of communications. If we could look into the mind of the German commander we should probably find that it was occupied much more with the communications than even with the fate of the battle in front of him. No matter how great his success upon the field, no matter how invincible his arms, the whole fabric of his plans must melt away at a successful attack upon his communications. He is in a hostile country, and he has to feed and clothe a million men, as well as supply them with the incredible masses of ammunition upon which their military lives depend. Practically everything that he needs, from a pin to a siege gun, must be brought to him from his own country over hundreds of miles of hostile territory, and the road over which these supplies are brought must be guarded incessantly, and by forces large enough to resist any attack likely to be brought against them. What the air tube is to a diver the line of communications is to an army. Severance is followed by instant strangulation. It is therefore obvious that when the retirement of a flank has reached a certain point the centre also must feel the contagion and fall back, in order once more to straighten the line and to save the communications. No matter how strong the centre may be proving itself it must inevitably wheel back into line with the retreating flank. Therefore if the Allies are able to continue their successful advance upon Von Kluck we must presently hear that the whole German line is in retreat upon some other position, where a further stand may be made and where the previous tactics will be repeated. Today it is reported unofficially and through the observations of aviators that the main German army is actually falling back and that the present battle is being continued by its rear guard. General Joffre, who seems to be a man of uncanny caution, says there are evidences that the centre has exhausted its force. The news is probably true to a certain extent. It is to be remembered that the Allies can move faster than the Germans, whose much heavier siege artillery, intended for use against Paris, must be dragged through the soft deep mud resulting from the recent rains. And it may be said here that there can be no such thing as a drawn battle at this stage of the game. If the French can but hold on the battle will win itself for them. Time fights for them more strongly than their own guns. Even if they are beaten and fall back they will be as well off as they were before. But there can be no holding on for the Germans. They must either go on or they must go back, and they are equally difficult. The French have all the resources of their own country behind them. They can be constantly reinforced from Paris, and they can be well fed and cared for. But it is hard for the Germans to get reinforcements, even supposing that there are any available, and it must always be something of a pleasant surprise to the German commander to see the supply trains still arriving with the Belgian forces aggressively in their rear. Already the communications have failed more than once.

It would be foolish to make predictions where the opponents are so strong and so well matched, but it is fairly safe to say that if the whole German line should retire, which it must do if Von Kluck continues to fall back, there are two alternative positions that it can occupy and that it has already prepared for occupation. The first is on a line stretching from St. Quentin through Vervins to Mezieres and Sedan, and this would give it an ultimate exit into Germany through Luxembourg. The other is along the Belgian frontier, from Tournai through Maubeuge to Sedan, and this would give it an exit through Belgium. It is said that Von Kluck has already made his headquarters at Mons and that fortifications are being prepared along the Belgian frontier, and this would point to the choice of the second alternative. The Germans, of course, know what they are doing, or rather what they may have to do, but the Belgian position would seem to be a dangerous one. Antwerp, still untaken and holding a vigorous Belgian army, would be in their rear, and we may confidently believe that there is something very much more formidable than the Belgian army hidden away somewhere along that coast. There are several hundred thousand British troops still unaccounted for. They may still be in England, but on the other hand they may be in Belgium or on the north French coast. And then there are the Russians whom we are asked to believe are a sort of solar myth.

A shrewd observer of events recently said that when the official announcements took on the air of a confidential

methods of making war, one to employ troops in masses and the other to fight in extended order. The former is the German method. It is immensely costly in life; but they can afford it for two reasons, the immense superiority in numbers and the fact that their men are disciplined to mechanical obedience, that they fight best when closely held together under the personal command of their officers. The extended order is the French way. The French soldier does not fight well wedged together, and he becomes impatient under constant command and mechanical discipline."

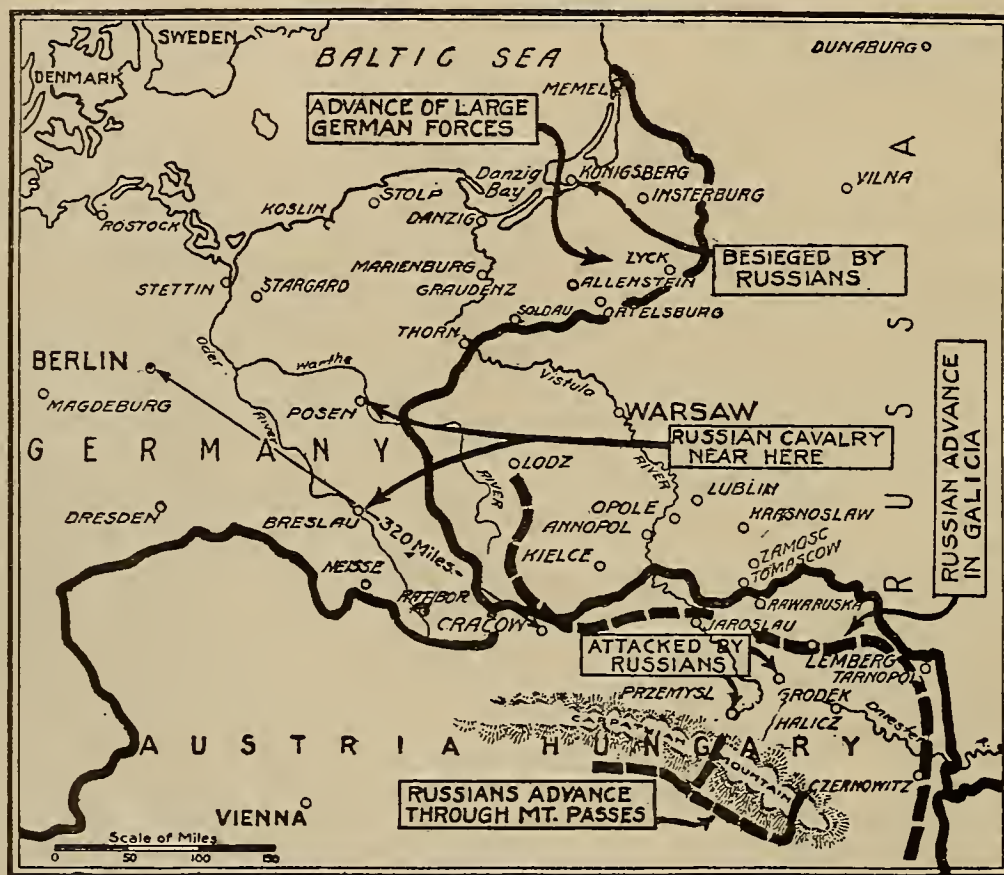
Another word may be said here about the German losses. A recent report from Berlin gives the total casualties from the beginning of the war as about 45,000, killed, wounded, and missing. Whether this report is for American consumption only or whether it represents the kind of information that is being given to the German public is not apparent, nor does it much matter, except that the revelation of the facts must ultimately be a painful business. Now the Belgians alone are said to have lost 40,000 men and the British must by now have lost nearly as many. There are no reports as to French losses, but there can be very little doubt that the Germans have lost more, far more, than all their enemies combined. If we put the German losses to date at 250,000 men we shall probably be not far from the mark.

Another factor that must have a profound influence upon the war is the German food supply. So far as fighting forces are concerned there is no reason at all why the powers con-

cerned should not go on fighting for years. Even the taking of capitals need have no inevitable results in the way of capitulation so long as there are still armies in the field. But the food supply is vital, and here Germany is most unfortunately situated. She can not wholly feed herself even when all her men are at work, and now her imports are practically cut off. She can get a certain amount of food through Holland, but it is not likely that her receipts in that way can be very large or we can be quite sure that the Allies would have found some way to stop them. All stories of vast hoards of provisions can be dismissed as moonshine. There are no vast hoards of provisions anywhere. Nations live more or less from hand to mouth on what they grow and what they import, and there are very few nations that can afford to have their imports cut off. Once more we have a factor that may easily out-measure the importance of the victories and defeats of armies.

Now let us look for a moment at the situation in the east of Europe, which has grown increasingly interesting during the last few days. The accompanying map will show the position of the Russian armies. In the north the Russians were defeated near Allenstein and they remained

THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE.



From the New York Sun.

literality it was well to ask what they were trying to conceal. Now a recent report from England says that the authorities have been trying to ascertain the source of the unaccountable rumors about these Russian soldiers from Arcangel, and that the explanation is a quite simple one. It seems that several Russian attachés with their servants, all in native costume, passed through London on their way to the front and that these were mistaken for a Russian army. Now apart from the absurdity of supposing that the British authorities care a cent one way or the other about a public misapprehension and that they have nothing better to do than to rectify it, we can hardly believe that a few dozen men in Russian costume—and military attachés at the front do not usually have many servants—could be mistaken by many different people for a Russian army. There is no need once more to review the evidence in favor of the existence of this Russian army, but it may be permissible to repeat the suggestion that great things are likely to happen somewhere in the north of Belgium, and that those who concentrate their gaze overmuch on the battles at the front may miss part of the prospective activities.

All the reports show that the Germans are continuing to use the solid formation and that they seem indifferent to their losses. They are not indifferent to their losses, unless they are also indifferent to public opinion at home, which is inconceivable. But the Germans can not fight in any other way. Sometimes their attacking lines are eight ranks deep, and this must often mean the killing of eight men instead of one. General Joffre himself explained the phenomenon recently when he said to some one in Paris: "There are two

quiescent for some time, although they are now moving once more. In the south the Russians have been uniformly successful, and it is here that we find the pivot of the war. Russia might have launched her armies from her extreme westerly frontier, which would of course have been very much nearer Berlin and Vienna, but in that case she would have been liable to an invasion in her own rear from the neighborhood of Koenigsberg in the north and Lemberg in the south. Therefore she provided against this by beginning her own forward movement in the east with the intention of driving any possible invading force of Germans or Austrians before her. But as a matter of fact the Austrians did invade Russian Poland and got as far as Lublin, where they were met and driven disastrously back upon the fortress of Przemyśl, which is now invested, while the important post of Jaroslau has been taken. The Austrian defeat must have been very severe and their losses enormous and demoralizing. Now with this army disposed of and Lemberg taken it is evident that Cracow is in the direct line of Russian advance, and although Cracow is strongly fortified its capture would mean the open door to Breslau, which is not fortified. Posen also is within reach, and from Posen to Berlin the road is a perilously short one. Russians are also reported as on the summit of the Carpathians, practically overlooking Vienna.

Now with the rapid approach of the Russian armies to their own most westerly frontier and toward Posen it is evident that the German armies in the neighborhood of Allenstein, where the Russians were defeated, become almost negligible, and this explains the comparative quiescence of the Russian forces in that direction and that are supposed

to be on the defensive or even retreating. With the emergence into Germany of Russian armies in the neighborhood of Posen it becomes evident that the German position near Allenstein and Koenigsberg must become untenable. The Germans must at once fall back to save their rear, and even though these East Prussian armies should be able to invade Russia they would still be negligible in view of the rapidly approaching threat to their rear which must compel them to fall back. Reports of German successes in the north have therefore no importance. They must necessarily be short lived if the Russian invasion of Germany to the south continues unhindered. And it is not likely to be hindered.

But there is another news item that is even more ominous than the advance of the Russian armies, although its importance may easily be overlooked. The grand duke is said to have announced that his forces will not waste any time over Vienna, but that they will push straight on to Berlin. Now this removes an apprehension to which the French and the English may have been keenly alive. Such claims to territory and to indemnity as may be made by a victorious army are usually based largely upon actual occupation. Therefore it might have been supposed that Russia would hasten to occupy the largest possible area of Austrian territory in order to be the "man in possession" if she should ever be in a position to state her terms, and that she should even delay her western advance in order prospectively to feather her own nest. But this, it seems, is not to be done. Russia has fixed her gaze upon Berlin, and she will not be diverted by the hope of spoil. And every step that she takes in the direction of the German capital will be a corresponding relief of the pressure upon the French and British armies. And it may be said that the Russian advance upon Berlin, if it should ever eventuate, will be the greatest campaign in history. It will dwarf everything in the way of war that the world has ever known. The Russian minister of war says that "the entire strength of the Russian army will be used," and this means that the fighting line will be very much more than a million men strong, probably two million. What effect this appalling danger is already having upon the situation in France is a matter for speculation. With the fall of Lemburg it must have been apparent to Germany that Austria had failed her and that she must rely upon herself alone. We know that the German emperor hurried to East Germany to put his fences in what shape he could, and that he took large hodies of men with him. How many he took, to what extent he depleted his armies in France, we have no means of knowing, but who shall say that the portentous shadow in the east may not have had much to do with the abandonment of the siege of Paris and with the German defeat on the Marne. If the Austrian armies are not now utterly destroyed they are very nearly so. Certainly there can be no longer any Austrian force capable of resisting the Russian armies, and we should almost be justified in putting Austria out of our calculations, as no doubt the Germans did some time ago. And therefore we can only smile at the story of a great Austrian army that is supposed to be watching the Italian frontier. There can be nothing in existence deserving such a description. If there were such an army it would not be on the Italian frontier. It would be fighting the Russians. If there is any Austrian force at all engaged upon such a task it is made up of odds and ends that are not fit for anything else, or of Slavs who can not be trusted to face their brothers of Russia and Servia.

If strong hodies of soldiers from India are not already at the front they will be there in a few days. Reports from Canada said that many trainloads of these dusky warriors had passed over the lines of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, but that the blinds of the cars were closely drawn and that their occupants were unidentified except by a few fortunate individuals. Of course the railroad company promptly denied that any Indian troops had passed through Canada. They said that the whole story was a myth, although the reports of eye-witnesses were quite numerous, and one Canadian weekly published a photograph of cars that were undeniably Canadian Pacific cars and loaded with soldiers who were undeniably Indian. But then denials are the order of the day. They seem to proceed automatically. But it is now officially stated that a certain number of these Hindu soldiers have been landed at Marseilles, having come direct from India, so we may please ourselves as to what credence we give to the stories from Canada. These new forces are made up of Sikhs and Gurkhas, who are used to fighting in cold weather, and they would rather fight than eat. The Sikhs are Hindus, but they derive their name from their religion and not from their nationality. The Gurkhas are also Hindus, and both Sikhs and Gurkhas were loyal to the Raj during the mutiny, a fact always held by the authorities in appreciative recollection. The entire strength of the British army in India is about 240,000, and of these only about 76,000 are white. There are also reserves, auxiliaries, and irregulars, as well as the armies maintained by the native rulers, and this second line numbers about 227,000 men, but they would all be available for service if Great Britain should call upon them. The weakness of the native forces is their ignorance of artillery, it having been considered unwise to allow this arm to pass out of white hands, but none the less they form an effective fighting force of the first order. And in this connection it may be said that while rebellion in India is always a possibility, since only Providence can look understandingly into the Oriental mind, its probabilities seem vastly lessened by the unanimity with which the native princes have hastened to offer their services and all their possessions.

The destruction of three British cruisers somewhere in the North Sea tends to confirm the recently expressed opinion

of a British naval expert that the big battleship is obsolete and that the submarine will henceforth rule the roost. The destroyed cruisers are said to have been "obsolete," but evidently they were not obsolete or they would not have been where they were. At least the 2000 men on board of them were not "obsolete." This catastrophe may easily have the effect of forcing the British fleet into some kind of decisive action against the German ships now supposed to be in Kiel, although such an operation would evidently be of enormous danger. In this case we should have some variation of the dismal tale of slaughter by land.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1914.

SIDNEY CORYN.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Arthur H. Wilde, president of the University of Arizona, has been appointed professor of education and school administration at Boston University.

Professor Ralph S. Hosmer, who has been appointed to the chair of forestry in Cornell University, recently resigned from the government service. For the last eleven years he has been head of the Federal Forestry Bureau for the Territory of Hawaii.

Dennis John Cassin, who has just retired after a record of fifty-two years as an engineer on the New York Central Railroad, has never had an accident since he first took charge of an engine. He is seventy years of age, and enjoys excellent health. Some years ago he was voted the most popular railroad engineer in this country.

Harvey D. Hinman, who recently rose to the position of a national figure, owing to the political feeling aroused by the endorsement of him for governor of New York by former President Roosevelt, is ranked as one of the shrewdest lawyers in the State of New York. Born on a farm, he is six feet in height, gaunt, chews tobacco, and his language is enriched by characteristically rural phrases. He is also a former state senator, having been sent to Albany in 1904.

Lieutenant-General Sir Alfred E. Codrington, who has been appointed military secretary to Lord Kitchener, served in the Egyptian war of 1882, being mentioned in dispatches and receiving the fifth class Medjidie and the Khedive's star. In the South African campaign he was again mentioned in dispatches and received the queen's medal with three clasps and the king's medal with two clasps and a brevet rank of colonel. He was in command of the London district, 1909-13.

The Right Honorable F. E. Smith, on whom the world depends for official war news of Great Britain, he being in charge of the press bureau established for that purpose, is a member of Parliament, forty-two years old, self-made, and noted as barrister. He had little in his favor when he started life, except his brilliant wits and an iron determination concealed behind the suavest of manners. He won the prize of a classical scholarship at Wadham College, which took him to Oxford. There he soon became known as one of the finest orators and debaters ever heard at the Oxford Union, and as a very learned man, for winning academic honor after honor, Mr. Smith became a fellow and lecturer of Merton College.

Frederick MacMonnies, whose model for the fountain, "Civic Virtue," the bequest to the city of New York of the late Angelina Crane, has arrived from France after delays extending over several years, is regarded by many as the foremost living American sculptor. He has long been a resident of France, having a studio at Geverney-Vernon, and has not been in this country for several years. The contract to MacMonnies was let five years ago, on the signing of which he received a retainer of \$10,000. The delay has been costly to the sculptor, for each year of delay there will be deducted from his fee \$822.40 to pay the premiums on a \$20,000 insurance policy on his life, which was provided for in the contract.

General Rennenkampf, now commanding the Russian armies fighting in East Prussia, is one of the few Russian leaders who came out of Manchuria with distinction. He commanded a cavalry division and a brigade of infantry under Count Keller, who confronted General Kuroki's army on the march to Liao-yang. General Rennenkampf showed himself a determined, energetic, and enterprising commander and was a thorn in the side of the Japanese until the battle of Towan, where Keller was killed and Rennenkampf was wounded. He distinguished himself at the battle of Mukden, where he brought Kawamura to a halt, inflicting very severe losses, and the Japanese were unable afterward to dislodge him.

Dr. W. A. P. Martin, who recently celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday, is the oldest Protestant missionary in China, having been engaged in his labors in that country for sixty-four years. In point of service it is believed that his record stands alone. He was born in Indiana, and from the time of his arrival in China has been actively engaged. For the first ten years he devoted all his spare time to a study of the Chinese language, and in 1858 he served as interpreter to the American minister in renewing the Treaty of Tientsin. Beginning with 1863 he served for thirty years as president of the Tung Wen College. He has also served as president of the University of Peking.

Dr. Martin has published several books in Chinese, in addition to a number in English, among the latter being "The Cycle of Cathay," "The Siege of Peking," and "Legends and Lyrics from the Chinese."

JAPAN'S ANNUAL SHINTO FESTIVAL.

Quaint and Solemn, It Recalls Certain Scenes Depicted in the Bible.

Thousands of Japan fisher-folk have just celebrated their annual Shinto festival, which takes them to the shrine of Itsukushima, famous for the last 1300 years. It is ever a uniquely beautiful object, with its Hall of Worship patterned like the Christian Basilicas of Constantine the Great, with a broad central nave divided by columns from two narrower side aisles—while in each month Kagura, mystery dances, are performed "to give God pleasure," on the dancing stage which stands between the shrine and the venerable camphor-wood Torii, or Temple Gateway (through which no dead nor unclean thing may pass) and its all but 700 feet of corridors built out into the Inland Sea. Behind this floating temple the lofty mountain towers whose sides clothed to the summit with evergreen cryptomeria, camphor, and many kinds of fragrant pine trees, throw into relief the harmonious Shinto colors—red, white, and green—of the temple at its foot (says the *Far East*). Once a year the fisher population from the countless isles in the Inland Sea repair to Itsukushima to hold a three-day festival and invoke a blessing on the harvest of the sea for the ensuing year. Silently their thousand sampans float in on the incoming tide, each taking its place in the most orderly way all around the shores of the beautiful bay, till they are packed, side by side, like sardines in a tin. Each sampan holds a family, the smallest about six persons, *i. e.*, children, parents, grandparents, or, failing such, an extra guest or two. Here they pass their lives; fish, cook, eat, wash, sleep, and from some unknown depths produce the amazingly simple and beautiful attire fresh and clean and dainty as from a Ginza store—in which they dress to walk on shore, visit the little shops to buy mementoes of the quaint carved wood, and present their humble gifts at the shrine. On the second morning the temple is thronged to suffocation. A most impressive service is held for all those who, by hereditary privilege, are invited to take an active part in propelling the Sacred Ship. Men, women, and children are dedicated afresh by an intensely solemn and reverential communion of consecrated sake and rice bread, brought to them from within the Veiled Sanctuary by the Shinto priests—who officiate with covered lips. Towards five o'clock the many thousands of farmers and others, who came by train and steamer from the mainland in the forenoon, together with the whole fishing population, are on the tiptoe of expectation for the grand function which is momentarily expected to commence. The ship itself is a marvel of beauty. It consists of three sampans of "new wood" lashed together as one with decorated prows. Curtains of blue and white striped cotton hang over the sides to represent the cloud and sky. At the stern other curtains of gorgeous sunset-colored brocades veil the shrine on deck, which is hung all round with paper lanterns; besides the four great sakaki trees of life, twined with the curious strips of white paper which are the Shinto equivalent of the ancient clothes-covenant offering of Semitic races, and between these stands the Mikoshi, or Ark, adorned with the sacred mirror, which reveals the true condition of the worshippers' hearts to the god. This front side of the ship is hung with curtains of the five primary or rainbow colors. Just before six p. m. this Mikoshi, accompanied by the immense temple drum, is brought down from the sanctuary and through the huge torii to the water's edge by some thirty white-robed Shinto priests who then march barefoot bearing the sacred Ark ankle-deep through the sea to the Holy Ship. One can at this moment exactly picture the scene described in the Book of Joshua at the crossing of the River Jordan. This is a most solemn moment of absolutely breathless, reverent silence, broken only by the ceremonial hand-clapping of some among the throngs of worshippers on the shore, and the wailing of the Shinto pipes on board the ship, where a short service is being held. Then the sacred boat is tugged out to sea by three great sampans decked with sakaki trees, and rowed by men clad in the quaintest Old World garb who come expressly from distant lands in accordance with the privilege hereditary in their families. As the Sacred Ship and its surrounding fleet put out to sea, the sun, setting behind the opposite mountain range, sheds forth a wondrous glow—giving an exquisite brilliance to the gloriously blue sea which, but for the absence of the snowy Alps, might be mistaken for one of the Italian lakes. The gorgeous orange and gold brocade banners on the ship seem to turn into the very clouds of sunset as they are reflected in the calm waters. The return voyage is made by the light of the moon and stars, the ship alone being illuminated by the Japanese paper lanterns and two braziers of blazing fire hung out at the prows; besides an enormous three-in-one paper lantern, painted with the temple crest of a triple design, which is borne on a sampan alongside. All the way across sacred chants are sung and the home shrine is reached at ten p. m.

THE COLONEL AND THE COBRA.

Explaining Why Lieutenant Brown Left the Service.

Now, whether he deserved it or not, it is certain that Lieutenant-Colonel Augustus William Spillinger had been likened to a peevish old woman almost from the day of his promotion. Concerning petty details, he would splutter and stamp on the floor with anger; in things which really mattered, he leaned upon Tommy Greator, his adjutant.

Even for the plains of India it was a particularly hot morning. The colonel's temper was shocking, and even the soothing swish of the punkah above his head gave him no comfort.

Colonel Spillinger mopped his rubicund countenance with his handkerchief, grunted his disapproval of an official letter obsequiously left for him by his clerk, and glanced up as the figure of an officer in the khaki uniform of the Army Medical Corps darkened the doorway.

"Good-morning, sir," said the visitor. "A very hot day!"

"Humph!" grunted the colonel rudely. "I am not inclined for conversation this morning, Seymour. What do you want?"

"Oh, nothing, sir," answered Seymour casually. "Only a little matter of sanitation. Any time will do, sir."

"What is it, I say?" persisted the colonel, kicking his sword-scabard with his spurred heel.

"Well, sir, it is only a trifle concerning the condition of the subalterns' quarters. Complaints have reached me about Mr. Brown's quarters. You see, sir, he keeps a regular menagerie in his rooms, which is decidedly unhealthy, and should be cleared out. You agree with me, sir, I am sure. An order from you will get rid of the nuisance at once."

"Agree! Who says I agree? Even a subaltern has rights. If Mr. Brown cares to keep animals in his quarters, let him."

"Well, sir, I saw the place myself this morning," replied Seymour. "I am afraid I must persist in recommending their removal. There are a couple of monkeys, two parrots, a young bear, a panther cub, and at least half a dozen snakes."

"Well, what of it?" he demanded fiercely. "I will go after tiffin and see the place for myself. Brown has a most interesting collection. I hear."

Certainly nature had never intended Lieutenant James George Brown for the profession of arms. How he came to be in such a regiment as "The Thrusters" he himself barely knew.

He was a weird personality. Of the ways of beasts and birds, however, he was singularly knowledgeable. In Rumbabad he found a perfect paradise. The animals he coveted could be purchased at a price ridiculously small.

A python slept in its basket beneath his bed, a cobra hissed in its wire-fronted hutch in his sitting-room, birds of gay plumage squawked or sang, monkeys quarreled, a baby bear fed from his hand.

A heavy tiffin, including a generous supply of iced mangoes, relieved the colonel's temper considerably. In fact, as he lit a cigar and looked about him for Greator, he appeared to be beaming with benevolence.

The walk across the parched grass to the long row of subalterns' quarters was quite short. There were a dozen quarters in all, Brown occupying one at the end. A veranda ran the full length of the building, front and back.

"Come along, Greator," cried the colonel genially, "and let us unearth this mare's nest. Is Brown inside?"

"No, sir. I believe he has gone out into the jungle. That iniquitous Tamil bearer of his is here, sir. I understand that the fellow has been trained by Brown into a regular keeper," explained the adjutant. "Hi there, Sennacherib!"

Entering the half-darkened room, the visitors peered about them with curiosity. In hutches, on shelves, reposed almost a score of small animals, whilst from the walls hung cages containing parrots, cockatoos, canaries, and a dozen other birds. Seed littered the floor and the place smelt like a menagerie.

The colonel, standing in the middle of the floor, glared about him speechlessly. At the sight of his red face, a green parrot above his head began to screech madly.

"That Ahsalom!" announced the Tamil solemnly. "He very special parrot, Sahib."

"Oh, is he?" snapped the colonel, with growing irritation, starting off for the bedroom.

Through the latter room one came to the back veranda. In the semi-darkness the colonel stumbled over a dark woolly mass at the foot of the bed, which, with remarkable celerity, unrolled itself into a baby bear.

Jumping two feet into the air, the colonel exploded into a volley of language which shocked even the parrots into silence.

"Jim Abednego," stated the Tamil blandly. "He always sleeping by master."

Greator glanced under the bed. "Is it true that here's a python kept here?" he asked.

"Hah, Sahib! Python asleep in basket now. I just

done feeding with eggs. He Beelzebub—same like devil!" proclaimed the Tamil proudly.

"Ah! Don't disturb him, for heaven's sake," spluttered the colonel. "I think I've had enough of this, Greator. By George, Seymour is right. This sort of thing must cease, at once. The place is unsafe. Damme, Brown must be a lunatic."

"Very good animals, Sahib!" expostulated Sennacherib sadly, following the visitors back into the sitting-room. "Here Moses, giant cobra, Sahib."

"What! Where?" ejaculated the colonel, clutching Tommy Greator's arm, and barging against a hutch behind the door.

With a shout of fear, the Tamil sprang forward. There was death in that hutch. A particularly lively specimen of cobra, curled up in its straw, was accustomed to hiss venomously if disturbed, and the colonel's bulky person was perilously near.

The warning, however, came too late, for the next instant the wretched colonel, his hands pressed to his nether parts, emitted a yell of agony, and sprang into Greator's arms.

"I'm done for!" he gasped. "Send for Seymour—quick—or I shall be a dead man."

Greator did not hesitate. Every moment was precious. Within ten seconds he was running as if for his life across the maidan towards Seymour's bungalow.

The colonel, blanched with fright, fell back in a chair, brought by Sennacherib, and shut his eyes. Great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead, and his hands shook in an agony of fear. The Tamil, darting into the back premises, returned with a little bottle and a hypodermic syringe.

"I remembering this medicine for snake poison, Sahib," he stammered. "My master keeping for bites. I giving Sahib some?"

"Yes. Anything. Hurry up!" shouted the colonel, baring his arm. "I am already feeling sick."

Sennacherib had never given a hypodermic injection before, but he was no fool. So, between them, they managed to inject a syringe of the fluid beneath the skin. Then the colonel again shut his eyes and conjured up scenes of his past life, whilst the Tamil scanned the horizon for the advent of the doctor.

Half an hour passed. As the minutes sped the colonel's restlessness gradually ceased. The Tamil, nothing the heavy breathing and the absolute immobility of the patient, began to fear the worst. He had heard that a victim of snake bite should be kept awake.

Presently, therefore, with a wild shout for help, he rushed at the unconscious colonel, seized the 200-pound body under the arms, and essayed to raise him to his feet. He might, however, equally as well have attempted to dislodge the Sphinx. The colonel snorted and gurgled, but was as inert as a dead codfish.

Sennacherib, his oily black skin sweating pitifully, again scanned the dusty maidan. In a moment his face had assumed its normal tranquillity. A couple of ponies were galloping toward him!

Seymour lost little time in jumping from his pony and reaching the stertorous, recumbent figure in the chair. As he rapidly examined the wound in the thigh his face showed distinct perplexity. He raised the closed eyelids, felt the pulse, and shook his head.

"Moses biting!" volunteered Sennacherib. "I giving medicine, Sahib; but doing no good."

"What medicine?" demanded Seymour, loosening the colonel's collar. "Bring water and towels—quick!"

While Greator and the bearer fled inside to obey his commands Seymour filled a syringe from a small vial and made an injection. Then, the towels and water having arrived, he started beating the colonel with the wet towel, whilst the others, under his directions, flicked the victim on the legs and hustled him all they knew how.

"I giving squirtful in Sahib's arm," intervened the Tamil, now producing the bottle he had used. "Master using this medicine for snakes."

Seymour, discontinuing his exertions for the moment, stared at the label on the bottle, tasted it, and then glued the quivering Tamil with his eyes.

"How much did you give?" he demanded grimly.

"One squirtful, same like master," stammered the bearer.

"Good Heavens!" gasped Seymour. "He has given him about four times the ordinary dose of morphia. I thought it was the strangest snake wound I had ever seen. Keep him awake, Greator. It is morphia poisoning we are dealing with."

Three hours later, as the horizontal rays of the afternoon sun were striking across the veranda, the owner of the quarters, riding a bicycle, turned into the compound. The sight that met his eyes seemed unbelievable.

The colonel, naked to the waist, arm-in-arm with two hollowed-eyed officers, was being urged up and down the veranda, whilst the remaining occupants of the quarters stood in awed suspense.

Unfortunately, he was not an expert bicycle rider, and in one hand he carried a huge parrot-cage. Orders, however, were orders, not to be quibbled at. He saluted, therefore, as best he could.

The results were disastrous! The bottom fell out of the parrot-cage, the bicycle turned on itself like a thing of life, and the next second Lieutenant Brown lay ruefully amongst the wreckage, while the parrot,

screeching with ear-splitting discordance, fled skywards.

The noise of the catastrophe brought the harassed colonel to a standstill. If any further filip had been necessary to complete his permanent awakening, it was there at hand, in the shape of the author of all its troubles.

There and then, in semi-nakedness, with an audience of half the subalterns in the regiment, not to mention a bevy of natives in the near distance, Colonel Spillinger aired his views upon Lieutenant James George Brown. What these views were must be left to the imagination.

Ten minutes later, the colonel having drawn breath, the miserable Brown, standing humbly, with his empty cage in his hand, and both knees cut, listened to Seymour's more lucid narrative of recent events.

"I had a bottle of morphia, which I used for stupefying the python," he explained, wiping his spectacles. "Sennacherib must have mistaken it for the antivenin bottle. He can't read. I—er—don't think Moses could have bitten any one. I—er—extracted his fangs yesterday. Ah! Look here, Seymour!"

Seymour, following his directing finger, saw a piece of khaki cloth sticking to a nail projecting from the door of the cage.

"Gee whiz!" muttered he. "Nothing but a nail, after all. I didn't think it could be a snake-bite. Heavens, how angry the colonel will be!"

There comes a time to all men, however, when words fail. To Colonel William Augustus Spillinger that time had come!

A week later Lieutenant Brown took long leave to England, and his voluntary retirement from his majesty's army was notified in the Gazette of yesterday.

When the colonel is in the mess it would be a brave man indeed who would dare to mention the word "cobra" in his hearing.—F. A. Symons in *London Sketch*.

Bombay, noted for its pearl markets, is not a pearl producer, though the gems are bought there for shipment to all parts of the world. The pearls sold in Bombay come from the Bahrein Islands, a small archipelago on the western side of the Persian Gulf, which, although adjacent to territory under the control of Turkey, is governed by an independent sheik, under special British protection, the British government maintaining a political agent there. Of this group of islands only those of Bahrein and Maharak are of any size. Their importance, however, is out of all proportion to their extent, for they are the great centre of the Persian Gulf pearl fisheries, which are the world's chief source of supply for pearls. The sheik of Bahrein is said to have a customs revenue amounting to about \$400,000 per year, which makes him the richest ruler in the Persian Gulf. The pearl fisheries under his control may in a good year bring to his islands as much as \$2,500,000. It is difficult for newcomers to obtain the services of good divers, owing to the system in vogue, which practically makes this class of men slaves to the masters of the pearling boats. The men's earnings in the majority of cases are insufficient to keep them all the year round, and consequently they take advances from their masters year after year to such an extent that they can never repay their debt. When a diver elects to engage himself to another boat the owner of the latter has to pay up the debt due to the former master, should he engage him.

One of the most interesting remnants of a prehistoric lake in the United States is that now known as Estancia Valley, which lies south of Santa Fé and east of Albuquerque, New Mexico. From examination of the deposits in this section geologists are of the opinion that this lake existed at the same time as Lake Bonneville, in Utah, and other ancient lakes of the arid West, during the cold, humid glacial period. The theory of the existence of an ancient lake in the valley is based on the presence of shore features and lake sediments. Sea cliffs, terraces, beaches, beach ridges, spits, and bars are found on all sides of the lake flat, at altitudes between 6100 and 6200 feet above sea level.

With the possible exception of the silver industry, the copper industry will probably feel the injurious effects of the European war more seriously than any other of the leading American metal industries. During the last five years approximately fifty per cent of the copper turned out by American refineries has been exported, in large part to the countries now involved in the European war. While considerable copper is consumed in munitions of war and for other military purposes, the constructive arts of peace are far more favorable for the copper industry than the destructive art of war.

A map of the visible universe, upon which the astronomers of the world have been working for twenty-five years, is almost complete. It will contain every star which can be found by the most powerful telescope. The number will be less than 100,000,000. Some of the stars which will be represented have never been seen by the eye of man and probably never will be seen. They are caught and recorded by the photographic plate, which is more sensitive to light than the retina of the human eye.

LONDON IN WAR TIME.

Samuel Blythe Gives Some of His Impressions of the British Metropolis at a Time of Crisis.

Mr. Samuel G. Blythe in the columns of the *Saturday Evening Post* of September 19 has probably drawn the best of all existing pictures of London in war time. We are not told how Mr. Blythe came to be in London at a time when most other Americans are glad enough to be at home, but we may congratulate ourselves upon the presence in the British metropolis of a writer so well qualified to describe what he sees and to do it with such accuracy and with such energy. The English people, he says, are not like the American people in their outward demonstrations when soldiers go to war. We crowd the streets and cheer, whereas the English watch their soldiers silently, almost stolidly. If they have any emotions they are kept in check:

Being English they have gone about it methodically and with a certain grim cheerfulness that is as remarkable as it is universal. I have been in London for a week as I write this, and I have been in every part of the city and have talked with all sorts of people, from members of the government to costers. Not one of them is complaining. Not one is whining. They all calmly accept the inevitable and all are preparing to take with that inevitable whatever discomfort or privation or loss or glory may come. They have put it to the touch—to win or lose it all.

This is the more extraordinary because the English people do not know what is going on and will not know, except in a modified measure. They do not know where the soldiers they see marching down the street are going, nor do the soldiers. They do not know where the fleet, which is the pride and glory of the nation, is, or whether it is well with that fleet or ill. Everything is secret. The newspapers print nothing of movements of troops or ships, or any similar information.

Our Spanish War, says Mr. Blythe, did not directly affect any of our people, except in the most minor way, but here is a whole continent at grips. Here are two tremendous armies arrayed against the armies of three great nations, while the number of men in the field amount to many millions:

Here is a war that affects every man and woman in England, in France, in Germany, in Austria-Hungary, in Belgium, in Russia, in Serbia, in Japan; and that may directly affect every man and woman in Italy and Holland, in Norway and Sweden, and in every other European country. More than that, here is a war that indirectly affects at least, and directly in many instances, every person in the United States of America. It is no Spanish War excursion. It is the grim and terrible and bloody real thing. It has curtailed industry. It has paralyzed business. It has in a day's time stopped commerce in a large degree. There is no line of effort that is not touched. There is no man who will not have to pay his share. It will cost untold millions in money; and there can be no reckoning what it will cost in lives. It will change the map of Europe. It will leave its impress on the destinies of the entire civilized world for years and years to come.

Mr. Blythe describes the crowds in the streets, the crowds that gather around the camping places and the barracks. There are other constant, silent, curious crowds at the Horse Guards, in front of Buckingham Palace, and at the various headquarters for the troops. It looks like a holiday parade rather than war:

Now and then orders come for a regiment, and that regiment, instantly in heavy marching order, forms and marches away. It is doubtful whether anybody but the commanding officer knows its destination. It simply marches away, en masse, and is gone. No newspaper prints a word as to where it is going or why. The fleet sailed out to sea one night and, so far as the public knows, it may be anywhere or nowhere. Not a word is given out; not a syllable until the War Office and the Admiralty are ready to tell what they deem essential. The censorship is rigid. The London and provincial papers, no matter what they may know—and all know more than they print—say nothing that can in any way be construed as giving a hint of military movements or plans. This is a silent war, silently conducted, but with a detail and an efficiency of organization that command admiration.

Mr. Blythe tells us of the momentary collapse of the food market and then of the financial market. London broke out into proclamations which told every one precisely what they were expected to do, and every one did it. There were necessary restrictions of all kinds, but order quickly prevailed and soon everything was once more going smoothly and with a minimum of inconvenience:

It was immediately apparent that though the war may have surprised the people it did not surprise the organizations of the army and the navy. The general staffs were ready. Indeed, it is quite probable that every contingency had been anticipated. This was immediately apparent as soon as the declaration of war had been made, for at that moment the machine began to move; and it moved with tremendous celerity and efficiency. Every man in the machine had a certain duty to perform, a certain wheel to start going, a certain place to fill. Every man simultaneously began his work. There was no confusion of orders, no conflicting of parts. The whole vast machinery began to operate simultaneously; and in all parts of England—as well as in the territorial possessions—each person entrusted with a duty took over that work and performed it.

Mr. Blythe was specially struck with the pall of silence that fell over everything, and especially over the newspapers. The government established a news bureau and forbade the publication of any but official announcements with regard to the war. The newspapers printed reviews by military experts, but these experts confined themselves to speculations on what the Austrians and Germans might do, but they were careful to say nothing as to what the British might do:

There is no doubt the great editors of England know what was done and is being done by the army and the navy, but not one ventures to print a line that is not of-

ficial, for war is a serious business, and not the least of its serious sides is the giving of aid and comfort to the enemy by the publication of contemplated military movements. There are plenty of agents of the Germans and Austrians in England keenly alert to get, for use by their countries, advance information of what is contemplated. No one knows that better than the war authorities, and that view has been impressed thoroughly on the newspapers and the correspondents by the censorship and by the general staffs.

The author believes that the war office, the admiralty, and all therein in important positions knew that war was inevitable for some weeks before it actually came, but the people knew nothing about it one way or the other, and were only vaguely interested in what they supposed was a quarrel between Austria and Serbia. In this connection Mr. Blythe tells us a story of Winston Churchill, first lord of the admiralty, who knew well that war was coming and who began to get ready for it in good time, even to the point of spending money that had not been authorized:

You must understand that Great Britain's navy is practically always on a war footing, or has been for some years; and the mere ship preparation meant nothing one way or another in increased effort or outlay. What Churchill had to do was not the ordinary things, such as putting ships into commission, extra recruiting, and all that sort of thing; but he had to incur extraordinary expenses.

There are or were in the British government—the ministry—several amiable universal-peace protagonists, just as there are some in our cabinet. They would not believe war was possible and benignly deprecated its close approach. This, they said, is the twentieth century, and man is no longer a barbarian, but a highly civilized person, who will arbitrate his differences as gentle and peace-loving souls shall dictate. One day at a meeting of the ministry several ministers who knew of the terror that menaced spoke of the immense cost in treasure such a war would entail on Great Britain and on the world.

"We shall need a first credit of a hundred million pounds," said Churchill—or half a billion dollars, to express it in our money.

The peace contingent was aghast. This was a considerable time before war was declared. Some members of the ministry were fighting the idea, protesting that war was impossible; that it would all be settled without bloodshed. These rebuked Churchill. They accused him of youth and overzeal, impetuosity and exaggerated ideas.

"Yes," continued Churchill, "we shall need a hundred million pounds or more as a first credit, and of that hundred millions I have already spent a million and a half on my own initiative. If you do not like what I have done here is my resignation."

Mr. Blythe refers often to the secrecy with which everything was done. Even extensive preparations for war were made without the least suspicion being aroused in the mind of the public, and even now only a very small proportion of the English people have the slightest comprehension of what is being done:

Moreover, the training—in England, at least—was done in what seemed the most casual manner, without fuss or flurry or publicity. That is the most amazing thing about it from the American viewpoint—that lack of publicity. Imagine, for example, the gathering of considerably more than a hundred thousand soldiers in and about New York, their mobilization, equipment, and their disposition somewhere, anywhere, without the American people's being fully and extravagantly informed of every movement! One regiment could not march out of New York without that march being detailed in the papers. And yet, here in London, within the past fortnight, large numbers of troops have gathered and have left in the night, silently, under orders to go somewhere—to go to fight; and not a soul in England, except the military authorities, knows officially where they have gone or what they are doing.

You see a squad of men marching here under command of a corporal, or a detachment there, or a few companies, and now and then a full regiment with a band and all the paraphernalia of the field. They go by while the people stand silently on the curb, marching up one street and down another. And—presto!—they have vanished. Not a newspaper prints a word of their movements. Not an official bulletin hints at where they are. Not a line is given out of what this or that detachment may consist. They are all soldiers and they are sent away in his majesty's service. That is sufficient for the authorities; and the people accept it and make no protest.

The English public knows exactly as much about the war as the government wishes that it shall know and absolutely nothing more. It was decided long ago that when war came it should be a war with no correspondents, nor harrowing yarns, nor detailed stories of military movements. There was to be no strategy revealed, nor valuable information given to the enemy:

There is not a writing man with the fleet—not a man who can in any possible way send back a word about what the fleet is doing. There will not be a man with the army who can send back a word of what the army is doing until that word passes a triple censorship. If the English have a victory that victory will be announced in terms that seem fitting to the authorities; and so with a defeat. War news is positively prohibited by the Germans; and the French have put so many barriers round the work of sending other than official information to the press that any correspondent who tries to accompany a French army wastes his time.

There is not the slightest doubt, if there should be any such detailed publication of army or navy movements, and comment and criticism of the armies and navies of any of the countries engaged in this war, as there was by the American press at the time of the Spanish War, that responsible editors and writers would be imprisoned and mayhap shot. There is nothing in this war for the word painters and the sob sisters and the amateur strategists. It is a real war—a real war and the greatest war the world has ever known; and every person throughout the nation is expected to take his part in it.

Mr. Blythe suggests that the spy problem in England has been of the most serious kind, far more serious than can be printed now or perhaps ever. The authorities, he says, have acted promptly and effectively in many instances, but no word has been made public. All suspicious strangers are watched, and police regulations are very severe. Of these the author can say

very little, as he himself is as much subject to the censorship as any one else:

Nothing matters but war. No individual's interests or comfort or convenience are considered. The king, who stands for the empire, is paramount. Flaming from every blank wall are royal proclamations containing long lists of articles useful in warfare, or for the comfort and to aid the efficiency of the troops, which can be commandeered without recourse; proclamations stating that the king can requisition every ship, to the ultimate English bottom; proclamations making strict definition of contraband of war; proclamations urging the people to enlist; proclamation for the colonies, for the banks, for financial affairs, for every phase of the life of England on which war impinges—and that means nearly every phase of English life, of course. The last drop of English blood must be at the service of the king. When it is necessary to open a vein that vein is opened, and no heed is paid to whose vein it is.

Very many of the men on their way to the front are little more than boys. Mr. Blythe had just seen a regiment of them. It was hot, and the men were dressed in heavy khaki suits, with knapsacks, blankets, and camp equipment, and each had a great belt of cartridges swung round him:

It was pitiful! They had their muskets, butt end up, over their shoulders, and their faces were red, parboiled with the heat; the sweat streamed from them. They looked straight ahead, eyes staring front, while the band did its earnest best to cheer them along with a lively marching tune. Some of them were palpably distressed from the heat and the weight of their equipment—some of them almost staggered; but they kept their eyes to the front and marched as bravely as they could, for they were going to fight for the empire. Going where? Not one of them knew. Not one of the hundreds along the curb knew.

So it has been from the beginning and so it will be to the end. They come and they go, and no word is known of their coming or their going. The ships steam out of port stripped for action. They disappear on the horizon and, save for the messages that flash back to the admiralty, not a word is known of them but such few words as the admiralty may give out.

London remains silent under the great shock of war. There is neither complaint nor criticism. Bad news might change all this, and the silence might be broken if word should come of a great reverse to the Allies or a slaughter of the English, or the loss of some of the ships. But in the beginning, says Mr. Blythe, the English accepted the war with what seemed to be almost solidly. They neither shouted nor cheered. England was engaged in a struggle that must change the map of the world and cost thousands of lives and millions and millions in treasure, and London shows no outward sign; "nor do the people of London and England know anything of it, save that the Germans must be defeated":

The only signs of enthusiasm I have seen I saw a day or so ago on the Haymarket. Two French officers, in full uniform, walked up the street, and a crowd of two hundred men and boys followed them and cheered them; while passers-by in taxicabs, in busses, and in automobiles waved friendly greetings to them. Nor are there any great demonstrations in the music halls and at the moving-picture shows. Of course all the orchestras play patriotic airs, and these are cheered; and at the picture shows are shown pictures of the Czar and the President of France and the King of the Belgians; and all are decorously applauded.

The music halls and the moving-picture shows come under the all-pervading supervision. Pictures of the German emperor must not be shown and only war pictures of the most innocuous kind:

One thing I noticed was that the picture of the Kaiser was not shown to be hissed. They cut that out. Also, an order has been issued forbidding any pictures in the moving-picture houses that show war scenes other than a fleet sailing, or something of that kind. It is not the intention of the authorities to have a repetition of the pictures of the war in the Balkans of two years ago, when heaps of dead and wounded were shown, and all that sort of gruesome thing.

Crisis and misfortune have had their usual salutary effects upon human nature, calling out the best traits and suppressing those that are less admirable. Courtesy and suavity have not usually been numbered among the British virtues, but they are now well to the front, and as Mr. Blythe has been many times in England he is favorably situated for purposes of comparison:

Furthermore, the English are not so self-sufficient as they have been. The war has made a temporary temperamental change at least. I have never seen in this country, which I have visited many times, such unfeeling courtesy, such regard for others, such consideration, as is shown by the English, not alone for Englishmen, but for all others. War has leveled the whole people to one cohesive mass, with a common foe; and each man helps his neighbor as he can.

The recruiting for the second army of one hundred thousand men, asked for by Lord Kitchener, is going on regularly. The days are bright and sunny. The parks and gardens are abloom with flowers. The food prices are a little higher. Finances are being adjusted. A moratorium has been declared. Money is easy to get if one has money-getting credentials. England is at war, but England is quiet about it; and the war itself is the great silence thus far.

Any day there may come the shock of a defeat or the glory of a victory. Any day the whole top of the nation may blow off. Any day there may be bad news or good news; but until that day comes England is grimly waiting—waiting; and saying nothing and knowing less.

It is to be hoped that we may hear more from Mr. Blythe on a topic of surpassing interest. No one is better qualified for such a task, as certainly no one will have a wider audience.

Much attention is given in Odessa to the treatment of by-products at the city abattoir. The blood, which the municipality claims over and above the fees charged for slaughtering and dressing, is mostly dried and powdered and then exported to Belgium, Germany, Denmark, and other countries for use as a fertilizer.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

A New Empire.

In the press of matters nearer home little attention has been attracted to the big changes that are taking place in central Asia, and "With the Russians in Mongolia" comes opportunely to remind us that a people occupying a vast territory—more than a third of the United States in area—have just declared their independence of Chinese rule and under Russian protection and tutelage are endeavoring to work out their own destiny. The Mongolians are the descendants of these hordes that under Jenghis Khan overran Asia and part of Europe. Today they number but two millions and are sunk in the depths of ignorance, superstition, and laziness. The authors point out that this degradation is chiefly due to the fact that they are priest-ridden. They owe blind obedience to the Hu-Tuk-Tu, or Grand Lama, at Urga, and the number of lamas scattered through the land is out of all proportion to the population.

The territory affords splendid opportunities for agriculture, cattle-raising, and mining, but the Mongolian will not work, and labor must be imported from the outside. It is unquestionably a magnificent field for capital and enterprise, the exercise of which might eventually regenerate the present inhabitants.

The authors pay a high tribute to the civilizing work done by the Russians, whose introduction of schools and hospitals, and whose assistance to the leading Mongols in organizing their administration after the withdrawal of the Chinese deserve great credit.

The book is copiously illustrated with photographs and presents a readable narrative of two interesting journeys, not of discovery to be sure, but of very recent observation.

WITH THE RUSSIANS IN MONGOLIA. By H. G. C. Perry-Ayscough and Captain R. B. Otter-Barry. New York: John Lane Company; \$4.50 net.

Mr. Shaw's Plays.

The publisher tells us very truly that the three plays in this volume—"Misalliance," "Fanny's First Play," and "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets"—have attracted so much attention that they call for little comment or explanation. There was a time when the play was the thing, but Mr. Shaw has changed all that. When we get a volume of his dramas we turn to the preface, wherein we are told why the plays were written and how astonishingly erroneous are all our conceptions of life.

The most important of these prefaces is on "Parents and Children," and doubtless it will prove interesting and instructive to those who have no children and who, like Mr. Shaw, do not know anything about them. Mr. Shaw does not like modern education. Nor do we, but we do not find our dislike in any way fortified by this curious parade of clever nonsense. Affection between parents and children, says Mr. Shaw, is usually a myth. Children seem to him to be unattractive little beings, and it is therefore obvious that their parents must look upon them in the same way. Here are his words: "Affection, as distinguished from simple kindness, may or may not exist; when it does it either depends on qualities in the parties that would produce in equally if they were no kin to one another, or it is a more or less morbid survival of the nursing passion; for affection between adults (if they are really adult in mind and not merely grown-up children) and creatures so relatively selfish and cruel as children necessarily are without knowing it or meaning it, can not be called natural; in fact the evidence shows that it is easier to love the company of a dog than of a commonplace child between the ages of six and the beginning of controlled maturity; for women who can not bear to be separated from their pet dogs send their children to boarding-school cheerfully." But there are people who will look solemn over this foolery and whisper about Mr. Shaw's mission.

Another essay or preface is devoted to Shakespeare, another such man, says Mr. Shaw, as he is himself. If Mr. Shaw had lived in Shakespeare's day "I should have taken to blank verse and given Shakespeare a harder run for his money than all the other Elizabethans put together." Shaw's opinion of Shakespeare is of course interesting, but what we should dearly like to know would be Shakespeare's opinion of Shaw.

MISALLIANCE, FANNY'S FIRST PLAY, and THE DARK LADY OF THE SONNETS. By Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's; \$1.50 net.

The Cost of Living.

Dr. Scott Nearing devotes three sections of his book to a statement of the reasons of the high cost of living and the fourth section to the remedies. He seems to give first place among the causes to extravagance, and here we recognize a malady for which there is no cure except the pinch of experience. Indeed we may doubt if there is any remedy for any social or economic evil except an individual initiative that is never summoned forth except by the prick of the bayonet. Dr. Nearing recommends to us the simple life, but we

shall certainly not resort to the simple life so long as the complex and extravagant life continues to be possible. He asks us to go back to the land, a thing that we have no intention to do, and he advises a social education that shall teach our wives and daughters how to buy and how to administer the small income. Then we have chapters on increasing the efficiency of labor, which is respectfully commended to our lords and masters the labor unions, on increasing the efficiency of exchange, and on the reduction and elimination of monopoly profits. In the meantime we have to face an increase of thirty per cent in the price of sugar, for example, and with no obvious or immediate remedy except not to buy sugar, and this, we may suspect, is the only remedy that there is, or can be. If there was anything like a collective refusal to buy commodities at the enhanced prices the problem would solve itself by the instant presence of a surplus, but then collective action seems an impossibility in America, where a selfish individualism and rivalry have become a disease almost without precedent or parallel on earth. None the less Dr. Nearing's book is heartily to be recommended to the student of facts. The remedies make quite another story.

REDUCING THE COST OF LIVING. By Scott Nearing, Ph. D. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The most important fall publication from the Paul Elder press is the collection of Western short stories under the title, "West Winds." It has just been published in substantial book form. Among the authors are Herman Whitaker, Rebecca N. Porter, Charles F. Lummis, and Jack London.

"Looking After Sandy," a novel by Margaret Turnbull, just published by Harper & Brothers, is a story of normal American youth, of the natural companionship of boys and girls prolonged into manhood and womanhood. Against a background of affectionate home life stands out the figure of Sandy so eager for life.

Mr. Edward Hutton, author of many attractive volumes of travel and historical description, has in hand a series of four volumes the first of which is just ready, in which he describes what he entitles "England of My Heart," which to him is the south of England. This England of his heart Mr. Hutton will describe in four volumes with the subtitles: Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. The first volume, describing Kent, Sussex, and Hants in England's loveliest season, has just been published by E. P. Dutton & Co. To the charm of his text has been added a number of fine pen drawings by Gordon Home.

"The Auction Block," a new novel by Rex Beach, has been published by Harper & Brothers. The mercenary family of a young girl lived upon her success as a professional stage beauty in New York. They laid all kinds of schemes to force her to marry money. Though she saw through their plans, she was content to hear the hurden of their avarice. She did marry a rich man, but the results were somewhat upsetting to her family and to her professional companions.

The first novel to be issued by A. C. McClurg & Co. for the autumn season is a Civil War story, called "Marmaduke of Tennessee."

In "Faces in the Dawn" Hermann Hagedorn comes forward as a writer of fiction. No longer may he be regarded as poet alone; to that designation must also be added that of novelist. "Faces in the Dawn" is possessed of special interest at the present moment because of the fact that its scene is laid in a German village and its principal characters are a German pastor, his wife, a German girl who has caught something of a vision of the new womanhood as exemplified in the life of America's women, and a young American man. The book is published by the Macmillan Company.

The Houghton Mifflin Company announces the following books published September 19: "Her Wings," a novel by Frances N. S. Allen; "Grannis of the Fifth," a new St. Timothy's story by Arthur Stanwood Pier; "Songs of Sixpence," poems by Abbie Farwell Brown; a specially illustrated Visitors' Edition of Joel Chandler Harris's "Uncle Remus and His Friends"; "The Lure of the Camera," by Charles S. Olcott; "Private Affairs," by Charles McEvoy; "The Home Book of Great Paintings," by Estelle M. Hurl; "Dr. Barnardo as I Knew Him," by A. R. Neuman; and a new Riverside Pocket Edition in six volumes of the works of Shakespeare, edited by Richard Grant White.

The John Lane Company is issuing the Essex Library, a series designed to include works of outstanding merit dealing authoritatively with biography, history, art, and science. The first three volumes, published September 11, are "Feodor Dostoevsky: A Great Russian Realist," by J. A. T. Lloyd; an account of this writer more Russian than Tolstoy and consequently more truly great. "Life

of Cesare Borgia," by Rafael Sabatini, author of "Torquemada and the Spanish Inquisition," etc.; the unusual acts of a man of great force and unlimited energy. "Honore de Balzac: His Life and Writings," by Mary F. Sanders, showing the personality of Balzac, who although his greatest genius was in tragedy, was in life vigorous and jolly, always ready to throw off care and smile.

"Belgium, Her Kings, Kingdom, and People," to be issued next month by Little, Brown & Co., is by John de Courcy Macdonnell. Twelve years' residence in Brussels have qualified Mr. Macdonnell to write with authority on Belgium. The lives of Leopold I, Leopold II, and King Albert are told with a wealth of intimate detail, which up till now has been withheld, and there is much that is new and interesting about all the leading people in Belgium, from royalties to anarchists.

September 16 saw the publication of books in the field of fiction, travel, and poetry by the Macmillan Company. Representing the first is Lincoln Colcord's "The Game of Life and Death: Stories of the Sea"; the second, the new edition of Arthur Bullard's "Panama: The Canal, The Country, and The People"; and the third, Conrad Aiken's "Earth Triumphant and Other Narratives in Verse."

"Even a century ago," says F. Lauriston Bullard in his book on "Famous War Correspondents," to be published immediately by Little, Brown & Co., "the Duke of Wellington was registering protests against such a mild type of war reporting as that done by Crabbe Robinson in the Peninsula. In 1809 the duke declared that 'in some instances the English newspapers have accurately stated not only the regiments occupying a position, but the number of men fit for duty of which each regiment was composed; and this intelligence must have reached the enemy at the same time it did me, at a moment at which it was most important that he should not receive it.'"

"The Franco-Prussian War and Its Hidden Causes," by Emile Ollivier, deals with the real causes of the war of 1870, and is of value and interest to the student and to the general reader as well. M. Ollivier was at the head of Louis Napoleon's ministry which declared the war. The book is an authoritative and highly interesting document. It is published by Little, Brown & Co.

The following novels have recently been placed on the list of crews' libraries of the vessels of the United States Navy: "Hagar," by Mary Johnston; "Otherwise Phyllis," by Meredith Nicholson; "Clark's Field," by Robert Herrick; "The After House," by Mary Roberts Rinehart; and "The Story of Waitstill Baxter," by Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Dr. Charles Sarolea, who was arrested as a spy in Belgium in spite of being a Belgian born and sometime Belgian consul in Edinburgh, was, until he became a war corre-

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spondent, deeply interesting himself in a new series of French texts, aiming to do for readers of French what Dr. Ernest Rhys, editor of Everyman's Library, has done for readers of English. The authors represented in the volumes now ready are Balzac, Alfred de Musset, Gustave Flaubert, Maurice Barres, Emile Faguet, Alfred de Vigny, Emile Gehhart, Etienne Lamy, Louis Veuillot, Benjamin Constant, Nodier, Bourgeois, Villiers, Huysmans. The series is published in Paris, London, and by E. P. Dutton & Co. in New York.

"Maggie Martin 933," coming in the October Century Magazine, tells the experiences of Miss Madeline Z. Doty, a member of the commission on prison reform, and Miss Elizabeth C. Watson, who actually spent a week in Auburn State Prison for Women. While this was done with the consent and approval of Superintendent of State Prisons Riley, inmates, attendants, and physicians supposed the two had been regularly committed; and they were treated in every way like the ordinary prisoners. The narrative of this week of prison life is written by Miss Doty. The second of Mr. Hilaire Belloc's series on "The French Revolution" will treat in the same number of the flight to Varennes. Mr. Belloc's proposed lecture trip in this country has been canceled, and he is supposed to have joined the French army.

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 —Sir Robert Nicoll in British Weekly.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Motherhood.

Miss Ellen Key will not ingratiate herself with the more rabid representatives of feminism by this stout plea for maternity as the highest of all womanly functions. Maternity, from the feminist point of view, is the enemy to be overcome on the road to emancipation, the supreme fact in nature that seems to bar the way to the more extended public activities now coveted by the spokesmen of the movement. And here the author seems inclined to temporize and to evade the logical deductions from her own premises. Indeed her hook is not an argument at all. It is a loosely strung series of observations, and where we have anything approaching a deduction it is an allegorical one. The new morality, we are told, will be the result of "feminine emancipation," and then we have the astonishing assertion that the chastity of women, of which we hear so much, has not originated in woman's nature at all, but results from the mortal fear which adultery brought in its train. And this is followed by the still more astounding statement that "married as well as unmarried women have lacked all continence when men have not exacted it of them." And who are we that we should contradict such authority as this?

The author is somewhat more practical in her suggestions. She wants us to study eugenics, and it would certainly be gratifying to think that the eugenist was studying anything, or capable of studying anything. She suggests a year of social service as a preparation for motherhood, and she would like to see a system of state pensions for mothers. It will be observed that the regeneration of the race is made to depend upon the passing of laws, but since we have now been making laws by the tens of thousands for some centuries, and with only the most calamitous results, we may well doubt the wisdom of making any more.

THE RENAISSANCE OF MOTHERHOOD. By Ellen Key. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

Briefer Reviews.

"The Springtime of Love," by Albert Edmund Trombly (Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net), in spite of its daringly original title, contains a collection of verse not wholly without merit, but better suited to private circulation.

The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company has published the thirteenth volume of the Dorothy Dainty Series under the title of "Dorothy Dainty's Visit," by Amy Brooks (\$1 net). Each volume of this series for little children is complete in itself, but with a connecting thread that unites them all.

We all of us remember "Crowds," by Gerald Stanley Lee, a hook that made a sensation in its day, although its day was a brief one. Doubleday, Page & Co. have now published a reminder in the form of "Crowds, Jr.," described as "mostly little things for men in a hurry, selected from the larger hook and arranged by the author." Price, 50 cents.

Dr. Herman G. James, J. D., Ph. D., is the author of a work on "Applied City Government: The Principles and Practice of City Charter Making," just published by Harper & Brothers (75 cents). The hook gives in logical order the matters with which a city charter must deal and a statement of the general principles. In each case the general discussion is followed by model charter provisions in practical form and may be recommended to legislators, special students, and others interested in civic welfare.

Parents who are educating their little children at home and who are interested in the school work of the larger children will find many invaluable hints in a little volume just published by Harper & Brothers. It is entitled "Educating the Child at Home," by Ella Frances Lynch (\$1 net). Miss Lynch has much wise criticism of existing methods and many helpful suggestions as to what the child should be taught and how it should be taught. Nowhere do we find the least suspicion of a fad, and this alone places the work on a high level.

Under the title of "Salesmanship" the Houghton Mifflin Company has published the series of articles by Mr. William Maxwell that appeared originally in the columns of *Collier's Weekly*. These articles persuaded us at the time that we should be able to sell anything to any one, and although we have not put the matter to the test it may be said that they contain more shrewd advice to the square inch than any other hook of the kind with which we are familiar. The young man starting on a career of salesmanship will be liberally equipped if he carry this book in his pocket.

Among the many volumes of science for boys a work deserving of special commendation has been issued by the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company under the title of "The Boy Electrician," by Alfred P. Morgan (\$2 net). Mr. Morgan tells not only how to make all

kinds of motors, telegraphs, telephones, batteries, etc., and to do so economically, but he explains the principles upon which these depend for operation and how the same thing is done in the every-day world. He writes lucidly and attractively, while the illustrations appearing on nearly every page are exactly what they should be. There is no better hook of its kind nor one more likely to fascinate the boy with a taste for science and for its practical application.

THE TRUCE OF THE BEAR.

Yearly, with tent and rifle, our careless white men go
By the pass called Muttianee, to shoot in the vale below.
Yearly by Muttianee he follows our white men in—
Matun, the blind old beggar, bandaged from brow to chin.

Eyeless, noseless, and lipless—toothless, broken of speech,
Seeking a dole at the doorway he mumbles his tale to each;
Over and over the story, ending as he began:
"Make ye no truce with Adam-zad—the Bear that walks like a man!"

"There was a flint in my musket—pricked and primed was the pan,
When I went hunting Adam-zad—the Bear that stands like a man.
I looked my last on the timber, I looked my last on the snow,
When I went hunting Adam-zad fifty summers ago!"

"I knew his times and his seasons, as he knew mine, that fed
By night in the ripened maizefield and robbed my house of bread;
I knew his strength and cunning, as he knew mine, that crept
At dawn to the crowded goat-pens and plundered while I slept.

"Up from his stony playground—down from his well-dugged lair—
Out on the naked ridges ran Adam-zad the Bear;
Groaning, grunting, and roaring, heavy with stolen meals,
Two long marches to northward, and I was at his heels!"

"Two full marches to northward, at the fall of the second night,
I came on mine enemy Adam-zad all panting from his flight.
There was a charge in the musket—pricked and primed was the pan—
My finger crooked on the trigger—when he reared up like a man.

"Horrible, hairy, human, with paws like hands in prayer,
Making his supplication rose Adam-zad the Bear!
I looked at the swaying shoulders, at the paunch's swag and swing,
And my heart was touched with pity for the monstrous, pleading thing.

"Touched with pity and wonder, I did not fire then . . .
I have looked no more on women—I have walked no more with men.
Nearer he tottered and nearer, with paws like hands that pray—
From brow to jaw that steel-shod paw, it ripped my face away!"

"Sudden, silent, and savage, searing as flame the blow—
Faceless I fell before his feet, fifty summers ago.
I heard him grunt and chuckle—I heard him pass to his den,
He left me blind to the darkened years and the little mercy of men.

"Now ye go down in the morning with guns of the newer style,
That load (I have felt) in the middle and range (I have heard) a mile?
Luck to the white man's rifle, that shoots so fast and true,
But—pay, and I lift my bandage and show what the Bear can do!"

(Flesh like slag in the furnace, knothed and withered and grey—
Matun, the blind old beggar, he gives good worth for his pay.)
"Rouse him at noon in the bushes, follow and press him hard—
Not for his ragings and roarings flinch ye from Adam-zad.

"But (pay, and I put back the bandage) this is the time to fear,
When he stands up like a tired man, tottering near and near;
When he stands up as pleading, in wavering, man-brute guise,
When he veils the bate and cunning of the little, swinish eyes;

"When he shows as seeking quarter, with paws like hands in prayer,
That is the time of peril—the time of the Truce of the Bear!"

Eyeless, noseless, and lipless, asking a dole at the door,
Matun, the old blind beggar, he tells it o'er and o'er;
Fumbling and feeling the rifles, warming his hands at the flame,
Hearing our careless white men talk of the morrow's game;

Over and over the story, ending as he began:—
"There is no truce with Adam-zad, the Bear that looks like a man!"
—From "The Five Nations," by Rudyard Kipling. (Published by Doubleday, Page & Co.)

New Books Received.

THE BOY ELECTRICIAN. By Alfred P. Morgan. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$2 net.
Practical plans for electrical apparatus for work and play, with an explanation of the principles of every-day electricity.

THE BOOK OF ATHLETICS. By Paul Withington. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50 net.

Nearly thirty college stars and champions tell everything that can well be told regarding training for and performing in every form of competitive athletics that is of consequence.

THE CHARMED LIFE OF MISS AUSTIN. By Samuel Merwin. New York: The Century Company; \$1.35 net.
A novel.

THE YOUNG SHARPSHOOTER AT ANTIETAM. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

A story for boys.
SPRING MOODS AND FANCIES. By Helen E. Wicand. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; 80 cents net.

A volume of verse.
TO A SUMMER CLOUD. By Emily Tolman. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

A volume of verse.
THE BAILEY TWINS. By Anna C. Chamberlain. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1 net.

The story of twins.
DAVE PORTER IN THE GOLD FIELDS. By Edward Stratemeyer. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.25 net.

Issued in the Dave Porter Series.
MAKING MARY LIZZIE HAPPY. By Nina Rhoades. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1 net.

Issued in the Brick House books.
PLAYING WITH LOVE. By Arthur Schnitzler, translated by P. Morton Shand. THE PROLOGUE TO ANATOL. By Hugo von Hofmannsthal, rendered into English verse by Trevor Blakemore. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1 net.

A volume of verse and drama.
MARMADUKE OF TENNESSEE. By Edward Cummings. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.30 net.

A novel.
THE SPRINGTIME OF LOVE AND OTHER POEMS. By Albert Edmund Trombly. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A volume of verse.
MEDOC IN THE MOOR. By Georgia Willis Read. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A Breton romance.
BAMBI. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

A novel.
SALESMANSHIP. By William Maxwell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

A practical guide.
VAGABOND IN PERIGORD. By H. H. Bashford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

The record of a journey.
SONGS FOR THE NEW AGE. By James Oppenheim. New York: The Century Company; \$1.20 net.

A volume of verse.
LITTLE EVE EDGARTON. By Eleanor Mallowell Abbott. New York: The Century Company; \$1 net.

A story.
THE RIGHT TRACK. By Clara Louise Burnham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.
KIT CARSON DAYS. By Edwin L. Sahin. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$3 net.

The story of the awakening of the vast and savage West.
MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY AND THE GREAT LAKES. By Katharine B. Judson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Including records of recitals by members of the Winnebago, Chitimacha, Wyandot, Biloxi, Ojibwa,

Mandan, Menomini, Ottawa, Cherokee, Choctaw, and Knisteneaux Indian tribes.

THE REFORMATION OF JIMMY. By Henriette Eugenie Delamare. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.20 net.
A story of a boy.

DOROTHY DAINTY'S VISIT. By Amy Brooks. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1 net.

Issued in the Dorothy Dainty Series.
THE AUCTION BLOCK. By Rex Beach. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.

A novel.
THE TWO GREAT ART EPOCHS. By Emma Louise Parry. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$2 net.
Dealing with the historical development of art, beginning with Egypt, through Greek sculpture, early Christian art, to the final height of Italian art on to the beginning of the eighteenth century.

"The Wall of Partition," the new story by Florence N. Barclay, author of "The Rosary" and "The Following of the Star," which the Putnams will publish the latter part of September, opens with the return of the hero after a ten years' absence to the deep trombone hum of London. Ten years before Rodney Steel had been—no fabulous hero—but just an honorable man in a tight place, and the girl he wholly loved and trusted had turned on him, within a week of the day which was to make her altogether his, and had destroyed, seemingly forever, his hopes of possession.

Fathers and mothers of today will never forget the interest with which they followed the fortunes of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" from month to month in the page of *St. Nicholas Magazine*, and now it is announced that the author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Mrs. Burnett, returns to *St. Nicholas* with another boy hero, and a story, to appear serially beginning in November, of thrilling interest and special timeliness—the scene is laid on the continent of Europe.

Unique Electric Service

At the Kennedy mine, in Amador County, electrical energy supplied by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company renders a service unique in the sense that there is no other locality in California where power is required for similar purposes. With the aid of "Pacific Service" the Kennedy operates a hundred-stamp mill, the largest in the state. This mill crushes upwards of 450 tons of ore per day, and the disposition of residue after amalgamation and concentration has been provided for by the construction of four large wheels fifty-six feet in diameter. Each of these wheels elevates the pulp and water a distance of thirty-six feet and deposits it in an adjoining valley, where a concrete impounding dam is now under construction.

These four wheels are operated by four G. E. 15 h. p. motors, belted to counter-shaft and clutch-gear and thence to a 38-foot driving wheel which turns 3.25 r. p. m. Each wheel contains 176 buckets 16 inches long with a 12-inch pitch, holding approximately two gallons of pulp, in the proportion of one to seven, that is, one pound of pulp to seven pounds of water. The axle or shaft is eleven inches in diameter and with flanges weighs five tons.

The wheels were designed by James Spiers, a construction engineer of San Francisco, and while the type is not used to any great extent in the United States it is in successful operation on the Rand and in Australia. On the Rand, wheels up to eighty feet in diameter are favored.



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THE ORPHEUM.

There is enough variety at the Orpheum this week to please vaudeville patrons, who turn to their programmes after each act, saying, "What comes next?" with the agreeable expectancy of a menu-studying diner-out who is being treated to a bang-up dinner at a first-class restaurant. And, indeed, the regular patrons have now seen so many good things at the Orpheum that they have been trained into being critical and demanding only first-class performances. Those to whom the invariable weekly dip into this pleasant variety of entertainment has become indispensable are the first to rebel when their expectations are not met, and to come forth declaring that the bill is "rotten." It hurts my feelings dreadfully to admit that I agreed with these insurrectionists last week, but they were perfectly right. Some of the small fry on the bill had certainly broken prematurely into the Orpheum Circuit. One of these second-class singing couples has spilled over into this week's bill, but there is really nothing worthy of remark about their contribution, except the heroically sustained smile of the piano accompanist. It lasted during the whole act, except when the singer intoned "Your mother's voice rings in your ears," when the piano player allowed himself a decorously mournful expression, like that we assume when an acquaintance mentions the death of a third cousin. I note that it has now become the thing for the accompanist in a comedy singing act to express a jolly disposition and sustained amusement at the humor of his or her comrade by a monotonously brilliant and long-drawn-out smile. As a result all the piano players in these turns have resolved themselves into an indefinite perspective of smiling counterparts. Their individuality is slain, dead, and buried, with sets of sparkling white teeth for gravestones.

Now I submit it to you, ladies and gentlemen of the vaudeville stage, this is something that we on the other side of the footlights can not afford to lose. I do not say that all those hundreds and thousands in front are consciously studying and enjoying the various individualities submitted to their inspection, but they are doing it unconsciously. It is part of the pleasure of vaudeville that there are so many kinds of different people in it. For instance, on this week's programme of the Orpheum some thirty-odd people pass in review before us. Each one does something to express his talent, or training, or characteristics in some degree or other. In the regular drama of normal scope we would pass on about one-fourth the number. And we are amused, and interested, and entertained by this variety of people that have something of individual stamp to offer us.

So do not, we implore you, ladies and gentlemen, subscribe to this new fad of withdrawing your personalities behind monotonous sets of teeth. Can any one believe that all these pretty, photographed girls of the last few years, with their fixed, interminable, toothful grins, have added a new grace to photography? No, no, a thousand times no! They have but deprived themselves of the grace of their own individuality.

I had a delightful shock the other day when my eye fell upon a pictured representation, in one of the morning papers, of the serious, almost frowning face of a public singer, Marcella Craft, who is to be the prima donna soprano with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. It was so refreshing to see the picture of a public woman artist without a gotten-up expression. I have never seen or heard Miss Craft, but I am willing to wager from this picture that she has all the artist individuality and distinction claimed for her. But, oh, horror! wouldn't it be equally terrible if the whole tribe of photographed beauties should begin to try "to express themselves" by all lining up in one counterpointing host, and become self-consciously, and energetically, and determinedly, and sustainedly solemn?

Reverting to the smiling accompanist, I must mention with pleasure an honorable exception. But then he is the real thing. This is the young man (name not appearing on the programme) who so efficiently assists Hans Kronold in his 'cello numbers by giving the piano accompaniments, and who reposes such as observe him by the simple sincerity of his attitude, which makes us think of his

music instead of himself. Frequently the musician—the real musician—escapes from his audience by closing his eyes while he performs, and similarly the audience escapes from the distraction caused by an unconscious study of his appearance and personality by closing its eyes—in order to concentrate on the music. But if we do allow our abstracted gaze to fall on a performer while he plays we want him to rest us by refraining from a pose.

Hans Kronold gives a new programme this week, playing among other beautiful compositions Gounod's "Ave Maria," of which the exquisite sweetness and sustained fervor surprised the whole audience, even in the midst of the frivolous vaudeville atmosphere, into a sympathetic perception of the beauty of that melodic prayer struggling to divest itself of earthly guise and lift itself to a rarefied ether of spiritual exaltation. Herr Kronold is a man of discrimination and common sense in his selections. He knows the value of a little—not too much—familiarity, and made another particularly successful appeal with the famous Handel Largo.

There is another pianist on the bill this week, a wild, free, emancipated individual who calls himself "Ismed, the Turkish pianist, direct from Constantinople." Ismed is attired in a presumably Turkish costume of gay-colored, embroidered satins, and he seems rather glad to hide himself under it, probably because he knows that he has neither the appearance nor the physical characteristics of a Turk. True, he attacked the piano with truly Turkish ferocity, but his appearance as affected by his costume caused him to look like a tripartite combination of American Indian, American, and Irish. Ismed is a sensationalist, and as such made a hit. He selected spectacular pieces, and played them with frenzy. He banged the keys until we heard the strings jangle, gave us selections from "Lucia" with the left hand only, and really threw in a surprising amount of chords, runs, and a generally harmonic suggestion, and after he had accustomed us to sound and fury he gave an encore with disarmingly gentle, pearly runs, and rippling rills of music. The audience thought Ismed was "great," and I shouldn't wonder if he agreed with them, in spite of a preference he shows for a dim light and hasty exits during the storms of applause that hurtle around his Turkish headgear.

The female impersonator is still on the bill, and surprises the audience all over again in a glittering collection of changed feminine gear. Julian Eltinge, no doubt, is responsible for the present vogue in vaudeville of female impersonators, who by no means have Mr. Eltinge's celebrated beauties to commend them. Neither have they his skill, for he can get up a very successfully feminine expression of countenance. When I, not being in the secret, found myself last week looking at whichever of Alexander or Scott plays the woman part I was thinking, "Why is this plain and peculiar woman on the stage, wearing the clothes and going through the motions of a woman of attractions?" And since we all think a good deal alike in this world on given subjects, I feel sure that the rest of the audience was animated by the same thoughts. However, a surprise is a surprise. The Alexander-Scott performer has a neat, small-nosed profile, and can sing a hollow but womanly soprano. He is slender, and wears a lot of glittering clothes. When he pulled off his wig the buzzing of the audience testified to its surprise. Surprises of the kind are agreeable, so the act was a success.

"The Beauties" has warmed up some this week, the appreciation of the public having encouraged the girls to put more individual zip into their performance. They are really quite a personable lot and gorgeously betogged, and if somebody could persuade Mortimer Weldon to stop gabbling his lines at express speed, and with an apparent failure to conceive that they mean something, the piece would go with an appreciable increase of general merit.

Although Ismed, the Turkish anarchist in the line of piano playing, made the hit of the programme, I rather think it was anticipated that Hermine Shone would carry off honors. Miss Shone appears in a playlet of the crudely popular type called "The Last of the Quakers." I had hopes because it was classified as an "idyllic comedy." I hoped for a sweet, pretty, harmless, rural atmosphere, but the whole thing is cheap and banal. Hermine Shone is not the type at all for an innocent Quakerette who knows not guile. In spite of her forest of over-abundant curls she looked too materialistic and sophisticated for Pamela, and the dreadful grandam was like a tin-horn phonograph. In fact, "The Last of the Quakers" isn't up to class.

The "Six American Dancers," consisting of three men and three women, all of whom dance well in monotonous style, give a well-arranged programme with some novelties of idea and costuming. The people themselves are conscientious, skilled, and entirely tame and unexciting.

One of the best numbers was at the top of

the programme. It consists of the Binns and Bert act of comedy athletics, one of the men having an assortment of humorous ideas with which to set off his feats of skill, which keep the audience in a ripple of laughter.

And, after all, in this admirably diversified programme of mostly uninteresting people, we did at least glimpse a personage worth while, even if it was only in the moving pictures. This was Carranza, who manages to make his individuality carry even through a "movie." He looks like a man of force, of genuineness, and of authority, this tall, bearded warrior with the kindly face, whom we have repeatedly seen mounted on his steed and passing through the thronging and acclaiming thousands of the war-wearied Mexican city.

THE PANTAGES THEATRE.

At the Pantages Theatre the star of the week is a little bit of a youngster, a minute girlkin who may be seven, but, even to a discerning eye, doesn't look a day over six, and on the stage could easily pass for five. She may be eight, for these infant phenomena are often undersized, but whether six, seven, or eight, she is a talented mite, with the enviable memory of a born mime, patterning off a great lot of dialogue with, apparently, not a single lift from her co-player in the scene. Bonita plays the rôle of Bob, a minute but philosophical toy of a newsboy, who is beaten and starved by ruthless although happily invisible step-parents. The piece in which Bob figures, "a gripping dramalet," entitled "Self-Defense," is written, and the only female rôle acted, by Clara Beyers, a rather handsome young woman with a raw accent and a raw talent, but talent it is of its restricted kind. Miss Beyer knows what her vaudeville patrons want. In point of fact, they want sentimental melodrama, and she gives it to them, considering its necessarily condensed form, in generous measure. Her play is of the kind that makes a very naive appeal to the sensibilities. A woman is married to a thief, whom she assists in his work, by virtue of her respectable connections. A revolt on her part, after a plea for her husband's reform, is the motive for a brutal attack from her peculating partner. Streams of verbal indignation flow forth, and there is a lively interchange of blows, Miss Beyer contributing

much realism by sacrificing her bodily comfort in this scene, during which, in self-defense, the wife finally shoots her attacker. Just preceding this the woman and the little newsboy make friends, the woman deciding to adopt the waif, in disregard of her husband's angry prohibition. The child is visibly drawn into the play by the scruff of his neck, in order to provide the soft-hearted public with one of the child scenes which always melt it, and also to supply additional reason for general relief and satisfaction when the villain has his mortal career terminated. A very primitive plot, as may be seen, and yet the audience hung absorbed upon the piece, and incidentally the young boys and girls drew the following deduction: Have a pistol handy to shoot any inconveniently rough and bad-tempered relatives during a scrap, and the horizon will clear beautifully for the attacked party. And, indeed, many of these "gripping playlets" point to this conclusion, all unguessed at by their earnest authors, who are deeply absorbed in providing the necessary "grip."

While on the subject of "Self-Defense" I will pause to recommend to the mechanical gabbler in the Orpheum "Beauties" to visit the Pantages Theatre during the "Self-Defense" piece and take lessons in expression from little Bonita Semmons, whom, I conclude was trained by the shrewd Clara Beyers.

"Fair Co-Eds" fills the place on the Pantages bill occupied on that of the Orpheum by "The Beauties." There is a fair amount of undergraduate humor and much undergraduate love-making in the piece, and a pretty girl or so, gowned, by the way, in notably appropriate, white flannel creations, which, with their bands of bright trimming, are pretty and becoming to their fair wearers. A few songs, sung by the three pairs of sweethearts, and the pretty effect of the "Paradise Moon" tableau at the end, gives the piece the desired success.

Four nice-looking girls, none of whom, by the by, grins a single stationary grin, although prettily modest smiles greet the applause of the house, assist Helena Schiller in a pleasant little string quintet, a real offering of music, and not of themselves, and their shapes, and their costume changes.

Kitner, Haynes, and Montgomery provide some notably sweet and smooth trio singing in "Swells at Sea," although I would advo-



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cate a decided speeding up of the time in the funereally rendered, "When You and I Were Young." "California" is the special hit, and very sweetly sung, although the "choo choo" part, the only blatant touch in the whole thing, clashed rather with the rest. That plump little contralto is likable, with her pretty voice and her business-like, impersonal air.

Heras and Preston keep their word in engaging themselves to do some "fast and funny tumbling," and the Burhanks, and Chase and Latour, although it is of the men more particularly that I speak, are working promisingly toward becoming higher-ups in the line of vaudeville work. Everything, in fact, seems to contribute nowadays to first-class vaudeville, since so many stars take a fly at it occasionally. And just as all aspiring histrions sigh for Broadway, so do the better-equipped players in the smaller line of vaudeville long for that happy day when their work is pronounced to be of a quality to win possible bravos from the patrons of the high-priced circuits.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

Next Sunday night the Columbia Theatre will open for the inaugural of the fall and winter season, when Eugene Walter's dramatization of John Fox's celebrated story, entitled "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," will be presented. The engagement of this attraction will be of one week's duration, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

John Fox, Jr., never wrote more entertainingly for an appreciative hook public than when he so deftly drew the character of June in his really charming novel, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." June is a typical, if not unique, American stage character. Eugene Walter, the able dramatist, constructed from the hook a play that is American in core and parings. His efforts were rewarded almost instantly by one of the highest successes ever staged. Isabelle Lowe, whose genuine American ways were acquired from the soil of the Southland, was selected to play the part of June, in which she has scored pronouncedly. A splendid supporting company appears in the other important rôles of the play. A massive stage production has been sent on tour.

"A Pair of Sixes" at the Cort.

Popularity of one kind and another has played fast and loose with Edward Peple since he became a playwright. He scored his first success with that pleasantly sentimental little comedy, "The Prince Chap," in 1906, but he was not heard of definitely again until 1911, when he lengthened his vaudeville sketch, "The Littlest Rebel," into a four-act melodrama and watched William and Dustin Farnum perform in it to the expressed satisfaction of large audiences in New York, Chicago, and farther Western centres.

After another rest he has come forward with an even greater success than his two preceding, namely the screamingly funny farce, "A Pair of Sixes," which comes to the Cort Theatre Sunday, September 27. This new effort from his pen has stirred the critical eulogists of the theatrical capital to fresh bursts of praise. It is a hright story of quarrelling partners engaged in a profitable pill business, but unable to agree as to who shall be boss. Their lawyer, accusing them of being afraid to take a gambler's chance, twits them into an agreement to adjust their quarrel with the help of two "cold" poker hands. The winner is to have the sole charge of the business for one year, and the loser is to serve him in any capacity he (the winner) elects to name. And if either makes public the terms of the agreement he is to forfeit \$5000 in cash.

The hands are dealt at the conclusion of the first act, and the fun grows riotous in the second section, when the winning partner appoints the loser as his butler and then invites the latter's fiancée to visit his home. The loser turns the tables, however, by flirting so violently with his "employer's" wife that the latter is quite willing to call the agreement off and welcome his old partner back to the "Pillory."

In the local presentation a metropolitan cast of players will appear, which will include such favorites as Herbert Cornhell, Oscar Figman, Orlando Daly, Minna Gombel, Bernice Buck, Josie Intropidi, Jack Raffael, and Eleanor Fairhanks.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum for next week will be headed by Charlie Ahearn, who will present his big company of cyclists. He is undoubtedly the best exponent of comedy that hestrides a wheel, and his faculty for keeping abreast of the times has much to do with his success, for there is always an up-to-date punch at the end of his acts. This season it is a race between the 300-horsepower automobile Red Devil and Percy Whirlwind, the world's champion cyclist.

Wilbur Mack and Nella Walker will charm and amuse with the dainty little musical sketch, "An Every-Day Occurrence," which has for its foundation an actual incident. They will introduce several catchy songs of Mr. Mack's composition.

Stan Stanley, "the Bouncing Fellow," will, with the assistance of his relatives, display a marvelous versatility of accomplishments, which include sleight-of-hand, comedy, music, and acrobatics, and is introduced in the form of a skit.

"The Act Beautiful" is the appropriate title which William Egdirectee applies to his offering. Pictures of "The Hunt" with living models are posed by Mr. Egdirectee and his horses and dogs. The proficiency he has brought his equines and canines to has never been equaled by any other tutor of quadrupeds.

Harry Tsuda, a Japanese equilibrist, will present an extraordinary exhibition of balancing on a globe. Many wonderful Japanese acts have been seen in this city, but nothing to equal Tsuda, who is distinctly in a class by himself.

Next week will conclude the engagements of the Six American Dancers, Ismed, the Turkish pianist, and Hermine Shone and her company in "The Last of the Quakers."

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

The topline attraction on the new bill at the Pantages on Sunday is a mysterious offering billed as "Silver Belle." What the nature of the act is has not been given out by the management. Whether "Silver Belle" is a maiden or a motion picture or a trained animal is not known. Suffice to state that it is claimed that the number is one of the real novelties in vaudeville today.

The regular feature of the bill is "Night Hawks," typed as "an echo from life's other side." It is a simon-pure melodrama of the old-style type, with gunplay and action from the start. There is a villain, a hero, a heroine, and a cah driver who foils the crooked officials. "Night Hawks" has been a tremendous hit over the circuit. The act was written by I. K. Friedman, the well-known author and newspaper writer, whose stories in the *Saturday Evening Post* have attracted wide attention.

Palfrey, Barton, and Brown offer an act rightly termed "follies of vaudeville." There is a little of everything in the specialty, with comedy as the keynote.

A popular number on the programme is the musical selections of the Rozellas, who feature the violin, harp, and saxophone.

"Fun in Dogville" will be played by Dave Wood's animal actors. The little dogs play a pantomimic drama dealing with a scandal in Dogville.

A hodge-podge of rough comedy with a scream in every line is "The Quack Dentist," played by Vic Richards and Joe Quinlan.

Parker and Butler, a nifty little duo in classic dances and smart songs, will round out the show.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

The Greenbaum Music Season.

Manager Will L. Greenbaum is actively at work on his plans for the musical season of 1914 and 1915. Mr. Greenbaum has engaged a fine lot of attractions, and some of the world's greatest artists are to pay their visit to San Francisco unless the European war seriously interferes with the plans. The manager has resolved not to promise any attractions until he is positive that the engagements will be kept, although he is not averse to mentioning the names of those with whom he has agreements. The newcomers will include Evan Williams, the Welsh-American tenor; Alma Gluck, the lyric soprano from Covent Garden and the Metropolitan; Leo Slezak, the heroic Czech tenor; Maggie Teyte, the exquisite Anglo-Irish prima donna from the Opera Comique and Grand Opera in Paris, Covent Garden and the Chicago-Philadelphia opera companies; Mme. Olive Fremstad; Arrigo Serrato, the greatest Italian violinist, and the Barre Ensemble of Wind Instrument Players.

Old favorites who will return include Rudolf Ganz and Josef Lhevinne, pianists; Efrem Zimbalist, the violinist; Julia Culp, the Dutch lieder-singer, with her incomparable accompanist, Coenraad V Bos, and the always welcome John McCormack.

The first Greenbaum attraction will be Mme. Olive Fremstad, the great dramatic soprano, who will appear for one concert only at the Columbia Theatre Sunday afternoon, October 18. This will be Fremstad's first concert tour across the continent.

The first Fremstad concert in California will be given Friday afternoon, October 16, at Ye Liherty Playhouse in Oakland.

The Symphony Concert Season.

In order to give those detained in Europe an opportunity to secure seats the sale of season tickets for the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will be continued right up

to noon of October 23, the date of the first concert.

That San Franciscans are interested in music is attested by the steady stream of ticket buyers at the offices of Manager Frank W. Healy, 209 Post Street. The announcement of the abandonment of the plans for an opera season has added greatly to the interest in the symphony orchestra, and the Friday afternoon concerts promise to take their place as events of the greatest importance to the musical and social world.

Henry Hadley is on the ground and devoting every available minute to the careful preparing of programmes and arranging for rehearsals. There will be several new faces in the orchestra this season: Kajetan Attl, harpist; Adolf Bertram, first oboe; Ernest Kubitschek, first bassoon, and Walter Hornig, first French horn. Instrumentalists of experience with the large symphony orchestras of Europe have been imported.

Soloists engaged and negotiated with up to the present time include Marcella Craft, leading lyric soprano of the Royal Opera, Munich; Tina Lerner, the beautiful and talented Russian pianist; Josef Lhevinne, the Russian pianist; Efrem Zimbalist, the Russian violinist; Willy Burmester, the great German violinist; and Jacques Thihaut, the French violinist. Emilio de Gogorza and Emma Eames have canceled their engagement at the Maine Festival and their Western dates as well.

Should it be necessary to revise the list of soloists on account of artists seeing service in the armies of their respective countries substitutes of the highest rank are available.

A New Chamber Music Organization.

A new ensemble organization will make its appearance here this season, although the members have been playing together in private for the past two years. It is called the San Francisco Quintet Club, and was founded by Mr. E. M. Hecht, a well-known music lover and patron. The players are Louis W. Ford, violin; C. B. Evans, viola and violin; Victor de Gomez, violoncello; Gyula Ormay, piano, and E. M. Hecht, flute. Mr. Nathan Firestone, viola, will assist. A series of three quite unusual programmes is promised this season under the Greenbaum direction.

CURRENT VERSE.

Recalled.

Sing of love, and what sing I?
That the hurnished marshes lie
Yonder 'neath a popped sky;
That the eldrich wind makes free
With the wayward soul of me;
That you gnarled and crookhack tree
Points the way to visions new
Past the luring sea's keen blue,—
That the sunset thrills me through!

Sing of love, and what sing I?
To the dusk's soft symphony
I would be in brother tone.
Love can leave no man alone!
Forth fare I, companioned now
By each swayed, harmonic hough,
By each prescient star aflame.

Yet, with twilight, how she came
Whispering in each breeze, and howed
From each battlement of cloud.
"You would shut me out, content
With a barren firmament?
See, I call you softly!"

Lo,
Thus I heard her—and I go.

Sing of love, and so sing I!
What worth earth or sea or sky
If her little mortal word
So could still them, and he heard?

—From "The Falconer of God," by William Rose Benét.

Little Lady Cigarette.

Little Lady Cigarette, come to make my hower
Sweet with smoke of amaranth and the poppy
flower;

Little Lady Cigarette,
Dainty, soft, and true,
Touched with life's divine "forget"
When I sip of you!

Mild and fragrant, what an air from your red
lips floats,

Lady of the silken hair, strong for wild lute
notes:

Little Lady Cigarette,
White and frail and fine,
Out of all the foam and fret
Bringing peace and wine!

Wine of dusk and of the dream where the lotus
dwells,

Lady of the soft delight and the poignant spells;
Little Lady Cigarette,

"Twixt my lips aglow,
Leading to the Never-Yet
Through the Long-Ago!

—Baltimore Sun.

One of the highest attractions in New York for the season is Sylvester Schacffer, "the man who does everything," who has been showing at B. F. Keith's Palace Theatre, where the business has exceeded even that of the Sarah Bernhardt engagement at the same theatre.

Mrs. Fiske's New Play.

Now that her rehearsals of John Luther Long and Frank Sayton's new comedy, "Lady Betty Martingale, or the Adventures of a Lively Hussy," are well advanced, Mrs. Fiske has more fully disclosed the nature of the play. Hitherto she has said no more than that the scene of the play was London and the time 1750. None of the famous figures of that Georgian period are in the play, and it has no historical background, but it will attempt to re-create the time when social life in London was mannerly, brilliant, prodigal, and gay—when there was much gaming, quarrelling, and intriguing among both men and women. The lively hussy of the story is a clever, brilliant, and high-spirited young widow, who to escape a so-called marriage of convenience, involves herself in difficulties by wedding a prisoner of Newgate, who, it is presumed, is to be hanged the next day.

Nehraska's sandhill region offers one of the most unusual fields for scientific investigation in this country. In some places the wind begins its work on the very top of a hill. Gradually, while the outline of the hill remains intact, the hole goes down deeper, until it reaches hardpan or rock, where water collects. The top of the excavation may be only a few yard across, and then the pit has the appearance of a great well. The air seems to go down into one of these holes with a sort of suction, and the day is never so calm but that some sand rises from the pit. It always piles out on the northeast side. The excavations are not confined to the hills. They may start on level ground, and then, as in the other case, the hole will go down to water. The level-land excavations may be of any size, from a pond of many acres to a narrow pit three times as deep as it is wide. They are called, in Western parlance, "blow-outs."

Proprietors and managers of cinematograph houses in England are notified that no pictures dealing with the war, in any shape or form, are permitted on the screen. A violation of this order will mean instant canceling of a license.

AMUSEMENTS

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VANITY FAIR.

Of what use to write about Vanity Fair when there is no Vanity Fair, when even the most frivolous mind is feeling the stealthy shadows of tragedy encroach upon the soul, or rather electricit, spaces that yesterday were filled with light and laughter? Where upon earth is there a spot, however small, beyond the reach of the bony, throttling fingers of war? Today we are told that we can no longer wear brow shoes after the exhaustion of the present stock because some chemical essential to their manufacture is made only in Germany. Yesterday there was a still more horrid reminder of our dependence upon Europe in the assurance that we must presently wear white socks because there can be no colored ones without the dyes that apparently we can not make for ourselves. We will not wear white socks, and we mean that to be taken as an ultimatum. A whole company of Uhlands could not make us wear white socks. Rather than wear white socks we will go without socks altogether, or we will paint our feet like the impecunious art students of Paris. By the way, there is a letter in a London newspaper imploring the charitable ladies of England not to make socks for the soldiers because the brave fellows would certainly throw them away. The soldier, says the writer, has learned that the truest comfort is to be found in well-fitting boots worn without socks, and we remember once being agreeably surprised during a period of severe financial stringency to discover that the sock is actually a superfluity so far as comfort is concerned and that it can be discarded without inconvenience. Of course the absence of socks might occasion some comment in church or at the club unless you were particularly careful not to hitch up your trousers as you sat down, but a thin coat of brown shellac varnish will defy anything but the closest scrutiny. But perhaps shellac varnish, too, is "made in Germany."

The ladies of London are said to be very anxious to help in practical ways, but no one seems to know quite what they can do at a time when most of the things that have to be done can be done only by men. The untrained woman is useless as a nurse. In fact she is a nuisance. Moreover, it is said that wounded soldiers much prefer to be nursed by men, who are more tender and more tactful and sympathetic. Florence Nightingale once expressed her surprise that a rough orderly could move about a ward as noiselessly as a spider, while no persuasion could mitigate the uproar attending the manoeuvres of the woman. Florence Nightingale said another curious thing about the soldiers of the Crimea. She said they were so modest as to be unwilling to allow her to examine them, and she had geotly to twit them on being ashamed of their wounds before they would allow her to pursue her gracious mission.

The English ladies, inspired from certain aristocratic quarters, formed working groups for shirt-making, but this had to be discouraged, since numbers of shirt factories had already closed their doors and dismissed their hands through the cessation of their foreign trade. Moreover, there are very few ladies who can make shirts that can be worn without profanity. This was conspicuously evidenced during the Civil War, when it was said by a humorist of that day that the shirts benevolently furnished to the soldiers were too short to fulfill the ordinary purposes of decency and so long in the neck that the wearers could not put on their hats.

Now here is a suggestion for the benevolent and aristocratic ladies of England, and, as usual in this column, it is made without charge, or any hope of reward except in heaven, upon which we have long-fixed our gaze. Doubtless there are large numbers of babies in England whose fathers are soldiers and at the front. What happens to babies whose fathers are at the front and whose mothers have "no visible means of support"—civilization's blackest crime—we are unaware. Doubtless they cry a good deal, and with cause. Now the ladies who want to help their country might do worse than adopt temporarily one or more of these babies, bathe them night and morning, minister to them fore and aft, wipe their noses, and devote themselves to their welfare. In this way they would prove their patriotism and also cause the Recording Angel to look closely lest first impressions should have deceived him and then to start upon a new and hitherto blank page of his ledger.

Musical America may suffer a good deal from the war. A mobilization order is no respecter of persons, and a musical genius can stop a bullet, or perhaps even fire one, as well as any one else. A few days ago there was a report from Vienna that Fritz Kreisler had been killed near Lemberg, and then we were told that he was guarding bridges near Vienna. The first report was contradicted, but it gave us all a sharp reminder, not of the wickedness of war—war can not be wicked

with ten thousand Christian churches praying for a warlike success—but of its idiocy. Fancy sending Kreisler to his death just as they send the hogs in the Chicago stockyards. It seems that Hofmann is with the German army and likely to be shot like a dog by some ill-smelling moujik. Isaye, but for his age, would be with the Belgian army, but his son is at the front, while Isaye himself is working in the harvest field. So, it is said, is Maeterlinck. If Italy should go to war we may expect to hear of Caruso with a rifle and bayonet, and perhaps Toscanini as well. No one capable of bearing arms will escape the conscription net. But consider if you can the degradation of a civilization that callously beckons Fritz Kreisler to come and be shot. Edward Carpenter once referred to civilization as a disease and suggested methods for its cure. The cure is now in progress.

How thankful we ought to be that the domestic relations between the crowned heads of Europe are of such a cordial nature that even the threats of war can leave them undisturbed. To this effect let us observe the following telegrams. Here is one from the German Emperor to the King of England: "Many thanks for your kind telegram, your proposals correspond with my ideas and with the statements I got this night from Vienna, which I have had forwarded to London. I just received news from Chancellor that official notification has just reached him that this night Nicky has ordered the mobilization of his whole army and fleet. He has not even awaited the results of the mediation I am working at and left me without any news. I am off for Berlin to take measures for insuring safety of my eastern frontiers, where strong Russian troops are already posted. (Signed) Willy." And here is a telegram from the King of England to the Emperor of Germany: "Many thanks for your kind telegram last night. I sent an urgent telegram to Nicky expressing my readiness to do everything in my power to assist in reopening conversations between powers concerned. (Signed) Georgie."

How do you suppose it would feel to have an army and a fleet all your own to do whatever you liked with? And how would it feel to be the owner of a frontier? Let us hope that the existing unpleasantnesses have not disturbed the cordiality that has evidently hitherto existed between Willy, Nicky, and Georgie. But of course they have not. It would be too absurd to let these little matters of statecraft interfere with family relationships. Business at least should be confined to office hours. When men of good sense differ on religion or politics they simply avoid such topics in their intercourse and go on as before. Statesmen, however antagonistic they may be in the forum or on the platform, are said to slap each other on the back and smoke each other's cigars at other times and when off duty and to put away the pose of enmity that is intended only for the public. Doubtless it is so with kings and emperors. At least we should like to believe that Willy, Nicky, and Georgie are maintaining their usual and happy domestic relationships and that if they refer to the war at all they do so only in a tone of genial badinage.

As a movement has been started to buy the birthplace of Henry W. Longfellow at Portland, Maine, the following statement, condensed from a letter written by a relative of the poet, may be of interest to those who are asked to subscribe: "The birthplace of Mr. Longfellow on Fore Street, Portland, Maine, was not his parents' home. It belonged to Captain Stephenson, an uncle-in-law of the poet, and the poet's mother was only temporarily visiting there when he was born. The real Longfellow home, which was built by the poet's grandfather, General Peleg Wadsworth, on Congress Street, was given by the poet's sister, Mrs. Ann Longfellow Pierce, to the Maine Historical Society as a public museum and memorial. There are kept and shown the old family furniture, and some books, pictures, and manuscripts. It is still a handsome house in a good part of the city, easily accessible to strangers and visited by several thousand every year. On the other hand the Fore Street house, in which the poet happened to be born, is now in a tenement-house district, inhabited mostly by Italians, and is out of the way. The house has been dismantled of its front door and side lights, front doorsteps and best mantelpiece, and its partitions have been changed to fit it for six families. There are no Longfellow or Wadsworth furniture, books, or manuscripts that can be had to put in this house. It is believed that the movement for purchasing this birthplace, such as it is, is not a spontaneous one. It has not the approval of either the Maine Historical Society or of the Longfellow family, nor of any but a very few of the Portland citizens."

"Bill seems to be afraid to think for himself." "Then he'd better get married."—*Princeton Tiger.*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

She was a widow and had buried three husbands. 'Twas leap year, and she went to inspect the graves of the departed with the man who had paid her marked attention in years gone by. After contemplating them in mournful silence for a time she turned to her companion and sighed: "Shure, Pat, me ould love, ye might have been in that row now if ye had only had a little more courage."

He was big and surly, and he entered a quick lunch place and gave his order. Hearing another patron ordering country sausage, he growled, "Gimme a plate o' that sausage, too." At that moment a dog, which by some unusual chance had slipped into the kitchen, was ejected rearward with a kick. It gave vent to a few sharp staccato yelps as it went. "Here!" yelled the surly one to his retreating waiter, "cut that order for sausage. I didn't know you had to make it."

Some years ago, when former Speaker Cannon was a plain member, he took some of his constituents to dine with him at a rather good hotel in Washington. It was in the fall and Mr. Cannon ate very heartily of that American edible, Indian corn; in fact, almost his entire dinner consisted of corn. The Westerner looked at him and said: "Say, Mr. Cannon, what does it cost you to board here?" "About \$5 a day," said Mr. Cannon. "I'll be durned," drawled his constituent, "ef I don't think it would be cheaper fer you to board at a livery stable."

An old Scotch worthy was in the habit of calling each evening at the village inn for a "drop o' the hest." When he had gone one night the landlord discovered, to his horror, that he had supplied Donald out of the bottle of sulphuric acid which he had been using for cleaning the taps. Every moment he expected to bear of Donald's death, and his relief was great when the old worthy arrived next evening. "Donald, what did you think o' the whisky ye got last night?" "It wis a fine dram, a guid warmin' dram, but it had aye fau't—every time I coughed it set fire to ma whuskers."

She critically examined the gold sleeve-links which were set before her, and then requested the clerk to show her another line. She decided on a pair, murmuring to herself, "Yes, I'm sure he'll like these." "Do you care for any initials, miss?" queried the clerk. "Oh, yes, I forgot," said she. "I think I'll use his first initial this time. You may engrave the letter 'U' on them." "U," repeated clerk, as he wrote the instructions down. "May I inquire the name, miss, if it is Uriah or Ulysses? Names commencing with 'U' are so very rare." "Eugene," replied the young woman, proudly.

Ben Foster was noted for his shiftlessness. If it had not been for his wife he would not have done a stroke of work on his little farm and garden. It was all his wife could do to get him to work, for he preferred to sit and read all day. One evening, after he had been reading French history with deep interest, he closed the book and said to his wife, "Do you know, Maria, what I'd 'a' done if I had been Napoleon?" "Oh, yes, I know well enough," his wife responded. "You'd have settled right down on a farm in Corsica and let it run to ruin, while you grumbled about your hard luck."

Labor unions were strong in his city. On Hallowe'en the boys pulled a lot of pickets off the fence of the union harber and made a bonfire of them. The harber bought some new pickets and nailed them on his fence himself. Whereupon he was promptly fined fifty dollars by the council for doing carpenter work which should have been done by a union carpenter. The harber thought this over for some time. Then he presented the carpenters' union with a bill for \$1375. "What's this for?" asked the chief of the carpenters' union. "Why," the barber replied, "that's what's due the barbers because the carpenters shave themselves." His fine was remitted.

George Kreitlein, an Indianapolis business man, is self-made and successful. His gun club decided to hold an open trap shoot, and it was announced that all entries must be in before six o'clock Wednesday evening. About eight o'clock in the evening the club's telephone bell rang, and a voice on the other end of the 'phone said: "I desire to speak to the head of the shoot committee." Kreitlein happened to be near and he answered the 'phone. "The head of the shoot committee is speaking," said he. "What can I do for you?" "This is John Astorhilt Jones—Yale '98," said the voice. "I'd like to enter your tournament," said the voice. "Sorry," said Kreitlein, "entry list closed at six o'clock." "But," said the voice, "I'm sure

you'll make an exception in my case." "Can't be done." "Can't he done," repeated the voice. "I don't think you quite understand who I am. I'm John Astorhilt Jones—Yale '98." "And this," was the reply, "is George Kreitlein—night school, '67—and I say it can't be done."

Harry Lauder tells a story about Rab McBeth, a friend of his, who went up to Glasgow once to see a brother off to America. They said good-by on hoard, and then Rah went ashore, and as the great ship slowly drifted away from the quay Rab continued to shout parting words of advice and encouragement to his brother standing on the deck. "Good-by, Wull! Buck up, Wull! See an' behave yersel!" Every time he shouted the ship was a little farther away, and Rah accordingly kept raising his voice more and more. The other people who were shouting good-bys were dumfounded, and their good-bys were hopelessly drowned in the roar of Rah's voice. When the ship was about half a mile away Rah let himself go with a final tremendous shout: "Mind and write hame, Wull!" A man standing near went up and touched Rah's arm. "If Wull doesn't write when he gets to America," he suggested, "you should just shout across to remind him."

When Sir Thomas Lipton started in business he was very poor, and making every sacrifice to enlarge his little shop. His only assistant was a youth of some fifteen years, faithful and honest. One Saturday morning he was heard complaining, and with justice, that his clothes were so shabby that he was ashamed to go to church the following morning. Says Sir Thomas in speaking of the incident: "I felt sorry for the lad, and, after thinking the matter over, I took a sovereign from my carefully hoarded savings and bought the boy a comfortable, good suit of blue cloth. He was so overwhelmingly grateful that I felt amply repaid for my sacrifice. The following morning, however, he did not make his appearance at the accustomed hour, and later in the day, as his mother was passing the building, I inquired the reason of her son's absence. 'Well, Mr. Lipton,' said she, with a bland smile and curtsying, 'Arry looks so respectable, thanks to you, sir, that I thought I would send him about town a little today and see if he couldn't get a better joh.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Unseen.
Tell me, Uncle Wiseman, why
Can't I love an unseen maid?
Never by her tears have I
Been dismayed.

She's appropriately dressed;
Asks no questions—that's a boon!
Sings the songs I like the best—
And in tune.

Whatsoe'er my mood may be
She is generous and sweet.
We shall never quarrel—we
Shall not meet. —Puck.

The Law of Opposites.
"I'd never marry you!" she said,
And positively shook her head;
"Your hair is dark, and so is mine,
Our eyes with rival azures shine;
Our skins both bold the selfsame hue,
And I am thin, and so are you;
We're far too much alike," said she—
"You'll have to go away from me!"


"I know a girl across the street,"
I answered, "who is very sweet;
Her hair is gold, her eyes are brown,
Her cheek is soft as thistle-down.
She is my opposite in all—
I guess you're right—I'll go and call."
"You'll go and call on Her?" said she—
"What? And you'd go away from Me?"
—Ted Robinson, in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

As the Saying Is.
The forty-day faster is surely a laster,
Can quite a fast stand;
And through these odd capers gets into the papers
All over the land.

The forty-day faster, at his trade a master,
He plays a queer game.
A queer game he's playing; to use an old saying,
He bunglers for fame. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mother Goose for the Higher Intellectuals.
THE HUBBARD CANINE.
Ancient maternal ancestor Hubbard
Proceeded to the hither all-yielding cupboard
To procure for her a canine a portion of ossified matter;
But when she reached her destination,
She found no trace of marrowed ration,
And in consequence the necessitous mongrel received an empty platter.

A SONG MELANGE.
Utter melodious sounds elucidating a musical composition anent the English sincipice;
A pocket filled to capacity with hardy cereal;
And two full dozen aves of ebon hue confined in a pastry perial!
When said pastry was disintegrated
The vertebrate aves began the rendition of a lyric selection;
Was not that a delectable concoction to display for the royal inspection? —Town Topics.




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Mexican Herald and Argonaut.....	9.20		

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Evelyn Cunningham, to Mr. Joseph Donohoe, Jr. Miss Cunningham is the sister of Miss Genevieve Cunningham, Mr. John Cunningham, and Masters James Athearn Folger, Jr., and Peter Folger. She is a niece of Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell. Mr. Donohoe is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe and a brother of the Misses Katherine, Christine, Barbara, and Josephine Donohoe. He is a grandson of Mrs. Abby Parrott. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry St. Goar have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Erna St. Goar, to Mr. John Hubert Mee. Mr. Mee is the son of Mrs. James Mee of San Rafael and a brother of Miss Margaret Mee. The wedding will take place Saturday, October 17.

The wedding of Miss Lillias Wheeler and Mr. Matt Savage Walton took place Wednesday evening at the home on Washington Street of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler. Miss Frances Jewell of Kentucky, who was the maid of honor, was followed by the bride's three sisters, Mrs. Bradway Head and the Misses Olive and Jean Wheeler, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Jr. Mr. Samuel Walton was his brother's best man. Mr. and Mrs. Walton will reside in Lexington, Kentucky.

The wedding of Miss Kate Louise Grunsky and Mr. B. Grant Taylor took place Monday afternoon at the home on Union Street of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Grunsky. Miss Clotilde Grunsky was her sister's only attendant. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Taylor will reside in this city.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Jolliffe and Dr. Herbert William Allen took place Thursday noon at the bride's home on Broadway. Mr. Rudolph Spreckels gave the bride into the keeping of the groom and Miss Virginia Jolliffe was her sister's only attendant. The Misses Eleanor and Claudine Spreckels were little flower girls and Masters Howard Spreckels and James Moffitt acted as ribbon-bearers. Mrs. Allen is a sister of Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Herbert C. Moffitt, and the Misses Harriet, Frances Mary, and Virginia Jolliffe. Upon their return from their wedding trip Dr. Allen and Mrs. Allen will reside on Laguna Street between Pacific Avenue and Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood entertained a number of friends at a dinner Wednesday evening at their home, Linden Towers, in Menlo Park.

Mr. Robert L. Coleman, Jr., was host at a dinner at the Burlingame Club Thursday evening, when he entertained a number of his young friends. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hastings chaperoned the party.

Miss Ethel McAllister entertained the members of the Junior League at a tea Monday afternoon at her home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. Frederick McWilliams was hostess at a luncheon at her home on Sacramento Street complimentary to Mrs. Eugene Bresse and her daughter, Miss Metha McMahon, who left Monday for the East.

Mrs. Clara M. Darling will give a reception Monday complimentary to Miss Otilla Lane, who has recently announced her engagement to Mrs. Darling's grandson, Mr. Clinton La Montagne.

Captain William Matson and Mrs. Matson gave a dinner recently at their home on Jackson Street in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Faxon Bishop of Honolulu.

Mr. Stewart Lowery was host at a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis and a box party, which was followed by a supper. Fourteen guests enjoyed Mr. Lowery's hospitality.

The Misses Hannah and Emily Du Bois entertained a number of friends at a tea Sunday at their home in Belvedere.

Miss Esther Bentley was hostess at a tea Saturday afternoon in honor of Miss Dorothy Allen, whose engagement to Mr. W. F. Hutchinson has recently been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Bain entertained a number of friends at dinner Sunday evening at Shepard's Inn, near Santa Barbara.

Miss Marguerite Doe gave a luncheon recently at her home in Santa Barbara in honor of Miss Anne Peters of Stockton.

Mrs. George Howard was hostess at an informal luncheon at her home in San Mateo in honor of Mrs. George Tallant, who has closed her house in Santa Barbara and has come to San Francisco to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher entertained a number of friends over the weekend at their home at Menlo Park.

The Misses Morrison of San Jose gave a tea at the Palace Hotel Monday afternoon, when a dozen friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Mrs. William Ashburner was hostess at a luncheon Tuesday at the Francisca Club in honor of the Misses Morrison.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt entertained a number of friends at dinner Monday evening at their home on Scott Street. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Milfin Hammond of Boston, who have since gone to Santa Barbara for a visit.

Miss Otilla Lane was the complimented guest at a luncheon Tuesday given by Miss Gertrude O'Brien at her home on Buchanan Street.

Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden gave a bridge-luncheon recently at her home in Burlingame.

The Woman's Auxiliary of the Society of California Pioneers gave an elaborate tea and musical Friday afternoon at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at a dinner Tuesday evening at her home on Broadway. The affair was to celebrate the birthday of her son, Mr. Peter Martin.

Miss Dorothy Hogan and her fiancé, Mr. Grant Decker, were the complimented guests at a dance

last evening given by Mr. and Mrs. E. Clemens Horst at their home at Presidio Terrace.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel Remington Fithian were the guests of honor at a luncheon Saturday given by Mr. and Mrs. William Oothout at the Santa Barbara Country Club.

Mrs. R. G. Sneath entertained a number of young people at a dance Saturday evening at the Hotel Granada in honor of her granddaughter, Miss Julia Dillingham.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith entertained a number of friends at dinner recently at the Hotel Potter in Santa Barbara. The affair was in honor of Miss Florence Henshaw and Mr. Charles Keeney, whose engagement has recently been announced.

The members of the Menlo Park Golf and Country Club gave a dance Saturday evening, which was preceded by many dinners.

Mrs. Halsey Dunwoody was hostess at a bridge-luncheon recently at her home at Fort Scott.

Mrs. J. B. Rawles, wife of General Rawles, U. S. A. (retired), entertained the members of the Tea Club at her home on Green Street.

Captain Francis Lincoln and Mrs. Lincoln entertained at a progressive dinner recently at their home at Fort Scott. The affair was in honor of Colonel Stephen Mills Foote and Mrs. Foote.

Mrs. Francis Davis Pryor, wife of Commander Pryor, U. S. N., was hostess at a tea Thursday at her home on Pacific Avenue.

The officers of Fort Winfield Scott entertained a number of friends at a dance last evening in the Assembly Hall. Among those who gave dinners preceding the affair were Captain William H. Monroe, U. S. A., and Mrs. Monroe, and Lieutenant Charles Hines, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hines.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran have arrived in New York from Europe and are coming to California to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Lowenberg left last Saturday for Byron Hot Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Plummer returned Monday from their wedding trip to Lake Tahoe. Mr. and Mrs. Plummer will reside in Los Angeles after October 1.

Mr. Richard Pennoyer, first secretary to the American embassy at Lima, Peru, has sufficiently recovered from a recent operation for appendicitis to be moved from the Fabiola Hospital to the home in Berkeley of his mother, Mrs. A. A. Pennoyer. Mr. and Mrs. George Tallant of Santa Barbara are in town for a month's visit and are at the El Drisco on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Sargent delayed their departure until Wednesday, when they left for their home in New Haven.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt and their two little sons have gone to Chicago to spend several weeks on their ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Temple Bridgman are establishing themselves in a house on Washington Street near Walnut. Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt Baker have recently moved into the same neighborhood.

Miss Marian Stone has gone to Beowawe, Nevada, to visit her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Grayson Hinkleley.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Jr., are established at the Bellevue Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller have arrived in New York, where they will spend a month.

Mrs. E. B. Pond has returned from Europe after several years' absence and is visiting her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pond, at their home in San Mateo.

Mrs. M. M. Potter and her daughter, Miss Nina Jones, arrived Tuesday from Santa Barbara and are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin will occupy the Dolbeer house on Pacific Avenue during the winter.

Mrs. P. McG. McBean left Tuesday for the East to spend several months with relatives. She accompanied Mr. and Mrs. William Spronle, who have gone to New York for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Pringle will spend the winter months in town, having rented a flat on Washington Street.

Mr. Ray Bowers has gone East to attend the wedding of his sister, Miss Margaret Bowers, who will be married at Oyster Bay October 1 to Mr. Henry Dearborn, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Dearborn of New York.

Miss Florence Henshaw is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew McCarthy have given up their home in this city and have gone to Hillsborough to reside.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Hale have gone to Los Angeles to spend two weeks.

Mrs. Charles Maud has returned from Southern California, where she placed her nephew, Master Joseph Fiske Catherwood, in school.

Miss Cornelia O'Connor has returned from Coronado and has joined her sisters at the Hotel Cecil.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Hanchett spent a few days last week at the State Fair in Sacramento. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holbrook were also visitors at the fair.

The Misses Marian Crocker and Gertrude Thomas spent the week-end in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford.

Dr. Barry Cerf and Mrs. Cerf have returned to their home in Madison, Wisconsin, after a three months' visit with their relatives in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther J. Holton departed Tuesday for the East and will visit relatives in Canada en route home. Upon their return to this city they will reside at Sea Cliff where they have leased a house which is in the course of construction.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and her daughter, Miss Josephine Grant, left Tuesday for New York, where they will spend a few days at the Gotham before Miss Josephine returns to St. Timothy's School in Catonsville.

Mrs. Francis Carolan has arrived in New York

from Europe, and with Mr. Carolan is at the Hotel St. Regis. Mrs. Claus August Spreckels and Mrs. William G. Irwin are at the Plaza Hotel. Mrs. Samuel Blair, Miss Jennie Blair, and Mrs. Morton Mitchell, who also have recently returned from Europe, are at the Ritz-Carlton.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Warner and their daughter, Miss Alice Warner, have come up from Monterey to spend a month. They are established in an apartment on Dush Street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Van Eck have returned from their wedding trip, which was spent in Europe, and will soon move into their new home on Broadway near Desisladero Street. Mrs. Van Eck was formerly Miss Agnes Tillmann.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich have leased the apartment on Washington Street of Mrs. McCandless. They have recently returned from the Grand Cañon of Arizona.

Mrs. Robert I. Bentley and her daughter, Miss Esther Bentley, will leave shortly for a visit in New York.

Mrs. Edmund H. Clark, Miss Helen Clark, and Master Edward Clark departed Sunday for their home in New York. Mr. Charles N. Black, Miss Marie Louise Black, and Miss Natalie Campbell left the same day for a few weeks' visit in the East.

Among our well-known young men who returned Sunday to their Eastern colleges were the Messrs. William W. Crocker, Mountford S. Wilson, Jr., George H. Howard, Jr., Gordon Johnson, Robert L. Coleman, Jr., Robert Bowles, Leroy Nickel, and Atherton Eyre.

Mrs. Nielson, wife of Ensign Joseph Leroy Nielson, and Mrs. Connors, wife of Lieutenant Edward Connors, have gone to Bremerton Navy Yard to meet their husbands, who are en route from Honolulu on the U. S. S. *South Dakota*.

Paymaster H. B. Westlake, U. S. N., will shortly leave Mare Island for his new duties on the Asiatic Station.

Lieutenant-Colonel A. M. Hunter, U. S. A., has reported for duty as commander of Fort Winfield Scott.

Captain Joseph Casper, U. S. Medical Corps, will arrive shortly from Manila and take up duties at the Presidio.

Miss Grace Kinnison, daughter of Major Henry Kinnison and Mrs. Kinnison, who has been visiting Miss Natalie Peabody at Castle Rock, Washington, has entered Corvallis College in Oregon.

Major Joseph H. Ford, U. S. Medical Corps, who is now in London, with Captain Berkeley Enochs and Captain Augustine McIntyre, are to go to Austria, and Captain William A. Castle and Captain Alexander M. Miller, both of whom are in Paris, are to accompany the British troops on the field as military observers.

Captain Frank D. Ely, Captain Alden C. Knowles, Captain Morris M. Keck, and Lieutenant Ralph W. Drury have been transferred to regiments which will oblige them to go to the Philippine Islands shortly.

Mrs. Thomas Bridges, wife of Lieutenant Thomas Bridges, U. S. A., is visiting her parents. Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Cooper, Lieutenant Bridges is expected to be returned to the Presidio at an early date.

Major Sydney Cloman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloman are at the Weber Lake Country Club. They expect to sail for Manila about November 1.

Captain Olfey, U. S. N., and Mrs. Olfey and their daughter are in Berkeley, the guests of Paymaster W. T. Wallace and Mrs. Wallace.

Major Frank L. Winn is en route to this city from Manila. He will assume the duties of adjutant of the Western Department.

Colonel C. M. Truitt, U. S. A., recently in command at the military prison at Alcatraz, is staying at the Richelieu.

Major Charles Payman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Payman are stopping at the Cecil.

General John P. Wisser and Mrs. Wisser have moved from their residence on Broadway to the commanding general's quarters at Fort Miley.

The Layard Explorations.

Sir Henry Layard, the first man to undertake extensive explorations among the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh, was led to this work through fear—not his own fear, but that of a young friend. Layard, who was born in Paris ninety-seven years ago, started for Ceylon to practice his profession. He was accompanied by another lad who had a horror of the ocean, and Layard readily agreed when his companion suggested that they make the trip by land across Europe, Asia Minor, Persia, and India. It was while on this journey that Layard was inspired with the ambition to delve among the ruins of the ancient cities

of Asia. "When I first beheld the mounds of Nineveh," he wrote, "a great longing came over me to learn what was hidden within them." He yielded to the desire, and largely at his own expense carried on these excavations at Babylon and Nineveh which were chiefly responsible for the discovery of the lost records and relics of a people who lived 3000 years ago. Many cities and palaces, including the palace of King Nebuchadnezzar were unearthed by Layard and the most valuable treasures in the British Museum serve to commemorate his name.

Benefit The Dancers.

This, Saturday, afternoon, between the hours of four and seven, a benefit the dancers will be given in the court of the Palace Hotel for the benefit of the Vocational Training School. Mlle. Louise La Gai, assisted by Quentin Tod, will be seen in specialties. Tables may be reserved at the Palace Hotel or at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Chicago is not likely to have a grand opera season this winter. Recently the directors of the Chicago Grand Opera Company cabled Cleofonte Campanini, who is in Italy, to notify the various members of the company that all contracts have been canceled. The explanation given the public is that, owing to the war having claimed some of the leading singers, the uncertainty of the undertaking is too great for the present.

Despite the war, the Berlin Royal Opera, opened on September 1.

Experienced woman wants place—general housework for gentleman. Best references. Box 5, Argonaut.

Everyday Risks.

Risks which people take every day with their valuables is told every day in the news paper accounts of loss by burglary. The greatest discourager of the housebreaker is the safe deposit vault. It is also absolute protection against fire. Attention of *Argonaut* readers is called to the interesting announcements of the Crocker Safe Deposit Vaults appearing each week in this journal. The fact presented by Manager John F. Cunningham are striking, and will strongly appeal to readers who have valuables or papers which they wish to preserve.

RESIDENCE TO LEASE

Magnificent home of twelve rooms and three baths, located on California St. near Gough St. Close in; handy to Fair Grounds. This is an elegantly furnished home with all modern conveniences. Rent reasonable to responsible, private party for one year or more. For further particulars inquire of Fred E. Palmer, 523 Monadnock Building. Phone Douglas 741.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

A recent decision of District Judge Van Fleet in one of the Ocean Shore Railroad cases has been modified by the United States circuit court of appeals, in session at Seattle. The appeals court held that the claims of bondholders should have been preferred over those holding claims for labor and materials, and cut the latter's claims down forty per cent. C. C. Moore and others were the plaintiffs.

Clearing the right-of-way for the approaches to the \$4,000,000 Twin Peaks tunnel has begun.

J. Charles Green, well known advertising man of San Francisco for the past twenty-two years, died at his home, 1 Eighteenth Avenue, Monday morning, following an attack of acute indigestion. He was a native of Germany, and had lived in San Francisco since childhood.

José C. Castro, a California pioneer and son of the illustrious General José Castro, one of California's most picturesque early day governors under the Spanish régime, died last Sunday at his home in Visitation Valley. He was aged seventy-one years. The funeral took place on Wednesday.

The ordinance proposing the sale of six street-car tickets for 25 cents, or twenty-five tickets for \$1, was defeated when it came to a vote in the board of supervisors Monday afternoon. Supervisor Vogelsang called attention to the fact that if the charter requirements for the bookkeeping for public utilities are followed, the net income for the last year would not have been sufficient to meet the redemption charge, which begins in July next and is \$101,000 a year. It was also pointed out that the Van Ness or "H" line is losing \$90 a day, not including interest and redemption charges.

With the adoption of a resolution appropriating \$180,000 for the work, the first real step toward the improvement of streets about the Civic Centre and the Exposition grounds has been made by the board of supervisors. The regular monthly street repair fund was cut down to \$20,000 from \$60,000. The improvements of Tenth and Eleventh Streets is included in this project.

William Saelburg, a pioneer newspaper man of the city, died last Monday in the Dorchester Hotel. He was aged eighty years. He came to this city from Germany in 1850. He was editor and proprietor of the *Times and Observer*, one of the foremost papers of the early days.

To construct twenty-eight municipal railway lines for which applications have been

filed will cost \$9,000,000, the city engineer has reported to the supervisors. These proposed lines are in addition to those for which bonds have been voted. Their total length is approximately eighty-nine miles, and the city engineer estimates the cost at about \$100,000 a mile.

The first mail from Russia since the declaration of war was distributed throughout the city Monday. Forty thousand letters were in the shipment and were dated from the latter part of July to the middle of August.

The length of time to be allowed for the digging of the Twin Peaks tunnel has been increased from 600 to 1000 days by the board of supervisors, acting on the complaint of one of the contractors, who claimed the time allowed was too short.

An order for the city auditor to make out warrants for \$6212 pay from February 21 to December 21, 1912, to settle the claims of J. W. McEvers and other deputy sealers of weights and measures was made by the appellate court Monday. The salaries had been held up by an injunction after the office was abolished. Judge Richards held that the creating ordinance was valid during this period and that the petitioners had not of their own free will ceased their duties.

Charles E. Brown, for many years chief clerk in the local custom-house, has been appointed special deputy collector by Collector of the Port John O. Davis.

Policeman John Dougherty was found shot to death Monday morning on Seventh Street, between Bryant and Brannan. No clue has been found to the slayers.

Plans for the Indoor Yacht Club "Kiddies' Day" are complete, and the orphan children of San Francisco are assured of a splendid outing tomorrow at the Park Stadium. The Yachtmen will entertain about 1700 boys and girls from the various institutions. Lunch will be served at the Stadium.

Under direction of the Eureka Valley Merchants' Association and the Twin Peaks Federation of Improvement Clubs a four days' street carnival in honor of the early starting of work on the Twin Peaks tunnel project opened Thursday evening with a parade and the crowning of Queen Tillie, the popular ruler of the festivities.

Two hundred of the four hundred big exposition searchlights arrived Wednesday. One hundred of the lights are of the eighteen-inch type and the second hundred thirteen-inch. The monster lights will be set up on all the buildings and palaces, and one



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For nothing else is quite so refreshing on a journey. It contains all the elements of

food in the most inviting manner possible.

Ghirardelli's Imperial Cocoa is particularly recommended, as it is stronger than others, is very rich in food values, and possesses an inviting aroma and a most delicious flavor.

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will occupy the summit of Mount Tamalpais, fifteen miles away.

Alexander G. Findlay, royal chief of the Scottish Clans of the United States and Canada, arrived in San Francisco on Wednesday to make preliminary arrangements for the convention of the order to be held in this city during August of next year. He is accompanied by Mrs. Findlay and they were tendered a reception at the Palace Hotel Wednesday night by Clan Fraser of this city and Clan MacDonald of Oakland. Many prominent Scottish people of the Bay section attended.

A remarkable development with organ pipes by an alumnus of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has been the installation of a 128-foot stop in an organ in Lowell, Massachusetts. This is called the Tonus Inira Totissima, and its lowest pipe is CCCCC, according to the symbols of musicians. It has been produced by William E. Goodwin, 79, a man of means, who, from pure love of the work, began the study of organ construction, which has now become his profession. Not so long ago a thirty-two-foot pipe was the lowest note to which makers could go. The great organ which a generation ago was the pride of old Music Hall in Boston, was notable in that it had a stop of these great pipes in its front. The lowest note (CCCC) vibrates at the rate of sixteen a second, and this being very nearly the joint below which the vibrations cease to form continuous sound, it was believed that the practical limit had been reached for organ pipes. But in the 128-foot stop the lowest C vibrates only four times a second.

Despite the fact that thousands of feet of moving pictures taken on the battlefields of Europe have arrived in New York, no public audience will ever see them. They are pronounced "all too horrible," and "the scenes are too shocking for exhibition." Attempts made to obtain pictures of actual fighting have so far been practically impossible. Many extremes have been tried. Sometimes the cameras, fitted with electric batteries, were placed in trees and elsewhere on spots where it seemed likely there would be a struggle. Wires were carried to distant protected points, whence the operators could start and stop the film revolutions. This proved to be mere guess work and nothing worth while has come of it.

Kathleen Parlow, the Canadian violinist, since her last successful tour of this country has been meeting with great favor abroad. Owing to the war she may come to this country for a winter tour.

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THE FAIRMONT under same management

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Where the world
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Watch for the Sign

Wherever you see the Red Crown sign you can buy an honest, reliable gasoline—the uniform—quick acting—clean burning kind that gives you full power—that costs you least *per mile*.

RED CROWN

THE GASOLINE OF QUALITY

is not a "mixture," but a straight distilled, refinery gasoline—the best the Standard Oil Company can make. In gasoline, it is economy to buy the best.

Red Crown signs are furnished to all dealers handling Red Crown Gasoline.

Watch for the sign or ask our nearest agency about delivery in bulk.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Do lawyers tell the truth?" "Lawyers will do anything for money."—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

"Is Biggins a man to be trusted?" "In some respects. If he owes you something and says he can't pay you, you can place absolute reliance in his word."—*St. Louis Star.*

Scroggins—Well, do you still belong to the High Thinking Cult? Nutley—Naw! While I was busy repeating "Health, wealth, success," the fellow just below me grabbed my job.—*Puck.*

Mrs. Brown—I saw Mrs. Jones at the club meeting yesterday, and we had the loveliest confidential chat together. Mrs. Smith—I thought so. She wouldn't speak to me this morning.—*Toledo Blade.*

First Chorus Lady—What do you think, dear? George is back from Scotland, stony-broke and so altered that you would hardly

know him! *Second Chorus Lady*—I'm sure I shan't dear.—*London Opinion.*

Small Boy (to charitable lady)—Please, mother says she's much better of the complaint wot you gives 'er quinine for; but she's awful ill of the disease wot's cured by port wine and chicken broth.—*Tit-Bits.*

"Do you think you have sufficient counsel for my boy?" "Yes; we have a spread-eagle orator, a sob specialist, an insanity expert, and a little cuss who knows the law, if we need any law."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Prospective Father-in-Law—You've got some crust to ask me for an advance payment of the dowry. I think you are a fortune-hunter. The Count—Oh, no, monsieur, I am only what you Americans call ze "Safety First" crank.—*Puck.*

Small Boy (with a fine string)—Good fishin'? Yessir; ye go down that private road till ye come to th' sign "Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted"; cross th' field with th' bull in it an' you'll see a sign "No Fisbin' Allowed"—that's it.—*Life.*

Miss Parvenu—I was almost sorry, ma, that you spoke so rudely to that poor little Mrs. Willis. Mamma—Well, my dear, pray where is the satisfaction of being in the best society if you can not snub those who are out of it?—*The Club-Fellow.*

Mrs. Clayton (at the opera)—The opera seems to be boring you terribly, Paul. Why, you look absolutely disgusted. Mr. Clayton (an efficiency expert)—The opera's all right, Emma, but that fool conductor is making hundreds of unnecessary motions.—*Puck.*

"An' we went to a big department shop," said Uncle Jed, on his return home, "an' we got into one o' them 'ere things wot whizzes ye clean up to the top—wot in tarnation is their name, ma?" "Shop-lifters, Jedediah," Mrs. Sbucks replied.—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

The Friend—Look here, old fellow, this is in confidence. Is it true that your editorial page has to be passed upon by your advertising manager before it goes to press? Great Editor (of metropolitan paper)—Never, sir! I should say not! He has too much confidence in us for that.—*Judge.*

The Tourist (spending a week-end in the village, to the oldest inhabitant)—Well, I don't know what you do here. It's certainly the most dead-and-alive show I was ever in. The Oldest Inhabitant—Ah, 'e ought to wait till next week, zur, an' see how the place 'ull be stirred up then. The Tourist—Why, what's on next week? The Oldest Inhabitant—Plowin'.—*Sketch.*

An "Absent Treatment" of Wooing.

Drifting into town a homeless waif, John Henderson had grown to manhood, and by thrift and hard work had acquired a small farm and built a neat cottage.

One day John called on Squire Olcott, and being a man of few words, expressed himself thus: "Squire, you know I came to this town a poor boy, you know I have made friends of everybody here, you know I have saved my money and bought a farm and built a house, you know I am thirty and have a bank account."

"Yes," said the squire, "all you say is true." "Well, squire, I want to get married."

"Good for you, John; who's the lady?" "You aint never noticed a nice little black-eyed school teacher passin' up the street every day, have you? Well, that's her."

"I suppose you have her consent and the affair is all arranged," suggested the squire.

"Well, no, not exactly; that is what I want you to do for me. I have never spoken to the lady in my life," and the squire with a hearty laugh said, "Where do I come in?"

"Don't laugh, squire; this is a serious thing. I want you to write her a letter. Tell her about my being a poor boy, how I have worked early and late and saved my money. How I bought the farm and built the house, and how I want her to—to—ah—to be my wife," and here John stopped, the blushes coloring his honest tanned face to the roots of his hair.

So the old squire, who was a past master in the art of letter-writing, spent a long time in composing the letter while John patiently waited. Finally it was finished and the squire said, "Perhaps I had better read it to you and if it is wrong in any particular you can say so and I will change it to suit your ideas."

So he read the letter, and it was a beautiful statement of John's life, his work, his desires, his accomplishments, about his farm and little cottage. So realistic it was that long before its close John was deeply distressed and big tears rolled down his cheeks.

"How will that do?" asked the squire as he finished reading.

"Do?" said John, "do—it's just splendid." Then with a sudden burst of tears and candor he blurted out, "Squire, if that letter don't fetch her, she—she—she can go to blazes."—*Mack's Monthly Magazine.*



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There is one place of secrecy regarding which a woman tells no one—her safe deposit box. For her convenience the Crocker Safe Deposit Vaults have established a coupon room, equipped with resting places, pens, ink and stationery.

Thither the woman may retire with her safety deposit box and open it in comfort, in privacy. And such a box can be obtained for \$4 a year.

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JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM

The Crocker National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO
Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits
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\$110. First class, round trip (five and one-half days from San Francisco). The most attractive spot on entire world tour. Splendid American steamers (10,000 ton displ.) of OCEANIC LINE sail to Hawaii Sept. 29, Oct. 13, 27, and every two weeks. You can make this trip in 16 days from San Francisco, giving five days on the islands. Sydney, 19 days from San Francisco. \$300 round trip first class, \$200 second class. Send for folder.

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(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

S. S. Tenyo Maru.Monday, Oct. 12, 1914
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.....Tuesday, Nov. 3, 1914
S. S. Chiyo Maru.Saturday, Nov. 28, 1914

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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Best Since Lincoln at Gettysburg.

There were some doings Monday of last week at the Exposition grounds. The occasion was the presentation and reception of a flagpole 260 feet high made from a single fir tree, the donor being the city of Astoria, Oregon. The pole was duly in its place and the Stars and Stripes floated from its peak. Upon a platform at its base there was assembled a notable company. The official head of the Exposition sat in the president's chair; and his side coat pocket bulged with a hulky manuscript. His honor, the mayor, was on hand; and he likewise was armed with a prepared speech of thunderous portent. Then there was a lady poet, a native-son orator, and God knows who and what else, pulsating with prospective eloquence. Stepped forth Mayor Nelson of Astoria, a plain, blunt man commissioned to deliver the presentation address. Accustomed to circumlocutory and extended "efforts," everybody sat back and prepared to listen, to twirl their thumbs or otherwise kill an hour. But they knew not Mr. Nelson. Turning to Little Jimmy, he said: "Mr. Mayor, there's your flag!" Then he sat down. It was all over. He

had saw his duty and he had did it in five sufficient words. Exposition orators, please copy.

Home Rule for Ireland.

The Irish home rule bill under the tremendous and eclipsing shadow of war passed its final stages through the House of Commons almost without comment and without anything worthy the name of opposition. Sir Edward Carson, the Ulster leader, uttered a protest that was intended to be dramatic, but that was hopelessly dwarfed by its portentous national background, and then left the House without voting. In a subsequent manifesto he solemnly postponed aggressive action until after the war, but affirmed the ultimate determination of Ulster to resist to the death. But much water is likely to pass under the bridge before home rule becomes again visible above the stormy horizon. In the meantime we shall willingly believe that the saner sections of the Ulster people are willing enough to accept the world crisis as an act of oblivion for lesser issues. And time is a matchless emollient for such quarrels as this.

The protest of Sir Edward Carson had but scanty and half-hearted support, even from his erstwhile followers in the Commons. To resist a measure of home rule on the ground of Irish disloyalty or instability while making fervent calls for Irish volunteers for the army was obviously an impossible proceeding. It would have been no less grotesque to send thousands of Irish soldiers into the field under the same freshly imposed stigma. Nothing but a most bitter fanaticism and a most senseless one could suggest such a folly. Even if the passage of the bill had not been inevitable before the declaration of war it became so an hour afterward, and the House of Commons knew it and was probably glad of it. Nor is the quarrel likely to be resumed until the Irish casualty lists shall have been forgotten, and that will not be for many a year. Not for the first time in history have domestic discords been swept away by the presence of a common danger.

It must be admitted that in this particular emergency the "disloyal" South has shown to better advantage than the "loyal" North. It was Mr. Redmond who was quick to assure the government that every soldier in Ireland might safely be withdrawn and that Catholics were ready to clasp hands with Protestants for the common defense. And this assurance was given before the bill had been passed, and it was unconditional. Sir Edward Carson made no adequate response to this assurance, and thereby he made a tactical blunder as great as Mr. Redmond's tactical success. He allowed himself to be hopelessly outdone in the one thing upon which Ulster prides herself—her loyalty to the empire. If there should be any Ulster hotheads inclined to make trouble in the future they are likely to learn the weight of an overwhelmingly hostile public opinion.

Sir Edward Carson may reflect at his leisure, now abundant, upon the fact that he brandished his tin sword so effectively as to persuade the German government that he would certainly use it in such a way as to paralyze the action of the British government. It is now known that the German ambassador, Prince Lichtnowsky, gave positive assurances to his own government that civil war in Ireland was inevitable and that it must absolutely prevent the participation of England in the continental struggle. It is said that the ambassador was refused an audience on his return to his own country and that his political career has been closed as a result of his misapprehension of the facts of the case. Instead of civil war we find Mr. Redmond acting energetically as a recruiting sergeant for the army, Sir Edward Carson sulking in his tent, and Protestants and Catholics side by side in the trenches and doubtless of opinion that politics is the least important thing on earth. Unless the end of the war should come with unexpected and unlikely rapidity it is

hardly conceivable that home rule for Ireland should ever seriously be challenged, or that there should be any formidable attempt to upset an arrangement that ought to be regarded as the final settlement of centuries of unworthy strife. If the quarrel should be reopened by Ulster without the gravest provocation, such as tyranny on the part of the majority, she will incur the deserved censure of civilization. She will not have a friend or a supporter outside of her own boundaries.

The Newest Phase of an Old Problem.

It appears that the millennium is not yet established in Mexico. Huerta has indeed gone. Carranza is established at the City of Mexico and in Chepultapac. But so far as the naked eye can observe the difference in the situation is merely one of names. Any account of the Mexican situation today, with the name places left blank, would be an accurate description of the situation as it stood a year ago. Villa in a revolt against Carranza is an exact reproduction of the picture in which Carranza stood in revolt against Huerta.

When men want to fight there is never any trouble about finding pretexts. And all these Mexicans, excepting only whoever happens to be in authority at the seat of government, want to fight. Fighting is their trade. Fighting is their propensity. Their importance and their hopes, individually, all rest upon war. Peace would put them out of business. Carranza, now by the grace of President Wilson established in authority at Mexico City, is a conservative. If three months from now Villa shall find himself in possession of the capital and master of the situation, he in turn will be a conservative. Then there will be a new rebel leadership on the part of Zapata, Obregon, or some other of the partisan leaders, of whom the country appears to have an unending supply.

The Argonaut has said and it now again declares that if peace is to come to Mexico, the country will have to have a master. In a country where only five per cent of the people can read, in which there has been no training in self-government, President Wilson's lofty ideal of a "full and free expression of the popular will" is a utopian dream. If Mexico is to have surcease from warfare either there must arise among her own people an individual force brutal enough, remorseless enough, powerful enough to win and hold autocratic command under the sword, or there must come from without a force at once repressive and constructive and sustained. Soft words, either from within or from without, will not tranquillize Mexico. It is a case for force—force from within or force from without.

So far as the United States is concerned the situation is precisely what it was two years ago, plus the urgencies which time and a further demonstration of Mexican incapacity have yielded. The war beyond the Atlantic for the moment removes Europe from all calculations. But even without the war the job of pacifying Mexico morally and logically is for us. Sooner or later we shall have to take over this task. And whether it shall be a great task or a small one will depend upon how we go about it. If we palter with it, indulging ourselves in sentimental theories, it will mean more time, more sacrifice of blood and treasure. If we grasp it firmly it will be relatively simple. In the end we shall have to assume the mastery of Mexico on terms similar to those under which we have mastered Cuba. Our responsibilities make peace in Mexico a necessity; our traditions and theories will not permit us to allow anybody else to undertake the job.

War Finance Made Easy.

The Wall Street Journal throws interesting light upon the methods employed in flotation of the German loan, of which we have had prideful reports in recent dispatches. It appears that the government attach

twenty-five per cent of all bank balances in the country and the depositor was forced to subscribe to that extent to the war loan whether he wished to do so or not. It also appears that German merchants at the direction of the government are liquidating their debts by investing the amount owed in the government war loan at five per cent, placing this and interest thereon to the credit of the creditor while at the same time notifying the creditor that it has been decided to discontinue doing business with such manufacturers who will not agree with this method of paying German debts. The *Journal* gives in its full text the communication being sent out by German concerns owing for bills of goods bought in Switzerland and supplementing a statement showing that the money owed had been invested in the war loan, as follows:

Referring you to our communication, we repeat that on account of the very-high rate of 84-25 we are not in a position to send you liquidation for your invoices, as it is not in the interest of the German Empire, while at war, to forward actual money abroad.

We are convinced that you wish with all your heart for the success of the German Empire in this war, and we presume that you consent to the placing of your claim on us in the German war loan at five per cent. In consequence we have this date credited you in the German war loan at five per cent, the interest to be carried by us to the credit of your account.

We also wish to advise you that we have decided after the war not to continue business with other manufacturers than those who will agree with the measure announced here before.

Disarmament the Essential Condition of Peace.

The clamorings for peace—peace no matter upon what terms—now resounding from many centres of the United States are for the most part mere ebullitions of emotionalism. In so far as the movement (if it may be so called) has leadership it is that of a coldly calculating selfishness, devoid of sincerity or consistency, seeking to make merchandise of kindly but unreflecting impulse.

It would be possible now to buy peace at too great a cost—at a cost yielding no recompense for the sacrifices of these bloody and heart-breaking weeks, providing no relief from the long-sustained menace of war and the cruelly borne burden of preparation for war. Peace now under a compromise between the combatant nations would be no better than a truce, a mere postponement of war to a future and not remote date.

This war will have been fought in vain if it shall not impress upon the world the wickedness and the folly of warfare. It will have been waged to no moral effect if this war is to be only preliminary to future wars. All the agony will have gone for naught unless at the end the conditions which have led up to war shall be nullified. There would have been no war but for the armaments of Europe. There will be no peace until armament as a system shall be abolished. So long as the nations shall vie with each other in preparations for war on land and sea, so long will the spirit of militarism rule the mind of Europe, oppress its industry, menace its peace. The end of this war should be disarmament. No other outcome is consistent with any theory of advantage to anybody.

So for all its brutalities, for all its blood and tears, this war would better go on even to the point of exhaustion of the nations engaged in it than to end in an indecisive compromise, to be followed by new competitions in the name of peace but in the spirit of war.

Out of this great convulsion there must come a new era for Europe and for the world. And it will be for better or for worse. It will be for worse if peace shall leave the spirit of war unexorcised, if it shall leave the passions of conflict still unresolved, if it shall stimulate rather than abate the aggrandizing mood of the European nationalities.

Peace is truly a noble ideal. But surcease of war without final determination of the issues involved in it—before all, of the supreme issue of disarmament—would be no peace. No rational man should wish for a peace that would be a sham and a mockery.

The New York Primary.

The outcome of the senatorial election in New York State on Monday is not calculated to give comfort to the Washington administration. Both Democratic contestants are—or have been—"close up" to the administration. James W. Gerard is the American Ambassador to Germany and Franklin D. Roosevelt is Assist-

ant Secretary of the Navy. The President espoused the cause of Roosevelt and was distinctly "huffed" when Gerard entered the race. He undertook to call him off and through Secretary Bryan cabled a demand to Berlin (Gerard being there in pursuance of official duty) that he withdraw. Gerard did not take the message kindly. He replied with diplomatic suavity but positively to the effect that he carried his political autonomy under his own hat. This answer put an element of resentment against Gerard into the campaign, and the President's son-in-law, Secretary McAdoo, got actively into the game. Somewhere he got money in plenty for Roosevelt and the pace was made financially hot. Gerard, who has money of his own, loosened up in rebuttal. The outcome—decisive victory for Gerard—is both a defeat and a rebuke to the administration; and it is a bit of a triumph for Tammany Hall, with which Gerard has always maintained cordial relations. Nomination for the senatorship of William M. Calder by the New York Republicans is something of a surprise. The opposing candidate was "Jimmy" Wadsworth, and the common opinion has been that he had a walk-over. Now comes the real campaign, a pretty evenly matched race between Gerard and Calder. The former announced in advance that in the event of his nomination he would not return to America for the campaign, but would remain at his official post in Berlin.

Matters at Washington.

It is manifest that the administration is not going to "get over" with its so-called war tax until the scheme has had a thorough airing. We have had war-tax measures before, but never excepting when we have had war. A war tax at a time of peace is an anomaly, and there are those in Congress who are girding their loins for a thorough examination of the curious proposal. First the administration will be asked why, even though tariff receipts are shy, the deficit may not be made up by economy in governmental expenditure. Then there will be inquiry about the deficit—if it be really due to reduced importations or to the deficiencies of the reformed tariff. There will be other inquiries as to why the activities of a Republican North are required to put up heavily while those of the Democratic South are given exemption. Very particularly it will be asked why the wines of California must contribute to this interesting war measure, imposed at a time of profound peace, while the whisky of Kentucky has been overlooked. These inquiries will easily serve as a basis for a discussion which may go far and wide in relation to the efficiencies and the faults of government as we have at the hands of Democracy.

The nation-wide movement to popularize the use of cotton in dress goods and for household purposes had its inception at Washington, and has found in that energetic and publicity-loving young person, Miss Genevieve Clark, daughter of the Speaker, its chief promoter. Miss Genevieve has her father's instinct for politics and she has an eye quite as eager as that of her father upon the White House. She knows that any movement that will win applause in the South is worth the attention of Champ Clark's daughter; furthermore, she likes to be at the head and front of things and to have her name and portrait in the newspapers. Miss Clark has gone about this movement with customary thoroughness. She has brought in as her aides Miss Callie Hoke Smith, daughter of the Senator from Georgia, and Miss Lucy Burleson, daughter of the Postmaster-General, and she has secured the cordial endorsement of President Wilson. She hopes to achieve the unprecedented spectacle of twenty millions of women crowding to the dry goods counters and demanding cotton goods. She knows that the movement will yield instant and approving comment for herself and she hopes it may redound to the political advantage of her distinguished papa. All of which, while entirely legitimate, is not without an element of humor.

Not even the patriotic rapture which thrills the average Washington tourist can serve to make worth attention the half-completed decoration of the wall surrounding the interior of the rotunda, under the dome of the Capitol. It is a series of painted reproductions of sculptured figures, colorless, without meaning, and minus any claims to beauty or propriety. It was the plan, not of an artist, but of the architect who constructed the dome, and perhaps was fairly representa-

tive of the state of private and public taste in the United States when it was done, more than half a century ago. The space in the original plan called for a sculpture and bas-relief. But there was nobody available to do the work. There happened to be in the country one Brumidi, an Italian artist, who though he could not model the work in plaster was able to paint. So the job was given to him. The thing was and is a fake and a sham and has long been recognized as such. Furthermore, it is only partly done, since a considerable part of the circle was left bare for some reason not explained. Architects and artists, not to mention common observers, have long wished to see the space occupied by this trivial work done over in creditable fashion. And there is no reason now why it should not be so done. Congress will be asked to refer the whole matter to an artistic commission with sufficient funds at its disposal to employ the best talent the country affords and put in a frieze founded on American history comparable to the murals by Abbey and Sargeant in the Boston Public Library and with the decorations in the Congressional Library. It has been suggested that the group of artists who have done such notable work for the San Francisco Exposition buildings might well be invited to contribute their talents to the re-decoration, not merely of the rotunda, but of other spaces of the national Capitol.

It does not escape attention that despite its pledges of economy the national administration is adding heavily to the general charges of the government. Nobody doubts the President's sincere wish to carry along the administration upon a less expensive basis, but nobody observes that he takes any practical steps towards lopping off extravagances. Of course there is much to be said for him. He was and still is a novice in matters of business. Furthermore his attention has been concentrated on the tariff, currency, foreign affairs, and a hundred other engrossing subjects. He has assumed that his general counsels for economy would be taken seriously by department and bureau chiefs. If he had had longer association with practical affairs he would know that it takes more than a few neatly turned phrases, even though they may bespeak earnest wishes for economy, to change the tendencies of bureau practice. Every bureaucrat makes due genuflection to executive suggestion. But when he comes to make up the estimates for his own particular department or bureau he screws the figures up to the highest possible point. Suggestions of economy he regards as mere idealism—good to talk about, but not to be taken seriously. The system is wrong, because when it comes to formulating estimates there is no coördination of purpose. It is a case of scramble, and each little administrator has his own motives for grasping all that he can get. President Taft undertook to remedy this abuse by introducing system into the estimates of the executive department, but the work was not half done when he went out of office, and it has not been followed up since then. Ultimately we will get a system corresponding to the "Budget" as it is known in European countries. But it will take time to do it, and in the meantime the present tremendous scheme of waste will go on practically unchecked—this in spite of promises old and new to hold the government to a lower basis of expense.

Plans for getting the Federal Reserve Board into working shape are being formulated upon an elaborate basis. The secretary, Mr. Parker Willis, has already the nucleus of a clerical force, and each of the members of the board is organizing his immediate staff. One of the largest departments of the new service will be under a title which may be described in the phrase "Assembly of Information." Then there is to be a legal department, already in process of organization, and still another department in charge of correspondence. It is estimated that when the establishment shall be gotten into full going order it will comprise a personnel of five hundred to a thousand employees. The board is at present housed inadequately in the Treasury Building. But the authorities are looking about for rental quarters until such time, not very remote, when the board will require a building of its own. The government owns a suitable site just opposite the treasury and across the street from Lafayette Square, and here will probably be erected a stately structure to serve as a general office for the board and its clerical organization. Up to now members of the Reserve Board have

received no salaries. Private secretaries, stenographers, and other clerical aids are being carried on the rolls of the Reserve Bank Organization Committee. It is expected very shortly that an assessment will be levied upon the funds pledged by the reserve banks to cover the cost of preliminary operations. It is notable that the working organization of the Reserve Board does not come under the civil service rules, which means that anywhere from five hundred to one thousand persons are to be selected, nominally under the authority of the board. If there could be assurance that considerations of politics would not enter into the selection of the men the system would be commendable. But it is felt at Washington as a grave danger to the ultimate efficiency of the work that appointments to and promotion in the service may promote abuses as they have in other similar departments of the government when free from the civil service rules. In other relationships and in the past it has been found that when executive authority has entire freedom of action it inevitably turns its privilege to political account.

It is being observed with interest at Washington that Mr. Roosevelt is no longer loving up to the Republicans. While two or three months ago he seemed to be anxious to bring Republicans and Progressives together, his present aim seems to be to hold them apart. Apparently his calculation is to keep all anti-Democratic forces in a ferment of antagonisms to the end of creating a situation to his own advantage. It is recalled that he practically said to the Republican National Convention of 1908, "You will take Taft, or you will get me." Now he says in effect, "You will take me in 1916 or suffer defeat." Since his efforts at "harmony" in New York proved such a lamentable failure his energies have been directed toward showing that he can keep the Democrats in power and that until the anti-Democratic forces make up their minds to combine on him there is small hope of ousting the Democracy. Speaking at Washington the other day in private conversation, a well-known Roosevelt follower remarked that the Progressives have no hope of increasing their representation in Congress, but that they are going to maintain the organization "merely to keep apart the anti-Democratic forces." He went on: "We are in a position to disclaim responsibility for continuance of the Democrats in power. We can point back to the Chicago convention of 1912 and assert that the bosses of the Republican party are responsible for the split, and hence that the blame attaches to them for continuance of the Democrats in power." This remark betrays a cheap calculation. It is neither more nor less than a dog-in-the-manger policy. Mr. Roosevelt in his speech (how remarkably he has recovered from the trouble with his vocal chords) is spicing the old spiels of progressivism. In his Wichita speech, pretty much the same as he delivers everywhere, he advocated a national legislative programme that "shall consider the interests of business and labor without divorcing them," the creation of governmental agencies to deal with commerce and manufacture, social legislation, and reform of political machinery, particularly that relating to presidential nomination. More law and more government agencies, more legislative panaceas! It is the old Rooseveltian theory that everything from corns to crop failures can be cured by making a new law. All this is what in vaudeville parlance is called "old stuff." It clearly palls upon the public, and the fact that Mr. Roosevelt continues to use it is merely another indication of his weakening powers. His hold upon the people heretofore has lain largely in his ability to produce in politics the new, the spectacular, the unexpected. When he was in the White House he gave a new show every day, a change of programme with each performance, all of which won vastly more popular rah-rah than would have been possible by any exercise of sober statesmanship. Now he is using the old lines, the old "business." Manifestly he has nothing new to offer.

Editorial Notes.

San Francisco has the right to congratulate herself upon the fact that despite the war in Europe she will be able during the coming season to maintain her Symphony Orchestra. Among the performers of former seasons a few have been recalled to military service in Europe. But we are assured that their places will be supplied and that the fourth season, soon to be inaugurated, promises something as good or better than

those which have preceded it. The fact is notable, especially so in view of the failure of several other American cities. Even Boston is finding it difficult to carry on its customary musical activities.

The appointment of Mr. Lincoln Hutchinson of Berkeley to the post of Commercial Attaché to the American Embassy at Rio Janeiro serves as a reminder of a comparatively new and very wholesome departure in the practice of our government as related to the outside world. Hitherto it has been part of the duty of our diplomatic service to examine and report upon the commercial conditions and opportunities in other countries. It has been a duty more honored in the breach than in the observance. To be sure, we have long had a more or less perfunctory attention to commercial interests, but the work has not been regularly done nor has it been done well. The new official—the commercial attaché—is to have a nominal connection with the American Embassy to the country to which he may be assigned. He is to have such aid as our political representation may give him. But he is to work under the direction of the Secretary of Commerce and to make his reports to that department. In short, he is to be a specially authorized, privileged, and personally responsible factor in our foreign representation. We ought to get results worth while under this new arrangement. It should increase our knowledge of the conditions in other countries as they affect American commerce. The selection of Mr. Hutchinson in the immediate instance is an excellent one. He is a man of sound sense, of experience, of industry. Through Mr. Hutchinson the business interests of the United States will certainly be able to get information which has not been available except in disconnected and uncertain forms in times past.

The progress of the war brings forth the usual crop of provincial jokes on the pronunciation of foreign names, especially of those of eastern Europe. To be sure, some of these names are really difficult, and what, after all, is to be expected of the newspaper writer, who finds the correct pronunciation of his own language too much for him. Some of the difficulties of foreign names disappear at once when it is realized that the letters of the Roman alphabet have different sounds in different languages. For example in the Polish names occurring in the dispatches remember that *v* equals our *v*, and that *cz* and *sz* correspond to our *ch* and *sh* respectively, *ch* equals *kh* and *c* equals *ts*. The *rz* is a combination hard for English-speaking tongues, for a slight *zh* sound must be added to the *r*. Here are a few of the Polish names brought to attention by recent events and their pronunciation:

Tarnow—Tärn-off	Bratkovice—Brat-ko-veé-tseh
Rzeszow—Rzhéh-shoff	Czenstochowa—
Jlczow—Zló-choff	Chen—sto-khó-va
Jaslo—Yás-lo	Czyschky—Cheéh-ky
Gryhow—Gréé-hoff	Kalisz—Káh-lish
Przemysl—Przhéh-misl	Przeworsk—Przhéh-vorsk
Wadowice—Vah-do-veé-tseh	Lancut—Láhn-tsut

The shock conveyed by the news that the State of Kentucky has practically gone "dry" is subject to a mitigating explanation. Kentucky has two kinds of people, but it is permitted under the Constitution of the United States to have only one kind of law; and so, along with certain other Southern states, it follows a historic precedent by adjusting the law in relation to the "nigger." In Kentucky prohibition is not intended to prohibit—so far as white men are concerned. It is strictly a Jim Crow proposition—for persons of color only. It would be rank treason to suggest that any white man should be bound by a law restricting sovereign individual liberty in the matter of stimulants, in Kentucky of all places.

Virginia produced all the American output of rutilé in 1913. A large part of the rutilé produced in 1913 was used in the manufacture of titanium carbide electrodes for arc lamps. A part of the ilmenite found in the deposits and separated by means of a magnetic separator has been sold for use in making electrodes for electric lights, and the experiments with the electric furnace point to the possible use of ilmenite in the direct production of tool steel.

During 1904 and 1905 the United States led the world in the production of quicksilver, but from 1906 to date the leading producer has been Spain, whose great cinnabar deposits of Almadén, the output of which has been controlled by the Rothschilds and marketed chiefly in London, have proved very rich.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.

At the moment of writing comes unofficial news from London and from Paris that General von Kluck's forces on the German right flank have been turned and are in rapid retreat to avoid envelopment. The London censor allows the news to pass while refusing responsibility for its accuracy. Then come the regular official reports of a situation that is "materially unchanged," of German attacks "repulsed," and of a position that continues to be "satisfactory." What are we to think?

The story may be a canard, but it contains no improbabilities. It seems to be true. A week ago we were warned by the British authorities that it would issue no news less than five days old. Probably most of the news that we have been getting was five days old on receipt. During the last few days there have been many reports from London and Bordeaux of exultation in military circles. It was clear enough that the lines of the two armies were extending themselves rapidly to the north, thus executing a movement that may be compared with two ships racing on parallel lines, each trying to get ahead and to cross the other's bow. Last Friday we were told that the Allies had advanced ten miles on their left and that this had brought them to Peronne, due north of Noyon. But the Franco-British northward movement, while satisfactory in itself, was in no way conclusive unless it should become also an easterly movement and so threaten the German communications running from Mons in Belgium to St. Quentin. A movement that was northerly only and not eastward would be a mere extension of the lines and therefore inconclusive. A swerve eastward would mean an instant threat to the communications, and if it could be maintained there would be nothing for Von Kluck to do but to retreat. If the French could take St. Quentin, a little to the east of their last position, or Cambrai, it would be all up with Von Kluck. But have they done so?

If the news should be true the whole German army will be in a bad position. It would have to leave its present lines and either take up new lines still closer to the Belgian frontier or hurry back into Germany through Luxemburg. Probably it would choose the latter course, and that would be the end of the first stage of the war. French soil would be clear of enemies and plans for the counter invasion of Germany would then be in order. But there is no need to look too far into a very misty future.

There seems to have been heavy fighting in the centre near Rheims, due to the intention of the Germans to pierce the Allies' lines. Here the Allies have been mainly on the defensive and probably quite willing to remain so until the northern issue has been decided. As has been said, if Von Kluck's army should be flanked the German centre must give way at once, and probably the whole German army would then retreat through Luxemburg. The rival positions in the centre seem to be alike impregnable, although it is to be remembered that time is on the side of the Allies and against the invaders, who are on foreign soil and living from hand to mouth, and always with the fear that the hand will be cut off. The Germans make very deep entrenchments with cutouts that protect them from fire. They are liberal in the use of barbed wire entanglements, a terrible obstacle to charging troops. They are practically safe until they emerge from their entrenchments to attack, which they seem always to do in solid formation and at enormous cost of life. Unless they are presently successful in these attacks and so cut the Allied lines in two they must themselves fall back, whereas the French here are doing all that they need do in holding their own. This explains the fury of the German assault, since a speedy success is the only alternative to a speedy retirement. When some final and vital news is eventually received it will be found to come from somewhere in the neighborhood of St. Quentin, and it will have to do with the fate of the German right wing and its efforts to prevent envelopment. If the present news should be confirmed it will be both final and vital.

A current report speaks of an apparent massing of the Zeppelins in Germany, and although we have so far heard little of these giant structures we may be sure that they have not been forgotten. Whenever Zeppelins are mentioned it is always in connection with some German offensive, in apparent forgetfulness that the Allies have very many more dirigibles than the Germans. If we have heard little of the German dirigibles we have heard still less of those of their foes. Indeed they have hardly been mentioned. Somewhere these mighty air navies are in waiting, and we may assume that they will be pitted against each other. Now there are two ways in which the Germans can use their air fleet. They can attack the British navy or they can attack London. In either case the operation is far more difficult than may seem at first glance. Let us suppose that a fleet of Zeppelins is directed against London. The defense would rely upon their own dirigibles, upon artillery especially constructed for the purpose, and upon their aeroplanes. A fight between dirigibles in daylight would be upon equal terms, and therefore we can ignore it. Now the only way in which a dirigible can avoid the attack of an aeroplane, a very deadly attack, is by rising to such a height that the aeroplane can not follow it. Remember that the dirigible can be warmed and made comfortable, whereas the enemy of the aviator at a great height is cold. But a dirigible at a great height is nearly harmless, and it is only at a great height that it could escape the artillery or the aeroplane. An aviation officer recently operating in Belgium is reported as saying that it is nearly impossible to hit, or even to see, a target when

height. "At a height of 1000 feet," he says, "the hangars at Aldershot seemed about the size of one's finger nail. At 2000 feet it is quite impossible to distinguish a body of khaki-clad troops against the ordinary earth background. Only by the merest chance could a bomb hit the target aimed at. . . . Our reports from Belgium are that in broken, wooded, hilly country an airman is quite unable to distinguish with any certainty the numbers or disposition of the troops beneath him. He might make a fairly accurate estimate of what was going on upon a plain beneath him. Such reports have been of great value to us, but they must be supplemented by feeling out the country by cavalry scouts." It sounds quite easy to drop bombs from a dirigible, and so it is, but to hit anything worth hitting is quite another matter. Quite a number of bombs have been dropped upon Paris with the net result that a few buildings have been damaged and one man killed. They have failed even of their moral effect, since we are told that the Place de l'Opéra was daily filled with a curious but quite unafraid crowd on the watch for the novel sight. Bombs dropped promiscuously over London would do very little damage, and they would be quite incomparable with the terrors of the ordinary bombardments that have been endured by many and many a city for weeks at a time. The people of Strashurg and Paris in the last war hardly noticed the incessant falling of bombs after the first few days. Anything that Zeppelins could do would be mere child's play compared with the bombardment from siege artillery.

Nor would it be easy to drop bombs on a warship. It would make a very tiny target at a great height, and at a low elevation the dirigible would itself be a target for artillery and aeroplanes. A dark night would of course give some advantage to a Zeppelin, but it would be correspondingly hard to find its moving enemy on the water. A large number of Zeppelins making a united attack upon a fleet of warships might easily do some damage, but the fight would not be on very unequal terms, since the warships would begin to fire at long range, whereas the dirigible must be exactly overhead before it could operate. A single rifle bullet might disable a dirigible. Of course speculation as to what dirigibles can do is largely guesswork, but those who know most of them seem least afraid of them.

The true value of fortresses will probably be discussed for some time to come. It seems evident that any fortress can be taken if the attacking guns are big enough and able to keep at their work undisturbed. But a fortress is very hard to take if it can keep in any way in touch with a supporting army, and in this case the fortress and the army can be of immeasurable value to each other. Verdun is still untaken, and will probably be safe so long as the French army is in its vicinity, and this in spite of repeated attacks. Liège and Namur were taken only after they were completely invested. Longwy held out for three weeks and Maubeuge for two weeks, after they were completely surrounded, but probably they would be holding out still if the French forces were anywhere in the vicinity and able to effect diversions and to give insecurity to the heavy artillery. Antwerp professes to feel itself quite safe without any army to sustain it, or none of any size, but then the heavy German guns are away down in the south, where they are probably more nuisance than they are worth on account of the mud. Moreover, Antwerp can protect itself by opening the dykes and flooding the country. If the Germans should retire to their own soil it will be found very difficult to follow them because they will then have their own fortresses to furnish extremities to their lines.

What will be the effect of winter on the armies? It will have a very unpleasant effect, but that it will put a temporary end to hostilities is not likely. The Russians are making preparations for a winter campaign, and they know exactly what winter campaigns mean. They have never yet stopped fighting because of cold. The French government is making requisitions for warm clothing for its men, and the British authorities are buying blankets in vast numbers. Russia is said to have promised herself to enter Berlin by January 1, and while it is extremely unlikely that either Berlin or Paris will be entered by any except their own armies, the announcement shows that winter is not to be allowed to interfere with such forward movements as may be possible. Three or four months of inactive quiescence would certainly be nearly unbearable. Our nerves can stand a great deal, but not that.

Perhaps it is just as well for our peace of mind that we do not know the extent of the casualties. Some more or less competent guesses place the total losses of this last battle, which is still raging, at 180,000 men, killed, wounded, and missing. The French have not issued any casualty lists, contenting themselves with answering individual inquiries for friends and relatives. The British have given out no statistics for some weeks, but before the beginning of the present battle they were said to have lost over 1100 officers, which tells its own tale of the rank and file. Probably they do not dare to state the facts. The German government has made certain statements from time to time, but for the most part they are not credible. For example, we have been told again and again that the prisoners in Germany amount to 250,000 men. Now comes a message from Berlin to the effect that the authorities have discovered these figures to be "erroneous" and that the actual number of prisoners in their hands is 50,000, and that 30,000 of these are Russians. About a week ago the German casualty list showed a loss of 45,000 men, killed, wounded, and missing, and only about 10,000 killed. Now we have a statement of 110,000 men, which is probably much less than half the

actual total. It looks as though the truth were too terrible to be disclosed, but in that case it would seem better to keep silent.

Every one is accusing every one else of using dum dum bullets. A dum dum bullet is a bullet with a cross cut deeply into its point, and the effect of this cut is to make it spread or mushroom as it enters the body or strikes a bone, with a correspondingly terrible wound as a result. Such a bullet as this makes a hole at the point of entry about the size of a lead pencil, but on its exit leaves a hole that would contain a man's fist. It used to be said that the soldiers themselves could make these cuts with their knives or bayonets, and they could do this easily enough with the old-fashioned lead bullets, but they can not do it now, when bullets are cased in nickel steel. If dum dum bullets are used at all they must be made at the factories, and no doubt we shall hear more about this. It is worth noting that the two countries objecting to the abolition of the dum dum were America and England, and they objected on the ground that they had to fight with savages and that nothing but a tremendous concussion would stop a savage rush or charge. The white man has nerves and will stop as soon as he knows that he is hit, but the savage has no nerves, and he must be practically poleaxed before he falls. A dum dum bullet will stop a charging hull when the ordinary military projectile will have no instant effect upon him. But actually there is no evidence that dum dum bullets have been used by any one. For the most part the testimony is to the effect that the wounds examined could not have been caused by anything else. But they could, quite easily. When a bullet leaves a rifle the butt revolves in a small circle while the point remains steady. As it begins to lose its velocity the point revolves while the butt remains steady. Now if the wound is inflicted at either of these two velocities the wound will be a bad one and it may resemble the dum dum wound. But there is another factor. If the modern bullet strikes some slight obstruction while it is at low velocity, even a twig or a button, it may begin to turn over and over lengthwise, and it will then inflict a very ghastly wound. The German authorities say that they have found dum dum bullets in their original and unopened packages, and no doubt there will be some investigation of this at the proper time. It may also be interesting to point out that the military objections to the dum dum are not at all on the ground of humanity. To sanction the bomb-throwing aeroplane and to forbid the dum dum would indeed be absurd. No, the objection to the dum dum is on quite other ground. The soldier who is struck with a mushroom bullet is probably killed on the spot and gives no further trouble. But the soldier who is less seriously hurt must be carried to the rear, which will take two or three men away from the firing line, and he will then form part of the impedimenta and be a nuisance. Commanders would therefore rather wound their enemies than kill them, since they regard their wounded enemies as assets in the way of hampered movements and embarrassed transportation.

The sinking of three British cruisers by a submarine is an event of the first importance, and in no way to be minimized by the fact that the cruisers were obsolete. If they had been dreadnoughts their fate would have been the same. The French and the British have great fleets of submarines, and it was a British submarine that recently went into the Elbe, but was unable to do any damage because the war vessels were protected by merchant ships and also by steel netting. But the British ships are in the open sea, and the steel netting can not be used by a moving vessel. Naval experts say that the look-out must have been had on the cruisers, since a submarine creates a discernible motion on the surface of the water, but we may now wonder if the British naval men will be moved to make reprisals. If they are wise they will do nothing of the sort. That there is no great sea fight is of course disappointing, but then war is not intended to furnish sensational diversions, and that the German navy should thus be reduced to a position of comparative innocuous desuetude is no small matter and is probably better for the Allies than the risks of a sea fight. At the same time there seems no reason why the German submarines should not repeat the performance at some future time. There are no braver sailors in the world, and even if the chances of death were a hundred times greater there would be no lack of volunteers for such a mission. All that the British ships can do, or ought to do, is to be more careful and to leave no precaution unused.

The Turcos seem to have been distinguishing themselves on the French side, as was expected of them. The Turcos for the most part are pure blood Arabs, to whom fighting is the breath of life, and since they are Mohammedans they are not afraid to die. They are practically vegetarians, they can carry a load of a hundred pounds and think nothing of it, and they rarely miss their aim. The Turcos usually go into action laughing, and men who can laugh as well as pray—and the Turco will lay aside his rifle at prayer time—are not pleasant enemies.

SIDNEY CORYN.

Since July, 1913, out of every 100 carloads of cereals used by Polish millers only one or two are of local growth. In one city of Kalisz, on the Russo-German frontier, about 100 carloads of German cereals are milled daily. Large flour mills provided with the newest technical improvements were established there recently by Germans.

The kangaroo, which is noted for its enormous appetite, is said to be able to eat as much grass as six sheep.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Mabel Lee, the recent winner of the first prize for oratory at the tenth annual conference of Chinese students at Amherst, Massachusetts, is the first girl who has thus been distinguished. She is a junior at Barnard College, New York City.

General Ivanov, whose name has been mentioned as an army commander in Galicia, commanded the famous Third Siberian Corps, which General Kuropatkin flung too late against Nogi at Mukden. He also came through that war with a good reputation as a fighter and a leader.

Li Ching-mai, a son of the late Chinese grand councillor, Li Hung-chang, is now serving in the German army at Tingtai as a servant. Li, who has been living in the German colony, was naturalized as a German subject after the revolution in 1911. He is among those required by the mobilization order to serve in the army, but as he is not accustomed to carry a rifle, he is made a servant.

General von Heeringen, on whom the Kaiser has conferred the Iron Cross of the First Class, is Germany's former war minister. He is now at the head of the detachment in the Vosges territory. Before becoming war minister General von Heeringen commanded the Second Army Corps in Stettin. He is a veteran of the Franco-Prussian War. As the Iron Cross is entirely and distinctly a military decoration, it has not been conferred on any one since the Franco-Prussian War until the outbreak of the present hostilities in Europe.

The Reverend Doctor Francis E. Clark, president of the International Society of Christian Endeavor, who recently celebrated his sixty-third birthday, founded the Christian Endeavor Society in 1881, when he was pastor of a Congregational church in Portland, Maine. For the past twenty years he has devoted himself exclusively to the work of the organization. In this service he has traveled 825,000 miles, gaining the credit of being the world's most widely traveled man. Through his efforts there are now more than 80,000 Christian Endeavor societies in the world with an aggregate membership of over 4,000,000.

General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, who has been praised by Sir John French, who credited him with having saved the left wing of Sir John's command on August 26, came out of the Boer war with greatly increased prestige and reputation. Prior to that he served with distinction in the Zulu war, receiving the Victoria Cross and a medal with the Khedive's star. He also went through the Soudan campaign, receiving medals and promotions. He was born in 1858 and entered the Sherwood Foresters (Derby Regiment) in 1876. From 1907 to 1912 he was commander-in-chief at Aldershot, and two years ago was made a full general.

General Horatio Gates Gibson, the oldest living graduate of West Point, left the Academy in 1847, at the age of twenty for service in the Mexican war. Returning to this country he was ordered to California, and came to San Francisco around Cape Horn in 1849. Until 1861 he served against the Indians, making many treaties. When the survey for the overland railroad began much of his time was devoted to the task of escorting government surveyors in the West. At the outbreak of the Civil War he reported for duty in Washington. He served throughout the struggle, taking part in many battles, and was breveted four times "for gallant and meritorious service" in action.

Cardinal Domenico Ferrata, the newly appointed papal secretary, has had a diplomatic influence of unusual importance. For six years he was papal nuncio at Paris, where he was a successful and important figure. He represented the papacy also in turn at Berne and at Brussels, putting an end to the dissensions which until then had embittered the relations between the state and the Roman Catholics in Switzerland and in Belgium. The new secretary is sixty-seven years old. He was the papal legate to the World's Eucharistic Congress on the Island of Malta in April, 1913, and on his return gave Pius X an extensive account of it. The cardinal was born at Montefiascono, diocese of Gradoli, and was created and proclaimed cardinal June 22, 1896.

Field Marshal Baron Colmar von der Goltz, regarded as the controlling genius of Germany's war machine, and known as one of the most scientific army leaders in the world, was a pupil of Von Moltke. It is said he has specialized for forty years on Germany's plan of campaign in event of war with Russia. Field Marshal von der Goltz is now turned seventy. He is a veteran of the Austro-Prussian war against Denmark in 1864 and of the Prussian campaign against Austria in 1866, while throughout the war of 1870 he was on the staff of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia. He has been a member of the general staff of the German army for forty-seven years, was attached to the staff of Czar Alexander II throughout the war against Turkey in 1877, and when, after that conflict, Sultan Abdul Hamid applied to old Emperor William for an officer to direct the reorganization of the Turkish army, Baron von der Goltz was nominated for the post at the pressing instance of Field Marshal von Moltke.

THE STORY OF A COUPÉ.

Also of M. de Merisi and the Charming Widow.

Every one in Paris knows Darley, the livery-stable keeper. His establishment is now half a century old, and he furnishes the Faubourg St. Germain with all the carriages they hire. Many of the upper ten have their homes in the country, and never take their horses to Paris. Therefore Monsieur de Merisi, immediately after his arrival, went to see Darley to engage a coupé.

After the usual salutations, the following dialogue began:

"Well, Darley, I want a handsome coupé, with one horse; how much will it be?"

"What will the amount of work be, sir?"

"Oh, not very much. I never want it before five in the afternoon. I pay a few visits, and take a drive in the park. In the evenings, I want it to take me to the theatre, or home from the club."

Darley reflectively scratched his head.

"Well, how much a month do you want for it?"

"Hum—let me see. For a new coupé and a good horse in May, the busiest month—seven hundred and fifty francs is cheap."

"What! from five o'clock to midnight or one o'clock in the morning?"

"You must remember that during the remainder of the time I can't use either the coupé or the horse."

"Well, let us say seven hundred francs; that's handsome pay for so little work."

"All right," grumbled Darley. "Same place, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll send it around tomorrow."

An hour later Darley received, with the utmost respect, another important customer, Madame de Belroy.

"Well, madame, what can I do for you? Carriage, eh? Well, let me recommend a landau—in that madame's toilet can be seen to the best advantage."

"No, sir; as you see, I am yet in mourning, and came to Paris only to settle some affairs."

"But madame will pardon me if I say that in a coupé her beauty—"

"No, Monsieur Darley, I am a widow, and I live retired. I want a carriage only for my shopping and such things; a coupé will do me—a simple coupé with one horse, elegantly lined, but dark. How much will it be per month?"

"That depends upon the work."

"Oh, it will not be much. At nine o'clock I drive to mass; after breakfast I shall have calls to make and shopping to do; at three o'clock I shall drive home. That is all, for I never go out in the evening."

"Well, madame, during May, our busiest month, the price is seven hundred francs a month."

"Too much, I think. It seems to me that six hundred francs—"

"Come, madame, I have just what will suit you; something very elegant, but quiet; lined with silk—"

"You tempt me. Well, be it so. Send it around tomorrow morning."

And so it happened that Monsieur de Merisi and Madame de Belroy had the same coupé by the month.

* * * * *

The gentleman found this out very soon. One day he saw in one of the coupé pockets a note-book, with gray enameled cover and gold border, in which were several cards. On the back of some of these were memoranda, such as calls to be made, impressions, reflections, etc. He examined a card, and read on one side:

Madame de Belroy.

On the other side, in a delicate handwriting, were these penciled lines:

After mass to the Sisters.
Then to the Mission for the Poor.
At half-past twelve, my lawyer.
Then to the cemetery.
Then to St. Thomas Church.
At two o'clock, see grandmamma.
At three o'clock, Julius.
Now I feel that he is mine.

The coupé stopped at the club.

"She must be a saint," thought Merisi; "but who the deuce is this Julius?"

He replaced the note-book where he had found it, and, alighting, said to the coachman:

"Some one left a note-book in the coupé. Consequently, some one must have used it."

The coachman's confusion showed Merisi that he was not mistaken. The name of Madame de Belroy was not unknown to him, but he had lived so long away from Paris that he couldn't remember who she was. As soon as he had entered the club-room he sought for information.

"De Bassino," said he, "do you know a Madame de Belroy?"

"Yes," replied that gentleman, "she that was little

De St. Saône. Poor Belroy died last year, and she is plunged in grief. It was a great loss."

"Who? Belroy?"

"No, his wife, who is charming, but always invisible. Society sees her no more."

Merisi now waited anxiously for another find in the coupé. But, alas! for a whole week neither note-book nor anything else was forgotten. But the little "saint," who spent her time so piously, occupied his mind incessantly. So he said one evening to the coachman:

"I have discovered that my coupé is also used by a Madame de Belroy. Do not deny it. I am sure. Now, I am curious to see this lady. Tell me where I might do so."

"Well, sir, every morning at nine o'clock I take her to mass at the Church of St. Philippe."

Next morning Monsieur de Merisi was punctual, and saw his saint at her devotions. It seemed to him that never before had he seen such a lovely face. She was still in mourning. She wore a small bonnet of black tulle, which framed her lovely blonde hair; a long veil of black gauze hung down on the train of her dress, which was of dead-black silk, trimmed with black surah. In her black-gloved hands were a missal full of saints' pictures and illuminated texts.

Merisi paid little attention to the mass. "Ah," thought he, "if I had known there was on earth such a woman—beautiful, young, modest, and shunning society, oh! I would have adored her. How gracefully she makes the sign of the cross. She is a little saint. But that Julius—who the deuce can he be?"

From this moment Monsieur de Merisi hung upon her steps. He saw her every morning at the church of St. Philippe, and followed her coupé in another one. Her route was nearly always the same: To her grandmother's, to the parish priest's, to the Sisters of Charity, to her lawyer's office, and a long stay at a house on the Boulevard St. Michel.

At last De Merisi came to the conclusion that he was a fool. He was occupied with Madame de Belroy to such a degree that he neglected for her sake the affairs for which he had come to Paris. There was only one thing to be done—to ask permission to be presented to her, and to pay his addresses. His state of mind was becoming intolerable. So one day, at the club, he said to Monsieur Villeperte, who was nicknamed the "elite directory":

"Do you know the Belroy family, Villeperte?"

"Very well, indeed; but there's not many left—only the grandmother and her daughter-in-law."

"Could you present me?"

"Hum—not easily; the grandmother is eighty years old; the young widow is nearly always in the country, and lives very retired since the death of her husband."

"Come, now—as a great favor to me."

"Well, I'll see."

"But at once, because I'm going away."

"Well, I'll go tomorrow and see the grandmother."

"Are you acquainted with the young widow, too?"

"Known her ever since she was born, my dear boy; a handsome, distinguished, and graceful woman."

"And she is—hum—hum—never been any scandal about her, has there?"

Villeperte arose with such precipitation that he overturned his chair.

"What do you mean?" he roared. "Madame de Belroy! Why, not a whisper has ever been heard—"

Outwardly discomfited, but inwardly rejoicing, Merisi abased himself before his indignant friend, and finally succeeded in making his peace.

The next morning he again followed the charming widow, who spent her time as usual. The stay which she made at the Boulevard St. Michel, however, seemed to him a little longer than usual. And it seemed to him when she came out that her toilet was a little disarranged. Her hair was disheveled, her hat awry, and her collar rumpled. But after some moments of jealous rage the answer of Monsieur de Villeperte came to his mind, and he quickly repented himself of his distrust.

The grandmother had been very amiable, and had given Monsieur de Villeperte permission to present his friend. This was soon done, and Monsieur de Merisi fell deeper in love than before, if it were possible. The old lady befriended him, too. He was her partner at the card-table, and used to read to her the newspapers and the newest novels. He was a clever fellow, was De Merisi.

But he was a suspicious fellow, too, and he had retained the coupé, hoping again to find the note-book which had so deeply interested him. "Julius" stuck in his memory. But his researches were far from being successful. Being more and more captivated by Madame de Belroy, he at last dared to declare his intention, and he was strongly supported by the grandmother. Madame de Belroy did not say "No"; and so the engagement began.

One day De Merisi leaped into his coupé to make a purchase required by his new situation—an engagement ring, of fabulous value and exquisite taste. Instinctively he looked into the carriage pocket. The gray note-book was there. He opened it. The memoranda had changed very little:

The lawyer's; the priest's; the milliner's; flowers; bring Julius his shako.

A shako! Not one of the friends of the Belroy family was in the army; what could it mean? With

feverish haste he turned the card over. Alas! he found too easily its meaning:

He looks adorable with his new shako. How silly I am! He would not leave my room last night, and I pretended to be angry. He slept in my arms.

Tingling with jealous rage and shame, Merisi ordered the coachman to drive him immediately to Madame de Belroy's house. She was waiting for him at her window.

"Why, how funny!" she exclaimed, "you are in my coupé! How did it happen, and what does it mean?"

Merisi was deadly pale, so angered was he. He choked with rage as he endeavored to find words to upbraid her.

Suddenly an unexpected visitor made his appearance. It was a little boy, four or five years old, adorned with a shako and a sabre. So frightened was the little fellow by the agitated air of Monsieur de Merisi that he sought refuge in the folds of Madame de Belroy's dress.

"Why, Julius," said she, patting his cheek, "what is the matter?"

"Julius!" roared the discomfited lover, "is this Julius?"

"Yes; he is my godson, a poor orphan. By and by I shall tell you all about his mother, and the trouble I had to be appointed his guardian, and how I used to go and see him at the Boulevard St. Michel, where he lived. Now, Julius, go and kiss Monsieur de Merisi—who, I am sure, will be very kind to you, if he loves me truly."

Monsieur de Merisi did love her truly. He loved her so truly that he would have died rather than tell her that he had doubted her.

And she does not know to this day.—Adapted for the Argonaut from the French.

The output of gold, silver, copper, lead, and zinc from Nevada ores sold or treated in 1913 was valued at \$37,097,710, against \$38,358,732 in 1912. The mines of Esmeralda County continue to be the largest producers of gold, yielding \$5,721,077 in 1913, against \$7,014,559 in 1912. Of this amount the Goldfield district yielded \$5,019,419. Mines at Tonopah yielded \$2,613,844 in gold, an increase of \$389,966. The mines of the Comstock lode produced \$853,584 in gold, against \$855,494 in 1912. In the last three years the output of silver from Nevada's mines has been steadily increasing, from 13,184,601 ounces in 1911 to 16,090,083 ounces, valued at \$9,718,410, in 1913. The mines on the Comstock lode in Storey County produced 729,972 ounces. The production of copper in Nevada shows an increase from 86,477,494 pounds, valued at \$14,268,787, in 1912, to 90,693,751 pounds, valued at \$14,057,531, in 1913. Increases were made in the copper output in White Pine County, principally at Ely, in Lyon County at Mason Valley, and in Esmeralda County at Goldfield.

While the States of Florida, Tennessee, and South Carolina have for many years been the principal sources of phosphate rock in the United States, it is believed that the main production in the future will probably come from the great deposits of phosphate rock on public lands in Idaho, Utah, Wyoming, and Montana. While Georgetown is the only village strictly within the area discussed, Montpelier and Soda Springs are closely adjacent. An estimate of the high-grade phosphate rock available in the area northeast of Georgetown has been made—2,663,290,000 long tons. Although this estimate is approximate, it is derived from the most complete data available at the present time and has been confined to the content of the main bed, which lies in the greater part of this area near the base of the phosphate shales, and no attempt is made to estimate the vast tonnage of the intermediate or low-grade rock.

The Kali Syndicate, which controls fifty-three potash mines in Germany, furnishing the potash to the world, has stopped shipping owing to the war risks. Over one million tons of potash are shipped annually to the United States. The Kali Syndicate determines the quantity that shall be produced by each mine, and also fixes the price and the quantity of potash that shall be shipped out of Germany. Potash is of vital importance in the manufacture of fertilizers. Limited amounts of potash are being gotten from the kelp seaweed on the Pacific Coast and also from mines discovered in Arizona. The mines in Arizona are being developed under the direction of the United States government and may some day be of value. Potash, it is said, has also been found in the lava which has flowed from Mount Vesuvius.

England's famous Life Guards, now regarded as the oldest cavalry command in the world, were organized just after the Restoration. They were recruited from the old Cavaliers who fought for Prince Charles Stuart, and in 1661 they were formed into three troops, then known as the King's Own, the Duke of York's, and the Duke of Albemarle's. At that time it was always demanded that one troop should be raised in Scotland in honor of the house of Stuart. It was the duty of the Life Guards to protect the sovereign and the royal family.

LORD KITCHENER'S ARMY.

The Secretary for War Enlists the Aid of the Great Advertising Agents of the Country.

Lord Kitchener in search of an army reminds me of the lady who asked how much money there was in the bank before filling out her check. Now if you will turn to the ordinary sources of information, year books and the like, you will find that the British army numbers about 300,000 men with an additional force of territorials who can not be compelled to leave the country. But Lord Kitchener's ideas of the British army are not limited to such statistics as these. Like the lady in the bank he asks how many men there are in the country of a suitable age, and there you have your British army. Lord Kitchener does not want married men—just yet. He will be content with single men so long as the supply holds out, but he gives you the idea that he will take the old men and the babies, yes and the women too, if there should be any need of them.

Lord Kitchener's plan is to send a steady succession of armies to the Continent and to keep up the supply until the job is finished. As has been said, the regular army will give him 300,000 men. The territorials are good for another 300,000, and although these men can not be compelled to leave the country the actual difficulty is to persuade them to stay at home. Then there are 300,000 men in India, but as India can not be wholly denuded it is proposed to send some of the territorials to India and to bring all the seasoned Indian troops to Europe. Some further forces will come from Canada and Australia, and the total is of quite respectable magnitude. Lord Wellington would have opened his eyes in amazement at an army even half the size, but then our great and glorious Christian civilization has made wonderful strides since Waterloo. But Lord Kitchener is not satisfied. His first step as Secretary for War was to get authority to raise an additional 500,000 men, and then he announced that he must have 100,000 of them instantly.

For a time it looked as though he might whistle for his 100,000 men, not to speak of the other 400,000. Enlistments were very slow. There was no lack of patriotism of the reserved and silent kind that is typically British, but the taking of the king's shilling has acquired a sort of invidious atmosphere that makes men shy. In times of peace it becomes a kind of *dernier ressort* and the indication of a social status that is not usually coveted. Evidently, thought Kitchener, this thing must be advertised. It must be put in the right light. There must be a direct appeal, and it must be so made as to reach the eye of every suitable man in the country. So he asked a few advertising agents to meet him at the war office and consulted them as to the arts of their trade. The results were forthwith evident. Every newspaper in the country suddenly blazed forth with full-page advertisements, and they were advertisements worthy of the great advertising experts who concocted them. The reader was told that "Your King and Country Need You." He was also told the terms of enlistment. It was to be for the war only. When the war was over the apprentice soldier was to be discharged. These same announcements appeared in all public conveyances and upon every blank wall throughout the country. Every adult male in Great Britain and Ireland was faced continually by the assurance that his king needed him, and of course it was quite a flattering assurance in its way. It is not given to all of us to be needed by the king.

Then the employers had to be encountered and worsted. It is not an easy matter to get a job in England, and those who have jobs usually hold on to them like grim death. What would happen to these enlisted men when the war was over? Were they to join the great army of the unemployed, for it may be said that England has never yet displayed the slightest sentiment with regard to her war veterans? So Kitchener sent for a number of large representative employers and he told them that he needed their young men, and that it was up to them, the employers, to make the path easy by promises of employment when the war was over. It would be quite easy, said Kitchener, to employ girls while the men were away, and in fact it would be a very good thing to do, since the girls needed the work to keep the homes together. The employers would do well, said Kitchener, to meet this situation with a good grace, because they would have to meet it anyway. Any firm failing to grease the wheels in the manner indicated would be made to suffer for it, since he, Kitchener, would take care that the facts were made known so that the public might discriminate against any concern unwilling to let its young men become soldiers. And if the aggrieved concerns wished to bring libel actions on account of the disagreeable publicity that they would receive they were quite at liberty to do so. But it is only fair to say that nearly all the employers were reasonable. Most of them called their young men together and advised them to enlist and promised that they should find their jobs waiting for them on their return. Some even went so far as to say that they had no use for young men who did not enlist, and there were quite a number who promised to pay during absence and certain reinstatement on return. But there were a few firms who resented the interference and advised their men not to enlist, and in these cases Kitchener did exactly what he said he

would do. He published the facts broadcast, but no one has heard anything about libel suits.

Kitchener now lives at the war office. He told the attendants to get him a bed, which they did. It was quite an elaborate bed, and it was duly set up in a vacant room. But that was not what Kitchener meant. He wanted a little bed that would fit into a corner of his office, so the attendants had to buy another one of the requisite dimensions. Close to the bed stands a telephone, and it is said that Kitchener is in direct communication with French.

It is far too soon to distribute laurels among the military commanders, but French has already won a place in the popular heart. The public likes the look of the man, and it likes his reports, which invariably assign the credit for all successes to his officers. Kitchener said recently in the House of Lords that there was one glaring omission in all of these reports. There was no mention of French. But that, he added, was an omission that could easily be rectified. PICCAOILLY.

LONDON, September 16, 1914.

Genuine Panama hats are made in Ecuador to a larger extent than in any other country, and the process of manufacture is still not generally known. The chief centres of the hat industry in the order of their importance are Monticristi and Jipijapa, in the province of Manavi; Santa Rosa, and to a limited extent in Guayaquil and Cuenca. Thousands of natives of both sexes are employed at weaving these hats. The work is carried on from a little after midnight to seven o'clock in the morning, while the atmosphere is humid, for the straw becomes brittle during the day and can not then be handled. After much preliminary preparation the straw is very finely divided into the required widths by the nail of the little finger or thumb. A bunch of straw is bound in the middle and placed on the centre of a wooden mold, the straws arranged radially and equally distant from each other in pairs. The plaiting begins at the apex of the crown, and continues round and round until the hat is finished, care being taken that no straws are added while the crown is being made. Other straws, however, are added while the brim and border are being formed. On the degree of nicety with which the straws are lengthened depends the beauty and durability of the hat. Should a strand be broken it can be replaced and so plaited as not to be noticed. The finishing touches are put on by trimming the brim, edging the border, and neatly fastening all projecting ends of the straws so as to be invisible. The hat is washed in clean, cold water, coated with a thin solution of gum, and polished with dry sulphur.

Never since the ostrich feather industry assumed commercial importance has the present condition of the South African market been equaled. The market is so utterly demoralized that choice feathers are bringing only one-third the price of a year ago, and instances are recorded of the sale of ostriches at one-tenth the rate which prevailed in 1913. Several of the most prominent feather houses have, for the time being, ceased business.

Erfurt is appropriately called the "Blumenstadt," or Flower City, of Germany. Almost three per cent of the population is engaged in commercial horticulture. While vegetables and flowers for sale are grown on a large scale, of much vaster proportions is the business in flower and vegetable seed. The larger Erfurt seed firms ship to almost all parts of the civilized world, the United States importing large quantities of Erfurt horticultural products.

In the great depths of the ocean the temperature is little above freezing, no matter what it may be at the surface. When the dragnets which are used in the work, are brought to the surface containing specimens of animals and fish inhabiting the deep, most of the creatures are dead. In fact, all those from the deeper points are killed by removing them from waters of great hydrostatic pressure to continuously decreasing pressures.

Texas does not hold first place as the producer of any mineral substance, but ranks second in the production of asphalt and third in the production of quicksilver. Since the sensational strike at Beaumont in 1901 petroleum has had first place in the mineral products of the state, and Texas now ranks fourth among all the states in the quantity of petroleum produced, and seventh with respect to the value of the product.

Many jokes have been perpetrated about the Swiss navy, but the Swiss republic has a small armed vessel something like a gunboat, stationed on the Lake of Geneva and usually to be found opposite Lausanne. It is not a formidable-looking craft, but apparently it has a mission, for it keeps watch on French Savoy, and incidentally on smugglers from Evians-les-Bains, the charming French watering-place opposite.

Annual imports of mineral waters into the United States are over 3,000,000 gallons, having a value of nearly a million dollars. Two-thirds of these imports come from Germany, France, and Austria-Hungary.

THE TAPESTRY OF BELGIUM.

William Elliott Griffis Tells of the History of the Art in That Quaint Kingdom.

The manufacture of carpets and tapestry was introduced into Belgium from the East through the Moors and Saracens, and the first imitations by the Belgic craftsmen were rude enough. Gradually, however, through skill and care, the imitators became victors. The best artists cooperated with the weavers to produce pictorial results undreamed of in the Orient. Painters of highest rank, even Michael Angelo, were glad to draw cartoons for those who could transform black and white on paper into glorious color in wool or silk. The cooperation of the great artists greatly influenced the work of the weavers. Even the goldsmith wrought with the loom men.

It came to pass that from reproducing the scenes of the every-day life of the Flemish citizen, weaver, and farmer, and the landscape which they loved with passionate adoration, the artists in warp and woof made whole series of scenes, such as illustrations of the Bible narratives, classic episodes, campaigns of the heroes of the "Iliad," the wars of Alexander, the legends and fairy tales of Greece and Rome, the "Knight of China," the apocryphal stories of Susannah and the Elders, Tobit and the Angel, the Maccabees, etc., and the stock themes of mediæval legend. Proceeding further, they excelled the needlecraft of the palace ladies by picturing recent or contemporaneous events. Today many of these works of art are documents of high value to the critical historian, despite their oddities and grotesque touches of sarcasm, of temporary belief, of wit and humor, of caricature or flattery.

In time their fame became world-wide, and their value so great that they were worth, literally, more than "a king's ransom." In 1396 the Sultan Bajazet I took as prisoner a son of Philip the Hardy, King of France. The Turk stipulated, as a fair exchange, "high warp tapestry, worked in Arras, in Picardy," but that they should represent "good old stories." By studying the history of the Belgians, as wrought in tapestry, one becomes familiar with many fascinating details, for he sees before him quaint and true pictures of mediæval life, manners, and customs.

The Dukes of Burgundy, for example, used tapestry much as modern rulers employ print and photographs, to commemorate events, or as those who cater to the general public furnish picture shows. Many a noble piece of wall-covering, in the stately homes of England, France, and Germany today, was originally the gift of some war-lord, who delighted his friends while spreading abroad his own glory. Not a little work was of a memorial nature. A wealthy widow might have the chief events in her husband's life reproduced, or a disconsolate parent find relief in sorrow, by causing to live again in beauty the story of the young life of a lost child. The choicest hangings in our museums have often a personal history, not always known, but of the highest human interest.

As for use, some specimens sank as low as to be mere bedspreads or furniture coverings. In wartime several thicknesses of tapestry were often used by the besieged to deaden the blows of the catapults, or even to absorb the shock of the stone cannon balls hurled by the weak artillery of those days. In a word, the tapestry weaver outlived even the miniaturist, genre painter, metal-worker, and wood-carver—all of which furnished fields for artistic labors and delights. The love of fame and glory, the wit and the sarcasm of the mediævalists, thus finding expression, appealed powerfully to the taste of the age, whether depicting the epic, lyric, amorous, martial, or domestic phases of the human story.

Charles the Bold carried an assortment of hangings, even in his campaigns, for tent decoration, and among the spoils found by the Swiss at Nancy were two sets of tapestry. This fighter was especially fond of the story of the conquests of Alexander the Great. His death paralyzed the industry at Arras, for ducal commissions thereafter were few. Tournay, Brussels, Bruges, and Middleburg suffered also. The crowning disaster to Arras, the most famed of tapestry towns, was its capture by King Louis XI of France in 1477. Then thousands of weavers emigrated to England, France, and other countries, and the first great era of the craft closed.

Very curiously, all the adult and normal human figures in Flemish tapestry, that is, all except children and dwarfs, are of the same height. Indeed this was the rule in most pictorial art until, after 1830, a Belgian painter created a sensation and revolution in tradition by representing a variety of adult figures differing in stature.

During the eighteenth century, under Austrian rule, this noble industry languished and was relatively as faded as are the colors seen today in Hampton Court, for example, though these tapestries once rivaled in glory of the gardens of Ghent.—From "Belgium, the Land of Art," by William Elliott Griffis.

Over 50,000 visits are made every year to the free clinics of the University of California Medical School. During the past year the number of patients treated at the out-department of the university hospital in San Francisco increased by more than fifty per cent.

THE GERMAN SECRET SERVICE.

Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves Reveals Some of His Experiences as a Spy.

The experiences of Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves, who says that for twelve years he was a spy in the service of the German government, will be read with the interest that accrues to them from current events. At the same time they will be read with caution, since they must necessarily be lacking somewhat in those "guaranties of good faith" that accompany the more usual forms of authorship. But at least we know that Dr. Graves was actually a German spy, since his trial and conviction before a British court are still remembered. And for the rest of his disclosures of international intrigue it may be said at least that they are probably true, since to a very large extent they are sustained and supported by recent happenings. He tells us of German efforts to destroy the understanding between England and France, although here the author falls into the error of supposing that those efforts were successful. Of still greater interest is his information about the German war machine and the incidents of the Morocco crisis. If Dr. Graves is actually recording his own experiences we can only wonder that so much knowledge should have been entrusted to a spy. But here, too, he may be said to score, since he attributes his arrest in England to his betrayal by the German authorities, who believed that he knew too much to be allowed to remain at liberty. Satisfied that he had been so betrayed by his employers, Dr. Graves took service with Great Britain and was therefore liberated before the expiration of his term. And it may be said that his liberation is also a matter of record.

Dr. Graves tells us of the instructions that took him to England on his final trip. He was to observe and report the movements of all British warships:

Hence my mission. It was included in my instructions to watch the movements of British warships off the Scottish coast and promptly cable the German Admiralty Intelligence Department concerning them. This is where a study of the silhouette charts would be invaluable. At night or in a fog or early in the morning I would not be able to distinguish the British ships by name. But knowing the silhouettes of all the naval types—for example, certain kinds of dreadnoughts, powerful cruisers, torpedo-boat destroyers—I would be able to tell what ships were putting to sea. When I had memorized all the charts, they covered the names of the battleships thereon and made me repeat the types. For instance, I would say, "That is a *Queen Mary* type of battle cruiser. The other is of the *Ajax* type. That destroyer is of the *Viper* type." And so on. There are well-defined architectural lines to every group of ships in the British navy and these silhouettes I learned to know by heart before I was permitted to leave Berlin.

The author was certainly a clever spy, but the British detectives seem to have been still more clever, since their suspicions were aroused in less than three weeks:

After about three weeks I began to be suspicious of being followed. Arriving home one night I noticed that my dress suit was arranged in a different way to what I had left it. I called my landlady and casually inquired if my tailor had been there. She said, "No, doctor."

"Well," I replied, "What reason have you then to rearrange my clothes?"

Her face reddened and she seemed flustered. "I wasn't in your room," she faltered. "I remember now. I believe the tailor was here. One of the servants let him in."

I have no reason to shield Mrs. Macleod, for with true Scottish thrift she got as much out of me as she could and then afterwards declared in court that she thought I was a German spy a fortnight after I had been in her house.

I made it my business to go around to my tailor's within an hour's time and he contradicted her story. He had not been at the house. To completely verify my suspicions that I was being shadowed, I went the next day into the "F and F," a well-known caterer on Prince's Street. In the writing-room I wrote some letters, one of which I purposely dropped on the floor. I withdrew to the washroom and returning in about fifteen minutes noticed that letter had disappeared. Making inquiries of "buttons" and of the "desk girl" I learned that a gentleman had quietly picked up the letter and without reading it had put it in his pocket and walked away. That settled it. They were after me.

The author was subsequently arrested at his hotel in Glasgow on the charge of being a spy, and his trial created a sensation throughout Europe:

Those familiar with English court procedure know the impressive manner with which justice is dispensed. Punctually at ten on the morning of July 23, 1912, my trial opened. Clad in his royal red robe with the ermine collar of supreme justice, the lord justice entered the court. Before him walked a mace-bearer, intoning, "Gentlemen, the lord justice! Gentlemen, the court!" After the impressive ceremonies had been observed, the jury was quickly impaneled. I making several challenges. Twelve years in the Secret Service naturally has made me know something of men. I knew that those twelve hard-headed, cautious Scottish jurymen would demand pretty substantial proof before convicting. At the time I am frank to say that I did not think there was a chance of a verdict of guilty being brought in. The evidence against me was too vague.

Expressing astonishment at my refusal to accept counsel—which was subsequently forced on me—his lordship promised to guard my interest on legal points; and guard it he did. Repeatedly he ruled against the solicitor-general and challenged him on more than one point. I am frank in my admiration of British justice. My trial was a model of fairness.

For some time it seemed as though a conviction could not be obtained, although the author himself makes no secret of his instructions and intentions. But the final discovery of his secret code was his undoing:

I was feeling in high spirits indeed, when I saw one of the attendants approach Sir Anderson and deliver a document that had been handed into court. I at once recognized

it and my heart dropped into my shoes. The solicitor-general read the document and smiled. I knew they had me.

In addressing the court the solicitor-general produced two pieces of thin paper—the same that had been brought in on the previous afternoon.

"I have got to show the court," he said impressively, "the most deadly code ever prepared against the safeguards of Great Britain."

And it certainly was. It contained the name of every vessel in the British navy, every naval base, fortification, and strategic point, in Great Britain. There were over ten thousand names and opposite each was written a number. For example, the battle cruiser *Queen Mary* was number 813.

The negotiations that led to the author's release are interestingly described. On the fifth week of his imprisonment he was taken to the office of the prison governor, where he found a slight, soldierly looking English gentleman of the cavalry type:

"Graves, here is a gentleman who wishes to see you."

The stranger nodded to the governor and said:

"I may be quite a while. You have your instructions."

"That's all right, sir," replied the governor.

The governor left and we were alone. The stranger rose.

"My name is Robinson, doctor. Please take a seat."

Of course, being a prisoner, I had remained standing.

Robinson began some casual conversation.

"How are they treating you?"

"I have no complaints to make."

"Is the confinement irksome to you?"

"Naturally." I looked him straight in the face. "I am a philosopher. Kismet, captain."

"Oh—ho!" he exclaimed. "You address me as captain."

Wherefore this knowledge? We have never met."

"No," I replied. "But I have associated too long with various types of army officers not to be able to detect a British cavalry officer. Formerly of an Hussar regiment, I take it?"

He laughed for some time. He continued feeling his way in this manner. Then suddenly he changed front. Point blank he asked me:

"Now, old chap. We know that you worked for Germany against us. We also know that you are not a German. Is there any reason why you should not work for us? Any private reason?"

"Captain," I said, "you of all men ought to know that the betrayal of your employers for a monetary or a liberty reason alone is never entertained by a man who has been in my work. We go into it with our eyes open, well knowing the consequences if we are caught. We do not squeal if we are hurt."

Dr. Graves tells us that he was furnished with positive evidence of his betrayal by Germany, a fact of which he had already been suspicious, and that under these circumstances he accepted service with Great Britain and was accorded an interview with Sir Edward Grey:

I was facing Sir Edward Grey.

He was seated behind a big green-covered mahogany desk.

I noticed that the room seemed like a private library; books, memoranda, letters, and dispatch cases littered not only the desk, but the tables and chairs. The eye was struck by a huge piece of furniture, a tall leather-covered easy chair.

I present these details for obvious reasons.

Sir Edward, looking small in the big armchair, was seated with his legs crossed. He was reading some document and without a sign of recognition he kept me standing there, it must have been ten minutes. I noticed that he glanced at me now and then above the top of the paper. Abruptly he told me to have a seat. When I said that I preferred to stand, he nodded and pulling open a drawer took from it a folder that, as subsequent events verified, I suspected to be a report on me. There was another period during which he seemed to be unaware of my presence, and I took advantage of it to size up my man. He impressed me as being one of those intolerable, typically English icicles, which only that nation seems able to produce in her public servants. Presumably through a century-long contact with the races of the East, the English diplomat of the Sir Edward Grey type presents the bland, imperturbable, non-committal, almost inane expression of the Oriental that hardly gives one any criterion of the tremendous power of perception and concentration beneath the mask.

Dr. Graves tells us that he was severely cross-examined by Sir Edward Grey as to what he knew of treachery among British officials, and that the name of Lord Haldane was brought into the discussion:

"Do you know," he asked abruptly, "if the German emperor ever communicates with Viscount Haldane?"

"Yes, sir."

He leaned forward eagerly.

"How and under what circumstances?"

"Why, I thought it common knowledge that they often correspond. They are good friends."

"Not that. I mean direct secret communications between them, concerning affairs of the state."

I denied any knowledge of this, although I knew it to be so. He began fishing around again and his hints found me very stupid.

My unsatisfactory answers seemed to displease Sir Edward Grey, for with true British discourtesy he abruptly began working at something on his desk and without even saying good-day, let a commissaire bow me out.

A few days later I received definite instructions from Captain Robinson. I was to go on my first mission in the interests of the British Secret Service and subsequently another mission brought me to New York, where I resigned from service permanently.

Incidentally we have some curious information about the German staff, and especially about General von Heeringen, at that time its chief:

There is no man alive who knows one-half as much about the strategical position of Metz and the surrounding country as General von Heeringen. Often on stormy, bitter cold winter nights, sentries on outposts stationed and guarding the approaches of Metz are startled to find a gaunt, limping figure, covered in a gray army greatcoat with no distinguishing marks, stalking along. Accompanied by orderlies carrying camp stools and table, night glasses and electric torches, halting repeatedly, hidden men taking down in writing the short, croaking sentences escaping between the thin compressed lips, the "Geist of Metz" prowls round measuring every foot of ground fifty miles, east, west, north, and south of his beloved Metz. The steel-tipped arrow ever pointing at the heart of France is safe in the hands of such guardians.

The visible head of this vast organization is called Der Grosse General Stab, with headquarters in Berlin.

Each army corps has a "Kleine General Stab," which sends its most able officers to Berlin, and these officers, with scientists, engineers, and architects, compose the Great General Staff with the emperor at its head:

There is a small, dingy, unpretentious room in the General Staff Gebäude where at moments of stress and tension or international complications, assemble five men. His majesty, at the head of the table; to the right the chief of grossen general staff; to the left his minister of war; then the minister of railways, and the chief of admiral staff. You will notice the total absence of the ministers of finance and diplomacy. When those five men meet the influence of diplomatic and financial affairs has ceased. They are there to act. The scratching of the emperor's pen in that room means war, the setting in motion of a fighting force of 5,000,000 men.

Here is another instance:

When the feeling and stress over the Moroccan question was at its height General von Heeringen on leaving his quarters for his usual drive in the Tiergarten was eagerly questioned by a score of officers, awaiting his exit.

"Excellency! Geht's los?" ("Do we begin?")

Grimly smiling, returning their salutes and without pause, limping to his waiting carriage came his answer:

"Sieben buchstaben, meine herren!" ("Seven letters, gentlemen!")

In German military parlance this means the emperor's signature, Wilhelm II, to the mobilization orders.

Some idea of the extent of the information possessed by the German authorities is conveyed by the following incident. There is not a country in Europe, says the author, of which there are not the most elaborate charts and maps docketed in the archives of the General Staff:

While undergoing instructions in the admiral staff in the Koenigerstrasse 70, previous to my being sent on an English mission, a controversy arose between my instructor and myself as to the distance between two towns on the Lincolnshire coast. He pushed a hutton and requested the answering orderly to bring map 64 and the officer in charge.

With the usual promptness both map and officer appeared. The officer, who could not have been more than twenty-five years of age, discussed with me in fluent colloquial English the whole of this section of Lincolnshire. Not a hummock, road, road-house, even to farmers' residences and blacksmith's shop of which he did not have exact knowledge. I expressed astonishment at this most unusual acquaintance with the locality, and suggested that he must have spent considerable time in residence there. Conceivably my astonishment when informed that he had never been out of Germany and the only voyage ever taken by him led him as far as Heligoland. Subsequently through careful inquiries and research—my work bringing me into constant contact with the various divisions—I found that the whole of England, France, and Russia was carefully cut into sections, each of those sections being in charge of two officers and a secretary whose duty it was to acquaint and make themselves perfectly familiar with everything in that particular locality. Through the far-reaching system of espionage, the latest and most up-to-date information is always forthcoming, and time and again I myself, often returning from a mission like one of those to the naval base in Scotland, have sat by the hour verbally amplifying my previous reports.

The author has something to say about the Zeppelins, from which he expected great things in the event of war:

Picture the havoc a dozen such vultures could create attacking a city like London or Paris. Present-day defense against these ships is totally inadequate. In attacking large places the Zeppelins would rise to a height of from 6000 to 8000 feet, at which distance these huge cigar-shaped engines of death, 700 feet long, would appear the size of a football, and no bigger. I know that Zeppelins have successfully sailed aloft at an altitude of 10,000 feet. Picture them at that elevation, everybody aboard in warm, comfortable quarters, ready to drop explosives to the ground. The half-informed man—and there appear to be many such in European cabinets, which recalls the proverb about a little knowledge being a dangerous thing—likes to say that a flock of aeroplanes can put a dirigible out of business. Consider now an aeroplane at an elevation of 6000 feet and remember that the new Zeppelins have gone thousands of feet higher. An aviator at 6000 feet is so cold that he is practically useless for anything but guiding his machine. How in the world is he or his seat-mate going to do harm to a big craft the size of a Zeppelin that is far above him? An aviator who has ever gone up, say 8000 feet, will tell you when he comes down what a harrowing experience he has had. What good can an individual be, exposed to the temperature and the elements at such an altitude, in doing harm to the calm, comfortable gentlemen in the heated compartments of the Zeppelin?—Quatsch! which is a German army term for piffle!

Whatever we may think of these disclosures of a German spy we may admit that the author's concluding predictions have been amply justified by events:

The map of Europe is certain to undergo some very decided changes within the next decade, very possibly in less time. Social and economic conditions, let alone the paramount political ambitions of the individual rulers, must bring about a decided alteration in state boundaries in Central Europe. This will be accomplished either with or without war—with bloodshed most likely. History and human propensities have shown the inability to settle any vital points by peaceful arbitration and the more one comes in contact with the forces, obvious and otherwise, directing human affairs, the more one learns the rather disheartening fact that the millennium is as far off as ever. The prophecies of the old biblical prophets about wars and rumors of wars are as pertinent today as before the advent of Christ. The methods may have changed since the conception of the Christian religion, but the results will be attained now as ever by the right of a mighty sword arm.

Dr. Graves would probably be the last to complain of a certain caution eminently becoming to the reader of his book, since the book itself owes its interest to the fact that it is the work of a spy. But that it has an extraordinary interest is undeniable.

THE SECRETS OF THE GERMAN WAR OFFICE. By Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Approximately 1,500,000 unnaturalized foreigners more than twenty-one years old, natives of warring European nations, are in the United States, according to latest reports of the Census Bureau. Most of these are liable to military duty.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Saturday's Child.

When Kathleen Norris wrote "Mother" it was easy to foresee a new novelist of high rank, and one whose attention to realities would not obscure her recognition of the beautiful. It may be misleading to speak of Mrs. Norris as a realist. Realism nowadays, the realism of Mr. Dreiser and to a lesser extent of Mr. Herrick, means a disagreeable emphasis on the ugly and the erotic. Mrs. Norris sees a complete landscape where some other writers can find nothing except a sewer and a toad, and although this wide angle vision of hers by no means excludes the unlovely it leaves us with the sense of a predominating beauty.

The heroine is Susan Brown, and our streets are filled with Susan Browns, who wants to be independent and who find "independence" as office clerks. The picture of that office full of girls is a memorable one, with their capacities and incapacities, their spites, ambitions, and graces. Then Susan attracts the attention of Peter Coleman, who is related to the proprietor, and Peter gives her a good time, but fails to remember that girls sometimes take these things seriously. Susan's next stage is as companion to Emily Saunders, a poor little rich girl without brains. Emily has a brother, a broken-down roué, and as it would obviously be a good thing for him to marry Susan and so obtain a nurse and a custodian the proposal is made to the girl and rejected, so Susan loses her job. Then comes her relationship with the literary genius and its attendant temptations, and this may be said to be the culmination of the story, although by no means its end.

A good many writers have aspired to the authorship of the "American novel," and some of the results have been by no means flattering to the American people. Mrs. Norris has succeeded better than any. She has a wide perspective that includes many social strata. She can denounce the idle rich of San Francisco without venom and even with sympathy. She never suggests that she is waging a campaign or that she is conscious of a mission. And her people are every-day human beings who are nevertheless made distinctive by a certain touch of literary wizardry that seems to proceed from actual vision. Mrs. Norris has done a piece of work that is marked on every page by dignity, poise, and accuracy, and that displays a sense of relative values in human life as rare as it is gratifying.

SATURDAY'S CHILD. By Kathleen Norris. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Parties and Courts.

In 1910 Dr. William Bennett Bizzell, D. C. L., delivered a series of lectures before the Illinois College of Law on the "Judicial Interpretation of Political Theory," and these were subsequently printed for college use. He has now added two chapters on "The Theory of Direct Legislation" and "The Theory of the Recall of Judicial Decisions" in order to complete the series for the present volume, as well as appendices and indices. The result is a work of ripe legal scholarship and one that will appeal not only to the student of law, but to the increasingly large number of those who are awakening to the importance of the influence wielded by the courts over legislation. It is an interesting fact, says the author, that most of the fundamental questions which have produced a difference of opinion between the political parties have found solution in the Federal courts. More and more are the American people looking to the Federal courts as the final arbiter of their political issues, and the general willingness to abide by their decisions is the best evidence of the supreme confidence imposed in these tribunals.

The two chapters that have been added for the purposes of this volume are probably the most important, inasmuch as they are argumentative rather than historical. At the same time it is a little disappointing that the author should be so cautious in the expression of his own opinions regarding both direct legislation and the recall of decisions. He contents himself with a general survey of the pros and cons and he believes that we shall hear more of the recall of decisions and that "this new and novel (*sic*) doctrine will yet play an important part in the political and judicial history of our country."

JUDICIAL INTERPRETATION OF POLITICAL THEORY: A STUDY IN THE RELATION OF THE COURTS TO THE AMERICAN PARTY SYSTEM. By William Bennett Bizzell, A. M., D. C. L. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net.

Architecture and Art.

This fine work by Alfred M. Brooks should be welcomed by those who are not architects nor artists but who none the less like to be considered as intelligent human beings to whom art is one of the requisites of life. Without some knowledge of art we can know nothing of human history beyond the doings of kings and soldiers, that is to say nothing of human history that is actually worth knowing. The art of antiquity was the language of the human soul, and usually the only lan-

guage by which it could express itself. In the same way the art of mediæval Europe was a return of the cycle that culminated with the age of Pericles, and Michael Angelo did for the Renaissance what Phidias did for Greece.

Mr. Brooks disclaims the intention to write a history of art. He prefers to point out some of the marked characteristics of art and to trace back to their source the chief influences which were brought to bear on the plastic and graphic arts of mediæval Europe, to show how these influences mingled and with what results. To this end he gives us ten admirable chapters devoted to Greek and Roman architecture and sculpture, to the merging of Roman art with Christian, to Byzantine and Romanesque architecture and sculpture, and finally to Gothic architecture and sculpture, and the minor arts. He has done his work in a pleasing and competent way and with the aid of nearly one hundred and sixty admirable illustrations.

ARCHITECTURE AND THE ALLIED ARTS. By Alfred M. Brooks. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$3.50 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

A new illustrated edition of the perennial favorite, "The Cloister and the Hearth," by Charles Reade, has just been published by Harper & Brothers. Although it is half a century since it was first given to the world the number of its admirers seems not to have diminished. The volume is printed on thin opaque paper and has many marginal illustrations by William Martin Johnson.

Although Gertrude Atherton's new novel, "Perch of the Devil," is built up of scenes largely laid around Butte, Montana, the story has nothing to do with the strife of that great mining camp, nor yet with capital and labor. It is the character of Ida Compton with her development from an ignorant girl, daughter of a washerwoman and a miner, to a woman of feeling, understanding, and power, that Mrs. Atherton has pictured, now against the ugly, vigorous city of Butte, now against the warmer background of Continental life. The book is published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

"The Hands of Esau," a book by Margaret Deland, just published by the Harpers, is the story of a young man whose real nature, under the disguise which deceived even himself, was betrayed by a circumstance, slight yet significant, of a moral flaw. From the time he was a little boy his mother had heged him to "keep your father's name honored," so of course he never dreamed that his father had been an embezzler of the meanest kind. He grew up apparently a fine young fellow, bright and ambitious, and the daughter of a prosperous architect who had taken him into his office just because he liked his looks and manner, fell in love with him as soon as he did with her.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher, author of "A Montessori Mother," has written "Mothers and Children," which Henry Holt & Co. will publish on October 17. It will answer a host of questions which she has been asked in letters from mothers since her former volume was issued. Mrs. Fisher's "A Montessori Mother" is being translated into five foreign languages, and is already in its eighth American edition.

Eleanor Hallowell Ahcott, whose short stories in many magazines have attracted so much attention, and whose first two novels, "Molly Make-Believe" and "The White Linen Nurse," have been as popular as her magazine stories, is, in private life, Mrs. Fordyce Cohn, the wife of a physician in Lowell, Massachusetts. Born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the daughter of Edward Ahcott, minister and writer, the niece of Lyman Ahcott, minister and writer, the granddaughter of Jacob Ahcott, minister and writer, her early training was naturally all toward literary ends. "Little Eve Edgarton" is Eleanor Hallowell Ahcott's latest story, just issued by the Century Company. It tells, in Eleanor Hallowell Ahcott's characteristic way, the unconventional love story of a most extraordinary girl, the daughter of an eccentric father, who is never happy except as he goes wandering about the world—and none too happy then. As for little Eve, she was born in a snow-shack on the Yukon River, and has been all over the world.

In her new novel, "Playing with Fire," Amelia E. Barr makes a Calvinist minister with skeptical leanings the hero. The crisis comes when the minister, unable to contain his doubts longer, tells his frightened congregation that there is no God. It is a story of faith, passion, and doubt. The woman—for of course there is a woman—is pictured as a polite, drawing-room type of vampire. The book is published by D. Appleton & Co.

"On the Track of the Great," published by the John Lane Company on September 25, comprises the "Recollections of a Special Correspondent," by Aubrey Stanhope. King Edward, King Leopold, the Czar, the Kaiser,

the Greek royal family, King Christian of Denmark, King Carlos of Portugal, King Alexander and Queen Draga of Serbia, Stanley, Lesseps of Panama, Pasteur, Bismarck, figure in anecdote and story as the result of the author's vocation and the close touch it brought him into with unusual people.

The author of "The House of Deceit," published on September 26 by Henry Holt & Co., says that the reason he withholds his name is simply that he doesn't want his story to suffer from any suggestion of political or religious bias. The novel's chief stream of interest is said to be the love story of an ambitious young English politician; undercurrents are the drift of Protestantism toward Catholicism, the struggle of modernism within the Catholic church itself, the pressure of labor upon both church and state, and the enormous and constantly increasing influence of wealth and women in English politics and religion.

Beginning the fall season of the Houghton Mifflin Company, the following hooks have appeared: "A Knight on Wheels," by Ian Hay; "On the Warpath," by James Willard Schultz, and a new edition of Mr. Schultz's remarkable biography, "My Life as an Indian," a new edition at a popular price of "Pocahontas and Captain John Smith," by E. Boyd Smith; "Uncle Lisha's Shop," by Rowland E. Robinson; "The Sea Is Kind," poems by T. Sturge Moore; "The Meditations of a Young Man," by Gage Olcott; and a Visitors' Edition of Thoreau's "Cape Cod."

On September 25 the Century Company issued several of its new fall issues for young people and children: Maria Thompson Daviess's "Phyllis," Ariadne Gilhert's "More Than Conquerors," Melville Chater's "The Buhle Ballads," Allen French's "The Runaway," Ahhie Farwell Brown's "The Lucky Stone," and Grace Drayton's book of "Baby Bears." The Century Company on the same date issued Professor Edward Alsworth Ross's "The Old World in the New," a presentation of the social and economic aspects and consequences of immigration. The company announces October 9 as the issue date of Alice Hegan Rice's new book, "The Honorable Percival."

Recent new publications by the Putnams are "The Torch of Life," by Rachael S. Macnamara; "The Swindler and Other Stories," by Ethel M. Dell; "A Syrup of the Bees," by F. W. Bain; "Time and Thomas Warning," by Morley Roberts. All are novels.

On September 25 the John Lane Company published several unusually interesting non-fiction books not in any way relative to the war. "Pauline Bonaparte and Her Lovers," by Hector Fleischmann, shows Napoleon's sister, later Princess Borghese, at the height of her career, surrounded by plot and scandal, her beauty the prey of her own passions and

The White House

The Secrets of the German War Office

By DR. ARMGAARD KARL GRAVES. For 12 years, he states, he was a spy in the service of the German government. The book relates some of his experiences. It has an extraordinary interest. A full-page review of it appears in this issue of the ARGONAUT. \$1.50 net.

Saturday's Child

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follies. "The Berry Papers," by Lewis Melville, author of "Philip, Duke of Wharton," etc., is the unpublished correspondence of Mary and Agnes Berry with Professor John Playfair, Maria Edgeworth, Richard Owen Cambridge, Elizabeth Montague, Lord Jeffery, the Duke of Devonshire, Carlisle, Hardwicke, and other eighteenth and early nineteenth-century notables, with an account of their friend, Horace Walpole.

Probably no English author has more friends in America than James Matthew Barrie, and it is of this elusive personality that John D. Williams has written a study, under the title "The Charm That Is Barrie," for the October *Century Magazine*. "If you have ever seen the first act of 'Peter Pan,'" says Mr. Williams, "you have as good as seen the room where J. M. Barrie is always writing." And he goes on to describe the apartment of the great dramatist, his personal idiosyncrasies, his friendships, methods of work, and the originals of the characters in his novels. It is an article that every one of Barrie's host of admirers will want to read. In the same number Major John Bigelow, U. S. A. (retired), author of "Principles of Strategy," has visualized the task of the first weeks of the great European war, and contrasted the probable methods of strategy with the Franco-German methods in 1870.

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"Mrs. Norris's book is something more than a good story well told. It reflects the very fashion and spirit of the time . . . in which all who are born to live and learn must take part, will they or not they."—*Philadelphia North-American*.

"An interesting story told simply and without affectation, in the terms of real, work-a-day life. Both its sentiment and humor are natural and spontaneous . . . and shows even greater maturity and broader sympathies than the stories she has already given us."—*Philadelphia Press*

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The Russian Opera.

A book like Rosa Newmarch's "The Russian Opera," coming at this time, is a fine antidote for the German fear that the Slav threatens European culture and civilization. The author, who is already well known for her studies in the field of Russian music, sets forth in sequence the steps in the development of characteristic national music in Russia as it has found expression in opera, and writes with keen analysis of the composers whose work it has been. Many of these names are unfamiliar to the American reader, but each year is bringing to us a larger repertory of Russian compositions, and this book is a timely attempt to throw light on the composers and their development. The first thing that strikes the reader is how universal is the love of good music in Russia, how necessary a part of life it is; and secondly how many of the Russian composers were engaged in other lines of work. The author pays a high tribute to the great basso, Shaliapin, to whom she dedicates her book, and who has recently been acclaimed in London as the greatest living actor. In conclusion she remarks with justice: "Russian opera is beyond all question a genuine growth of the Russian soil; it includes the aroma and flavor of its native land 'as the wine must taste of its own grapes.' Its roots lie deep in the folk-music, where they have spread and flourished naturally and without effort. So profoundly imbedded and so full of vitality are its fibres, that nothing has been able to check their growth and expansion."

THE RUSSIAN OPERA. By Rosa Newmarch. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.75 net.

The Flight.

In this volume Mr. Woodberry gives us many kinds of poems on many different themes, but his chief inspiration comes from the East, and here he seems to combine ancient and modern in a very acceptable way. He identifies himself with neither, but acts rather as interpreter and reconciler. As an example of another of the author's moods, and a very gracious one, may be cited his poem to Charles Eliot Norton, and still another mood, a prophetic mood, is exemplified in "The Kingdom of All Souls," although here we have a certain stiffness of metre that makes uncomfortable reading. But Mr. Woodberry's level is a high one. There is conscientious workmanship in every line, as well as genuine feeling.

THE FLIGHT AND OTHER POEMS. By George Edward Woodberry. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

Briefer Reviews.

"Captain of the Cat's Paw," by William O. Stoddard, Jr., may safely be recommended to boys who love adventure, that is to say to all boys. The *Cat's Paw* is a motor boat which a high school boy built to make money to pay for his college course. The book is published by Harper & Brothers. Price, \$1 net.

"The Human Nature of the Saints," by the Rev. George Hodges (Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net), is a series of essays on religious topics that is chiefly notable, not so much for what the author says as for the homely and forceful way in which he says it. There are twenty of these essays, founded on biblical incidents, and they will doubtless find an audience even in these days of indifference.

From the John Lane Company comes a volume entitled "Europe After 8:15," by H. L. Mencken, George Jean Nathan, and Willard Huntington Wright. The authors depict the special characteristics of night life in the five most prominent cities of Europe, and while they write amusingly and with restraint, we reach the last page with a faint suspicion that we have been wasting our time. The price is \$1.25 net.

Lovers of adventure should not overlook "Adrift on an Ice-Pan," by Dr. Wilfred Thomason Grenfell, just issued in the Riverside Press by the Houghton Mifflin Company. The narrative itself is exceptionally stirring, while the author will be remembered as one of the foremost living philanthropists whose whole life has been devoted to the arduous and dangerous service of his fellow-men. The price is 25 cents.

The Dave Porter Series of books for boys seems to be popular, if we may judge from the appearance of the tenth volume under the title of "Dave Porter in the Gold Fields," by Edward Stratemeyer (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.25). In this case the gold fields are in Montana, and it need not be said that the hero returns from his adventures with a liberal supply of the precious metal. All these stories are full of wholesome adventure and may be safely recommended.

"The Happy Art of Catching Men," by the Rev. R. J. Patterson, is a story of the "Catch-My-Pal Temperance Movement," which has recently made so great a sensation in Ire-

land and subsequently in Scotland and England. Whatever the author may be as a temperance revivalist he certainly knows how to write, and to give a certain contagious quality to his own enthusiasm. The book is published by the George H. Doran Company. Price, \$1 net.

The J. B. Lippincott Company has published a little volume that should find a welcome among Swedenborgians, and indeed among the mystically inclined everywhere. It is entitled "The Path of Life," and its object is to "set forth the main features of Swedenborg's doctrinal teachings in his own language as completely and yet as briefly as is consistent with clearness and accuracy." The book is bound in limp leather and the workmanship throughout is admirable.

Doubleday, Page & Co. have published three new volumes in the Drama League Series of plays. The first is "Her Husband's Wife," by A. E. Thomas; the second is "The Sunken Bell," by Gerhart Hauptmann, and the third is "Mary Goes First," by Henry Arthur Jones. A fly-page announcement states that these plays are dedicated to the reading public only, that no performances of them may be given, and that infringement will be prosecuted. Doubtless there are people who read plays, but it is our own firm conviction that plays should be seen and not read, and that it takes exceptional qualifications to appreciate the drama that appears only on the printed page. The price of these volumes is 75 cents net each.

Probably we shall soon reach the end of the Nietzsche cult, and the sooner the better, but in the meantime here is a book by George Brandes, entitled "Friedrich Nietzsche," and consisting of a biographical sketch with much correspondence between Brandes and Nietzsche. The popularity of the German philosopher is probably due to the belief—not wholly erroneous—that he has furnished a defense and a justification for brutality and ill deeds, and that is just what nine people out of ten are looking for. A plea for the altruistic life, though voiced with ten times the power exercised by Nietzsche, would pass unnoticed. The Nietzsche cult is mainly due to a depraved conviction that whatever is obviously evil must also be obviously true. The book is published by the Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

New Books Received.

THE LURE OF THE CAMERA. By Charles S. Olcott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3 net. An illustrated account of a journey.

THE WONDER-WORKER. By Vincent Brown. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35 net. A novel.

LISMOYLE. By E. M. Croker. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35 net. A novel.

THE LAUGHING CAVALIER. By Baroness Orey. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35 net. A novel.

MORE THAN CONQUERORS. By Ariadne Gilbert. New York: The Century Company; \$1.25 net. A book for boys—biographies of a dozen great men.

THE LUCKY STONE. By Abbie Farwell Brown. New York: The Century Company; \$1.25 net. A story for children.

PHYLIS. By Maria Thompson Daviess. New York: The Century Company; \$1.25 net. A story for girls.

THE OLD WORLD IN THE NEW. By Edward Alsworth Ross. New York: The Century Company; \$2.40 net.

A presentation of the economic, social, and racial aspects and consequences of our immigration.

THE HOUSE IN DEMETRIUS ROAD. By J. D. Beresford. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.30 net. A novel.

IN MY YOUTH. From the posthumous papers of Robert Dudley. Indianapolis: The Bohls-Merrill Company; \$1.35 net. A "pageant of other days."

THE RUNAWAY. By Allen French. New York: The Century Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

THE BUBBLE BALLADS. By Melville Chater. New York: The Century Company; \$1.50 net. An illustrated book for little children.

WHAT CAN I KNOW? By George Trumbull Ladd, LL. D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.50 net.

An inquiry into truth, its nature, and means of its attainment, and its relations to the practical life.

THE COPY-CAT AND OTHER STORIES. By Mary Wilkins Freeman. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.

A collection of short stories.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CLEOPATRA, QUEEN OF EGYPT. By Arthur E. P. B. Weigall. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.50 net.

With special reference to her relations with Pompey, Caesar, Antony, and Octavius, which had so important an influence on the formation of the Roman Empire.

ART TALKS WITH RANGER. By Raley Husted Bell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Henry W. Ranger has covered a wider range of subject-matter than any other painter in the

history of art. He is the militant force in the centre of the intellectual art movement in America."

THE BABY BEARS. By Grace G. Drayton. New York: The Century Company; \$1 net. An illustrated book for little children.

JUST AROUND THE CORNER. By Fannie Hurst. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net. Short stories of people in odd city corners.

NAPOLEON THE GOLER. By Edward Fraser. New York: Brentano's; \$1.75 net.

A series of personal narratives of captivity, by British officers and others during the great war with Napoleon.

BELLAMY. By Elinor Mordant. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.35 net. A novel.

MAID OF THE MIST. By John Oxenham. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.30 net. A novel.

THE THREE FURLONGERS. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

THE DUKE OF OBLIVION. By John Reed Scott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

TO MY BELOVED. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20 net. "The heart letters of a woman."

ON THE STAIRCASE. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

THE CITY OF NUMBERED DAYS. By Francis Lynde. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net. A novel.

PERU. By Millicent Todd. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2 net.

A picture of the land of the Incas, with all that is known of the ruined cities, the Inca civilization and religion and the history of the country.

THE FLEET GOES BY. By Mary Symon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 50 cents net. Issued in A Famous Series of Stories and Essays.

PLAYS. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.

Third series. Including "The Fugitive," "The Pigeon," and "The Moh."

HOW IT HAPPENED. By Kate Langley Bosher. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net. A story.

NANNETTE AND THE BABY MONKEY. By Josephine Scribner Gates. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 50 cents net. A story for little children.

THE AUTHOR'S CRAFT. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company; 75 cents net.

A presentation of the methods of authorship with some remarks on the power of observation.

THE LOST BOY. By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Harper & Brothers; 50 cents net. A story of the childhood of Christ.

MONSIGNOR VILLAROSA. By Pompeo, Duke Litta. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net. A novel of Italy.

GEORGIAN POETRY, 1911-1912. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net.

An endeavor to bring together in one volume the most distinctive poems of the English makers during the lyric years 1911-1912.

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ume will be best appreciated by the thousands who read "Little Women" and other Alcott books when they were young."

THE COUNTRY HOUSE. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net. A novel.

OUR CRIMINAL LAW. By S. C. Denson. San Francisco: Whittaker & Ray-Wiggin Company. A plea for the reform of the criminal code.

MAJOR PROPHECIES OF TODAY. By Edwin E. Slosson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Macterlinck, Bergson, Poincaré, Metchnikoff, Ostwald, Haeckel.

THE CLARION. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35 net.

A novel of the forces that control our journalism.

TO THE LAND OF THE CARIBOU. By Paul G. Tomlinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net.

The adventures of four classmates on a cruise to Labrador.

THE CLEAN HEART. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.35 net. A novel.

AFTERWARDS. By Emma S. Allen. New York: Edward J. Clode. A novel.

THEY WHO QUESTION. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.

An anonymous novel turning upon pressing questions of every-day religion.

THE RENAISSANCE, THE PROTESTANT REVOLUTION, AND THE CATHOLIC REFORMATION IN CONTINENTAL EUROPE. By Edward Maslin Hulme. New York: The Century Company. A history.

SHAKESPEARE'S PRINCIPAL PLAYS. Edited with introduction and notes by Tucker Brooke, John William Cunliffe, and Henry Noble McCracken. New York: The Century Company.

The twenty plays most commonly read and most frequently acted.

SHELTERS, SHACKS, AND SHANTIES. By D. C. Beard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net.

A book of practical instructions for young builders.

THE WOLF HUNTERS. By George Bird Grinnell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net. A story of the Buffalo Plains.

GRANNS OF THE FIFTH. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

A new St. Timothy story.

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"A PAIR OF SIXES."

In "A Pair of Sixes" Edward Peple has successfully captured the T. B. M. by the farcical humor which pours forth in unstinted measure throughout every scene of the play. This is no small feat for a writer who has made his mark in plays more particularly characterized by rather honeyed sentimentality. If a dramatic writer wants to make a moneyed success in his line he can follow up no surer vein than that of humor; and Mr. Peple's possession of this ever-valuable asset is conclusively proved by the success of "A Pair of Sixes."

Oddly enough, this writer who has been so unerring in winning the favor of the women theatre-goers has now succeeded equally well with the men—the business men—whose Homeric laughter is heard in broad-sides during the entire progress of the play. The fact of the matter is that these sentimental writers are often so more from shrewdness than from temperament. It is evident that Mr. Peple knows his public, and just as he was thoroughly aware that he could soften the hearts of the women with the nightgowned youngster being awkwardly yet tenderly mothered and fathered by a good-looking young bachelor in "The Prince Chap," so he perceived the success awaiting him in the esteem of male theatre-goers by a farcical depiction of the cat-and-dog life of a pair of wrangling business partners. It is not surprising, therefore, that the piece continues to draw on the slump nights of the week; for the theatres have their regular nightly ebb and flow in the matter of attendance, which at the beginning and end of the week rises to its highest crest, while in the middle it is generally at ebb tide.

The public has been very much keyed up over the war, and during its early phases would have been passionately responsive to any play of patriotic sentiment. But the two months' strain has worn on the collective nerves of the people, who now feel a sense of relief in abandoning themselves to the diversions offered by light and merry plays that contain no painful reminders. "A Pair of Sixes" is of this nature, and, as the company of players includes several well-known names of farceurs, it follows that the audience, remembering the lengthy Eastern runs of the piece, seat themselves with well-justified confidence. These players who are composing the present company are not a trumped-up group of unknown people, as so often happens when they bring out here a big comedy success from the East. The two younger women rôles are probably filled by substitutes for better-known actresses, but Josie Intropidi, thoroughly identified with grotesque rôles in numerous farce productions, Herbert Cortell, Oscar Figman, and Orlando Daly are the names promptly greeted with cheerful expectancy by sedulous patrons of the humorous drama.

The play opens in the business office of the two wrangling partners, and we are plunged at once into the feverishly speedy rush of up-to-date farce. I never yet have seen a company able to resist the automatizing effect of long runs. It is an influence that is almost impossible to evade. But the fact is that the bigger people in the business can and do escape showing the outer effects of its paralyzing influences, however much they may feel them inwardly. Of the four most notable people in the company already mentioned, only one joined the grand army of gabblers, and then only during the first act. This was Orlando Daly, who has a frightfully taxing rôle, which includes heavy wear on his voice and an immense display of leg-and-arm pyrotechnics to express a desperate state of mind. However, from the fact that Mr. Daly was a very potent factor in the success of the scenes of the two other acts, in which he abruptly ceased to be a mere mechanical, even if a physically agile phonograph, we may put his dereliction down to the acute express rate of speed at which the action of the first act is conducted.

The players are well selected. Eleanor Fairbanks is a good type for the gum-chewing stereographer, and her business amuses. But it runs off her like the movements of machinery.

I am convinced from the soulless, even though violent and explosive way in which

he says his lines—for humor, as well as sentiment, has soul—that Orlando Daly's mind is not on what he says during the progress of the earlier scenes. Such a thing as a pause is unknown during the whole act. But no; I am wrong. Oscar Figman dominates the situation for a time, and then the feverish rattle and roaring slows up and we have an opportunity to relax our desperate clutch on the hem of the plot.

This is the curse of our American farce; a rooted conviction that it must be reeled off at this desperate speed, apparently from a conviction on the part of the managers and producers that only thus can the illusion be maintained. The public, or the greater part of it, falls in, evidently unmindful of the fact that by this virtual endorsement they deprive themselves of the opportunity of savoring, in more leisurely style, the better and more really humorous effects of comedy, farcical or otherwise.

However, as I have said, this lightning speed was gratefully absent in the other two acts and the excellent personnel of the company thus more thoroughly manifested.

I have not yet specified Herbert Cortell as the leading comedian of the troupe; a man whose spontaneous humor successfully resists the deadening effects of long runs. As with all instinctive stage humorists, Mr. Cortell's methods defy analysis. One can only say that he exudes humor, that he makes his point every time, and that he continually throws off new and spontaneous bubblings of fun, as evidenced by the difficulty which his co-players show at intervals in mastering their own mirth. Mr. Cortell fills the principal rôle of the piece, that of the partner, who, in the fateful game of poker, lost through the fatal agency of "a pair of sixes," and was obliged to stick to his bond and serve as butler to his former partner. The fun, both literally and metaphorically fast and furious in the first act, became of a much richer flavor in the second, and from then on to the end of the play we were spared any further manifestations of the mechanically regulated output of long-run farce. It was, for the audience, a good, hearty, healthy, outflow of pure, irresponsible, spontaneous laughter, not the less enjoyable, as always proves the case in farce, because the scenes were played out in a domestic atmosphere and revolved around the usual happenings of a normal household.

The two young women who play the rôles of the wife and her bosom friend are neither of them high lights in the dramatic world, but they fit in very well, Miss Bernice Buck, as the wife, contributing an abundance of physical and vocal energy to her fit of hysterics, and Minna Gombel showing so much pretty earnestness as the resourceful sweetheart of the temporary butler as to arouse a suspicion that she has not been too fatally long in the rôle.

Josie Intropidi's great card is to be ludicrous both in make-up and in her style of acting. She goes in for this sort of thing heart and soul, and though hers is not the highest type of humor, she serves it with such self-abandon and completeness as almost to raise it to an art.

There are others of the company who do small parts well, notably Clarence Newcombe, who, as the office-boy, showed a marked ability for giving flying effects of comicality during numerous rapid transits in and out of the business office.

As an indication of the general standing of the company it may be mentioned that Jack Raffael, a good old standby in farce and light comedy, figures as the centre in only one scene in the play, after which he disappears to be seen no more.

Herbert Cortell, by the way, did a momentary bit of burlesque in the last act which showed that this actor adds versatility to his humorous talent. During the very enjoyable engagement at the Columbia of Holbrook Blinn's Princess Players they gave a burlesque playlet called "Food," the poorest, by the way, in their collection, in which at a certain point the author's ingenuity in humorous dialogue gave out and the players were obliged to carry on the idea of burlesque by their acting alone. Now if any one had entered the theatre at this point, unknowing of the earlier and better phases of the playlet, he would have thought the scene on the stage was representing one of real emotion, for the players were not burlesque actors, although skilled in comedy. Not until the kneeling wife seized her husband's leg—a momentary burlesque touch which effectually diverted the alarming gravity settling over the audience—would the newcomer have guessed from the demeanor of the players that humor was supposed to prevail. The talent for burlesque is, in fact, a thing apart, and rather rare. It was not sufficiently present in several of the members of the De Wolf Hopper organization that has just concluded its engagement here, although they were dealing with the best burlesques ever written in the English language. This talent Herbert Cortell showed during the brief scene by the grate, when, as he destroyed the supposititious love letter in a quick, casual, spontaneous way,

he threw in the most unerring touches of burlesque acting. Yes, this Herbert Cortell, who is like nothing so much as a big, fat, irrepressible, and exuberantly comic boy, has the talent and the temperament—for sometimes one goes without the other—and if he could only find some one to write him a real burlesque play or playlet he would most emphatically make good in this most delightful department of humorous drama.

"TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE."

The public doesn't always realize how much it is indebted, not only to the men in the play business who determinedly keep their theatres open during dull times, but also to the confirmed theatre-goers, who make such a course possible. It is a precarious business at best, trying to keep track of the weathercock manifestations of the public taste, of which we can only venture on one certainty—there is nothing fixed about it except its possibilities in the line of the unexpected. Who would have said some years ago, during the epoch when European observers of the American temperament were making pronouncements about our national Puritanism, that we were approaching a long-sustained vogue of bare-legged dancers and semi-nude drama? Yet so it has been. The time is now ripe for a violent reaction. Probably the next thing will be a marked reversion to rural drama.

Back to the land!

Perhaps it is in response to this possibility that there has been a revival of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" this week. The book (I haven't read it) no doubt smells of pine needles and the autumnal spices of mountain woods. The characters, I hope and trust, in John Fox, Jr.'s, book are founded upon such realities as the literary observer can glean among these strange and primitive peoples. But as transplanted into Eugene Walter's play they have become startlingly artificial, creatures of fiction instead of life. And as interpreted by the New York company who are presented in a week's revival of the play at the Columbia they have become a weirdly impossible group of people whose like was never seen on land or sea. I think it must be a case of tiding over a week without a satisfactory booking in order to keep the theatre open for an ungrateful public. Somebody—no names appear as sponsors for the group of unknowns playing at the Columbia—has scrambled together a company, placing Isabelle Lowe at the head of it. The rest of them have evidently had stage directorship of the most astonishing standards, as there is a general family resemblance in the way the company sings and intones its lines. Evidently this unknown coach starts in on his work with this idea well to the fore: "Disturb all inflections and intonations that seem to be copied from life. If you want to say 'Howdy' or 'Good-by,' say it in such a singing tone and with such weird prolongations and unnatural chromatic slides of the voice as in real life would cause a hearer to look at the speaker fixedly and say, 'Here, now, quit your kiddin'.' Study carefully to depart from the normal. Remember this is dialect and the first essential of dialect is that it should be incomprehensible. Never forget that the public is a darn fool, and that anything goes, provided that it isn't like every day."

With these ideas well to the fore in their minds, the "New York Company," consisting of six men and three women, are rumbling and detonating through Walter's play so alarmingly that the furniture jumps and looks apologetic when Judd Tolliver thumps his chest or flourishes his gun. Judd is played by an actor who is a mighty man of thews and sinews, who can (and did) carry the comedian—so called—as if he were a six-months-old babe. If he weren't so pesky extreme in everything he did there might be a certain stogy distinction about this figure of a mighty backwoodsman of a purely physical kind. But his wrinkles look an inch deep, his sunburn approximates the American Indian tint, his wig is a freak, his stride shakes the building, and the inflections of his voice could be reduced to a musical notation. The rest of them—except Isabelle Lowe, who has her own methods—imitate him, or he imitates them, or, presumably, they all faithfully imitate the stage director with the queer standards. However, fascinatingly abnormal as is the collective group, nobody can approximate the tergiversations of Cousin Dave's vocal eccentricities. At first Cousin Dave held us enchained by the grim effort to discover whether or not he really was speaking English. His discourse was a challenge to us, for we occasionally caught a fairly intelligible phrase. This, however, resulted from lapses into good-natured weakness on Cousin Dave's part, which he subsequently sternly repressed, and as the play progressed we were obliged, in mere self-protection, to turn a deaf ear toward the flood of unintelligibility which issued from his relentless lips.

All the men in the company are gifted with big, fine, booming voices, and they played with them, and rode on them, so self-con-

sciously that they succeeded in thoroughly distracting the listener's mind from the meaning of what they were saying to the way they said it. That is a fatal defect in any one, on the stage or off. Any one who is engaged in the painful process of revising and rehabilitating his or her native speech always must suffer a period of critical judgment, attended with some unpopularity, until the process is safely accomplished, simply because during the transition the ambitious one has become self-conscious. It was so with these players. They were all so mightily self-conscious that they deprived us utterly of the ability to lose ourselves in the stage illusion.

Isabelle Lowe was different, but!—twice, when she was dashing across the stage to indicate June's state of mental exasperation, she ended in a slide. That I call unpardonable in any player who considers himself or herself a dramatic artist, or even an attempt at one. Just transport yourself to real life and imagine yourself skating on the soles of your shoes across the floor as the instinctive expression of an attack of jealousy, or a wave of sorrow, or a spurt of resentful defiance. Although there are some pleasing elements in Miss Lowe's work, as, for instance, the impetuous way in which she propounded June's quick counter-questions during her first interview with Jack Hale, yet this lapse alone will show that her standards, too, are false. However, strange enough it is that it is so of Eugene Walter, the pitiless realist, the play itself has an atmosphere of falsity.

Perhaps it was not so in the book. Perhaps John Fox, Jr.'s, Jack Hale addressed the pine as if it were a sentient thing. Perhaps—although I don't believe it—the box of city underwear figured in detail in one of the scenes of the book. Perhaps there was some reason for June coming to the lonesome pine with her hair falling in untidy and inconvenient masses on her shoulders. But I can only say that any woman, mountaineer or no, regarding Charlotte Walker and Isabelle Lowe in the rôle thus uncomfortably groomed, would feel that it was not true to nature simply because it was inconvenient. For I would be willing to wager that one of the first things Mother Eve did, even before she acquired a fig-leaf skirt, was to fasten up her superabundant locks with twigs and vegetable fibre.

Miss Lowe, by the way, is a large-eyed blonde of attractions, although she opens her eyes too wide and piles too much false hair on quite sufficient and much prettier locks.

The scenic element of the play is, in the present production, duly attended to. The stream of real water falls over the cliff, flowers are seen growing around the trunk of "the lonesome pine," and the blue of mountain distances intervenes between the picturesque foreground and the far-off "Gap" in which lies the village metropolis of the simple mountaineers.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

David Belasco, with the assistance of C. R. Macauley, the novelist and cartoonist, is preparing for stage representation a symbolical spectacle called "The Prince of Peace," which, it is hoped, will visualize the final argument in behalf of universal peace. The drama shows Christ as the first apostle of peace and is woven together and made appealingly human by the use of the character in legendary lore, Cartaphilus, the Roman doorkeeper for Pilate, who struck Jesus as He came out of the Hall of Judgment. Therefore, this grim character is made the Dante that wanders with majestic sadness through the world, the philosophic observer of all that transpires in the centuries down which he travels. About 1000 persons will be employed in the presentation of the spectacle, and one of the largest stages in New York will be required. The production will have the financial backing of Andrew Carnegie.

The Irish Players have returned to the stage of their Abbey Theatre in Dublin after wandering about the world and have begun their new season with old plays and new, one of the latter being "A Minute's Wait," a short farce by a neophyte, Martin J. McHugh. The play is a satire on the proverbial tardiness of trains on the small branch lines that penetrate remote sections of Ireland. A thread of a plot is woven through a series of burlesque incidents having to do with life about a small-town depot.

Switzerland is seeking a new national hymn in place of "Rufst due, Mein Vaterland," which is sung to the tune of "My Country 'Tis of Thee" and "God Save the King." It is said that there is some intention of adopting a patriotic song, beginning "Heil dir, Mein Schweizerland," but whether this is to be sung to the same tune or a new one is to be evolved for it is not yet known.

The final performance of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" will be given at the Columbia Theatre this—Saturday night. Isabelle Lowe in the rôle of June has made a great personal success in this play.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Milestones" Coming to the Columbia.

Something entirely out of the ordinary will be the attraction at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks beginning next Monday night, October 5, when that widely discussed and highly praised comedy-drama, "Milestones," is again presented on the stage for a return engagement.

This brilliant play by Arnold Bennett, the novelist, and Edward Knoblauch, author of "Kismet," has made a profound sensation everywhere; both by reason of its unique subject and delightful treatment, and because of the wonderful interpretation by the company of all English artists.

Historically the play is of unusual interest, for its three acts all pass in the same room; the first in 1860, the second in 1885, and the third in 1912. As the play progresses the marked changes in dress, furniture, decorations, sentiments, and manners are all noted. Several of the characters are carried along by the same players through youth and maturity to old age. The charm of the delightful story of the play would be spoiled by even a slight outline of it in this column.

"Milestones" will be presented with a distinguished company of actors who have won high praise in this country during the past two seasons. The members are Florence Born, Mary Goulden, Winifred Latimer, Katherine Herbert, Bettie Barnell, Rupert Harvey, Gerald Rogers, L. G. Carroll, Ernest Lacey, and Gilbert Coleman.

Matinees during the engagement of "Milestones" at the Columbia will be given on Wednesday and Saturday. The mid-week matinees will be given at "Pop" prices, ranging from 25 cents to \$1. There will be no Sunday performances.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Claude Gillingwater, the former associate star of the Leslie Carter, Blanche Bates, Marie Doro, Fritz Scheff, and other memorable productions, and Edith Lyle, the beautiful star of Klaw & Erlanger's "The Winning of Barbara Worth," will head the Orpheum bill next week in their own presentation of "Wives of the Rich," a one-act play so well and so cleverly written and so perfectly produced and acted that it rivets the attention of the audience throughout and stamps Mr. Gillingwater, who wrote it, as an author of extraordinary merit, whose technical art is polished to perfection. It is a triumph of theatrical art, possessing a strange plot, tense action, and an astonishing climax. The two stars are fortunate in the possession of a supporting company of great excellence.

Herbert Ashley and Al Canfield have good voices, which are heard in a rare budget of up-to-date parodies. Their burlesque lines sparkle with wit and repartee. On account of its originality they call their act "A Novel Idea."

The Five Metzetts are wonderful gymnasts. Sylvester Metzetts, the featured member of the company, is the only man in the world to accomplish a triple somersault in mid-air, alighting on the shoulders of one of his associates.

O'Brien Havel, the favorite comedian, and his company have a most appealing offering in a sketch specially written for them by Will M. Cressy, entitled "Monday," the scene of which is laid in the greenroom of a theatre. Singing and dancing of an acrobatic kind add much to its enjoyment.

Joe and Lew Cooper, popular song writers, who know how to sing their own compositions, will be heard in their latest ditties.

Next week will be the last of Charles Ahearn's big comedy cycling act, Wilbur Mack and Nella Walker, and Stan Stanley, the bouncing fellow, and his relatives in their immense laughing hit.

New Programme for Pantages Theatre.

There's plenty of diversity on the new bill that opens at Pantages Theatre, Sunday, October 4, for the new show runs the gamut from a very fine musical act of twenty people to a real circus compressed to vaudeville requirements.

Chiaffarelli's Symphony is the headline act. Its twenty members are musicians of the first order and render a programme of selections calculated to meet the taste of every patron.

Next in importance is a bright little sketch entitled "No Trespassing," presented by Louis J. Winsch and Josephine Poore. This offering is said to teem with brightness and has been a sure-fire hit all along the circuit.

Other acts that go to make this an exceptional bill are: Eddie Love and Jeannette Wilbur, who style themselves "the Flying Meteor and the Aerial Venus"; Schep's Dogs and Ponies; Grace McGinn and Company in a little comedy called "Wanted, a Man"; Gilbert Gerard, an imitator of birds, animals, and instruments; Miss Betty Blythe, the Peacock Princess, and Jack Coogan and Eddie Cox, real comedians. Motion pictures complete the bill.

The Players in "A Pair of Sixes."

It has become so common in the past few years for producers for the stage to surround a single star with players of more or less mediocrity, trusting that the star alone may carry the play to success, that it comes as a pleasant surprise to have a company in which all the players have been proved sufficiently good to have become leading players themselves.

This has been done in "A Pair of Sixes," now at the Cort, by H. H. Frazee, on the theory that each rôle of that bubbling farce of modern business complication is a "star part."

Herbert Corthell, whose rotund personality flashes through the play in one of the leading male rôles, is what has been called a "Broadway player," one of the favored few so well liked by Metropolitan audiences that he has been able to step from one production to another freely, creating new stage characters, and never leave New York.

Oscar Figman, last seen here in the principal comedy rôle of Emma Trentini's "The Firefly," will also be kindly remembered for his excellent work in both "Madame Sherry" and "The Merry Widow."

Orlando Daly has for the past two seasons been leading man for May Irwin in "The Widow by Proxy."

Jack Raffael was last seen here as the stage father of Mizzi Hajos in "The Spring Maid."

Josie Intropidi, last here as "Madam Don-didier" in "The Pink Lady," is another who finds it easy to step back and forth across the dividing line of comic opera and comedy.

Minna Gombel was last season the leading ingénue in "Madam President," the starring vehicle of Miss Fannie Ward.

Bernice Buck last season was leading woman for Raymond Hitchcock in "The Beauty Shop," and is considered by New York critics as one of the most beautiful women on the American stage.

THE MUSIC SEASON

Mme. Fremstad's Four Programmes.

The latest of the grand opera stars to develop into a concert artist of the first rank is Mme. Olive Fremstad, who will open Manager Greenbaum's season with one concert at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland on Friday afternoon, October 16, and one at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday afternoon, October 18.

At both these events she will sing a most unusual and beautiful programme of "lieder." The first group will consist of three of the less frequently heard works of Robert Schumann, and three gems by Eduard Grieg. Part II will be three works by the great modernist, Hugo Wolf. The third group will be made up of folk songs, as follows: "When the Nightingale Sings," troubadour period, 1180; "The Outlaw," a Bulgarian ballad; "Ma Gazelle," Moorish of Algeria; "Hush-a-By, Darling," Scottish, and "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," American. Part IV will introduce some Scandinavian gems by Jean Sibelius, Emil Sjogren, and Sigurd Lie, besides that beautiful work, "Among the Stars," by Felix Weingartner.

The demand for Fremstad concerts is so great that her time will not permit of more than one concert in any city on the tour, so it behooves all who want to hear her to send their mail orders to Mr. Greenbaum as soon as possible.

Pleasing Outlook for Symphony Season.

Bank deposits of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, up to Thursday of this week, show a healthy increase in the sale of season tickets for the ten Friday concerts over the corresponding dates of last year. Therefore there is every reason why optimism should prevail in the musical profession as well as with music lovers.

Boxes and loges have been taken by the following local people: Mrs. C. W. Clark, Mrs. J. L. Flood, Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, Mrs. F. C. Drum, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. W. B. Bourn, Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. W. P. Hammon, Mrs. William Sproule, Mr. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. Henry H. Crocker, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant. Three lower boxes, six upper boxes, and two loges, all of which are desirable, remain unsold.

The sale of season tickets will continue at the offices of Frank W. Healy, 209 Post Street, telephone Sutter 2954, until Saturday evening, October 17. Monday morning, October 19, the sale of single tickets will open at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., the Cort Theatre, and Kohler & Chase's. The sale of season tickets will be continued during the single ticket sale and until noon of the date of the first concert, Friday afternoon, October 23.

Harry Lauder has written a play called "The Night Before," the story relating to the ante-nuptial night of a love-smitten Scot. William Morris will produce it this season. Lauder will not be in the cast.

CURRENT VERSE.

Wimmen.

There are wimmen's faces, lad,
That are wind and fire,
Shtirrin' up the whole world,
Wakin' ould desire!

And there's other wimmen, faith,
Calm and stillthru all,
Shtickin' to their wan love
Till the heavens fall!

Wan's as foine as hell fire;
Wan's as thrue as life!
W'an ye'll leave and weep for,
And wan ye'll take as wife!

I'll Niver Go Home Again.

I'll niver go home again,
Home to the ould sad hills,
Home through the ould soft rain,
Where the curlew calls and thrills!

For I thought to find the ould wee house,
Wid the moss along the wall!
And I thought to hear the crackle-grouse,
And the brae-birds call!

And I sez, I'll find the glad wee burn,
And the bracken in the glen,
And the fairy-thorn beyond the turn,
And the same ould men!

But the ways I'd loved and walked, avick,
Were no more home to me,
Wid their shreeters and turns av starin' brick,
And no ould face to see!

And the ould glad ways I'd helt in mind,
Loike the home av Moira Bawn,
And the ould green turns I'd dreamt to find,
They all were lost and gone!

And the white shebeen beside the leap
Where the racin' wathers swirled
And the burnin' keip-smoke used to creep—
'Tis now another world!

And all thramped out long years ago
By feet I've niver seen
Are the fairy-rings that used to show
Along the low boren!

And the bairns that romped by Tullagh Burn
Whin they saw me stopp'd their play—
Through a mist av tears I tried to turn
And ghost-like creep away!

And I'll niver go home again!
Home to the ould lost years,
Home where the soft warm rain
Drifts loike the drip av tears!

Mother Ireland.

A true and darkeyed Mother Land, ye've mourned
thim day be day,
The chidder av your acbin' breast who've fared
a world away!
Be moorland and be lough and whin, ye've
mourned for all your lost,
But still ye've smiled and still ye've watched and
counted not the cost!

And dark, in faith, the ould hours fell and cold
the ashes grew,
But Ireland, Mother Ireland, still ye've waited
fond and thrue;
And now the Night has vanished, wid the sor-
rows it has known,
We'll hear the call av Ireland, lads, av Ireland
to her own!

Spring in the City.

There's a lad sellin' bird-whistles made out av
lead;
There's a Greek boy wid violet-clumps big as your
head!
There's a promise av buds on the patient ould
trees;
There's a whisper av Spring in the smoke-laden
breeze!
There's a haze on the house-tops, a croon in the
air;
There's a hand-organ throbbin' through Madison
Square;
And the chidder's are dancin' on cobble and flag,
And the Avenoo's thrilled wid the horn from a
drag!

There's a wee sparrow chirpin' as glad as a lark,
And daffodils show in the beds av the Park,
And the gerrils have such posies and pinks on
their heads!
Ye'd be dreamin' their hats were all hyacinth-
beds!

There's a rumble av wheels and the roar av a
car,
And the patter av hoofs, and the odor of tar!
And the riverter, high on yon sky-scraper sills,
Are all rappin' and tappin' like wood-pecker bills;
And there's house-windys open and doors slammin'
shut,
And there's clatter 'and dust, and the Devil
knows what!

But in faith I would give it, the first and the
last,
For wan glimpse av the ould Springs over and
past,
For the call av the cuckoo, the peewit's ould
cry,
And the purple av moorlands against the ould
sky,
And the lough, and the heather, and the valleys
av green,
And the ould shleepy hill-town without a trace!
—From "Irish Poems," by Arthur Stringer.

David Bispham, formerly of the Metro-
politan Opera, is going to portray Benjamin
Franklin in a new play of that name based
on the life of the famous American, and
written by Louis Evan Shipman. It will be
the first time Mr. Bispham ever has faced
an audience without singing.

The San Francisco Quintet Club.

The first concert of the new chamber music organization, "The San Francisco Quintet Club," will be given Sunday afternoon, November 1, in the Colonial Ballroom at the St. Francis. Subscriptions for the season of three concerts are now being received by Will L. Greenbaum at 101 Post Street.

Unusual interest is being manifested in the forthcoming appearance here of the great star, George Arliss, in the production of "Disraeli." This attraction is considered one of the greatest of the season and already theatre-goers are beginning to send in their requests for seats to the Columbia Theatre box-office.

Fritz Kreisler, whose death was reported in battle, is alive, but wounded. He has returned to Vienna to recover from his injuries.

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The play that charmed all San Francisco

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VANITY FAIR.

Here is an extract from an editorial in the most widely read evening newspaper of New York. Immediately above the editorial is a picture of a young woman wildly clutching the place where she thinks her heart is, but isn't, and with a sash around her waist marked "American Suffragist." With the same look on her face that she would adopt if she were to see a mouse in her bed she gazes across the hilly Atlantic at Europe, and we are allowed to infer that she disapproves of what she sees there.

But to return to the editorial. We do not propose to reproduce the whole of it. We have not enough capital letters for that, but here is a single paragraph:

"Well might the women say to the men, 'You are right. We do not go to war. We do not WANT war. If we were equal with you in the making of wars and in the influencing of lawmakers THERE WOULD BE NO WAR.'"

Now isn't that nice? And we were under the impression that women were the most warlike creatures on earth, that they were not only the direct cause of most of the wars on record, but that they had never failed to applaud war, to instigate and to stimulate war, and to profit by war.

But we were misled by the newspapers. For example, we have been reading some of the English journals, and we find that the women have been hanging certain unmentionable feminine garments from their windows, and with the attached label, "For the men who don't enlist." Then again we read speeches by Mrs. Pankhurst and by her dove-like daughter in which these famous and pacifist feminists exhort their male followers to hurry away as fast as God will let them and join the army. But the most remarkable evidence of all was found by a chance reference to the woman's page of a recent issue of the *New York Sun*. It may be argued that the Pankhursts have been momentarily diverted from their naturally pacifist tendencies by the prevailing patriotism, and are therefore no longer representative of the women who do not WANT war, and who are so ready to promise that THERE WOULD BE NO WAR. But there is no such disturbing element in the case of American women, who are not patriotically involved in this war one way or the other. None the less we find nearly two columns of dress notes by Jane Dixon, and Jane is simply palpitating with war—of course from the millinery point of view. She tells us in effect that all women must now dress like soldiers. The Russian blouse, the zouave jacket, the Scottish kilt, the German helmet, the Belgian epaulets, must "all be modified and adapted" to the mode of the moment. And yet women do not WANT war.

Jane says it will go hard with the modiste who does not happen to understand military uniforms, because this is just what women WANT and WILL HAVE. What a pity, says Jane, that our dressmakers can not "get close enough to the battlefields of Europe," not to minister to the wounded, but to get a glimpse of the uniforms. Miss Zouave, she tells us, is hurrying down town to buy one of the new Hussar coats, which are "perfectly fascinating" with their "heavenly shade of blue." She means to have hers in "crushed raspberry," which will doubtless convey a perfectly ripping suggestion of wounds. The French and German uniforms are the best to imitate, but almost anything with the military touch about it can be described as Belgian, because no one seems to know quite what the Belgian uniform is. The German uniform has much to recommend it to pacifist lady voters who do not WANT war, because "it has been likened unto fog rolling in from the sea." And then enthusiasm carries dear Jane right away. It is not enough, she says, that women shall wear military uniforms. The happiest of all thoughts is "that we shall carry our parasols, our umbrellas, our sticks, in the warlike way. 'Tenshun! Shoulder arms! Forward march! Natty little notion, is it not?" And then comes the final outburst. Jane asks, "What will we look like under the military influence?" And she answers from the fulness of her heart, "Easy, my dears! The girls will be more stunning, more beautiful, more irresistible, than ever before; the men more attractive, more fascinating, more manly. They always are."

Now all this horrid nonsense does not appear in a yellow newspaper. It appears in the *New York Sun*, which is not read by nursemaids. Presumably it is acceptable to the average woman with or without a vote. You will note the hungry desire for just a glance at the battlefield, recently described as a heap of corpses nine miles long, and for the sake of getting some fashion hints. You will note the young lady who fancies "crushed raspberry" as a tint for her uniform. You will note the ecstasy of appreciation of everything warlike, and then it will be quite easy to believe that the woman who reads this sort of thing would cheerfully throw her vote for a war with a single eye to the uniforms

that it will call into evidence. And that of course is precisely what she would do, the woman who does not WANT war and who will see to it that THERE WOULD BE NO WAR.

We give our children drums to beat
Before they stand upon their feet;
We give them swords and soldiers gay,
And at the game of war they play.
We bend the twig of humankind,
Yet marvel if the tree's inclined.

Early we learn that might is right,
That life itself is one long fight.
This world's a battlefield, we teach;
Business is war—a common speech.
We bash our brother on the nose,
Yet weep if nations come to blows.

Our poems and pictures, books and plays
The doughty deeds of warriors praise.
Our mode of speech, our mode of life
Are echoes of the ancient strife.
The women dress au militaire,
Yet—"war's a horrible affair,"

—Chicago Tribune.

Miss Ida Tarbell has issued an appeal to American women to do what they can to help during the present crisis. She prints her appeal in the *Woman's Home Companion*, and this is what she has to say by way of indictment:

"What is the label on which we American women pride ourselves? Do we boast that the silk in our gowns came from Massachusetts, the cloth in our coats from Rhode Island, that our hat was designed in Chicago, and our housefurnishings in Grand Rapids? Not we! There is scarcely a woman of us between the Atlantic and the Pacific that does not love the feel of the word 'imported' on her tongue. What were the frantic, he-draggled, moneyless American women who fled from Europe in early August hugging to their breasts? Paris hats and Belgian laces, French silks and Swiss embroideries, Viennese gowns and German hosiery. Of all the tens of thousands of American women who crowded Europe when war seized her, there was scarcely one that was not planning to bring home all her income allowed of finery.

"It is so every year. And what sums they leave behind! And, more important, what stimulus to art and ingenuity they leave behind, though it is only by money we can measure it. What that is, look at their invoices and see. I have examined scores of them which called for from five to thirty thousand dollars in duties.

"These personal importations are but a haggard beside those of merchants, which in many lines run into the tens of millions annually. Hats and bonnets and feathers and flowers come into this country to the tune of at least \$20,000,000 a year; jewelry between \$40,000,000 and \$50,000,000; silks made up and in the piece, nearly \$100,000,000. And so one might go on through the bewildering assortment of articles which make for our elegance."

There was every reason to believe that international sports would be developed to an unprecedented degree during the present year and the year to come, but the god of war has otherwise decreed. Everything is "off." There will be contests galore, but they will be of that grim and implacable kind that spells finality. The America's cup race is canceled. The amateur and open golf championships and the national tennis tournament will doubtless be held, but there will be no foreign contestants. Rheims has something else to think about than the Harmsworth motor-boat contest, and while the international aviation flights are in full swing their realism is of the most deadly variety. There were to have been boat races at Kiel next year, but these have given place to submarine races with obstacles in the shape of mines, and we may doubt if any preparations are being made in Berlin for the Olympic games that were to have been held there in 1916. At the present time America is the only playground in the world and Americans will have to play with themselves for lack of foreigners to play with. We have plenty of stadiums big enough for any possible purpose, and it is not likely that we shall stop playing altogether merely because other people can not play without quarreling. At the same time we may not feel quite in the mood for frolic of this kind. The shadow of the dripping sword is rather too clearly discernible.

Parker Fillmore, author of the new novel, "The Rosie World," went to the Philippines as a teacher. Returning to the United States within three years, he entered the banking business. He has for several years now devoted himself entirely to fiction writing, and has often been in the magazines. "The Rosie World" is chiefly about one of those little Irish clans hidden away here and there in most large American cities. The love story and everything else in it are looked at through the eyes of Rosie O'Brien, perhaps thirteen, who has a newspaper route and mothers everybody within her range. The novel is published by Henry Holt & Co.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A young surgeon received late one evening a note from three of his fellow-practitioners: "Please come over to the club and join us in a game of bridge." "Emilie, dear," he said to his wife, "here I am called away again. It is an important case—there are three other doctors on the spot already."

A young man and young woman on the links were combining the games of golf and wooing. "Here's a quarter, caddie," said the young man, as he started off with his arm around his fair companion's waist: "you want to forget this." "Don't worry, sir," replied the caddie. "I've forgot more about that kind of business than you ever knew."

An old Scotch woman was famous for speaking kindly. No sheep was so dark but she could discover some white spot to point out to those who could see only blackness. One day a gossiping neighbor lost patience with her and said angrily: "Wumman, ye'll hae a guid word to say for the deevil himself." Instantly came the reply: "Weel, he's a vera industrious budy."

Joseph Stransky, conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, once met a newly arrived and rather pompous railroad president at a function of some sort in a New York hotel. After the usual conversation following introduction, the railroad man asked: "What is your occupation?" "Conductor of the Philharmonic," replied Mr. Stransky. "The Philharmonic? Why, I never heard of that railroad."

He came home and found his young wife dissolved in tears. "What do you think has happened?" she cried. "I left the cage open and our canary has flown away." He undertook to give what consolation he might and took the poor distressed lady in his arms. As she nestled against his shoulder a new access of sobs convulsed her. "Ah, George," she murmured in a choking voice, "now I've only you left."

"I am willing to give you something to eat," responded the maid, without any hysterical symptoms, "but you must earn it. Are you willing to do a little light work?" "Yes, ma'am," replied the hobo, wearily sinking down on a bench, "anything to get bread." "That room," said the maid, pointing to the kitchen, "is full of flies. Do you think you can kill them?" "Yes, ma'am," replied the hobo, retaining his comfortable position on the bench. "Just let them come out here one by one."

A canvasser stepped briskly up to Mr. Meeken's desk and laid a small article close to his right hand. "I have here a new letter opener," he said. "A handsome article to be kept on the table of your library, and—" "Pardon me," interrupted Mr. Meeken, without turning his head, "but I have already the best letter-opener and the quickest." "How long have you had it?" persisted the canvasser. "You know there are constant improvements always being introduced." "Mine couldn't be improved," responded Meeken. "I've had her for about two years now—anniversary of the wedding next month."

An agricultural expert, who had been invited to address a state grange, expressed opinions with which a local farmer, a plain, uncultured man, found fault. After some discussion, in which the sense of the meeting was clearly with the farmer, the expert lost his temper. "Sir," he said to his opponent, striving to speak coolly, "do you realize that I have been at two universities, one in this country and one in Germany?" "What of that?" demanded the farmer, with a faintly flickering smile. "I had a calf that nursed two cows, and the observation I made was the more he nursed the greater calf he grew."

The landlord—well, the landlord was quite unpopular. There was a time when Irish landlords were. And Mike and Tim were waiting for him behind a hedge. It was evening and the long hours very slowly passed. "Mike," said Tim, when another hour had gone, "what time is it?" Mike struck a match and looked at his watch. "Eleven-thirty," he whispered. "Is it that?" replied Tim, "an' it's time he was here." Another long wait followed. Then again Tim inquired the hour. "It's ten minutes to twelve," Tim looked anxious. "Is it that?" he exclaimed. "He's late—he's very late. I do be hopin' nothin' has happened to him."

A landlord returning home after an absence of several weeks saw one of his tenants sitting on a stone wall, whistling merrily. The moment that he greeted him, however, the man scowled and began abusing him.

"Why, what's the matter, Pat?" he asked. "Matter is it?" was the answer. "Matter enough, when your stheward is after evicting me, had luck to him!" "Evicted you? What for?" "The old liar pretended me cabin wanted repairing, and as Oi wouldn't let him, shure he put me out." "Never mind," said the landlord, "I hear the cottage you have always wanted is vacant, and I'll let you have that at the same rent." "No, thanking your honor," said Pat, "I couldn't think of it." "But why not? What is to hinder you?" "No, your honor," was the reply, "Oi'd rather have me grievance."

A commercial traveler had been talking his hardest, his most eloquent, his most persuasive for nearly an hour to a shrewd old Yorkshire business man. The old fellow seemed convinced and pleased, and the traveler thought he had his fish landed. But the Yorkshire man said: "There's ma lad, Jock. Ah'd laike him to hear what ye have to say. Will ye coom this afternoon and go over your talk again?" "Certainly, sir; with pleasure," replied the traveler heartily, and at the hour appointed presented himself again for the interview with father and son. Again he went over the points of the article he had to sell—forcibly, eloquently, persuasively. Never had he acquitted himself of a finer "selling talk." When he had finished the old Yorkshire man turned to his son and said enthusiastically: "Do you hear that, Jock? Well, now, that's the way I want ye to sell our goods on the road."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Maximum and Minimum.

Oh, what is this? So round and small,
I hold it in my hand;
A trifling thing, a tiny ball,
A very grain of sand!
Why, that, my friend, is medicine,
Prescribed with matchless skill,
A mighty pellet, sugar-bound;
Why, that's the Doctor's Pill!

And what is this? Rotund and great,
Too large for me to hold;
Proportioned like a fat balloon,
And glittering with gold!
Why, that, my friend, you can not bold,
As you will surely see;
That goodly lump is outward bound,
For that's the Doctor's Fee!

And what is this colossal thing
That fills my soul with awe,
Stupendous in its ample girth,
A monster in the raw?
Why, that is plain dynamic force,
And plenty in reserve,
The puissant will that sends the bill—
Why, that's the Doctor's Nerve!
—Charles Irvin Junkin, in *Smart Set*.

Przemysl.

The trumpets blare in the quivering air
As with bated breath waits Przemysl
For the dread onslaught of war's juggernaut
At the point of the awful syzygy.

The guns will roar at the walls before
The invested city of Przemysl,
While theimps of bell and their horrible yell
To their impious cachinnations.

When the storm does break the earth shall quake
With the shock at the gates of Przemysl,
And the world shall see something up in G
In the annals of seismology.

And should any one read this wartime screed,
And object to its rhymes for Przemysl,
Let him go his way and have his say
Though he choose to rhyme it with Oshkosh.
—New York Sun.

The Climber.

A Climber there was, and she made a dash
(Even as you and I),
For a Dame with a name and a bunch of cash—
We called her a purse-proud sort of trash,
But the Climber thought she was all the splash!
(Even as you and I).

Oh, the teas we make and the trouble we take
And the excellent things we plan,
For the sake of the woman who would not come
(And nothing would ever induce her to come)
To one outside of her clan.

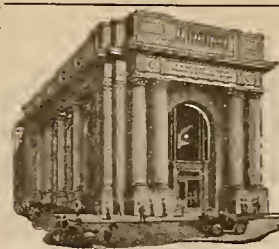
A Climber there was and her goods she spent
(Even as you and I),
Preparing "The Season's Chief Event,"
Though never to such the Grande Dame went,
But the Climber her invitations sent
(Even as you and I).

Oh, the life we waste and the strife we waste,
And the dinners and balls we give,
For the sake of the woman who will not come
(Who hasn't the least inclination to come)
And hardly knows where we live.

The Climber was pierced through her foolish pride
(Even as you and I),
Which she might have expected before she tried,
For the Grand Dame never even replied;
And some of her smiled, but the most of her cried
(Even as you and I).

And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
That hurts like a brand-new shoe;
It's coming to know she never would come
(Seeing at last she never would come)
And never intended to.

—Carolyn Wells, in *Puck*.

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Littell's Living Age and Argonaut.....	9.10		

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Anson P. Hotaling has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Jane Hotaling, to Mr. Alfred Swinnerton, son of Mr. W. A. Swinnerton and Mrs. Minnie Swinnerton. Miss Hotaling is a niece of the Messrs. Frederick Hotaling of Portland and Richard Hotaling of this city.

Mrs. E. W. Hancock has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Elaine Hancock, to Mr. Walter Harvey Bentley. Mr. Bentley is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Irving Bentley and a nephew of Mr. Charles Bentley.

Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Nielson of Pocatello, Idaho, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mattie Nielson, to Lieutenant John Culbertson Thom, U. S. N., who is attached to the U. S. S. *Jupiter*. Miss Nielson is a sister of Lieutenant Joseph Leroy Nielson, U. S. N., who married Miss Helen Nicol.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Leila B. Ewing of Baltimore and Lieutenant William B. McLaurin, U. S. A.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Patton and Mr. George Humphrey-Davies took place Tuesday afternoon at Grace Pro-Cathedral. The bride is a sister of Mrs. Leonard Cheney and an aunt of Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin and Miss Dorothy Berry. Mr. Humphrey-Davies is an Englishman who has resided in this city for several years.

Mrs. Edward H. Mitchell has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Gertrude Mitchell, to Dr. Warren Allen, son of Dr. Woodson Allen and Mrs. Allen of Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Wheeler entertained a large number of guests at a reception at their home on Pacific Avenue. The affair was complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Matt Savage Walton (formerly Miss Lillias Wheeler), and Mr. and Mrs. Bradway Head (formerly Miss Elizabeth Wheeler).

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker entertained a number of friends at a dinner at their home in San Mateo in honor of Mrs. Richard Hammond.

The Misses Elise and Jeannette Bertheau were hostesses at an informal dance at their home in Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear entertained a number of friends Saturday evening at a dinner at their home in Menlo Park. The affair preceded the dance given at the Menlo Golf Club.

Mrs. Paul Fay was hostess recently at a luncheon at her home on Clay Street complimentary to Miss Edna Fay, who will be married shortly to Mr. Marshall Dill.

The Misses Emily and Hannah Du Bois entertained a coterie of their friends at a tea at their home in Belvedere.

Miss Mary Bates gave a bridge-tea yesterday at her home on Clay Street in honor of Miss Mary Jones, who will be married October 8 to Mr. George Henry Cutter.

Miss Louise Whitelaw entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Tuesday at her home in San Rafael in honor of Mrs. Frank Allen and Miss Dorothy Allen.

Miss Elizabeth Bull gave an informal tea recently at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Edith Rucker was hostess at a luncheon last week at her home on Gough Street in honor of Miss Otilla Laine.

Mrs. James Ward gave a luncheon Wednesday at her home on California Street complimentary to Miss Marjorie Emmons, who will be married October 7 to Mr. Albert Coogan of Oakland.

Mrs. Frank Morrison was hostess at a bridge-luncheon at her home in Belvedere.

Mrs. John Nevin was hostess at an informal tea last week at her home on Clay Street. The affair was in honor of Mrs. F. J. Lane of Berkeley.

Mrs. John P. Young was hostess at a bridge-luncheon at her home on Commonwealth Avenue in honor of Mrs. George Haney of New York, who is here on a visit with her sister, Mrs. Charles Groos, Jr.

Miss Marian Lee Mailliard entertained a number of her friends at an informal dance Saturday evening at her home in Belvedere.

Mayor and Mrs. James Rolph, Jr., entertained a number of their friends at a dinner in honor of Señor Anasagasti, the special representative from Argentina to the Panama-Pacific Exposition and Señor D'Alkaine, Señor Positano, and Señor Paa.

Lieutenant Charles Hines, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hines gave a dinner recently at their home at Fort Scott in honor of Colonel Stephen Mills Foote, U. S. A., and Mrs. Foote.

Colonel William Kendall, U. S. A., and Mrs. Kendall were host and hostess at a dinner at their home on Washington Street complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Irving Bentley.

Mrs. John L. Hines entertained a number of her friends Tuesday afternoon at her home in the Presidio.

Mrs. Peter Marquart was hostess at a bridge-tea at her home in the Presidio, the affair being in honor of her sister, Mrs. Joseph Cornelius Kay, of Honolulu.

Colonel McCoy, U. S. A., was host at a reception in his quarters in the Presidio in honor of Major Lund, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lund.

Mrs. Sue Merriman was hostess at a tea given at the officers' mess complimentary to Miss Alice Warner of Monterey and her fiancé, Dr. Hubert Law.

Lieutenant Charles K. Nulsen and Mrs. Nulsen were the complimented guests at a tea-dance given by Miss Aimee Raich at her home in Clay Street.

Dr. Herbert Allen was the complimented guest at a stag dinner Saturday evening given by several friends.

Mrs. Clara Darling gave a tea Friday afternoon at her home on Clay Street. The affair

was in honor of Mrs. J. R. Laine, the mother of Miss Otilla Laine, whose engagement to Mrs. Darling's grandson, Mr. Clinton Lee Montagne, has recently been announced.

Miss Gertrude O'Brien entertained a number of friends at dinner Saturday evening at her home on Buchanan Street.

Mrs. Charles Gilman Norris was the complimented guest at a tea Sunday afternoon given by Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Darrach.

The members of the Burlingame Country Club entertained their friends at a dance Saturday evening.

Miss Dorothy Hogan was the guest of honor at a luncheon Thursday given by Mrs. J. W. Wright at her home on Sacramento Street.

Mrs. Francis Keiran was hostess at a luncheon and bridge party Monday at her home at Mare Island in honor of her house guest, Miss Nell Rauch.

Mrs. Francis David Pryor gave an informal tea at her home on Pacific Avenue Thursday afternoon, when a score of friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Holmes of St. Louis were the complimented guests at a dinner Thursday evening given by Miss Nell Rauch at her home on Broadway.

Miss Emily Huntington was hostess at an informal luncheon Saturday at the home on Pacific Avenue of her parents, Dr. Thomas Huntington and Mrs. Huntington.

Mrs. Bowie Detrick was hostess at an informal luncheon Saturday in honor of Miss Ruth Perkins, who has recently returned from abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood entertained a number of friends at dinner Wednesday evening at their home, Linden Towers, in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Harry Levison gave a luncheon and bridge party Tuesday in honor of Mrs. George Haney of New York.

Mrs. Edson A. Lewis entertained the members of the Bridge Club Friday evening at her home at the Presidio.

Captain William H. Monroe, U. S. A., and Mrs. Monroe gave a dinner Friday evening at their home at Fort Scott.

Mrs. Lewis Tuttle and Mrs. Francis Lincoln entertained a number of friends at a bridge-tea Friday afternoon at the Presidio.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Baldwin and their grandchildren, Miss Evelyn McGraw and Master Baldwin McGraw, have returned from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Matt Savage Walton returned from their wedding trip to the McCloud River and spent a few days with Mrs. Walton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, before departing for their future home in Lexington, Kentucky.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Tobin, who have resided in San Mateo since their marriage two years ago, have rented a house on Broadway and Buchanan Street, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Johnston are again occupying their home on Pacific Avenue after a three months' automobile tour through the state.

Mrs. Robert Chester Foute, Miss Augusta Foute, and Miss Helen Wright will sail today on the *St. Paul* from Liverpool and will visit relatives and friends in the East before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Edward White arrived last week in their touring car from Santa Barbara and spent several days at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Mailliard are established in their new home in Belvedere, where they have decided to remain during the winter. Mrs. Mailliard was formerly Miss Kate Peterson.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Macdonald have returned to their home in Presidio Terrace after having spent the summer in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Filer, who have been spending the summer in Santa Barbara, will come to town for the winter season and will be at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Cyrus Walker and Mrs. Amy Talbot will spend the next two weeks enjoying an automobile tour from Los Angeles to the Grand Cañon and from there to this city. They have been spending the past month in Santa Barbara. Owing to the war Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Talbot were obliged to abandon their contemplated tour of the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla, Miss Leontine de Sabla, and Mrs. Clement Tobin arrived last week in New York from Europe and are expected home next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Preusser sailed last Saturday for the Orient. Mrs. Preusser was formerly Miss Serena Bland.

Mrs. Drummond MacGavin and her two little daughters, who have been spending the past two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Walter MacGavin, are established in a flat on Locust and Clay Streets, where they will be joined before the holidays by Mr. MacGavin, whose business interests are detaining him in Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Splivalo have gone to San Mateo to reside. They are occupying the Galloway house.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Casey are planning to move about November 1 into their new home on Devisadero Street.

Mrs. Murray Sargent and their little son have returned to their home in New Haven after having spent the summer in Woodside with Mrs. Sargent's mother and sisters, Mrs. James Cunningham and the Misses Sarah and Elizabeth Cunningham.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Buckingham have come from Belvedere to spend the winter months in town. They are established in a home on Green Street, where they will remain until March, when they will go to their ranch in Colusa County to reside.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lee Hathaway and Miss Marie Hathaway have returned from their country home and are again occupying their apartment on Gough Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hogan and Miss Dorothy Hogan have returned from San Mateo and have rented the former home on Washington Street of

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffin, who are established on Broadway near Van Ness Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. John Martin, Jr., have returned from their wedding trip to Southern California and are visiting the bride's mother, Mrs. Bromwell, in Oakland.

Mrs. Richard Hammond left last week for the East to spend the winter with relatives.

Rev. Edward Morgan has returned from England, where he has been spending the summer.

Mrs. Eleanor Hyde-Smith has come from Honolulu to spend several months with her daughter, Mrs. Baldwin Wood, and her sisters, Mrs. Alexander Garceau and Miss Mary Hyde.

Mrs. Frederick Hussey has returned to her home in New York after a visit in this city with her grandmother, Mrs. Simeon Wenban.

Mr. and Mrs. Cbauncey Goodrich (formerly Miss Henriette Blanding) have returned from their wedding trip to the Grand Cañon and have rented an apartment on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford have returned to their ranch near Playto after a few days' visit at the Fairmont Hotel. They came to town to attend the wedding of Miss Gertrude Jolliffe and Dr. Herbert Allen.

Mr. and Mrs. Gay Lombard of Portland, Oregon, have taken an apartment at Stanford Court, intending to reside permanently in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland will sail October 6 from London for America and will spend several weeks in the East before returning home.

Mrs. Alice Ames Robbins and her two sons will remain here indefinitely with Mrs. Robbins' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pelham Ames, who are settled in a home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. George Barr Baker arrived Sunday from her home in New York and is visiting her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Roy M. Pike at their residence on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Crawford W. Clark, Mrs. M. C. Porter, Mrs. J. B. Wright, and Miss Laura Baldwin arrived last week from Europe, their extensive travels having been suddenly terminated by the war.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Inchcape Rock.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from Heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The holy Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surges' swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The Sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled around,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph, the Rover, walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess;
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat;
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And cut the Bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the Bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose, and burst around.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the
Rock

Will not bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph, the Rover, sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They can not see the Sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it bath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising Moon."

"Canst bear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For yonder, methinks, should be the shore."
"Now where we are I can not tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—
"O Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph, the Rover, tore his hair;
He cursed himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But, even in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound he seemed to hear,—
A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

—Robert Southey.

The home of Lieutenant Ralph C. Harrison, U. S. A., and Mrs. Harrison has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Mrs. Charles L. Phillips, wife of Colonel Phillips, is visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Lieutenant Harrison and Mrs. Harrison, at their home in the Presidio.

General Charles Bailey and Mrs. Bailey and their daughters, the Misses Omira and Polly Bailey, have arrived from Fort Cotton en route to the Philippine Islands, where General Bailey has been ordered for duty.

Lieutenant Henry Kent Hewitt, U. S. N., has recently been promoted to senior Lieutenant and ordered to the Annapolis Navy Yard. Mrs. Hewitt was formerly Miss Floride Hunt.

Lieutenant Robert Leo Irvine, U. S. N., and Mrs. Irvine, who have been in Washington, D. C., for the past two years, are soon to arrive in this city and will be the guests of Mrs. Irvine's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Klink. Lieutenant Irvine has been ordered to the U. S. S. *Oregon*, now at Bremerton Navy Yard.

Commander Noble E. Irwin, U. S. N., and his family have taken apartments at the Southmayde on Bush Street.

Lieutenant Kirkwood Donavin, U. S. N., and Mrs. Donavin are settled in their home at Annapolis, where they will be stationed for three years.

Lieutenant I. C. Bogart, U. S. N., has been ordered from the Naval Academy to duty in this city.

Brigadier-General C. J. Bailey, U. S. A., is in the city en route to Manila. Until the sailing of the transport he is staying at 2015 Franklin Street.

Captain William H. Tefft, U. S. Medical Corps, will soon arrive in this city to assume the duties of attending surgeon and medical superintendent of the army transport service.

Lieutenant Basil D. Edwards has been detailed for duty in the judge-advocate-general's department of the Western Department.

Mrs. J. C. Johnson, wife of Major Johnson, U. S. A., will sail on the transport leaving October 5 for the Philippine Islands.

Lieutenant Verne R. Bell, U. S. A., has been detailed for general recruiting service and will leave shortly for Salt Lake City.

Colonel Chase W. Kennedy has been ordered to Texas City for duty as chief of staff for the Second Division.

An Art Exhibition.

An exhibition of thirty of F. Hopkinson Smith's water-color paintings of scenes in Venice, Dordrecht, Bruges, and other places in Europe, and a collection of the author's published works, will be held in the art gallery of Paul Elder & Co. beginning October 5 at three o'clock.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. John Rounsevell has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Rounsevell was formerly Miss Laura Farnsworth.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Merrill has been brightened by the advent of a son.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

By a vote of thirteen to five the supervisors on Tuesday decided to submit the price of \$34,500,000 asked by the Spring Valley Water Company for its properties to the people for their ultimate decision after the November election. This action of the supervisors is the result of nearly a year of negotiations with the Spring Valley Water Company, which cost the city about \$100,000 for appraisal and a study of the water properties by experts.

John C. Wilson, San Francisco stockbroker, has been awarded \$40,000 by Superior Judge Seawell in a suit brought against him by Albert E. Tower, the New York millionaire iron man. Tower sued Wilson in the settlement of the Oro Rico mining corporation of Mariposa County. Wilson brought a cross-complaint involving further mining and stock deals with Tower and won the decision.

S. W. Levy, local insurance agent, has been awarded \$14,000 and costs by Judge Van Fleet in the United States district court in a suit against the Caledonian Fire Insurance Company, which has been pending more than eight years. The suit involved a back salary of \$1000 a month due Levy as a broker of the insurance company.

The board of supervisors has been petitioned by the Polk and Larkin District Association to consider the offer of the organization regarding the installation of electroliners. The association has offered to pay, through the business men of the district, \$5000 for the installing of the electroliners. The city would have to pay but \$500.

Twenty-one counties of the state opened their apple show on Thursday night in a tented pavilion at Eighth and Market Streets. The finest apples grown in California are on exhibition, and many novel effects have been introduced through the medium of the fruit, green and dried.

Among the new exhibits at the Golden Gate Park Museum is a small guitar, once owned and played by Robert Louis Stevenson. Another donation is a cane used by David C. Broderick on the morning of his duel with Judge David S. Terry.

Leopold Schmidt, well-known brewer of California, is dead in Bellingham, Washington, a victim of heart failure. He was founder and president of the Acme Brewing Company of this city.

The Associated Charities met recently at luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis and heard reports of officers and committees. Dr. Dodge, chairman of the finance committee,

reported a deficit of \$15,000, and said this probably would be increased to \$32,000 by the end of the year, even if all old subscriptions were renewed.

Jesse W. Lilienthal, president of the United Railroads, has addressed a communication to his employees, setting forth his views on the matter of employing aliens. He believes that all employers should turn their backs on the type of foreigner who comes here simply to exploit the country and then return to his native land. Lilienthal says that he may issue an order soon forbidding the employment of any man not an American citizen or who has not taken out his first papers.

Harriet McCarthy, the owner of the Victoria Hotel property at Stockton and Bush Streets, has brought a suit against the city for \$47,729.32, alleging that the property has been damaged that sum by the Stockton Street tunnel. Damages to the amount of \$7000 were allowed by the city before work was begun.

Four carloads of "undesirables" have been shipped from the immigration station at Angel Island to New York to be deported. This is the largest number of deportations in California. The reason there are so many is that since the European war the government has not attempted to deport any aliens.

Mrs. Annette Abbott Adams, a San Francisco attorney, has been appointed assistant United States district attorney in the office of United States District Attorney John W. Preston. Preston has worked assiduously for many months for her appointment.

Henry E. Lee, a local attorney, has filed suit in the superior court against the Foreign Mines Development Company, the California Trona Company, the Burns Detective Agency, Gus Wilkinson, and J. K. Hutchinson to recover \$101,000 damages for alleged malicious arrest and prosecution. Lee filed a similar suit three weeks ago against the same defendants asking a total judgment of \$300,000.

President Max J. Kuhl of the police commission tendered his resignation to Mayor Rolph Tuesday morning and Wednesday night the post was offered to former Police Commissioner James Woods, manager of the Hotel St. Francis. Woods told the mayor that he would like nothing better than being once more a member of his official family, and he hoped to arrange his private affairs so that he could take the place.

The D. Samuels Lace House soon will retire from business and the concern, which has been one of the features of the city's dry goods district for half a century, will be no

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more. Louis T. Samuels announces that the determination to retire had not been arrived at as the result of any lack of confidence in San Francisco, as the members of the firm were completing plans to embark on a new business venture which, at the outset, would employ 150 men and women. The premises now occupied by the D. Samuels Lace House, Stockton and O'Farrell Streets, will be subdivided into separate stores.

Fruit and Flower Mart.

A "Fruit and Flower Mart" is to be held at the University of California on Friday and Saturday, October 16 and 17; by the students of the College of Agriculture. Since the agricultural building is too small for the need the display will be held out of doors. The rich profusion of California's products will be displayed on alternate tiers of the Greek Theatre. Every county's fruit will be exhibited separately. Carloads of forest trees and quantities of flowers will be arranged as decorations by the students in forestry, floriculture, and landscape gardening. Each member of thirty different boys' agricultural clubs, from all over California, will come to the Fruit and Flower Mart on its second day, Saturday, October 17, as part of a trip to the University Farm at Davis. That afternoon the growing contest prize-winners from most of these clubs are to start for a four weeks' trip to Washington. The fruits and flowers exhibited will all be sold to aid the work of the boys' agricultural clubs throughout California.

Greek is no longer to be required by the University of California for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In this change the faculty has now accepted the approved practice of the foremost American universities. The three colleges of letters, social sciences, and natural sciences are now to be combined into a single "College of Letters." The one degree of A. B. will be granted instead of A. B., B. L., and B. S., as heretofore. Hereafter the degree of Bachelor of Sciences will be for graduates in the applied sciences, such as electrical or civil engineering, mining, agriculture, and chemistry.

No more striking example of the devastating impact of war upon artistic culture and civilization could be found than the sudden termination of the performance of "Parsifal" at the end of its first part, at Bayreuth, on August 1, when the announcement of war was made, and singers, members of the orchestra, and of the audience left on the instant.

"Did she marry well?" "No; it was a case of true love."—Harvard Lampoon.

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MATTHEW HAMILTON,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1914.

(Seal)

HUGH T. SIME,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires July 2, 1917.)

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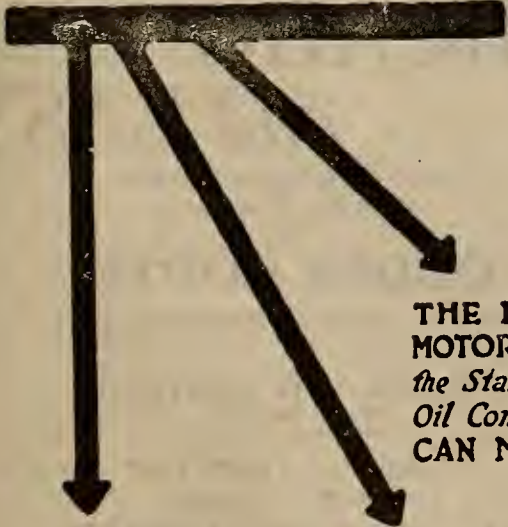
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"How's everything in your house?" asked Smith. "Oh," replied Brown, "she's all right."—*Saturday Journal*.

"Jones has offered to sell his automobile at a low figure." "Which is broke, Jones or the machine?"—*Boston Transcript*.

Greene—How much are you going to pay for your auto? Gray—I don't know yet how much I can raise on my house.—*Judge*.

Dyer—Higbee was one of the best men that ever lived. Ryer—How do you know? Dyer—I married his widow.—*Town Topics*.

Willie—Paw, why is the way of the transgressor hard? Paw—Because so many people have tramped on it, my son.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Buttons—Get up! Get up! The hotel's afire! *Scottish Gentleman*—Richt, laddie; but if I do, mind ye, I'll no pay for the bed.—*Answers*.

Steen Father—I hear you were out gambling last night. Is it true? Gay Youth—No, sir; I was in—seventeen dollars.—*New York Journal*.

Evangelist—Young man, you are on the road to hell. Young Man—Maybe I am, sir, but I'm not going so fast that I can't enjoy the scenery.—*Puck*.

Barnes Tormer—Talk about your frosts! Why, a boy came down from the gallery and wanted his money back because he was afraid to stay alone.—*Life*.

Rockleigh—I bought this picture in London. Do you think it's a genuine Titian? Expert—No, I rather think it's a repetition.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Do I make myself plain?" cried the suffragette. "Somebody has, if you haven't," came a male voice from the extreme rear of the hall.—*Detroit Saturday Night*.

"Doctor, do you believe in people taking vacations?" "Considering the practice it brings me I should be an igrate to decry the custom."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Ah, my poor man," said the benevolent old lady, "I suppose you are often pinched by want and hunger, are you not?" "Yessum, and cops."—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune*.

"Mrs. Chink has hit on a plan to keep her husband from smoking in the parlor." "What did she do?" "She hung the portraits of her three former husbands there."—*Chicago Record*.

St. Peter—You can't come in here. Reporter—I guess I can (*shows badge*). St. Peter—Not on that; that lets you inside the fire lines. This is the other place.—*The Club-Fellow*.

"What is Cholly so indignant about?" "He was about to offer a girl a platonic regard." "Well?" "She spoke first, and told him that was all she could offer him."—*Kansas City Journal*.

"And are the divorce laws so very liberal in your section?" "Liberal? Say! They are so liberal that nobody ever heard of a woman crying at a wedding out there."—*Detroit Journal*.

"Since the war began the women have been taking the places of the men on the Paris street-cars." "Well, they'd do it here, but the men are too ill-mannered to get up."—*Buffalo Express*.

"Let me see," said the editor to a new acquisition, a graduate of the college of journalism. "I hardly know what to put you at." "Until you decide," replied the man, "I'll sit down and write a few leading editorials."—*Topeka Journal*.

"Everything seems to be going up in price. Would you believe it, it costs almost as much nowadays to dress a child as it does a grown person?" "I don't doubt it at all. Only yesterday I had to buy a new dog collar for Fifi and the prices have almost doubled."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"What are you fellows going to say when people ask you why you haven't been more economical?" "Who is going to ask us such a question?" demanded the congressman. "My people want to know why I have not secured more appropriations for 'em."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Ethel—Oh, dear me! I don't know what to think! Algy asked me last night if I wouldn't like to have something around the house that I could love, and that would love me. Edith—Well? Ethel—Well, I don't know whether he means himself, or whether he is thinking of buying me a dog!—*Puck*.

Clancy was somewhat amazed when he saw the throng that came to attend poor Casey's wake. "Begorra," mused Clancy, "a man never knows how many friends he has until they come to his funeral."

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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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A Telling Protest.

The population of the United States is in round numbers 100,000,000. The State of California has a population of 2,250,000. By an easy calculation it will be seen that the population of California is approximately $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent of the population of the whole country.

The so-called war-tax bill now before Congress proposes to raise in internal revenue taxes \$105,000,000, and of this amount California is called upon to contribute somewhere between \$10,000,000 and \$12,000,000. That is, $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent of the population of the country which happens to live in California is under the proposed measure required to pay more than 10 per cent of the special tax.

These figures were made the basis of an effective speech in the House of Representatives last week by Representative Curry of California. "I think," he said, "that no gentleman on this floor can defend that as an equitable distribution of the burdens of government."

Proceeding in his exposition, Mr. Curry declared that the tax on California wines alone is calculated to reduce a revenue of \$6,000,000 per year. Dry wine, he informed his colleagues, is sold in wineries in bulk for from 16 cents to 19 cents per gallon, and sweet wine for an average of $29\frac{1}{2}$ cents per gallon. This bill, he

pointed out, will put a tax of from 100 per cent to 150 per cent on dry wine and 100 per cent on sweet wine. Concluding, he said:

The wineries can not stand this tax. Their capitalization represents actual investment. There is no watered stock in their corporations. During the past few years dividends have been few, small, and far between. If the tax is imposed they may slightly raise the price of wine and take part of the tax out of the consumer, but they will reduce the price of grapes, and the farmer, the vineyardist who heretofore sold his grapes to the winery for from \$7.50 to \$11 per ton, will be compelled to accept very much less. * * *

I hope this enormous tax will not be imposed by the Congress on our grape and wine industry. No other country, not even one of those engaged in war, has imposed such a burden of taxation on its viticultural industry.

Thrift, Horatio!

At times various and sundry during the past eighteen months the Argonaut has had occasion to commend the President, certain members of his family, his Secretary of State, and others of his domestic and official circle in connection with the exploitation under unusual circumstances of a principle important in its relation to the practical economy of life. Thrift, we are told in a time-worn maxim, is the wealth of nations. It follows logically that thrift is a duty of citizenship, a duty especially obligatory upon those whom the fortune of circumstance has placed in positions of commanding influence. Happy is the land which from the example of its ruling caste receives inspirations tending to promote in the life of the people concrete response to the obligations of patriotism as illustrated in the practice of individual thrift.

The picture presented to the country by the Wilson family has indeed been calculated in the fine phrase of the Father of his Country to please the judicious. There was Papa, between election and inauguration, not only refurbishing up his old books in new editions, but taking time to formulate a "New Freedom," at the modest price of \$1 per. Nor did the President have long to labor alone. With a fine sympathetic coöperation the several members of his family rose to his high conception of moral duty in the matter of stimulating by example the spirit of thrift in the American people. Daughter Margaret, contracting with a firm of phonograph record makers, gave to the country a series of songs by "the daughter of the President." Daughter Eleanor, for a consideration, gave the use of her name as "contributing editor" to the front page of a back-country journal busy in the work of uplift. Daughter Jessie was too soon caught in the mesh of matrimony to make personal contribution to the cause. But her husband, making amends for any possible lack of spirit on her part, speedily became imbued with the spirit of his new connection, and abandoning his profession, hired himself out in the interesting character of presidential son-in-law as a solicitor for funds in promotion of a fresh-water college. Concurrently there developed in the Secretary of State an enthusiasm for thrift. He has said that he didn't really need the money. But he felt it incumbent upon him to maintain the fixed standard of individual thrift established by industrious habits in his pre-official days.

It would be a gracious office to further exploit the inspirational activities of an administration which has surpassed all that have gone before it in enforcing the doctrine of thrift. But it is perhaps sufficient to say that pretty much everybody connected with the works has contrived to get his fin in so to speak.

It now appears that the fine example of the higher official circle is about to flower forth in compliment of imitation on the part of another national dignitary, albeit one of lesser magnitude. The example of the house regnant has not been lost upon the house presumptive. Vice-President Marshall—and Mrs. Mar-

shall—if we may credit current information, are now to lend their energies and their diplomacies with the full lustre of such dignity as attaches to secondary official status to exemplification of the doctrine of thrift. The secret comes to us somewhat circuitously in the form of a letter which a friend of the Argonaut in the one-night stand of Wilmerding, Pennsylvania, has kindly forwarded:

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WILKINSBURG, PENNA., July 27, 1914.

Mr. E. W. Tomlinson, General Secretary, Y. M. C. A., Wilmerding, Penna.—

DEAR MR. TOMLINSON: Under separate cover I am mailing to you, at your request, three Circulars of Vice-President Marshall.

I believe I before mentioned to you the Vice-President's terms for a lecture engagement, namely, \$300.00. And I believe I also mentioned to you that we undertake to deliver Mrs. Marshall, along with the Vice-President. The two travel together. Where the Vice-President has been, the ladies of the town have usually given a reception in honor of Mrs. Marshall, making a society event of the function. This is followed by a banquet, given in honor of both, and afterwards there is adjournment for the lecture by the Vice-President. The whole arrangement has the approval of Vice-President Marshall, and both he and his wife enter into it in the most friendly and delightful manner.

The Vice-President is sold at Kittanning, and as I have outlined it, this is the programme that they are carrying out there. It will be the same at Greensburg, Catawissa, and Mercersburg Academy, etc.

I will be glad to hear further from you. For the last ten days we have been engaged in routing the attractions for the coming Winter Season, and I will be glad to include Wilmerding in the Vice-President's schedule.

With all good regard,

Sincerely yours,

P. M. NEILSON.

To those who would enjoy to the full the superfine flavor of this letter we advise a second reading. "The Vice-President's charge for a lecture is \$300"—terms identical with those of Mr. Bryan. This shows Mr. Marshall to be a modest man. One of arrogant and presumptuous tendencies would have gone fifty to one hundred higher if to no other end than to show the Secretary of State his place. There is the grace of concession in a schedule which leaves the issue of precedence in the vaudeville sphere between Vice-President and Secretary of State still open.

"You understand," says the impresario, "that we undertake to deliver Mrs. Marshall along with the Vice-President." To avoid possible misapprehension, we make haste to suggest that this remark must not be taken in the sense of its familiar and domestic use. Rarely, if ever, may your press agent be taken literally at his word. Mrs. Marshall is to be delivered, of course, only in the commercial sense.

"The two travel together." Here we observe the placing of a delicate line between professional diplomacy and old-fashioned ideas of domestic propriety. It is not in form, under rules as laid down and practiced in the world of vaudeville, for husband and wife to travel together. There is a fascinating touch of the piquant, not without its value as adjudged by the box-office, if husband and wife cut each other in favor of other and ostentatiously preferred companionship. It is a better card, we are told, even when husband and wife appear together, that it should be understood that they are no longer on conventional terms, but that they duly hate and avoid each other and come together only for the stage stunts which neither may do without assistance. A programme under this principle might easily have been arranged for Mr. and Mrs. Marshall. But such a bluff might in the view of captious critics have been out of keeping with the dignities of the vice-presidential status, always of course to be duly respected. It is perhaps just as well to make concession to old-fashioned ideas. "The two travel together!" There is the suggestion of a sweet domesticity in the announce-

ment. Under all the circumstances what is lost in spice may be made up through appeal to what remains of old-time prejudice for the now out-dated sanctities of domestic life.

"Where the Vice-President has been the ladies of the town have usually given a reception in honor of Mrs. Marshall." Here again we must counsel a discriminating punctilio on the part of the reader. In his haste and enthusiasm your press agent not infrequently employs words in a way tending to mislead a careless reader. What here he appears to say—at first blush, so to speak—we are glad to believe he does not mean. It might indeed happen almost as he has spoken in certain centres of the unconventional West. But in prim Pennsylvania, which still breathes the atmosphere of the Quaker tradition—no, we will not believe it!

"The whole arrangement has the approval of Vice-President Marshall, and both he and his wife enter into it in the most friendly and delightful manner." Could anything be smoother? Could there be a more interesting or stimulating example of domestic sympathy and business calculation in working coöperation? It is team work at its best. The marvelous Marshalls—Tom and Lois—in an unparalleled exhibition of sweet domesticity and business thrift. Don't miss them!

"The Vice-President is sold at Kittanning. * * *

This is the programme that they are carrying out there. It will be the same at Greensburg, Catawissa, and Mercersburg Academy." Again to avoid misunderstanding we hasten to note that the Vice-President is "sold" only in the sense of the impresario's trade lingo. And everywhere, it is to be observed, the same procedure is carried out. There is no slighting of one-night stands. The full programme goes everywhere—reception, banquet, and—can we doubt it—appropriate changes of costume on the part of Mrs. Marshall. With a scheme so delicately and harmoniously arranged, entered into with such friendly and delightful spirit by the star actors, it is no wonder that the spieler, abandoning merely conventional phrase, signs himself "with all good regard." Under such happy inspirations even the hardened heart of a lecture manager may become warm.

It is with a sense of pity that we turn to reflect upon the restrictions which antique standards of propriety imposed upon the good and the great of other days. There was Thomas Jefferson, who lived and died poor. He should have copyrighted the immortal Declaration. There was Patrick Henry, who gave to the war for liberty its most inspiring phrase; he, too, lived and died in comparative poverty. He ought to have set up a box-office at the door of the Virginia House of Burgesses. So Washington if he had had the thrift of a Wilson or a Marshall could have made his pile out of the "Farewell Address." And if good old man Lincoln in relation to practical things had not been something of a boob he would have sold the first rights to the Emancipation Proclamation and gotten out a copyright on the Gettysburg Address. And there was General Sherman, amiable but impracticable man that he was. His phrase, "War is hell," has served the uses of tens of thousands without netting the old man a bean. Jackson's "The Union must and shall be preserved," might, for all the good it did Jackson, have just as well never been uttered. Really the new generation improves upon the old. Wilson and Marshall could give the whole crew, from Bunker Hill to San Juan, cards and spades.

The Supervisors and the Dollar Limit.

The San Francisco city charter (Chapter I, Article 3, Section 11) contains a restriction upon the taxing power popularly known as the "dollar limit." Excluding from its limitation certain defined taxes, the charter declares that the annual levy "shall not exceed the rate of \$1.00 on each \$100.00 valuation of the property assessed." In the same article and chapter it is provided that the dollar limit shall not apply "in case of any great necessity or emergency." But no increase shall be made in the rate of taxation authorized to be levied in any year "unless such increase be authorized by ordinance passed by the unanimous vote of the supervisors and approved by the mayor." The character of such necessity or emergency is required to be recited in the ordinance of authorization.

Now for nearly a decade—since the smash-up of 1906—the dollar limit has been practically a dead

letter. Each year the supervisors as a matter of course and in a spirit quite offhand declare a "great necessity and emergency," and then make the levy what they please—for the current year something more than \$3.00 in the hundred. The smash-up of 1906 has been made a pack horse, so to speak, for the carrying of multiplied liberalities and extravagances, as well as necessities. Anything and everything desired to be done has been ticketed with an "emergency" label and put through precisely as if there were no limit to the taxing power. Practically there has been no limit, and as usual under such circumstances expenditure has run riot. The municipal authorities have bought lands and constructed public buildings and have done a multitude of other things necessary or desired. Salaries of public officials, even the pay of the police force, have been advanced wholesale under the pretext of "great necessity and emergency."

Certain taxpayers, mostly persons whose tax bills are large, have made it a practice in more recent years to pay under protest, upon the theory that the supervisors in doing a world of miscellaneous things under the "emergency" theory have been outside their powers. James D. Phelan, the estate of De Laveaga, several members of the Spreckels family, Pope & Talbot, the Zellerbach Company, the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, Shainwald, Buckbee & Co. (for clients), and many hundred others have duly filed notices of protest with tax payments.

Some time back a test case was brought by a group of protestants in the superior court, Judge J. M. Seawell presiding. The judgment went against them. It was appealed to the supreme court, and we have now in an opinion by Judge Henshaw a judgment of that court overruling Judge Seawell and establishing the claim of the protesting taxpayers in the sums paid by them under protest. The determining point in Judge Seawell's decision was that the declaration of an "emergency" by the board of supervisors was authoritative and final. The supreme court holds to the other view. The board of supervisors is authorized in the opinion of this court to declare an emergency, if there be one; but the declaration of an emergency when there is none does not establish the authority of the board to levy a tax under the emergency plea.

What the next procedure is to be we are not informed. But unquestionably those who have paid "emergency" taxes under protest are now entitled to recover. The sum in the aggregate is very large. Payment will have to be made out of the city treasury; and the meaning of this is that those who have already paid excessive taxes without protesting the same will now be further assessed to make good the excess exacted from the protestants and now to be returned. The small taxpayer, who has not been informed of the conditions or who has not thought it worth while to make protest, must be still further taxed to make up the sum due to certain large property-holders who have had the wit and the prudence to look closely to their interest. It's a nice mess, and as usual in such cases the small taxpayer as compared with the large taxpayer gets the worst of it.

It remains to be said that there ought to be some modification of the system—some revision of the charter—giving to the authorities funds really needed in excess of the dollar limit. We are told that the matter is "under discussion." It ought likewise to be under public observation. In the history of the case as we have already recited it, it may be observed that the board of supervisors needs to be scrutinized in its operations. Left to itself it will pile demands upon demands, exactions upon exactions. The dollar limit is probably below the needs of the municipality. But to remove all restrictions—to establish the rule of no limit—will be ruinous. The situation is one calling for intelligent and scrupulous study of municipal affairs, and the ultimate provision of a reasonable limit to public expenditure, a limit not too low to serve the necessities of the municipality and not high enough to promote extravagance and recklessness.

There is a limit to what property can afford to pay. Establish the tax charge beyond this limit and inevitably you destroy public prosperity, break down property interests, discourage business, thwart progress. Enterprise unreasonably taxed in San Francisco will seek other fields. The problem is one to be considered under the guidance of common sense, of reasonable-

ness, of equity. It goes without saying that it ought not to be left to the taxeaters. Give to the politicians, to those who receive and spend but do not themselves pay, the privilege of taxing, and they will fly into a thousand follies regardless of the fundamental interest of the community, indifferent to what follows so long as their immediate demands may be enforced.

The War—at Stockton.

At a time when public attention is directed with such emphasis to the war in Europe we are liable to overlook another war nearer home, a war that is a damage to our interests and a disgrace to our repute. For some months past the city of Stockton has practically been paralyzed by a strike. Two separate concerns, the Sperry Flour Company and the Stockton Hotel, were found guilty of the heinous crime of employing men who did not belong to a union. Refusing to abdicate their right to control their own property they were attacked in the usual way, first by murderous assaults and then by a strike. This was followed by a combination of employers, who knew that they must either make some sort of a concerted stand or become mere toads under the labor-union harrow. The grounds of the quarrel which now became general were of the simplest and most direct kind. The employers announced that henceforth they would employ whomsoever they pleased, and that they would discriminate neither for nor against any man because of his affiliations. The unions, on the other hand, proclaimed their intention to allow no man to work in Stockton unless he held a union card, that is to say unless he contributed to the personal support of the little knot of criminals headed by Tveitmoe, who has found that forgery is so much less remunerative than labor unionism. There are no complications of wages or hours of labor. There is no other question than the right of the vast majority of American workmen to earn their living with or without the assent of unionism.

Pandemonium broke loose with the announcement of the general strike. No man without the union brand and collar could go to his work without imminent danger of murder on the streets. Already some two hundred men have been more or less severely wounded, and practically no one has been punished or is likely to be punished. The I. W. W. in conjunction with the unions have established a regular rate of pay for assaults, the amount of the remuneration varying according to the gravity of the injury inflicted and the duration of the hospital detention. Bands of women with whips roam the streets, besiege the workshops, and attack whomever is obnoxious to them. Thugs lurk everywhere in dark corners or pursue their villainies in the full light of day.

The police, it need hardly be said, are with the unions and their most effective allies. If their attention is directed toward a victim of the mob they search him on the open street for concealed weapons, and then turn him loose with the significant assurance to his pursuers that he is unarmed—and may therefore be assailed without danger. The courts also are dominated by the unions, just as they are in San Francisco, and even if it were possible to get evidence it would have no weight with the vote-hunting jackals that are to be found among the occupants of the bench. Public opinion, as usual, is either terrified or apathetic, and has no other wish than to get back as speedily as possible to the commercial trough. Even the pulpits are silent and, by their silence, show that they are as willing as ever to serve Satan rather than lose a nickel from the contribution box.

Fortunately the employers are standing firm and presenting an unbroken front. They have only to continue and they will win. Their victory will mean an unprecedented commercial progress for Stockton, just as labor-union dominance elsewhere has meant commercial paralysis, unemployment, poverty, and destitution. Stockton, free from the cancer of an aristocratic unionism, free from caste government, will attract much of the capital that is daily frightened away from San Francisco and other cities. And when the trouble has subsided Stockton will have leisure to see to it that the chief of police, a fellow named Briare, receives some of the attention that his record, past and in the making, has earned for him.

The first passenger train from this city to Humboldt County on the Northwestern Pacific line made the trip Friday of last week.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.

It seemed impossible that another week should pass without a line of real or vital news. But such is the fact. The race to the north has continued all the week and still there is no winner. The lines have grown longer and therefore thinner. Large bodies of men have been detached from the centres and hurried to the north. There have been violent fights at Noyon, Lassigny, and St. Quentin. On Monday the French reported that they had been forced to yield ground in some places. Probably this referred to a French division sent far north to Douai under the belief that the German offensive head had exhausted itself. It is therefore evident that Von Kluck's army has not been outflanked, although the general progress of the defenders had been slightly toward the east and therefore in the direction of the German communications. This long northerly fight is now in semi-circular formation, with a sort of angle at Noyon which the Germans are making desperate efforts to pierce, but as the Germans are on the inside of the circle their reinforcements from the centre have less distance to cover. On the other hand there is good railroad service to the rear of the Allied lines, and this enables them to move their men with speed from one threatened point to another. But although nothing of vital importance has happened it may still be said that time is on the side of the Allies. The extent to which the Germans can reinforce their left by drawing from their centre must be seriously limited, whereas the Allied lines are being strengthened day by day by new arrivals from the south, by fresh drafts from England, and by Indian and colonial troops that are now reaching the front in increasing numbers. But the Germans seem to be drawing some of their forces away from Antwerp if this should prove to be the explanation of the considerable German force now moving in the direction of Lille. At the same time it is this approach to the Belgian frontier to which we must look for an explanation of the attack upon Antwerp.

There have been expressions of surprise at this German attack upon Antwerp. At the time when the invaders had it all their own way in Belgium and when they were actually in possession of Brussels they seemed indifferent to the northern city. Now, with the tide of fortune somewhat against them and with a pressing need for every available man in the south they can yet spare a considerable force for an attack upon Antwerp. But if we put ourselves in the place of the German commander it will be easy to understand his motives. The two western lines, the German right and the French left have been racing northward side by side in the effort to head one another off. They are now only a few miles from the Belgian frontier and to the north of the frontier lies Antwerp with the whole Belgian army, such as it is, behind its forts. Now it is evident that if the Allies continue their progress north into Belgium they might easily get into touch with the Belgian army issuing from Antwerp and then the Belgian army would practically become the left wing of the Allies, and Von Kluck would find himself out-raced, not by the speed of his foes, but by a sudden addition to the length of their line. Now if the Germans should take Antwerp it will mean an end to the Belgian army. They must either surrender or retreat into Holland, where they would be disarmed and detained. A few might possibly escape to the west, but it would be difficult. At the present time the Belgian army is a sort of blister on the German rear, and although it is only a small army it must occupy the attention of a large number of Germans.

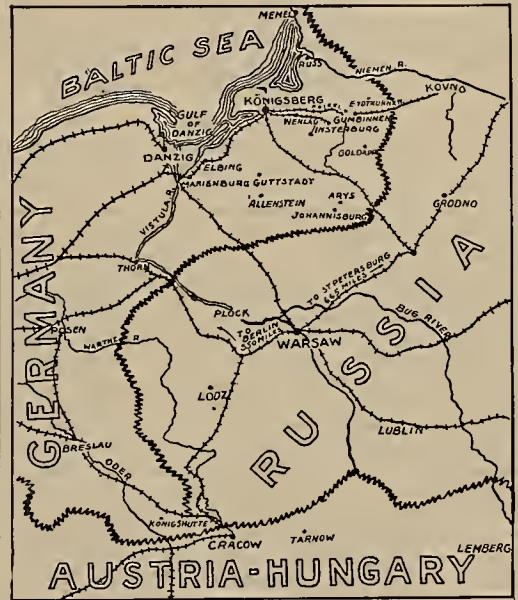
Whether the Germans can take Antwerp remains to be seen. It may be regarded as an axiom that any fortifications can be reduced, if the artillery brought against them is strong enough and if the fortifications are unsupported by an army. Maubeuge was taken because it was isolated. Verdun is still untaken because it is in touch with the French forces. Antwerp is far stronger than Maubeuge or Verdun, and it can also be defended by inundation, although to just what extent no one seems to know. At the moment of writing the German "official" reports say that three forts have been reduced, but this is denied by the Belgians. Probably never before have official reports lied so persistently and so impudently. But in war, lies have a short life.

A great deal has been said about modern war tactics, and we listen attentively to the military expert under the impression that he is the exponent of a vast and intricate science of which the layman knows nothing. As a matter of fact the essentials of military tactics, at least so far as they are exemplified in the present war, can be learned in five minutes by any one. We shall understand every movement of the struggle in France if we will remember that the opposing armies are trying to do one or both of two things—to pierce the centre or turn the flank. The frontal fight has disappeared. That is to say, two extended and rival armies never "go for" each other face to face. They try either to pierce the centre and so cut the enemy's army in two, or they attempt to work round at one or both ends of the line and so to strike at the rear. This latter operation is the turning or flanking movement of which we hear so much. To repeat a simile used last week, it may be said that the two armies now struggling northward are like two ships at sea, racing side by side, and each trying to cross the bow of the other. At the present moment the supreme object of Von Kluck is to guard his communications and to prevent his enemy from stopping his supplies. At the moment a French success became inevitable the whole German army would have to retreat. And this would be a French victory irrespective of the amount of fighting or of the actual damage inflicted. Moreover, we

may be fairly sure that such a retreat would be in good order. There would be no rout or confusion. The whole German force would simply fall back on a new position which has already been carefully selected and fortified and there would be the beginning of a new battle. At the battle of Mukden the Russians were forced to retreat because of the appearance of General Nogi's army on its right flank and threatening its rear and its communications. To understand the meaning of a battle we have to ask where are the lines of communication. Practically every movement will be to attack or to defend them.

But if there is "nothing doing" in the West there seems to be a good deal doing in the East, and we may yet find that the actual cracking of the nut will fall to Russia. It will be remembered that the Russians began their attack at the two most easterly points where their territory adjoins that of their enemy. Had they advanced into Germany from the point opposite Posen they might themselves have been invaded to their rear both from north and south. They therefore sent an army in the direction of Koenigsberg and another army to Lemberg. Lemberg fell nearly at once, but the army in the north was defeated at Allenstein, and fell back eastward to its own frontier, pursued by the Germans, who invaded Russia as far as the Niemen River. In the meantime the Galician army that had taken Lemberg moved westward toward Cracow and southwest toward Vienna, while still another Russian army moved westward from Warsaw toward the frontier and Posen. Now comes a message direct from the Grand Duke Nicholas to General Joffre to the effect that the German army in the north has been disastrously defeated at Augustowo, a point that lies directly to the east of Allenstein and just across the frontier in Russia. The Germans, says the report, are in disorderly flight, abandoning their guns and stores and with small exceptions there are now no Germans upon Russian soil. There is no reason to doubt that this report is substantially true, since the Russians have frankly admitted their reverses wherever they have occurred.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.



This victory means that the invasion of East Prussia will now be resumed, that Koenigsberg will be once more besieged and that the frontier fortresses will be invested and perhaps left in the rear with containing forces.

A glance at the map will show us what is happening to the south, and this is by far the most important scene. The armies that defeated the invading Austrians at Lublin and that took Lemberg have moved steadily westward and are now in the neighborhood of Tarnow and within eighty miles of Cracow. The beaten Austrians have moved back to Cracow and there they have been joined by a German army, the united forces amounting to over one million men. The Russian army is of about the same size, and the advance guards are already feeling each other. Important as is the Russian victory to the north it is almost insignificant in comparison with the imminent struggle to the south. The taking of Cracow would mean an open road to Berlin, 320 miles to the northwest. A decisive Russian victory would be almost a guaranty of an attack upon Berlin within ten weeks. It might even mean an immediate end of the war. The Russian army pointed at Posen could then go forward irresistibly. The German army in East Prussia would have to fall back at top speed or be taken in the rear. No words could exaggerate the importance of this battle in which over two million men will be engaged.

Its prospective effect upon the western war has already been a marked one. Every available man has been withdrawn from France to meet the crisis at Cracow, and to this fact is largely due the sort of stalemate that now prevails in the western field. If the Germans should be beaten at Cracow they must inevitably fall back from France to the defense of the east and leave the protection of the western line to the forts with the minimum of troops needed for their support.

The submarine is formidable enough, but it is not nearly

so formidable as is usually supposed. In the first place it is slow and can rarely be used against a ship in rapid motion. The ordinary submarine can travel at a rate of twelve knots an hour on the surface and about ten knots under the water. It can be seen easily from an aeroplane and its periscope is usually visible above the surface of the water. Darkness gives it a certain advantage, but this advantage is shared by its intended victim. The torpedo, which may be said to be the weapon of the submarine can travel for 4000 yards at a speed of forty-two knots an hour, but it is difficult successfully to aim a torpedo at a moving target. A very small miscalculation of the speed of the target would result in a miss, and if the submarine came close enough to diminish this chance she would probably be seen. If the *Aboukir* had been moving fast she would probably be afloat today, and of course the other two British cruisers were struck while they were stationary. The safety of the warship lies in her continuous motion and in her incessant watchfulness for the tell-tale periscope. Nor must it be supposed that the submarine is exclusively or even mainly a German weapon. Germany owns 27 of these craft and she is building 12. England and France between them have 146, and are building 43. Austria has 10 and Russia 25. During the Russo-Japanese war nearly three hundred torpedoes were fired, but only 5½ per cent were effective, and most of these were aimed at stationary ships. Therefore we need not picture the British fleet as waiting passively and helplessly for destruction. They have only to remember the familiar exhortation of the London policeman to "move on" and their risk will be reduced to a small minimum.

We need not take too seriously the stories of Von Moltke's dismissal for his unwillingness to invade England by Zeppelin airships. It may be true, but it does not sound true. We may have our own opinions of the German emperor and we may be unwilling to violate American neutrality by expressing them, but there is no reason to suppose that he would allow his military judgment, which is of a high order, to be submerged by his anger against England. Now it is perfectly obvious that a fleet of airships sailing over London—assuming that they were allowed to sail over London—could have no conceivable effect upon the fortunes of the war. A rain of bombs would be decidedly uncomfortable, but what of it? They would be insignificant in comparison with the projectiles from a few siege guns. People soon get used to bombs, just as they soon got used to the deadly automobile, and cities have been bombarded for weeks at a time without either panic or thought of surrender. General French is reported to have said that the German emperor's skill in war was worth two army corps to his country, and therefore he is not at all likely to neglect the substance of possible military successes of a real kind for the sake of incursions into England that could not possibly succeed in doing anything worth doing. Whatever is done by order of the emperor may fail, but at least it will not be foolish, and while there may be air raids their objective will presumably be something more useful than dropping bombs on London citizens.

Comment has already been made on the preposterously lying reports "officially" promulgated by some of the European war offices. One wonders who writes them, and why. That there should be a tendency to magnify successes and to minimize reverses is natural enough, but the positive childishness of some of these official stories is almost past belief. They remind us of the reports solemnly printed in Spain during the war with America and to the effect that New York had been destroyed and that vast Spanish armies were beleaguering Boston and Philadelphia. One can only suppose that all this fantastic nonsense is circulated for the benefit of the credulous ignorances at home and that when we are told, for example, that the Austrian armies have met with no reverses at any time and that they have passed steadily from triumph to triumph we may assume that such fairy tales are for home consumption only and are intended to allay domestic apprehensions that may easily become volcanic. But their effect upon the intelligent reader is to cause him to skip all news with certain incriminating head lines. So far we have had only one frank and unvarnished story of reverses, and that is to be found in the first published report of Sir John French, and it may be said that if everything else should fail Sir John French can always find a remunerative job as a special writer on any reputable newspaper.

SIDNEY CORYN.

What the British are undertaking in the Nile country, in the introduction of irrigation plans, was carried out to an interesting extent about 6500 years ago by King Menes. He is credited with the earliest irrigation works, when dykes were made on the west bank of the Nile to retain the flood waters on the land for a longer period, the east bank being left open for the inundation to spend itself freely. Two thousand years later Amenemhat III extended the same system of "basin irrigation" to the east bank, and in order to ward off the danger of a high flood he made Lake Moeris where is now the Fayum. Into this great artificial lake, one of the wonders of the world at that period, the high flood waters were allowed to escape, and from it, when the crest of the flood had passed, the basins of Lower Egypt were kept supplied, without danger of overflowing.

The famous old city of La Paz, Bolivia, located in a valley more than 12,000 feet above the sea, is the highest capital in the world, overtopping Lhasa, the far-famed capital of Tibet, in Asia, by several hundred feet.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE CONTINENT.

A Californian in Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and France.

After a four months' itinerary of every country in Europe—except Russia—I arrived in Berlin June 1. Immediately noticeable was a truculent spirit that far transcended ordinary patriotism; a spirit that in military circles was intensified into arrogance. One idea permeated all classes—that the German army was invincible; and even the Socialists held that the Kaiser was ordained of God to chastise his enemies. It was taught in the schools and preached in the churches; it was agreed in the cafés and insisted in the streets that by prescriptive right Germany should dominate the European world. In all the arts of peace and war Germany was held to be superior and to deserve whatever great gifts lay in the lap of the gods.

From a German standpoint there was much to justify their pride. Their army especially compelled one's admiration. Splendid looking men, well set up, of fine bearing, with nicely fitting uniforms, marching everywhere amid universal cheers. True, there was an undercurrent of grumbling about exorbitant taxes, and a feeling that so grand and costly an army should do something to justify its existence; the latter idea being heartily shared by every officer, who saw promotion whenever actual strife began.

On two previous European visits it was manifest to me that the gospel of hate was being assiduously spread, and I was more sorry than surprised when in Austria, two months later, to hear that war had been declared.

In July, 1910, I wrote from Coblenz on the Rhine that it seemed to me England's policy should be to stop sneering at French frailties, to stop carping at American ways, and combine with France, or else both those countries would suffer severe loss, for it was manifest that Germany contemplated absorbing Belgium, crushing France, and crippling England from the south side of the North Sea and the English Channel. In June, 1914, it was evident that Germany couldn't be readier; indeed the army seemed overtrained and "growing stale." There had to be an upheaval. Primarily the whole trouble arose from the too prevalent existence of those twin jailers of the human mind—ignorance and fear; and all the vaunted culture, progress, and civilization of the twentieth century were evidently to be submerged in blood.

The Austrian demands upon Serbia were prompted by the German Kaiser and were purposely made impossible of compliance. The people of Austria didn't want war, and protested against using their nation as a pawn in the war lord's great game, but their protests were subdued because of fear and low-voiced through further fear of being heard.

It is neither my province nor my purpose to write of the war, its causes or effects, but merely to record a few personal impressions. In Bohemia the people were angry with Austria for allowing itself to be brought into the dreadful quarrel. In Vienna, that most delightful of cities, the people refused to believe in the possibility of conflict. It was in the quaint old fortress town of Salzburg, Austria, and while viewing the tomb of Paracelsus, that I heard of Austria's declaration of war against Serbia. Every one knew what that meant. There were two English words that sprang into immediate use, and were of tremendous meaning; one was "mobilization," the other was "dislocation." All the European nations concerned immediately began to mobilize; all private plans were dislocated. Beside me at the table had sat a French officer; opposite me had daily been seated a Hungarian lieutenant; at one end of the dinner-table was the proprietor, an Austrian employee of Thomas Cook & Son; at the other end had sat an English clergyman. That evening the French officer's seat was vacant. Upon inquiry I was told he had been summoned by wire to Lyons. Later in the evening the Hungarian told me he was going to join his corps in Galicia. The next morning the English clergyman essayed in vain to get a train for London. Armed men seemed to spring from the ground: every inlet and outlet was guarded by soldiers; every train was for soldiers and soldiers only; every one not an Austrian had to give immediate and satisfactory account of himself; every automobile was "commandeered"; every horse was seized and shipped off; hapless tourists straggled in from outlying districts.

I had been viewing human habitations hewn in the solid rock, dating back to the days when hunted Christians took refuge therein from their pagan persecutors, and, according to my scheduled itinerary, was due at Innsbruck, well over toward the western Austrian frontier, on July 29, where on arrival we found the place in an uproar. Ordinarily it is a lovely mountain town, the meeting place and crossing trail for 3000 years of all travel between Italy, Germany, and the Tyrol; but now we found it the seat and centre of war furor. Because of its proximity to friendly Italy and neutral Switzerland, Innsbruck was chosen by Austria as a safe place for the concentration of troops and war supplies, and from the Tyrol, the Dolomites, and all western Austria came trainloads of men and munitions. Each hour arrived hundreds of fresh young fellows, full of lusty life; good-natured, human animals, to be drilled and trained and sent to soldiers' graves. Grim and cruel stood the drillmasters, instructing their willing pupils in the art of wholesale murder.

All courts and civil procedure ceased; martial law was the rule. French and English were deported. Americans were treated with cold courtesy and told that their rooms were required for Austrian officers. I tarried only long enough for my daughter to join me from Berlin, and on the last train

to leave Innsbruck, August 4, we journeyed to Zurich, Switzerland, where defensive mobilization was going on, the scared Swiss with the example of Belgium's violated neutrality before them massing troops along the Austrian, Italian, and German frontiers. The shock and terror of San Francisco's earthquake was not more sudden than the change to thousands of American tourists from peaceful sight-seeing to hurried flight for shelter. From all over they poured into Zurich with one impulse—to "get home." To many the situation was serious; they had return tickets from various European ports, they relied on letters of credit and express checks for funds and had only enough ready money for daily needs. Immediately all steamships were withdrawn, all passages canceled, and, locally, all credits refused. I had an ample letter of credit unused, but couldn't get enough on it to buy a beefsteak. My daughter got \$15.96 in French paper money for a \$20 U. S. gold note, but such a "rake-off" was insufferable, and I cabled San Francisco to cable London to wire funds to my credit in Zurich p. d. q. and in twenty-four hours I was freed from further anxiety.

The American consul's office was now our Mecca. Every day it was thronged with men and women—mostly women—who implored immediate opportunity to return. They were assured that a U. S. battleship with plenty of money would soon be forthcoming, the five hanks agreed to advance £8 every three days to holders of suitable credentials, there was plenty of good wholesome food, the weather was a daily delight, and all hands were exhorted to be patient. Americans, i. e., real Americans, philosophically accepted the situation, but the clamor of hogs Americans rose to the skies. In Berlin I had seen well-dressed Germans tie the Stars and Stripes on dogs and grin in derision as the canines tore the American flag, but now—what a difference! The same people now proclaimed themselves to be "American citizens," wore tiny American flags in their hats and on their breasts, and demanded "protection." Word went out that an "American train," to carry Americans to Geneva, would be accorded right-of-way in a week or so, and people who couldn't talk three words of the American language and who had never seen the United States now claimed to be "American citizens." One Teutonic gentleman who saw me smiling at his clumsy efforts to convince the American consul that he was entitled to a seat in the American train told me that he was an American by choice while I was only an American by accident.

On August 24 I was told by the American consul at Zurich that the next morning an American train would go through to Geneva, and that I had better go while the going was good. So, securing some provisions and mineral water, we started toward the French frontier. Arriving at Geneva we found it to be the neck of the bottle. Thousands of Americans, English, and French were already there eagerly awaiting opportunity to go toward Paris. Ordinary travel was impossible. Our American ambassador at Paris, Mr. Herrick, as a special courtesy on the part of the French government, had the promise of an American train and safe conduct through France and his work was splendidly supplemented by the three American officers at Geneva, who zealously and intelligently arranged the details. There were 1100 English, who as allies of the French of course had first call. August 27 our twice postponed special American train was reported ready. We swarmed to the station, through which thousands were thronging; other thousands sitting on islands of luggage round which flowed confluent currents of restless humanity. Finally the soldiers managed to make a narrow line for the English. On they came, four abreast, 1118 by actual count, each one with a provision sack, a suitcase, a yellow ticket, a consular certificate, and all singing "God Save the King." Posters were up everywhere imploring "all foreigners" to respect the neutrality of Switzerland and to show no national or sectional preference, but as those British passed by we Americans stood and cheered for England. For he it said parenthetically that England's stand in this conflict is commendable and worthy of admiration.

At one p. m. the mandate went forth for all Americans to line up. There were 908 of us. Each one had a permit from the American consul, a passport or a consular certificate: a white ticket stamped, dated, and signed by the American consul, a suitcase, a box of food, a bottle of Vichy. We squeezed and scrouged through dense masses of humanity, all imploring to be taken. My wife, daughter, and self captured a third-class compartment all to ourselves, and amid an indescribable din of cheers and shouting we drew slowly out of the mob and headed for France.

The last thing I saw in Geneva was a determined English lady, who although vociferously announcing that she was a British subject, insisted that she be taken on the American train. She had been refused admission on the English train because she would not be parted from her Japanese servant, to whom entrance had been absolutely denied. She had convinced herself that the Jap could and should and must be taken on the American train, and she clung to the good-natured American consul in hurried endeavor to convince that harassed official that "this is an extraordinary occasion, and if my servant can't get on this train we must remain." He heartily agreed with the lady's statement, but obdurately declined to admit the corollary of her argument. No one but an American citizen could get aboard, and that was all about it.

Probably nothing can better illustrate the existing situation than to reproduce the following, which Lieutenant Greble handed me as "head of the family" as we crossed the French frontier. So far as I know this document is here published

for the first time in the United States. It needs no comment:

UNITED STATES RELIEF COMMISSION

FRENCH PARTY

Paris, August 27, 1914.

1. By special arrangement with the French Government, special trains have been provided sufficient to transport to Paris, within the next four days, not only some three thousand Americans now in Switzerland, but also their baggage. In view of the pressing needs of the government for railway transportation for military purposes, it is evident that these special trains have been provided at a sacrifice, and as a particular mark of favor to the American people.

2. The American Ambassador, in bringing these Americans to Paris, has made himself, to a certain extent, responsible for them. It is necessary that he should at all times know the Paris address of every individual concerned, which would be impossible if each of these individuals, on his arrival in Paris, were to seek his own lodging. Moreover such a procedure would result in confusion in the transportation from the railroad station to hotels, since such transportation is now extremely limited, also in confusion due to overcrowding at some of the hotels and in the handling of baggage.

3. American Army officers, in uniform, will board each special train at Fontainebleau, and will assign each passenger to a hotel or pension, giving all possible consideration to the requirements of each passenger as regards the price he is able to pay. The only exception to this rule will be in the case of passengers who have previously made hotel reservations. As these reservations constitute an agreement with the hotel proprietor concerned, the passengers will be expected to live up to their agreements, but their addresses will be registered by the officers on the train. An American Committee will meet each train at Paris with transportation to hotels.

4. In view of the great consideration shown by the French Government, and in view of the necessities of the case as explained above, it is hoped that Americans will go to the hotels assigned them and remain there until they leave Paris, or get permission at the American Chancery to change their address. The situation may involve some discomfort but no real hardship. It would seem due to our national reputation to accept this situation as it is, and make the best of it.

5. Any American who fails to go to the hotel assigned him, or who later changes his address without notice to the Chancery, will be considered to have voluntarily removed himself from the protection of the Embassy, which will, thereupon, notify the French Government that it disclaims further responsibility in his case. The result will be some form of restraint under martial law.

6. Every passenger will be given, some time after his arrival in Paris, a special "Permis de séjour," entitling him to remain in Paris not more than eight days or to depart therefrom within eight days via the Gare du Nord or the Gare St-Lazare. Those who do not receive such permits within 48 hours after their arrival should make inquiry in reference thereto at the Chancery of the American Embassy, 5, rue de Chaillot (Hours 10 to 12 and 2 to 5). Except for the purpose of this inquiry all persons are urged to remain in their hotels until receipt of the "Permis de séjour." Failure to do so may result in arrest. Persons who wish to remain in Paris longer than eight days must secure an ordinary "Permis de séjour" and those who wish to depart otherwise than by the stations mentioned, an ordinary "Permis de Départ" from the Commissaire de Police for the arrondissement in which they are residing. The address of the Commissaire de Police is to be had from the Concierge. Those who plan to go to England must also obtain a pass entitled "Bon pour l'Angleterre" from the British Consulate general, 6, rue de Montalivet, (Hours 9 to 5). An American passport or a certificate of registration must be exhibited when application is made for the pass. Heads of families and conductors of bona fide touring parties may apply for and obtain passes for those whom they represent, but they must bring all the above required papers for each individual. Failure to comply explicitly with the above instructions relative to police papers involves liability to arrest and detention by the military authorities.

7. The "Rochembeau" sails from Havre on Aug 29th, the "Flandre" on the 31st, the "Touraine" on Sept 2nd, and the "France" on September 5th. All passage except steerage is already booked on the "Rochembeau" and "Flandre" and to great extent on the "Touraine" and "France." Steerage passengers on all these boats have the privileges of first-cabin passengers as regards use of deck space and public cabins. The food furnished is practically the same as at the first-cabin mess. The sleeping accommodations, while not commodious, are clean and comfortable. Persons who are assigned steerage passage at the Embassy, and who refuse to accept the same, will be considered to have forfeited all claim to the assistance of the Embassy at a later date as regards transatlantic passage. All applications for passage should be made at the Embassy, 5, rue François Premier.

8. Baggage of passengers will follow them to their lodgings without further effort on their part. The baggage trains are expected to arrive in Paris the night following the arrival of the corresponding passenger trains.

C. A. HERKIN.

Major, U. S. Cavalry.

Every man is the hero of his own story—and there were many of us bloodless heroes on that train. Each one had some tale, which when hoiled down was but a record of individual annoyance and anxiety. All had a noisy narration except our German—"American" compatriots, who were as mute as mice. Through Austria and Switzerland they had breathed fire and slaughter, but when we began to roll along between lines of French soldiery they shrank behind the curtains of the compartments, for their speech betrayed them and they sought strict seclusion. They had good reason, for orders were given French soldiers to seize spies anywhere, and any one speaking a word of German was, naturally, an object of suspicion. Thus some of our fellow-passengers did not stir from their seats during the entire trip, and did not open their mouths, not even to utter the usual protest against those queer Americans who wanted fresh air while riding in a railway train. We Americans stood at the windows and waved French and American flags, and the whole journey was a continuous line of cheering. French soldiers brought us wine, French women flung flowers and brought children to shake hands, and all hegged for an American flag, no matter how tiny. Our escort had wired ahead for food, etc., along the route, but our English friends "beat us to it." Their train was just an hour ahead of ours, and when we got to a station the birds were picking up the crumbs of what the country people had brought for us, but which *le bon Anglais* had appropriated in our name. We caught up to them at Lyons, where what seemed to be 20,000 people were assembled, the station being the radius of the seething mass. Brass bands were unheard in the mighty volume of the "Marseillaise" from the French soldiers and civilians. Then a thousand English lined up and sang "God Save the King," whereupon we to the number of 800 stood forth and sung and swung "The Star-Spangled Banner," and everybody cheered some more,

and the guns from the forts boomed a tremendous farewell as the English and American trains moved slowly through the dense crowd surrounding three unfortunate Germans held on suspicion of being spies.

We were thirty hours swinging a circuitous route through France; everywhere bounteous crops, with no harvesters, but soldiers standing in unbroken ranks along each side of the railway. Every little while we stopped while trains swept by—trains full of horses, trains full of soldiers, trains full of supplies, long trains of cannon, caissons, war materials; then at intervals trains, or rather strings, of locomotives, twenty to twenty-five in a row—Belgian locomotives rushed south to avoid capture by the Germans. Arriving at Paris, we were assigned by the American relief committee to various hotels and cautioned as to our behavior. We all promised to be good. There was no incentive to be otherwise. Everything was quiet, dark, determined; every one was grim, suspicious, silent. All gaiety was gone; no light, no music, no frivolity; shops closed, hotels deserted, women doing all the work. To me the most noticeable thing was the complete change in the French demeanor; no theatric air, no posing, no evidence anywhere of excitement. It was not the stolidity of the German nor the phlegm of the Dutchman; it was not the dogged sturdiness of the Englishman nor the assurance of the American. It was a quiet, set, steady poise; a manifest "holding in"; a look and bearing that said: "We French must not waste any energy; it is for us to fight and endure, and if necessary die; and in silence." This attitude was so different to my former experience of the Paris character as to exemplify strongly the terrible transformation in human feeling wrought by this most awful of all wars.

I was in the midst of unspeakable human agony; not the actual torture of the battlefield, but a dumb, sustained suspense. In battle in the fullness of his pride and strength little recked the soldier whether the hissing bullet sing his sudden requiem or the cords of life are severed by the sharp steel. 'Tis soon over. But as every additional throng of refugees brought in fresh tales of atrocity, and especially when bombs began dropping from the heavens and the blue sky rained fire, there was a set look of desperate intent in many a face that resembled desire for revenge as the mist resembles the rain.

Where the savage ethics of war rule all customary standards are inverted, all ordinary standpoints transposed. The virtues of war are the vices of peace. What we condemn and punish in the civilian we admire and reward in the soldier. Murder, arson, robbery, and all the dreadful rest of it are foul crimes—in peace, and their perpetrators criminals—in war these deeds are applauded and those who do them are decorated and awarded palms of victory. In peace citizens strive to alleviate misery, prolong life, care for the helpless, provide safety, create prosperity; in war the same citizens, all dressed alike, strive to create misery, end life, exterminate the helpless, provide danger, and produce adversity. Everything is reversed and all the skill, science, culture, and art of the best minds in Europe are now concentrated on an intelligent and successful effort to kill, burn, rob, and destroy. It is a "throw-back" from the twentieth to the fifteenth century. The hands on Time's dial are turned back five hundred years, and much of human progress in that half millennium is destroyed. "A mad world, my masters," this Europe.

Yea, and a madness that may spread. Here, with us, in our own United States, great, powerful, admired, and feared of nations, may be reaped the bitter fruit of blossoms blown to us from across the sea. There are currents in the streams of Time and of national life that though sometimes broken and temporarily checked, yet turn and double in their course with irresistible power and tremendous effect. Such currents are flowing noiselessly but with potency of disaster throughout our own country today, and threaten to smother in hideous depths the fair growth of the years that are past.

My second surprise in Paris was when I asked the hotel proprietor where we had been assigned, his terms. "What can you afford to pay?" was the reply. This was new—to an American—in Paris. He explained that if I "had money" the charge was fifteen francs per day; if I had "a little money" it was ten francs per day; if I was "almost broke" it was seven francs per day. The result was some of us paid fifteen francs and some seven francs per day for precisely the same accommodations. Immediately upon arrival we were told we must not stir out in the street till a permit to remain arrived from the American embassy, but being Americans we couldn't stand for that, and swarmed into the gendarmes' headquarters, four blocks away, where we secured the coveted permit, which with our passports gave us the right to remain in Paris eight days.

But the Germans were only thirty-five miles away, and conditions generally were such that we didn't care to remain eight minutes. However, there were things that must be done. First a visit to the commissaire in the 16th arrondissement, 53 Rue de Longchamps, where I secured permission to depart; then a hot wait of two hours with 300 others on the broiling pavement to get the British consul to vise our passports so that we could go to England, though cheerful notices told us that Boulogne and Calais were closed; that a twice-a-week service was interruptedly maintained between Dieppe and Folkestone, and that there would be a daily service from Havre to Southampton till September 5; but that only English subjects were allowed to enter Southampton; then another grilling wait at the Credit Lyonnais, 19

Boulevard des Italiens, to get necessary money; next day a patient vigil in front of the American committee's office and a satisfactory interview with the clever and courteous French-American in charge; then a struggle for a place in front of 6 Rue Auber in the centre of a perspiring throng of Americans, each of us with a faint hope that all the berths in the French steamships *La Touraine* and *France* were not gone. At five p. m. I emerged with sore ribs and throbbing corns, but the proud possessor of three tickets from Havre to New York. The American embassy sent word to all Americans that a special American train would leave for Havre on Thursday, September 3. On the first three bombs were thrown from aeroplanes, one falling one hundred yards from my hotel and wounding two people. That settled it. If that was "civilized warfare" I was going where things were less civilized. I got a private tip that the French government was going that day from Paris to Bordeaux, and I resolved to follow their illustrious example and get out. Next day, Wednesday, September 2, we three drove to the Gare St. Lazare, and literally fought our way through thousands of struggling, sweating humans and inhumans, all fleeing from a city where death-dealing bombs were dropping from the sky. We were not "scared," but there was a celerity to our movements that left no doubt of our intentions. We passed inspection, got seats in the special, and arrived in Havre at eleven p. m.; every bed full; thousands sleeping on the docks; other thousands pacing the streets; English soldiers in khaki on guard everywhere; bluffed our way on board the steamship and found lodgment anywhere. Next morning ate the last of our provisions, but got promise of dinner aboard; women and children assigned to berths; all men in the steerage; much lamentation thereat, especially among those who had had their private valets, but must now shave themselves with sea-water lather or go grizzily. At midnight on the third came a culmination of "annoyances." The last train from Paris brought more people than would fill the ship; women who had dropped a trail of trunks at every stopping place begged for a place in the steerage; men whose jobs awaited them in Dayton and Kalamazoo and Springfield and Kansas City offered big premiums for tickets, but we three wouldn't take \$1000 for our tickets; those magic talismans meant more than mere money. Then came a mutiny among the stokers and a riot among the crew; and all manner of scary stories about shortage of supplies and certainty of capture at sea, all of which sadly supplemented the regular stock of worries.

But at 8:30 a. m., September 4, we were off, and the shores of France faded from sight, and we unsettled ourselves for the trip. At eleven p. m. a cannon boomed, and a shot burned a hole in the gloom. Hundreds in all stages of *deshabillé* rushed on deck; a second shot smote the silence of the sea, and our ship moaned and stopped; a third shot rang out, and without waiting for President Wilson to order an hour of prayer many male Americans made cursory remarks as we rocked in the trough of the sea. Then approaching us from the south came a dazzling searchlight, behind which we could discern the outlines of an English cruiser, and as the rays swept over the shivering humans huddled on the deck a stentor on the bridge told us to keep the northern route, the light was switched off, and we appeared to be alone on the sea. We kept well to the north; passed icebergs; had daily scares of fires and leaks, and disappearances, and on the ninth day about 900 Americans, some of them for the first time, realized what our flag means, as they saw that glorious emblem from the harbor of New York, and the exciting experiences of the past month had gone glimmering through the dreams of things that were.

BERKELEY, October 5, 1914.

J. F. HALLORAN.

When railroad building was undertaken in Alaska, following the discovery of gold, one of the most unique engineering feats on record was performed. At a point eighty miles out of Skagway the survey had been made for the road along the shore of a lake, but it was found to be so irregular and broken by so many coves that the plan was adopted of getting a better line by lowering the level of the lake. This was done by cutting an outlet channel, through which fourteen feet of the lake drained off. But presently the new channel, having been cut through a sandy hill, gave way, and the escaping lake water wore an enormous cañon through the country and reduced the lake level again over seventy feet. A fine, level roadbed was secured over what was formerly the bed of the lake.

The first Prize Court since the Crimean War, sixty years ago, has just been opened in London, in Admiralty Court II, before Sir Samuel Evans, the president of the probate, divorce, and admiralty division. A simple ceremony characterized the opening of the proceedings. At eleven o'clock the judge entered the court, preceded by the marshal of the admiralty, Mr. H. W. Lovell, bearing the ancient and beautiful silver oar, which was placed upon rests before the judge's desk. The attorney-general (Sir John Simon, K. C.) then gave a short sketch of the history of the Prize Court, which, in very ancient time, was the old High Court of Admiralty, and referred to the changes which have taken place since Dr. Lushington sat at the time of the Crimea.

Between 1902 and 1911 it is estimated by the Indian government that the population of India paid to beasts and reptiles a mournful tribute of 243,314 human lives. The same dreadful statistics add that during these ten years carnivora and snakes killed over a million head of cattle.

LETTERS FROM THE WAR ZONE.

Experiences of a San Francisco Woman in Germany.

We are permitted to publish the following extracts from a letter written by a San Francisco woman now in New York, bound homeward. She writes to a sister here:

(Written on board S. S. *Finland*. Mailed from New York, September 13, 1914.)

DEAR E—: Not a line from home since we sailed on July 18th, not an English paper seen since the first day or two in Nauheim. Not a letter could be sent except written in German and left unsealed, and then not one word about the war. Not a letter could come in because written in English, and the postoffice censors not being able to read English, nothing was delivered. * * * Bills could not be paid, but the hotel-keepers said nothing and knew they would get it in time. So many employees left the hotel at the first call that it was difficult to get laundry work done and the guests were given *crêpe paper* envelopes in which to keep their napkins clean.

We were safer in Nauheim than anywhere else, so took the baths and waited by advice of the United States ambassador at Berlin and the United States consul at Frankfurt-on-the-Main (about an hour from Nauheim) until mobilization of troops had been made. Persons who rushed off had untold suffering, etc., standing for sixteen hours on a train, hungry and worn out.

Mr. Page of Philadelphia began to investigate the situation, first thought to secure a car for himself and family to be attached to a train, then friends came and begged to go and at last it reached the point where over 200 Americans begged to go. So Mr. Page went to Frankfurt and interviewed the United States consul and the German railway officials, and after three weeks of working the "America Special" train was promised which would come to Nauheim and take us through to The Hague without change of cars, which had to be done on a regular train. Many at Nauheim were invalids and could not possibly stand the long trip with change of cars at Frankfurt. Mr. Page devoted himself to arranging things. August 24th he was told by the railway officials that he could not have the train. He asked them if they appreciated what that meant, all America would resent it, etc., and as he finished they said, "You can have the train." The German government cares more for our approval than all else of the world besides. * * *

Nothing is talked of on the ship or anywhere else except the war, but all say it will be the ultimate downfall of Germany and all the German states united in 1870 (most of them most unwillingly) will separate and become separate principalities as before 1870. One of the doctors at Nauheim told us that twenty-four hours after war was declared not a button was off a coat or a nail out of a horse's hoof. * * *

To go back to leaving Nauheim: The train left at 7:55 a. m. The station was crowded with shopkeepers, hotel-keepers, and doctors, and a band was playing American music—Sousa's "Washington Post," "The Star-Spangled Banner," and also "The Watch on the Rhine." Every one wore an American flag or a flag ribbon bow on their coats. This had been necessary all the time we were in Nauheim after the war with England was declared, for, speaking English, it was not known whether we were Americans or English, so we had to protect ourselves by wearing our colors.

No sleeping-car nor dining-car could be taken, and every one brought a luncheon basket. The train is usually from eight to ten hours—we were twenty-nine hours, being switched off for military and regular trains. Mr. Page telegraphed to a station which we reached about 6:30 on Thursday morning to have hot coffee and rolls served on board. * * *

All the United States consuls urge people to go as fast as possible. No country in Europe wants an American to stay; food is becoming scarce and they want all for their soldiers and their own people—money is not so valuable to them as food saved.

We hear on board that we are being conveyed to New York watched by wireless English government vessels who pass us on for protection from one cruiser to another. No one knows if this be true. Last night we saw a lighted steamer in the distance, she suddenly put out her lights, then refused to give her name, but again lighted and went off. No one knows what it was. We have subscribed for getting wireless news of the war when it is possible to get into communication with reliable information.

In Praise of Stanislaus Poniatowski.

Following is a translation of an article appearing in the *Paris Gaulois*, over the signature of the editor, treating of the exploits of young Stanislaus Poniatowski:

THOSE WHO RETURN.

The brave boy! Only eighteen years old and a volunteer in the French army. An automobile driver who put his own motor at the service of the army; he made his campaign with the generals whom he drove from Charleroi to Nogent-sur-Seine. One can say of him that he has made his campaign of France.

He told me of the nobleness and the servitude of war. Only last Monday he was at the front. Obligated to retreat with our troops, he assisted at that sudden, miraculous change; the French army renewing the attack, and on Tuesday, yesterday, and undoubtedly today forcing the Germans back.

His emotion was intense as he told me of his hope, and confidence, and certitude of victory. He hardly remembered that his motor had been riddled with bullets; that he had a wounded hand, and that he owed his life to his opponent's momentary hesitation, which permitted him to seize his revolver and shoot. He showed me the bayonet which wounded him and the cape of the Uhlans whom he killed.

I was proud to embrace the son of my friend, André Poniatowski, who has himself reentered the active service and is training recruits in a provincial town. As the brave young automobile driver was obliged to abandon his motor, and as he was hunting for another, I offered to facilitate certain steps. Everywhere he met with the warmest welcome. And tonight, driving a new car, he is returning immediately to the line of battle.

Paris was a surprise to him. Such extraordinary accounts had been told him of our distress that he expected to find our city abandoned by its inhabitants, only guarded by the soldiers and a prey to the forerunning terrors of an investment. Thank God! the reality is very different. Those who stayed in Paris deserve less credit than is given them. There are many more Parisians here than one thinks—no more are leaving, and in fact many are coming back. We hope that their example will be followed and that from day to day we will see Paris born and live again in the great hopes that are returning to us.

(Signed:) ARTHUR MEYER,
Editor of the *Gaulois*.

Japan's foundries may finally drive imported galvanized sheet iron off the market.

MARIE LEGOFF.

The Acting Captain Who Dared the Sea.

To Brittany, at the westernmost part of France, came in the tenth century many thousands of settlers who had just left that part of England now called Wales to avoid the rule of the Norman.

How strange and rude that Brittany! How rough and picturesque her people! "Arid as Brittany," says a proverb; "Stubborn as a Briton," retorts another. And there you have in a few words the most striking characteristics of both.

Fancy a succession of bleak plateaux spread over a hundred square miles of land, showing to the sun nothing but the bareness of their myriads of granite rocks, and the vegetation that can extract a living in the interstices, under the action of frequent sprinkles and vapor baths exhaled by the Gulf Stream, and blown over by the ocean breezes. This is the country!

Imagine an individual of mean size, but sturdy, muscular, vigorous, and seeming to have inside the skull more elements of will, of tenacity, of obstinacy than the rest of the world. That is the man!

"Thou shalt not live on these rocks," seem to have said the fates.

"I will," has answered the Briton, and for ten centuries he has done it.

To be true, when one says that he lives on the rocks it is but a figure of speech. His abode is there, his mother, his wife, his sweetheart, his sister are there. But the Briton himself is out upon the blue, all over the world. He is the fisherman of France, of Switzerland, of Luxemburg; he mans the merchantman, he crowds the men-o'-war of the country.

The traveler in Brittany infallibly hears the story of Marie Legoff, and, told by her countrymen, it is worth the trip, but we had better tell it and save time.

Marie Legoff, then fourteen years old, was the house-keeper of her father, a fisherman of Lannion, when the turbulent waves of the British Channel crushed the old man and his boat on the reefs. The fisherman who found the wreckage on the sands went to Marie Legoff and told her about his discovery.

"Poor girl," he concluded, "what are you going to do now?" Then with Briton brusqueness, "You'd better go to an orphan asylum. Do you want me to do anything about it?"

The sight of Marie Legoff was a pitiful one at first, but her blood did not take long to reveal itself in pulses of undauntedness, and presently, restraining her tears, raising her bowed head, her eyes flashing a fierce determination, she said:

"Thank you just the same, John; but the sea took my living, and the sea shall give it back to me—or swallow me altogether."

And two days after she went out to sea with an uncle who had not succeeded in making her change her mind.

For years she kept up the fight and grew to make the other fishermen say:

"She is a freak of nature, that girl; she surely was intended to be a boy. And a vigorous one, too," they invariably added.

At twenty-two Marie Legoff found her mate. She had become a tall, straight-backed girl and married a young man of her age, a red-haired fellow who had a hrevet of captain in his pocket.

The short, very short trips of her uncle's boat had not satisfied Marie Legoff, and she had been longing for a time when she could on a bigger boat fight and wrestle with that sea that had taken her father. That time had come with her marriage. Husband and wife having some money, put it together to buy a sloop of about fifty tons burden, and they went to sea, doing the coasting trade.

If the husband had the brevet, the wife was the acting captain, and no one on board would have dared to say a word about it. People from the different ports of the coast have still that vision of a sloop coming into port crowded with sails, speeding insolently amidst an anchorage full of moored ships, and steered by a tall, straight, energetic woman, a veritable picture of determination and daring.

At the very moment when onlookers breathless anticipated a crash against pier or wharf, Marie Legoff uttered a sharp order, stay sails and anchor dropped at the same time, and the ship, veering sharply, came quickly stern to windward and rocked herself on her cable.

Many a time, having recovered their breath, the spectators clapped hands and cheered at the manœuvre, and the officers of the port, winking at the violation of the harbor regulations, exchanged comments of admiration, saying:

"Here is the admiral."

After years of high-spirited life, the end came. One day as the sloop, pursued by a maddened sea, was feeling her way through a snowstorm and trying to enter the river of Morlaix, the boom broke, the spanking power of the fore-and-aft mainsail slackened, and she was driven helplessly against the rocks.

Between the ship and the shore was a rocky reef, a veritable wall, over which the sea broke, raging furiously. Only one thing could save the crew from certain death, and it had to be done quickly. It was to swim ashore with a line.

Who would dare to attempt the perilous undertaking? The sailors shook their heads and muttered:

"That is a sure death."

Without a word Marie Legoff seized the end of a rope and began to fasten it about her waist, when her husband sprang to her and shouted:

"What are doing, Marie? There is just a blanket of foam on the rocks; you can't get across."

But the acting captain had not yet given up her command. She stopped him with her intrepid look and said:

"Who told you that there was no more than a blanket of foam on the rocks? Not I! I only say that I will carry the rope!"

Without listening to further protestation, she sprang overboard and dived into the raging waters. After an age she gained the surface. Silence prevailed on board. Straining eyes watched her. She was dashed forward by a violent surge, drawn back and buffeted by another, but still swimming and struggling she made her way, dragging with her the rope. Suddenly a huge wave hurled her on the top of the reef, another one tossed her to the other side, toward the shore. She seemed then but a floating thing with her clothes bagged by the wind.

Finally she stranded, still clasping the rope of salvation. She was seized by the fisher folk who had gathered and watched her audacious act, but she was lifeless, crushed and torn by the sharp teeth of the reef.

JACK NORMAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1914.

Primordial man of the tropics was undoubtedly an agriculturist rather than a live-stock breeder. He lived on the resources most readily furnished him by nature, and among these few would be more readily available than the banana. It is permissible, then, to suppose that the banana was one of the first fruits that attracted his attention; that he soon brought it under cultivation, and that he at once began to submit it to that long process of improvement which has continued for perhaps some hundreds of thousands of years and is more active today than ever before. If man appeared in the Indo-Malayan region, as is widely believed at present, it seems natural to seek the origin of the banana in the same region; and such a location for it is accepted by most botanists. This primitive banana probably did not differ widely from the wild bananas found today in many parts of the tropics, although none of the latter can be confidently pointed out as representing the ancestral type (says the *Journal of Heredity*). Beccari, indeed, considers that all the wild forms known today are merely cultivated forms which have escaped from cultivation at some time in the past. He found in Borneo four new species which grew only in regions deforested by man. Whence were they brought? He asked himself, and was obliged to conclude, after a survey of the whole problem, that probably each region develops its own well-characterized species of Musa—a conclusion which finds support in the fact that no species yet known has a very wide geographical distribution. At present the genus seems to be dependent on man for its possibilities of development. It can not make its way in the primitive forest. It is one of the many crops which have been so changed by man to meet his own needs that they are no longer able to hold their own in the free competition of nature. The original form of banana must have been of little value as a fruit. Cook has therefore concluded that it was first a root crop, the roots being used even yet by the natives of some regions, while the tender heart was doubtless also an article of food, as it is today in Abyssinia. Cultivated for its roots, the banana began to produce better fruits, by chance, or as a result of asexual propagation, and at a very early day must have become more prized for the latter than for the former. "The wild varieties are almost wholly seeds," Beccari observes, "but what pulp exists is sweet and agreeable."

The Federated Malay States (referred to as the Straits or Straits Settlements) produce by far the greatest quantity of tin, and nearly all of it comes from alluvial deposits, only a little being obtained from veins. During 1913 the shipments amounted to 56,142 short tons. The Federated Malay States produce much more tin than any other country, and the output is practically all from placers. Dredging is now an important growing mode of tin mining. The English output from Cornwall is estimated by the *Mining Journal* (London) at 5000 long tons. The Chinese shipments from Hongkong were reported as 4335 short tons. The Bolivian ore, which it is now proposed to smelt in the United States to supply the war shortage, is all derived from veins, and that country is by far the largest producer of lode tin.

The mineral production for Alaska in 1913 had a value of \$19,413,094. Of this amount \$15,626,813 is to be credited to the gold mines. This makes the total value of gold production of Alaska, up to the close of 1913, \$228,392,540. In addition to this nearly \$17,000,000 worth of copper and over \$2,000,000 worth of silver has been produced in Alaska.

In drilling for oil last year in California holes extending a distance of 200 miles, could they be placed end to end, were sunk.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Professor H. Julius Eggeling, professor of Sanskrit and comparative philology at Edinburgh University since 1875, has resigned his professorship on account of the war. Dr. Eggeling was born in Germany in 1842 and has a world-wide reputation.

Dr. H. Oliviera Lima, who will teach Latin-American history and diplomacy at Harvard University, is a native of Brazil, and noted as a diplomat and educator. The chair which he will occupy was established last June by a fund of \$25,000 from an anonymous donor.

Sir Charles Johnston, the newly elected lord mayor of London, to take office November 9, was sheriff of the city, 1910-11, and since 1907 has been alderman of Aldersgate. He received his title three years ago. The new lord mayor was born in 1848. His father was a shipowner of Liverpool.

Admiral Boue de Lapeyriere, who has assumed supreme command of the Anglo-French fleets in the Mediterranean, is regarded in France as an officer of the highest merit and ability. He has watched with solicitude the growth of the French navy, and even accepted the portfolio of justice in the Briand cabinet of 1910 in order that he might introduce the measures which he saw were necessary to the development of that service.

Sir Edward Goschen, until recently British ambassador at Berlin, is of German ancestry, but was born and educated in England, and married an American, the daughter of the late Darius Clark of New York, who had immense interests in Argentina. Sir Edward Goschen is a banker, as were his father and grandfather before him. He will figure in the history of the present war as having presented Great Britain's ultimatum to Germany.

Rear-Admiral Sir David Beatty, on whom the king recently conferred a knighthood and invested with the insignia of the Order of the Bath, was a commanding officer during the British action against the Germans in the Heligoland fight. He is one of the youngest British admirals, having attained flag rank at the age of thirty-nine in 1910. He served with distinction with the Nile gunboats in 1898, and two years later won further notice in China. Later he became naval secretary to the first lord of the admiralty.

Dean Leon Carroll Marshall, of the College of Commerce and Administration in the University of Chicago, has recently returned after a trip to South America with a party of the Pan-American division of the American Association for International Conciliation. The party included representatives from several educational institutions, and the trip was made for the purpose of fostering good relations between the United States and the South American countries. The countries visited include Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, and Peru.

Baron Takaaki Kato, Japan's minister for foreign affairs, who is playing an unusually important part in the Far East at present, is unusually well versed in European affairs and methods, having been first sent to England as minister plenipotentiary in 1894, remaining for five years. He was ambassador to the Court of St. James, 1912-13. His diplomatic career began in 1887, when he was made secretary to Premier Count Okuma. Later he was transferred to the finance department, and was promoted to the position of director of banking. This is not his first experience in his present office, for he has served short terms in the past, having first become connected with it fourteen years ago.

General Sir Reginald Wingate, Sirdar of the Egyptian army, who has been in England on annual leave, has held his position for nearly fifteen years, having been appointed to succeed Lord Kitchener when the latter was ordered to South Africa in 1899. He served in India and Aden, 1881-83, and then joined the Egyptian army. Since then his life has been devoted to England's work in northern Africa. He has taken active part in many campaigns and battles, and has many decorations for military service. Not alone is he noted as a soldier, however, for he has written a number of volumes, among them being "Mahdism and the Egyptian Sudan" and "Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp."

M. Sazonoff, Russian minister of foreign affairs, whose name figures extensively in the English White Papers, made many American friends during the twelve years that he spent in London as secretary of the Russian embassy there and also as chargé d'affaires during the frequent absences of his chief, the late Baron Staal. At Rome he represented the government first as secretary and then as envoy to the Vatican. He is very wealthy, scion of an ancient house of the untitled aristocracy, and in England he is held in particularly high esteem, owing to the tact and diplomacy which he displayed as chargé d'affaires in London in averting war between Russia and Great Britain when Admiral Rozhdestvensky's armada fired, in 1904, with fatal results on the fishing smacks off the Dogger Bank in the North Sea under the impression that they were Japanese torpedo boats.

OSCAR WILDE AND LORD DOUGLAS.

An Autobiographical Chapter Is Added to an Unpalatable Story of Crime and Nemesis.

Lord Alfred Douglas can hardly be blamed for seeking vindication against the secret innuendoes and the open gossip of a guilty relationship between himself and Oscar Wilde. It is a matter of general knowledge that the unpublished portions of Wilde's "De Profundis" contain a savage attack upon Lord Douglas, and while the terms of this attack are practically public property the manuscript itself lies sealed in the British Museum and Lord Douglas has been ordered by the courts to refrain from quotations and references. The task of vindication becomes therefore doubly necessary and doubly hard. Lord Douglas feels that he has been grievously assailed while legally debarred from direct defense. Under such circumstances he has determined to tell the whole story of his relations with Wilde, and whether or not we believe that the whole story has actually been told—and there seems no reason to doubt it—we can none the less enjoy an extraordinarily brilliant piece of autobiography and one that combines a most dextrous display alike of the offensive and the defensive.

Lord Douglas was at Oxford University for four years, and there he met Wilde for the first time. Of course Wilde was much the older of the two, and he found it easy to impress the undergraduate with the brilliance of his mind and the scope of his acquirements. But the author soon perceived, he tells us, that Wilde's aim was not to say the things that he believed, but what he supposed to be witty, profound, whimsical, or brilliant:

Further, I soon discovered that Wilde was one of those conversationalists who were conscious of the value, not only of their own *mot*s, but of those of other people, and that his or my joke or epigram let loose over lunch on Monday was bound to figure in the hit of dialogue or portion of an essay which he would indite, with the help of stiff whiskies-and-sodas and illimitable cigarettes, on a Tuesday morning. At the same time, I cheerfully admit that I found him an agreeable, entertaining, and even lovable acquaintance. He had, of course, an eye for humor and beauty, he was a great deal of a scholar, he spoke good English and excellent French, and he had a pleasant voice and a charming delivery. Compared with the average man-about-town he shone, and compared with the average "man of genius" he scintillated.

Lord Douglas spares himself not at all. At Oxford he was indolent and careless, and he left the university without taking his degree:

I was careless and desultory in the widest sense of the terms; so careless and desultory, in fact, that, with a view to saving time and trouble in my intercourse with the authorities, I had a form printed as follows:

Lord Alfred Bruce Douglas presents his compliments to and regrets that he will be unable to in consequence of

Filled up, this ingenious document would read as follows:

Lord Alfred Bruce Douglas presents his compliments to Professor Smith and regrets that he will be unable to show up an essay on the Evolution of the Moral Idea in consequence of not having prepared one.

I found these missives extremely useful and used a great quantity. They were famed throughout the university and, though they angered some of the dons to the verge of madness, nothing could be done about them, because they were obviously polite, and an undergraduate who is polite to his pastors and masters has done his duty.

The author's criticisms of Wilde are scathing. He represents him as a poseur, a sycophant, and a snob. Such phrases as "men of our rank," and "people of our social class" were constantly on his tongue. He believed firmly that if "a gentleman of rank" is to be appraised at his true value he must indicate that value in looks and dress:

In the matter of looks, Wilde believed in his heart that he had the "hulge" of all the literary people of his time. Tennyson might wear prophetic robes and wideawake hats, Swinburne might look the decent little ginger gentleman he was, Pater might pass for the profound and beetle-browed thinker on the high arts, Bernard Shaw might pass for the bewhiskered fire-eater, Arthur Symonds for the blonde angel, Beardsley for the delicate spider-legged artist; but when it came to nobility and beauty of features, Wilde was convinced that he had them all "heaten to a fizzle." He was very fond of likening himself to the Roman emperors. He had a big face, which, as he himself put it, "delicately chiseled"; and if anybody had asked him to sit for a bust of Nero, he would have considered that person most discerning. I remember him saying to me that, while it was considered among "the dull English" to be almost criminal for a man to speak of good looks, either in himself or in another man, good looks were half the battle in society. Of course, I laughed and told him not to be a fool; but he meant it, all the same; and nothing would make him angrier than the hint that his mouth was too large or that his face was spoiled by too great an expanse of jaw. He took great care of his complexion, and I never knew a man who brushed his hair more frequently in the day than he did.

The two men became close friends, and while there were early rumors that Wilde's life was not all that it should be, these whispers were attributed by Lord Douglas to the jealousies of those who felt themselves supplanted in the esteem and consideration of a man who seemed destined to the upper rungs of the literary ladder:

I may here mention that for the first three years of my close intimacy with Oscar Wilde I never heard a coarse or indelicate allusion come out of his mouth. I knew him for a somewhat cynical and insincere kind of humorist; I was not blind to his faults of vanity and his occasional lapses into vulgar manners; I knew he was no saint, even as men of the world go; but I considered that he was a man of decent

life, and I never heard from him a word or a sign which made me think otherwise. He treated me always with the greatest and, I may even say, the most elaborate courtesy, and I noticed particularly that when we were in the society of men who were apt to kick somewhat over the traces and indulge in Rabelaisian conversation Wilde was eagerly careful to turn or suppress the talk. He therefore seemed to be all that a man should be; and when I heard on one or two occasions certain other hints of tendencies of his, I repudiated them with indignation, believing that, as I was his close friend, I knew him through and through, and feeling that there could not possibly be any truth in what was suggested.

The author tells us that no suspicion of the truth ever entered his mind, even when Wilde had been arrested and placed in Holloway prison. Writing to a friend at that time he describes a visit that he paid to Wilde, and he says: "In spite of all the brutal and cowardly clamor of our disgusting newspapers, I think the sympathy of all decent men is with him, and that he will ultimately triumph." But at last the facts became too strong even for friendship, and it was then that Wilde practically confessed himself to be guilty:

During the time that Wilde lay in Holloway Prison I began to have a certain amount of doubt as to his innocence. In our repeated conversations he clung to the conspiracy fiction with considerable persistence. As the time for the trial drew near, however, he began to weaken, and eventually he admitted that there were "things in his life which could be made to look pretty awkward"; but this was as far as he would go. His one anxiety seemed to be that I should not give him up, and I always told him that I never would. One day he said to me: "Even if these horrible tales were true, you would stick to me, wouldn't you?" And I said, "Of course I would." It was not until the day before the trial that he made anything like a proper attempt to unburden himself. It had been arranged that I should see him in a private room on this day and that we should have a longer interview than was permitted by the regulations. We talked on general matters for some time, but ultimately Wilde became very serious and said that he did not see how it was possible for him to hope for a verdict of "not guilty." He then went on to tell me that, "in a way," the charges set forward in the indictment were true and that he must have been mad to live as he had been living and that his only hope was that the skill of Clarke and Matthews might save him from the severest punishment. He reminded me of my promise not to forsake him and, though I was shocked at what he told me, I am free to confess that it never entered my head that it was my duty forthwith to give up his acquaintance. I told him that what he had said should not make any difference and that I would stick to him through thick and thin.

Wilde's grievance against the author was his failure to visit him in prison after his conviction, but this omission seems to be unanswerably explained. Lord Douglas intended to visit him, but he received a positive message not to do so on the ground that prisoners were allowed to receive only a limited number of visitors and letters, and that Wilde had already exhausted his privileges in these respects. The message was direct and positive, but none the less Wilde began at once to write "De Profundis" and to embody in it a rage and hate that apparently knew no limits. It is these personal references that were excluded from the published version and that are now under seal in the British Museum, although their tenor is well known. And it is these references that the author is not allowed to quote:

Unlike Mr. Ransome, however, Mr. Sherard does not appear to have had the advantage of knowing that the published "De Profundis," which aroused him to such a pitch of pietistic fervor, is merely a collection of elegant extracts. A perusal of the extracts from the complete "De Profundis" published in reports of the Ransome trial would have convinced him that this saint-like inhabitant of Wandsworth and Reading goals was indeed a hypocrite of the most hypocritical dye, and that the "De Profundis" was indeed "no more sincere than the dying confessions of many prison cells, the greasy cant that officious chaplains wring from fawning prisoners." Nay, it was worse than this, for the design of the canting deceiver of prison chaplains is not usually to hurt other people, whereas Wilde's design was utterly to destroy the reputation and good name of a man who had befriended him; and to do this in such a way that he might still continue to obtain kindness and money from the object of his hatred and leave him absolutely without a word of defense in his lifetime. I say that Oscar Wilde conceived this horrible and unheard-of plot in his unreasoning rage at what he conceived to be my attitude towards him, and I say that Mr. Robert Ross, who professed great friendship for me both then and until long after Wilde's death, did nothing to make Wilde's plot ineffective, or even to warn me of it.

A defense such as this must necessarily proceed with wariness, but the author can hardly do less than repudiate categorically the suggestion made in Mr. Ransome's book and elsewhere that he was actually responsible for Wilde's downfall:

Nobody who reads Mr. Ransome's hook before (out of the kindness of heart) he removed his aspersions on me, could doubt for a moment that he wished to convey the impression that I had a bad influence upon Wilde and that it was this bad influence that brought Wilde to grief and prevented him from rehabilitating himself after his release. Yet it is this same Mr. Ransome—who tells his readers in his preface that he is indebted to Mr. Ross for verifications of his biographical facts—who gives us the following precise details as to "the intensification of Wilde's personality" when he became a habitual devotee of the vice for which he was imprisoned: "He had first experimented in that vice," says Ransome, "in 1886; his experiments became a habit in 1889." Well, in 1886 I was a boy, fifteen years of age, at Winchester School, and I had never so much as heard of Oscar Wilde; whereas in 1889 I was eighteen years of age and in the south of France with a tutor, and was not to meet Wilde—whose name was still unknown to me—till nearly three years later. So that by the time we did meet he had already found his way to the lowest moral depths without my juvenile assistance.

This seems to be conclusive unless the author's dates or facts can be assailed, which is improbable. Lord Douglas makes an equally crushing reply to the charge

of responsibility for the separation of Wilde and his wife after the prison doors had been opened:

What actually happened was this: Wilde never dreamed of rejoining Mrs. Wilde or becoming reconciled to her while his money lasted. When his money was spent he wrote to Ross and asked if more could not be raised. Ross replied that nothing more could be done. Wilde then wrote to his wife to inquire if she would receive him as her husband. Wilde asserted that she sent him a reply full of hums and haws and imposed a number of what he described as absurd conditions. The letter drove him into a fury and, I believe, he never wrote again to her in his life, nor she to him. The plain fact is—as the unpublished part of "De Profundis" shows—that Wilde had never forgiven me for what he believed to be my neglect of him while he was in prison; and that if the supplies of money had held out, he would never have come near me. But when he found that his admirers and supporters in London were not disposed to keep him in the lap of luxury at Berneval, and that they considered his miserable pittance of under three pounds a week sufficient for him to live upon, his thoughts turned towards Naples, where he knew no such views of economy were likely to prevail. He came to me on false pretenses, because he knew that "De Profundis" had not been destroyed and, from that time forward to the day of his death, I had the honor and pleasure of supporting him.

The fact that Wilde accepted such hospitality as well as large sums of money from the man whom he had scarified in a still unpublished manuscript is of the kind to leave a bad taste in the mouth. Wilde intended to publish the manuscript and had given orders to that effect while studiously concealing his enmity in order that he might live at the expense of his victim. Such at least is the inference from the story:

A man's critical judgment is not at its best at twenty-eight, especially in regard to the artistic productions of his intimates. Even when we were together I had told Wilde over and over again that he overrated himself and that he was not by any means the great man he believed himself to be. To give him his due, he agreed with me. Nevertheless, after his death I held his memory as a friend and, if you like, even as a literary figure, in such regard that I never so much as dreamed of saying or writing anything which would be likely to injure him. We had our differences. I knew that he had written me one angry letter in prison and I knew that for reasons of their own his intimates hated me; but he had apologized to me for his anger and admitted that it was unrighteous and ill-founded. I did everything that a man could do to succor and help him and make life possible for him after he left prison; and I was unremitting in kindness to him right down to the time of his death. He, for his part, seemed to be most kindly and affectionately disposed towards me and, for aught I knew to the contrary, would gladly have done for me what I gladly did for him if our positions had been reversed.

"The Ballad of Reading Gaol" was completed at Naples, and the author has a good deal of interest to say about it. He believes it be Wilde's one bid for immortality:

As we have seen, "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" was completed at Naples. I believe that Wilde was satisfied with every word of it. He had written to certain of his friends in England pooh-poohing it and pretending that it was in the manner of Sims; but he knew perfectly well that fifty Sims rolled into one would not have produced such a poem, and his self-deprecations were intended to soften his abandonment of the superior point of view rather than to express what he really felt. Having finished the poem, the next thing was to sell it. His thoughts turned to America, the land of hope and glory, and the land which had evolved that never-to-be-forgotten live journalist with his thousand pounds for an interview. Wilde solemnly forwarded the "Ballad of Reading Gaol" to a New York paper, the name of which wild horses shall not drag out of me, and proffered it for dollars, and the New York paper proceeded solemnly to erect an everlasting monument to its own stupidity by promptly returning the MS.

Finally we have a reference to Wilde's popularity in Europe and the suggestion that such popularity comes from persons like himself:

I do not know how cheaply or how dearly Wilde is sold in Paris and Berlin. But I do know that the vogue he has in both cities is largely based on his iniquities, and that this fact is equally deplored by right-thinking Frenchmen and right-thinking Germans. In the scandals which of late years have disgraced Berlin, the Wilde factor has been only too evident. The scandals to which I refer have occurred in so-called literary and artistic circles; and wherever you have such scandals in such circles there you are bound always to find that Oscar Wilde sits enthroned. It is a deplorable thing, doubtless, but what is one to expect in the face of "Dorian Gray"? The bad influence of Wilde in both France and Germany has been noted and deprecated by more than one eminent writer, and the main force of criticism in both countries is in arms against it. In Russia his admirers belong chiefly to the anarchistic and revolutionary sections of the community, who, being in a large measure decadents and criminals themselves, have a natural sympathy with the work of a decadent criminal. In Russia they say Wilde must be a great man because he went to prison and is universally loved and admired by the English. In England we are told that Wilde's greatness can not be disputed, inasmuch as he is loved and admired in Russia—at 10 kopecks a time.

Here we may leave a book that will certainly be read not only for the light that it throws upon a tragical literary figure, but for its own merits of presentation. Let us hope that it may remain unanswered and that it may prove to be the last chapter of a story that we would willingly forget.

OSCAR WILDE AND MYSELF. By Lord Alfred Douglas. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$2.50 net.

The use of lime as binding material for mortar originated in the remote past. It is probable that some savages when using limestone rocks to confine their fire noticed that the stones were changed by the action of the heat. A passing shower may have slaked the lime to a paste, and they discovered that the paste was smooth and sticky and was a better material than clay to fill the crevices in their crude dwellings. From this discovery it was but a step to add sand to the paste in order to produce a mortar.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Duke of Oblivion.

When Mr. John Reed Scott sets forth to tell a story he does not allow himself to be hampered by mere probabilities. In the language of the populace, anything goes, and in the same vernacular it may be said that he invariably gets away with it. At the same time we may wish that his dialogues were more spontaneous and less clever.

In this case he tells us a story of an American yachting party who go in search of a mysterious island in the Caribbean Sea, an island remote from steamer routes and usually hidden in a dense covering of fog. They find the island and they find also that it is inhabited by the descendants of some English aristocrats who have been living there for over a hundred years, forgetting the world and by the world forgot. It is an interesting adventure, but it becomes more interesting when the Duke of the Isle of Oblivion announces that he intends to detain the visitors by force in order that the infusion of new blood may counteract some of the ill effects of in-breeding. Of course there is a fight, and a perilous escape, not only of the travelers, but also of two beautiful young women who wear unconventional garb and who are eager to see the world. The story is a good one for a railroad journey or for an illness, misfortunes that occasionally happen even to the best of us.

THE DUKE OF OBLIVION. By John Reed Scott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

Party Government.

Professor William Milligan Stone, author of this substantial volume on party government gives us not only a political history and a review of party activities and influences in the past, but he sketches also the tendencies now apparent and their probable destination. The latter will be found the more interesting. We have witnessed a confusion of party issues and a partial obliteration of party lines. The referendum, the recall, and Socialism have played their parts in the change, as well as a new volume of public opinion suddenly aroused by the problems which, if not in themselves new, have never before been of party interest. To a great extent the representative system has gone by the board and Presidents are elected not so much because they are the head of a party as because they promise an effective protection against the excesses, the incompetencies, and the inanities of Congress. There are now very few crowned heads with the individual powers of the President of the United States. We may doubt if even Germany would permit of the autocratic rule that has been slowly evolved in America. What effect these changes may ultimately produce on American government remains to be seen, and the author himself seems to be doubtful. But at least he has produced a thoroughly competent history and an equally competent survey of the new conditions that have been injected into American life during the last ten years.

PARTY GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By William Milligan Stone. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2 net.

The Great Adventuress.

We may doubt if Lady Hamilton's exploits are worth so large a hook as this. But for her association with Nelson she would never have become better known than the light of publicity that disclosed too much. Lady Hamilton was on a moral level with Nell Gwynne, but, curiously enough, while all the world has a tenderness for Nell, no one feels the slightest sentiment for Lady Hamilton. She appeals neither to the heart nor to the imagination. But since the historian of the day is resolved that nothing shall be hidden we may congratulate the authors of the present work on their successful search for much new material. We now know a great deal about Lady Hamilton that we never knew before, and we think rather the less of her.

But the authors would have us think less also of Nelson, and they hasten to assure us that their opinions are in no way based upon French prejudices, but on the cold facts of history. There is no single sensible Frenchman, they say, who harbors feelings of hatred against Pitt, Nelson, or Wellington, but history has her rights, and they speak as historians and not as Frenchmen.

The disclaimer is perhaps necessary, for the authors certainly deal with the great naval hero with a critical energy that is somewhat destructive. He was "cruel by nature, insubordinate toward his superiors, the adversary, not only of the liberal views that do honor to England, but of all that did not proceed from the Divine Right." In other words Nelson was "not a gentleman," due perhaps to the fact that he went to sea when he was twelve, and knew little or nothing of history, philosophy, or the classics. Moreover, he was guilty of "unpardonable duplicity."

For the evidence the reader must refer to the volume itself. The authors have already won an enviable reputation, not only for industry and accuracy, but for a power of vivid

narrative that gives a glow to their pages. While we may still doubt if the work was quite worth doing we shall all agree that it is done excellently.

A GREAT ADVENTURESS: LADY HAMILTON AND THE REVOLUTION IN NAPLES. By Joseph Turquan and Jules D'Auriac. Translated by Lilian Wiggins. Illustrated. New York: Brentano's.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall writes to the Bobbs-Merrill Company, concerning their new anonymous hook: "I congratulate you upon finding 'In My Youth.' I doubt, however, whether when the author is known it shall be disclosed as a first hook. I predict for it a great sale. While comparatively speaking I suffered none of the deprivations of pioneer life, I was close enough to them to have had them detailed to me by my father and my grandfather. I commend the hook to all Hoosiers whose ancestors felled the forests of Indiana and drank as regular beverages honest and camomile tea."

A new edition of Rabindranath Tagore's "Gitanjali," printed from new plates, has just been issued by the Macmillan Company. This is perhaps Mr. Tagore's most popular work. It is the one through which he was introduced to the readers of this country and on which the award of the Nobel Prize for Literature was made to him.

A revised and enlarged edition will soon be issued by the John Lane Company of the "Works of John Hoppner, R. A.," by William McKay and W. Roberts, with about seventy photogravure plates of paintings and all the available information about this great artist. Also important, but in the literary field, is a large folio volume forthcoming from the same company, "The Keats Letters, Papers, and Other Relics," reproduced in fifty-eight colotype facsimiles, edited with full notes and an account of the portraits of Keats with fifteen reproductions, by George C. Williamson, Litt. D., with forewords by the late Theodore Watts-Dunton and H. Buxton Forman, C. B. The edition is on hand-made paper, limited to 320 copies, and will not be reprinted.

Professor Lucius Hopkins Miller of Princeton University has just arranged with Henry Holt & Co. for the publication in book form of his recent articles in the *Biblical World*, which have aroused so much discussion throughout the country. The hook will be entitled "A Modern View of Christ" and the publishers hope to have it ready early in October. The volume discusses, from a modern point of view, the sources of our information regarding Christ; also his life, teaching, and divinity.

In war or peace certain old favorites in the book world constantly find new readers, as witness Henry Holt & Co.'s announcement that they are printing "The Prisoner of Zenda" for the sixtieth time and "Rupert of Hentzau" for the twenty-fourth.

Richard Wightman's new hook, "Soul-Spur," the second in a series to be known as "the R. W. books," was issued by the Century Company October 9. The Century Company has on press also a new edition of "The Things He Wrote to Her," the first book in the series, which will have decorative page borders in soft gray.

"The Case of Belgium in the Present War" is a little publication which will interest all who are following the gigantic European struggle. In it is embodied the report of the commission which was appointed by the King of the Belgians to investigate the matter of the violation of Belgian neutrality and of the laws of war. The pamphlet, which is paper bound and runs to more than one hundred and twenty pages, is divided into six main sections, the titles of which are as follows: The Violation of the Neutrality of Belgium and of Belgian Territory, Attacks on the Property of Individuals and the Confiscation of the Funds of Private and Public Institutions, Bombardment in Violation of the Hague Rules, The Use of Explosive Bullets, Findings of the Commission of Inquiry, and Proceedings of the Commission of Inquiry. The work is published by the Macmillan Company.

Earl Derr Biggers, author of "Seven Keys to Baldpate," has established a record in the field of authorship which stands as the best recommendation for his new hook, "Love Insurance." It is a finished piece of work by one who has discovered what sort of humor the public enjoys. It is an even cleverer bit of writing than its predecessor, starting as abruptly, as rapidly, as vividly as a play and traveling at record speed throughout its course. The book is published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"Famous Affinities of History," a hook by Lyndon Orr, is one of the Harper publications just issued. It recounts the romances of the great kings and queens, beginning with the immortal "Anthony and Cleopatra." Among the famous lovers whose stories are here told are: Abelard and Heloise, the French love-letter writers of the eleventh cen-

tury; Queen Elizabeth and Leicester; Mary Queen of Scots and Bothwell; Gay King Charles and Nell Gwynne, the orange girl; Prince Charles Edward Stuart; George IV and Mrs. Fitzherbert; Queen Christina of Sweden and the Marquis Monaldeschi; Maurice of Saxony and Adrienne Lecouvreur; Empress Catherine and Prince Potemkin; Marie Antoinette and Count Fersen; Aaron Burr; and Napoleon and Marie Walewska.

A. C. McClurg & Co. have published what may be taken as an authoritative hook, by George Wharton James, entitled, "Indian Blankets and Their Makers."

Mrs. Atherton is in agreement with the booksellers that novels should not be serialized in the magazines. Her latest novel, "Perch of the Devil," published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, appears for the first time in book form, as did most of her others. Mrs. Atherton does not, however, have her objection on the commercial argument, as do the booksellers. Her opposition is on literary grounds. In a serial story, she says, "there should be a curtain just so often. This must spoil the artistic procession of the novel, which is, or should be, as close a transcript from life as possible."

The Century Company yesterday—October 9—issued "The Encounter," the new novel by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, author of "Tante."

One of Pierre Loti's most exquisite books, "Egypt," has just been published in this country for the first time in a lower-priced edition. Very few people recognize Captain Louie Marie Julien Viaud of the French navy as the author of "Madame Chrysanthème" and "Pêcheur d'Islande," but Pierre Loti, or Captain Viaud, has seen much active service in the French navy. The book is published by Duffield & Co.

The Putnams have published a story by Morley Roberts entitled "Time and Thomas Waring," which presents the account of a fundamental transformation of character resulting from an operation. The surgeon's knife took away more than the surgeon handled. It cleared away the masses of dead opinion which stunt the living mind—those dead opinions which are prejudices and degenerations, the fatty degenerations of the soul. A man so transformed is in a peculiar position toward his family and his former associates.

Henry Holt & Co. announce the issue of "The House of Deceit," a novel of modern life in England, located chiefly in London. A love story, with a background of live questions; the lining-up of the forces of radicalism and conservatism in both politics and religion; the increasing pressure of labor upon church and state; the so-called drift of Protestantism toward Catholicism, and the

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easing of Catholicism toward Modernism, especially in America. The author is a writer of distinction in both fiction and non-fiction, and some of the subjects dealt with in "The House of Deceit" will perhaps explain his desire for anonymity in this particular hook.

Advance orders for Mary Johnston's new story, "The Witch," to be published this month by the Houghton Mifflin Company, have been so large that it has been necessary to increase materially the number printed for the first edition.

In Will N. Harhen's new story just published by the Harpers, "The New Clarion," the scene is laid in Georgia. "The New Clarion" tells the fortunes of a young editor who wants to do something real in the rural field.

Almost side by side heading the lists of hooks (excluding fiction) oftenest called for both in stores and in libraries, and running close in the number of editions required are Professor Roland G. Usher's "Pan-Germanism" and Dr. Richard C. Cahot's "What Men Live By." Nine printings have been made of "Pan-Germanism" and eight of "What Men Live By," and the publisher (the Houghton Mifflin Company) report that they have difficulty in keeping sufficient stock on hand.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Carmen and Mr. Dryasdust.

This is a story of a woman strong enough to break through the web of learned insignificances that make up her husband's life as a university professor and so to make a real man of him. The husband is Dr. Pontifax, professor of biology in Holy Ghost College, Cambridge, and the world's greatest authority on flies' livers. If there is anything of greater importance than flies' livers, which may be doubted, it is the puerile little politics of the university and the college. For Dr. Pontifax the universe revolves around Cambridge, and and it may be said that these extraordinary limitations are a frequent concomitant of the scholastic life.

And now comes Carlotta, who has Spanish blood in her veins and an amused and tolerant contempt for her husband's scale of values. Carlotta has an uncompromising determination to have her own way, and as her own way is a large and liberal way she enlists the support of the reader, who will admire her diplomacy and applaud her triumph. Carlotta resolves that her little son shall be a sailor, and the professor is equally resolved that he shall be a college don and perhaps continue the vital research into the nature of flies' livers. For a time we fear that there will be an irreparable quarrel, but Carlotta is far too strong to quarrel, and eventually we find the professor turning his back on the university and doing something worth while in the world. It is a clever story, and we need not doubt that the sketch of life in Holy Ghost College is precise, and typical of many other colleges elsewhere, in fact of the scholastic profession as a whole.

CARMEN AND MR. DRYASDUST. By Humphrey Jordan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.

Demosthenes.

It would be hard to speak too highly in praise of the Heroes of the Nations Series under the editorship of H. W. C. Davis and now numbering some fifty volumes. In all cases the authors seem to be the chief living authorities on their respective topics and to have worked with an inclusive thoroughness that approaches finality. The heroes selected for these biographies are "representative historical characters about whom we have gathered the traditions of the nations to which they belong, and who have, in the majority of instances, been accepted as types of the several national ideals." The latest addition to the series is "Demosthenes," by A. W. Pickard-Cambridge, a work to which no higher praise could be given than to say that it is in every way worthy of the impressive series to which it belongs.

DEMOSTHENES. By A. W. Pickard-Cambridge. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Briefer Reviews.

The twelfth volume of the Brick House Books now in course of issue by the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company is entitled "Making Mary Lizzie Happy," by Nina Rhoades. It contains four stories well adapted for girls. Price, \$1.

From Harper & Brothers comes another of Dr. Van Dyke's biblical stories inoffensively modernized and decorated. It is called "The Lost Boy," and it relates the Temple and other experiences of Jesus after the journey from Nazareth to Jerusalem. The price is 50 cents net.

The latest addition to the Modern Biographies Series now in course of issue by the Houghton Mifflin Company is "Dr. Barnardo," by A. R. Neuman. Dr. Barnardo was a large figure in the world of philanthropy, and the author is well advised to convey her own personal impressions rather than to embark on a complete life story.

A new hook by Josephine Scribner Gates should be something of an event in the nursery. The latest volume from this facile pen is "Nannette and the Baby Monkey," a little hook with colored illustrations for little children. Nannette is a living doll and the pictures are from photographs. It is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, 50 cents net.

The Houghton Mifflin Company has published a Visitor's Edition of "Uncle Remus and His Friends," by Joel Chandler Harris (\$1.25 net), with a biographical introduction by Myrta Lockett Avery and with illustrations from photographs. The introduction is exactly what it should be and the book as a whole is well devised as a memento of a singularly rare and beautiful character.

"Shelters, Shacks, and Shanties," by D. C. Beard (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net), is a book that should bring delight to the heart of every boy who owns a hatchet and a love for the open. Mr. Beard tells us exactly how to construct every kind of shelter, and the number and variety of possible structures is really surprising, as may be judged from the fact that his book contains forty-nine chapters. With the aid of this book and its illustrations we feel that we could go right

away and construct any kind of shack or shanty from the primitive lean-to up to the spacious and comfortable log house. And we intend to try on the first auspicious occasion.

Lovers of the short story would do well to become acquainted with the exceptionally good series now in course of issue by Charles Scribner's Sons. It is entitled A Famous Series of Short Stories and Essays, and already it contains twenty-two volumes, the latest addition being "The Fleet Goes By," by Mary Symon. So far there is not a single volume whose right to a place can be disputed. The price is 50 cents net each.

In "Grannis of the Fifth," by Arthur Stanwood Pier, we have another good story of the boys of St. Timothy's, full of football and sports and radiant with clean, manly ideals. Boys are particularly well catered for by the writers of today, and Mr. Pier's books come high in the list, not only for their understanding of boys, but for their inculcation of fine and manly sentiment. The publisher is the Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

Among the now innumerable treatises on food must be numbered a little volume by Ruth A. Wardell, M. A., and Edna Noble White, A. B. It is entitled "A Study of Foods," and it is published by Ginn & Co. (70 cents). The authors explain their intention as not to write a cook book, but to "give some knowledge of food materials, of the effects of heat upon them, of methods of manipulation, and of comparative cost of commercial and domestic products." It is well and clearly written and admirably adapted for school use.

New Books Received.

THE WOMAN IN THE ALCOVE. By Jennette Lee. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net. A novel.

"DAME CURTSEY'S" BOOK OF GAMES FOR CHILDREN. By Ellye Howell Glover. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net.

"A mother's book, though the games are for the children."

AFRICAN ADVENTURE STORIES. By J. Alden Loring. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

The author was Mr. Roosevelt's companion during the eleven months that he spent in Africa.

WINNING THE WILDERNESS. By Margaret Hill McCarter. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35 net. A novel.

CHANGE. By J. O. Francis. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; 75 cents net.

A play. Issued in the Drama League Series of Plays.

THE PLACE BEYOND THE WINDS. By Harriet T. Comstock. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.25 net. A novel.

JOSEPH CONRAD. By Richard Curle. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.25 net. A study.

AN UNKNOWN SON OF NAPOLEON (COUNT LEON). By Hector Fleischmann. New York: John Lane Company; \$3 net.

A memoir throwing new light upon a little-known episode in Napoleon's life, his love affair with Eleanor Denuelle de la Plaigne.

THE BERRY PAPERS. By Lewis Melville. New York: John Lane Company; \$6 net.

The correspondence hitherto unpublished of Mary and Agnes Berry, 1763-1852.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION. By Ellen Key. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net.

A discussion of some of the problems with which the world is wrestling.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND AND GREATER BRITAIN. By Arthur Lyon Cross. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50 net.

Special emphasis has been laid on those features which should be interesting to Americans, not necessarily because they are entertaining, but because they touch fundamental American interests.

THE HOUSE OF DECEIT. Anonymous. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.35 net. A novel.

WHITAKER'S DUKEDOM. By Edgar Jepson. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; 50 cents net. A novel.

LETTERS OF A SELF-MADE FAILURE. By Maurice Switzer. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1 net. Letters on the "serious subject of business."

THE TOURIST'S CALIFORNIA. By Ruth Kedzie Wood. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.25 net. A description of scenic California.

CHRONICLES OF ERTHIG ON THE DYKE. By Albinia Lucy Cust (Mrs. Wherry). New York: John Lane Company.

In two volumes, with thirty-three illustrations.

LUCY CASSANORA. By Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net. A novel.

THE SWINOLER AND OTHER STORIES. By Ethel M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net. A novel.

THE LAST RAID. By Byron A. Dunn. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.10 net. Issued in the Young Missourians' Series.

WHY THE DOLLAR IS SHRINKING. By Irving Fisher. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

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THE SAD SHEPHERD. By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 50 cents net. Issued in A Famous Series of Stories and Essays.

ON THE WARPETH. By James Willard Schultz. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. A story of Indian life.

ON THE TRACK OF THE GREAT. By Aubrey Stanhope. New York: John Lane Company; \$2.50 net.

Recollections of a special correspondent.

THE WAY OF THE STRONG. By Ridgwell Cullum. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.; \$1.35 net. A novel.

WAR DEPARTMENT ANNUAL REPORTS, 1913. Washington: Government Printing Office. In four volumes.

LONDON—1913. By Margaret de Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield & Co. A novel.

THE COST OF A PROMISE. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

FACES IN THE DAWN. By Hermann Hagedorn. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net. A Christmas story.

THE WINOS OF DEAL. By Latta Griswold. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net. A school story.

HOOF AND CLAW. By Charles G. D. Roberts. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net. Stories of animals, with illustrations.

LUCAS' ANNUAL. Edited by E. V. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Company; 75 cents net. Short stories and sketches by celebrated authors.

THE GOSPEL OF JESUS AND THE PROBLEMS OF DEMOCRACY. By Henry C. Vedder. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

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LIVE AND LEARN. By Washington Gladden. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net.

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CHARLES STEWART PARNELL. By Mrs. Parnell. In two volumes. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$5 net.

His love story and political life.

FAMOUS WAR CORRESPONDENTS. By F. Lauriston Bullard. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2 net. A volume of biographies.

HISTORIC HOMES OF NEW ENGLAND. By Mary H. Northend. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$5 net.

A sketch of some romantic old houses.

NEW NERVES FOR OLD. By Arthur E. Carey. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1 net.

Intended to help people who suffer from sick nerves.

THE FALCONER OF GOD. By William Rose Benét. New Haven, Connecticut: The Yale University Press; \$1.

A volume of verse.

CONCERNING JUSTICE. By Lucilius A. Emery. New Haven, Connecticut: The Yale University Press; \$1.35.

A severe analysis of the fundamentals of progressivism.

TRADE MORALS. By Edward D. Page. New Haven, Connecticut: The Yale University Press; \$1.50.

Their origin, growth, and province.

FREMONT AND '49. By Frederick S. Dellenbaugh. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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THE WORKS OF EDGAR ALLEN POE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$10 net. In ten volumes.

PAWNS OF LIBERTY. By Corinne S. and R. A. Tsanoff. New York: Outing Publishing Company; \$1.35 net.

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CALIFORNIA. Painted by Sutton Palmer. Described by Mary Austin. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$4 net.

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"MILESTONES."

Sometimes it comes over us with a sudden realization of pride and joy that ours is a most beautiful tongue. But it seems to require English speakers to convince us of this agreeable fact. Some time in the future, after our restless people have straightened out a few domestic, sociological, and political problems, and after the makers of women's clothes have been put in their place and will no more be allowed to over-fill their purses by arbitrarily changing the fashions four or five times a year, thus keeping women in a state of fashionable slavery there will be, perhaps, a movement to restore to American English the lost music that characterizes it among the educated classes of its native country. We can hear it this week, if we will, in "Milestones," which is being revived with a different, but still an English, company at the Columbia.

This company contains no names known to fame; the players belong to the upper rank and file of the English stage, but they do their work so cleanly, so completely, so beautifully, that it is a sheer delight to listen to them. They are not assisted by the music of the choicest passages of English poetry, as were the Shakespearean players. No, it is just from the ordinary colloquial speech of a well-bred English family of the upper middle class that, as represented in Arnold Bennett's and Edward Knoblauch's beautiful three-generation stage story of "Milestones," we taste again the sweet savor of pure English speech. True, American actors strive earnestly, if not always successfully, to free their speech from the ugly provincial enunciations which have grown upon it in this country, but we have but to hear a few political speeches, or listen to a group of club women dealing out wisdom from the rostrum, or witness an amateur stage performance, to realize how thoroughly and at the same time unconsciously the glory of our beautiful tongue has been defiled. There are nasal intonations, false inflections, mispronunciations, and, above all, perversions of the proper use of the vocal organs of which the offenders are absolutely unaware. In the lower ranks of stage people and among beginners there are also many faults, both vocal and articulatory. Seldom can we enjoy the pleasure of a performance by American players in which, as in "Milestones," we are given a deeply satisfying draught from "a well of English undefiled." And yet that is almost the least pleasure in this delightful classic-to-be, this remarkably logical, yet interesting and sympathetically appealing picture of family life as seen through the dramatic representation of the love stories of three generations of a fine old middle-class English family.

Arnold Bennett, whose inspiration was probably the most potent of the two collaborators, has a singularly sane and reasonable view of human nature. For some reason a sweet reasonableness does not seem to be the prevailing note in our drama. The public is credited with desiring sentimental exaggeration, and yet how quickly it responds to a realism that is founded on the gentler qualities of human nature. Above all, it loves genuineness of family atmosphere.

And that rich, deep prevalence of family feeling, the interest of seeing characters and traits work themselves out to a logical destiny, and the pleasure of seeing young life, with its ardent demands, spring out successfully on each sturdy parent tree, those are among the strong, warm, intense enjoyments which have made "Milestones" appeal so deeply and truly to the theatre-going public. It is a play that can be seen all over again, with an even increased and different pleasure, the pleasure of recognizing each milestone, unfamiliar and possibly unnoticed on a first hearing, pointing unerringly to inevitable destiny.

Each of the first two acts lays a firm and strong foundation for the one that follows. Every act and word of those two wreathed, flounced, crinolined, mid-Victorian girls, and of those picturesque young men with their wavy locks and their high white stocks, is like a flickering torch, illuminating the life-path they are to follow. One sees this far better in second hearing than a first, for "Milestones" is emphatically a play that well repays a second hearing. It is the picturesque novelty of that first act that absorbs us the first time. The serene old English lady,

rooted in propriety, knitting by the fireplace, the gentle prunes-and-prisms curve on sweet Rose Sihley's lips, and the expression of her eminently proper and filial sentiments toward the authority of her father when her masterful lover says, "Be mine," with manly ardor but a true British self-confidence concerning the submissive gratitude of the sweet English rose he woos.

It was such a pretty love scene, so sweet with the faint-rose fragrance of old-time love-making, and the English players did it so beautifully that the spectators found themselves looking on with tender smiles of sympathy.

And then, with a sudden clash of arms, the sweet, faded picture changes to drama. War is on between the young men. And Gertrude, who had the character and initiative that were considered too extreme for mid-Victorian girlhood—alas, poor Gertrude!—she flung herself on the side of justice, and, with the sound of that one bugle-note of revolt, the fabric of her future happiness fell in ruins. Thus, in the second act, Rose is a gentle, submissive matron; Gertrude, the strong, dominant woman who, mated to Sam the conservative, would have led him on to a victorious career, sees him fall out of the running in the mercantile career, for whose fierce competition his conservatism unfitted him, while she herself is but a mere old-maid apprenticeship in her brother's prosperous household. Life, life, and always the matter-of-factness, the truth, the remorseless logic of life! And yet the public takes to it and loves it. There is a scene between Gertrude and Emily, the child of her brother, in which Gertrude, champion of the future happiness of the girl toward whom all of her dammed-up affections expend themselves, mentions her youthful love affair as a warning. "And do you love him still?" says Emily, apostle of youthful romance. "No," responds Gertrude, with dreary calm; "no, loves dies out." And when Sam and Gertrude meet in the play, it is with the open cordiality and settled composure of people who have comfortably buried their youthful romance. This, of course, is dead against all the sentimental traditions of drama. And yet, how comforting it was to see drama that was a reasonable yet sympathetic reflection of life.

That is another bit of Arnold Bennett wisdom, that picture in the second act of man, the virile, the energetic, the inventive, carrying his dreams, his aspirations, his practical plans and projects, and his successes to the woman he loves, and being met with a blank wall of feminine ignorance of the most elementary principles of physics and the simplest terms of business. But draping this wall, and gracing it, and beautifying it, were the garlands of a living sympathy, a warm championship, and a womanly joy in the achievements of the loved one, which soothed and satisfied, as in the life around us such responses always do.

There are many such scenes, founded upon a knowledge of human nature which is rooted deep down below the superficialities with which the average playwright toys and tinkers. The fine family and social abilities of Gertrude, which her single state makes unavailing; the picture of progressive and liberal youth turned to cautious, distrustful, and conservative middle age; the deterioration caused by wealth in the male stock of the last generation pictured in the play; the clumsy determination of age and expediency to remain blind to the flame in the hearts of youth; these and other suggestions give the deepest, richest background to this continuous drama of different generations which finally terminate in the rather rock-bound young woman of our own times, who dares her revered grandfather on his very hearthstone, and emerges from the conflict flying the flag of victory.

If we had an American company playing "Milestones" with a skill and understanding equal to that of this English company it would mean that they had been selected from among the choicest players that New York has to offer. And yet I feel that these people are merely typical of England's good, but not necessarily finest stock players. Their work is not at all spectacular, but it is of solid merit and thoroughly dependable. Just as there isn't a line or a scene in the play that invites alteration, so with the players, with the exception, perhaps, of the actress in the rôle of Emily, whose voice has not that beautiful body and carrying quality noticeable in those of the rest. And yet this actress, who is really, I should judge, rather a mature woman, was thoroughly girlish in her depiction of twenty-two-year-old Emily. Gertrude was also represented by an actress of some maturity, and Miss Born, too, gave the impression in the first act of rose-wreathed girlhood's eagerness, and high spirits, and ardent expectancy of the future.

The best representation was that of the character of John Rhoad, played by Mr. Rupert Harvey, who presents, in his triple portrait of the successful shipbuilder, a remarkably realistic picture of manhood in its changing life-phases.

The English, like the American managers, evidently select players for their physical fitness for certain rôles, but while they are about it they pay due heed to their mental abilities also. One found one's self dwelling with satisfaction on the bold lines of John Rhoad's features, and noting in Sam Sihley's face an obstinate antagonism to the untied and the unknown. Arthur Preece, the young inventor coming up from the ranks, is made to show his plebeian origin at first, until the attrition of twenty years' contact with his fellow-men changes him to a man of the world. A similar improvement is noticeable in Nancy Sihley, the stenographer wife, who in the last act has shed her illiterate speech and become a middle-class matron; rather different from the others, with some of the abruptness of her lowly forbears clinging to her.

Both Mr. Carroll and Miss Herbert are singularly reposeful players by virtue of the simple sincerity and directness of their address. Mr. Ernest Lacey is admirably straightforward in his comedy methods, and his Ned Pym, during the family jars, sheds many a ray of sunshine in a shady place.

All through the story there are softening touches of true sentiment that melt the heart within us: the sweet voice of girlhood singing the old love-song to which so many generations of youthful lovers have been constant; the old man, impatient for the gentle partner of his lifetime to come and be reconciled after her one burst of revolt and sit with him in friendly silence before the cheer of the glowing hearth-fire; the autumnal love passages of the lovers severed by the events of two decades; and the final softening of the rebellious heart of Muriel, the up-to-date descendant, who has fallen heir to the twentieth-century passion for individualism and happiness, unknown to her submissive forbears. It is all perfect; mind, and heart, and soul-satisfyingly perfect.

THE ORPHEUM.

There are mingled chills and thrills at a certain place on the Orpheum bill this week—thrills of excitement and ebills of fear—and all this over nothing more nor less than a somersault act. This act is done by the Metzittis, a family of foreigners, who revolve around Sylvester Metzittis as their

laureled and intrepid centre, Sylvester Metzittis, the only man in the world who can turn a triple somersault in the air and come down on a pair of shoulders of a fellow-athlete. Sooth to say, it doesn't look as if Sylvester would long retain his honors. Not only does he bear upon his pallid, delicately featured face that slightly tragic expression which some construe as the look of one destined to die young, but the youth is nightly performing a foolishly perilous feat. However, to these men who are born fearless such peril is but a challenge. It is very difficult, after a triple somersault, to light on anything but a hospitably outspread net. If the young man would but content himself with that the spectators could remain comparatively calm while his resilient young body, was curling and uncurling itself in mid-air but it is at the moment of descent that we catch our breath in sudden fear, and hear muffled exclamations of terror rush to our own lips. No doubt we ought to remain calmer over the possible extinction of one little, alien life, while thousands of others on distant battlefields are giving up the ghost in smoke, and flame, and sickening physical anguish. But there lies the difference. This youth hires himself out at so much per to give us the thrill excited by the sight of danger, and we go to see the sight knowingly, for the rare privilege of that same thrill. We got a few extra gratis ones on Sunday, when he slipped a couple of times, and fell others, jumping to his feet like a cat immediately, but none the less wounded in his pride as an athlete by the failure of his physical and mental machinery to work along its usual grooves. He clutched his thatch of dark hair with a desperate gesture when he finally left the stage, and I doubt not that for the moment he almost wished he was dead. But he needn't worry. If he keeps this feat up he will die romantically young, and almost with the sound of man's applause ringing in his ears.

A great success on this week's bill is Claude Gillingwater with Edith Lyle in a one-act melodrama of his own authorship, entitled "Wives of the Rich." There is a surprise in "Wives of the Rich," which, at the end of the second interval, even the unperspicacious may easily guess at. But not until then. And in the meantime, not being in the secret, I was thoroughly puzzled by the attitude of



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those in the audience who were. They gurgled delightedly at places in the play where gravity seemed a much more appropriate emotion. They seemed, with loud laughter, to be spotting sly and elusive jokelets that for the life of me I couldn't discover. I thought they were guying a very interesting and well-acted play, and puzzled and puzzled to know the reason why. Enlightenment came with the surprise. It was the child-like enjoyment of being in the secret that was tickling them, and I felt much relieved at having my perplexities cleared away. The play portrays the rapid action that follows the uxorious jealousy of a multimillionaire who in his absorption in business affairs has been allowing his young wife to depend on other men for attention and appreciation. Mr. Gillingwater, with his American, negligent air, and the ease and indifference expressed by the movements and attitudes of his long, Uncle Samish body, fits perfectly into the part of the husband. He is a man of standards, and allows no raw work from his little company. Edith Lyle, pretty and ornate in her festal attire, looks opulent enough to be the fair mate of a man of means. She was so admirably restrained in the scene of suspense and excitement following hard on the entrance of the lover that I thought I saw signs of Mr. Gillingwater's influence there. The play has a characteristically national finale. A middle-aged digestion is to be laid willingly as an oblation before the shrine dedicated to a young wife's happiness. And the gods are appeased. Such is America.

I think Charlie Ahearn ought to establish a competition and give prizes to spectators who can approximate a coherent and detailed description of the doings and appearance of the wild and grotesque procession that comes in on wheels. I, for one, throw up the sponge. In its general aspect the stage approximated the pictured nightmare of some one who has wheels in his head and on the brain. No one had a chance to do anything but register a series of delighted shocks, as each queer craft came scooting in, and tearing round and round in reckless circles, or sending off a series of toy detonations. The audience was hugely entertained for fifteen minutes, and the act was one long siren's shriek.

Beside these more prominent and successful acts there were the usual group of running mates, of whom Stan Stanley was probably the one who attained the most favor. Stan Stanley at first seemed to be a good-natured fool in the audience, whose amusing loquacity contained many shrewd hits at his interlocutor on the stage. For that is all the patronizing magician, who never magicizes, is—merely an interlocutor to draw out Stan Stanley. He has to do a good deal of drawing before he succeeds in wooing him to the thither side of the footlights, at which point, of course, the interlocutor fades away and the fool proves his rightful claim to the title "a hounding fellow," by doing some very pretty bouncing, like a long-extended hall, on the elastic couch spread out to further his natural elasticity.

Will M. Cressy is represented this week by a brief and not particularly entertaining skit called "Monday." The two Havels are tolerably amusing, and the girl not at all, Miss Valeska being merely a pretty, weak-voiced blonde with dancing aspirations.

Joe and Lew Cooper sing and smile, and play the piano. Which is which I know not, but one of them belongs to the ranks of composers of those curios of composition known as popular songs, the songs which hit the taste of the vaudeville patron right in the middle of the belt. Both young men are full of rhythm, but neither can sing pleasingly. Their voices are harsh, and yet, because of the songs and the cheerful, noisy, soulless rattle of the piano, and the rhythm which pervaded all they said and did, the two made a hit—an unqualified hit.

Herbert Ashley and Al Canfield, better in quality and finish, also scored with a similar line of songs, and with comic dialogue.

The inevitable flirting couple was, as usual, to the fore, in the popular persons of Wilbur Mack and Nella Walker, who made eyes at each other with an experienced air and threw off, lightly and amusingly enough to please their replicas in front, the kind of repartee which obtains among the young of either sex when nature, instead of themselves, as they firmly believe, takes them in hand for her own purposes and causes them to throw out eye and lip lures across the barrier of sex.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Estella Neuhaus, the noted Hungarian-German pianist, whose recitals in New York and Boston last season were so great a success, will give two recitals of Hungarian, Russian, German, and French compositions in Scottish Rite Auditorium on October 30 and November 5 at three o'clock.

Among the attractions scheduled for the early fall at the Columbia Theatre is "The Poor Little Rich Girl," the Eleanor Gates play, now in its third year.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Kitty MacKay" at the Cort.

"Kitty MacKay," the clever three-act comedy by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, will begin an engagement of two weeks at the Cort Theatre on Sunday evening, October 11. The company comes direct from New York, where the play has been on view at the Comedy Theatre for more than a year, and was credited with being the laughing success of the decade. During the engagement at the Cort Theatre there will be popular-priced matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

The plot of the play has to do with the adventures of a quick-witted Scottish Cinderella in fashionable London. Kitty becomes the belle of fashionable society, and with her plain-spoken friend, Mag, becomes involved in many amusing adventures, that it is said must be seen to be enjoyed. Apart from its mirth-provoking qualities, Kitty is said to have won her success on her clean fun and wonderful charm, the story having nothing to do with sex questions or double meanings.

In the excellent cast to be seen at the Cort are such splendid players as Marjorie Murray, Paget Hunter, Eleanor Daniels, Wallace Erskine, Marie Stuart, James Findlayson, and others.

The Final Week of "Milestones."

"Milestones" has returned to San Francisco with its three acts of charm and has captured theatre-goers just as it did when first seen here last season at the Columbia Theatre, where it begins the second and final week of its engagement on Monday night, October 12.

The story of the Rhead family during three generations as told by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch is without question one of the masterpieces of the modern drama, and it will live as a popular attraction for many years to come. The company at the Columbia Theatre gives a performance of the highest artistic value. It is the English company from the Royalty Theatre, London, and its success in the presentation of "Milestones" will be recorded as one of the real delights of the present season. Matinees are given Wednesdays and Saturdays. There are no Sunday performances.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

What is conceded by the management to be one of the best shows that has visited here in months will be featured at the Pantages on Sunday with Vivian Marshall and her "Bathing Beauties" as the box-office attraction. Miss Marshall is the plump little mermaid who was the star of Lottie Myers's diving act, which created such interest here last year. Miss Marshall holds medals and is willing to back up her challenge that she is the woman champion fancy and high diver of the Pacific Coast. With the star will be other luminaries in the aquatic field. Maud Gray, champion fancy diver of Northern California, and Aileen Allen, a rough water swimmer from Ocean Park, will do some daring flips. Dolly Mings, a long-distance swimmer, well known in this city, is another mermaid with a medal record. There will be three other shapely water nymphs.

Otto Fries, a German comedian, will supply the fun-making part of the offering.

Jack Golden, one of the best liked comedians in the West, has joined together a jolly company of fifteen musical-comedy players, and the comedian has rejuvenated "The War Baron," a screamingly funny travesty. The ten show girls have been especially chosen for the production and they all sing and dance with a refreshing vim and vigor.

H. Guy Woodward, former manager of the local Pantages, will tread the boards again, presenting "The Crisis," a playlet with a beautiful story of human nature.

Miller, Packer, and Selz, called "The Three Grouch Killers," unravel a lot of the sheerest nonsense, but they have been a tremendous hit with the act.

Chester Kingston, the "Chinese Puzzle," is an acrobat who ties himself into human knots. Little Affre takes his name from the great French tenor, who heard the lad sing in Paris.

Earl Taylor and Ethel Arnold are local performers who have been making a name in the East with a delightfully brilliant song offering.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The headline attraction next week at the Orpheum will be Morris Cronin, the monarch of all jugglers, and his "Merry Men." They will present an entirely novel and most amusing act, entitled "Many Mirthful Moments." Mr. Cronin has but lately returned from abroad, where he achieved a greater triumph than has fallen to the lot of any member of his branch of the show business. The European press was unanimous in pronouncing his act to be the cleverest, most entertaining, and most original ever presented by any band of jugglers. They also declared that it was one of those performances it was impossible to do justice to by description, but it could be safely guaranteed to provide

most enjoyable entertainment for even the most blasé of theatre-goers.

Bert Kalmar and Jessie Brown will present a programme of original songs and dances. Mr. Kalmar is an exceptionally able song writer and has written the songs and dance music which are used in their act. The staging and equipment are picturesque and perfect, and the entire performance is delightful from start to finish.

Chief Caulpican, the Araucano Indian, who one the occasion of his previous appearance here scored a tremendous success with his splendid singing and fluent oratory, will be heard in an almost entirely new act. He will still deliver the unique, interesting, and entertaining description of the South American Indian tribe of which he is the head, but his songs will be entirely new and will include a number of popular ballads sung in English, French, and his own native dialect.

Harry De Coe, "The Man with the Tables and Chairs," accomplishes the most unusual and wonderful stunts.

Next week will be the last of Herbert Ashley and Al Canfield, the Five Metzetts, Joe and Lew Cooper, and Claude Gillingwater with Edith Lyle in his dramatic sketch, "Wives of the Rich."

George Arliss Coming in "Disraeli."

The lengthy engagements to the credit of George Arliss in Louis N. Parker's comedy, "Disraeli," which comes to the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, October 19, under the management of the Liebler Company—hut five cities visited in two seasons until the present tour—are accounted for in the broad appeal of the play and Mr. Arliss's peculiar charm and magnetism in the interpretation of the Victorian premier. Disraeli is, perhaps, the most interesting figure of modern English history, and Mr. Arliss's characterization will stand as one of the most remarkable characters of the decade. In "Disraeli" Mr. Parker has written a play that, while mostly comedy, tells an absorbing and keenly interesting story of love and political intrigue woven about the dominant character of the famous statesman.

David Warfield on last Monday night opened his second season in the revival of "The Auctioneer." After playing a few cities in the East he will start for the Pacific Coast, playing here at the Columbia Theatre early in December. He has brought together for this production every living member of the original cast who appeared in the piece thirteen years ago.

Margaret Dale, who was one of the most popular members of Henry Miller's company at the old Columbia Theatre, will appear here in the cast of "Disraeli."

THE MUSIC SEASON

The Fremstad Concert.

Next Wednesday morning the sale of seats will open for the one and only concert to be given in San Francisco by that glorious artist, Mme. Olive Fremstad, of whom Mary Garden said in a recent magazine article: "I consider Olive Fremstad one of the greatest artists the world has ever known."

Mme. Fremstad's programme is a most interesting and beautiful one, and includes many songs never before heard in this city—songs by such masters as Schumann, Grieg, and Hugo Wolf that other artists seem to have neglected. Here is the quite unusual offering in its entirety, and it will be noticed that the artist does not depend on her operatic rôles for her concert triumphs:

Part I—"Der Schatzgräber" (The Treasure Digger), "The Shepherd Girl's Lament," "The Wandering Minstrel," Schumann; "Musicians," "The Wounded," "The Fame Seeker," Grieg. Part II—"Go, Beloved," "Elfsong," "The Spirits of the Lake," three gems by Hugo Wolf. Part III—Folk songs: "When the Nightingale Sings," old troubadour; "The Outlaw," Bulgarian; "Ma Gazelle," Moorish; "Hush-a-By, Darling," Scotch; and "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," American. Part IV—"Little Lasse," "Black Roses," Jean Sibelius; "In Seraglio's Pleasure Garden," Emil Sjogren; "Soft-Footed Snow," Sigurd Lie; and "Among the Stars," Felix Weingartner.

The box-offices will be maintained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's, and the Columbia Theatre.

Olive Fremstad in Oakland

Fremstad's first concert in California will be given in Oakland next Friday afternoon, October 16, at 3:15, at Ye Liberty Playhouse. The box-office for this event will open next Monday morning, October 12, at Ye Liberty in Oakland. These will be the only Fremstad concerts in Northern California.

Approaching Symphony Concerts.

Musical and social San Francisco is taking no end of interest in the approaching series of ten Friday afternoon symphony concerts of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra at

the Cort Theatre. Conductor Henry Hadley is pleased beyond measure with the results of the first rehearsals. The orchestra now has a harpist that is second to none in this country; the new bassoons are artists of superior ability; the horn section the best that the orchestra ever boasted, and all other sections have symphony players of wide experience. The sale of tickets will continue at the offices of Frank W. Healy, 209 Post Street, telephone Sutter 2954, until Saturday evening, October 17. Monday morning, October 19, the sale of single tickets will open at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., the Cort Theatre, and Kohler & Chase. The sale of season tickets will be continued during the single ticket sale and until noon of the date of the first concert, Friday afternoon, October 23.

The Hughes-Wismer-Riley Concert.

Mrs. Robert Hughes, pianist; Mr. Hother Wismer, violinist, and Mr. Herbert Riley, 'celist, will give their first chamber music concert of the season on Tuesday evening, October 27, at Sorosis Auditorium. Miss Helen Heath will sing a group of songs. Haydn's D major and Christian Sinding's A minor trios will be performed, and Mr. Wismer will play the Spohr violin concerto, "Gesangscene, No. 8."

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VANITY FAIR.

The New York *Evening Globe* deftly throws a little cold water on the women's protest against the military styles for women and children. Little Clarence, we are told, is not likely to become helliergent and hellicose merely because he has been decked out in a suitlet dimly resembling the uniform of a legendary German hussar. The little boy with a military cockade in his hat will not upon that account thirst for bloodshed, at least not more than he is fairly certain to do in any case. In short these women protestants are tilting at windmills, says the *Globe*, and it is not the windmills that will come to grief.

But the *Globe* misses the point, and it shows some skill in doing so, seeing that in this case the point is about the size of a barn. But then most newspapers are adroit in missing the point when it comes to some feminine question. They simply don't dare to hit it.

The question is this, dearly beloved. Women just at present are battering the gates of high heaven with clamorous assurances that they, and they alone, are the pure dyed-in-the-wool pacifists and that if they were only allowed to vote, just one little vote to one little woman, there would never again be a war and the plowshare market would be simply glutted with converted and made-over sword blades. Now the few New York women upon whose protest the *Globe* throws its little cup of cold water have done no more than suggest that other women whose hearts are thus on fire with the sacred flame of peace would do well not to dress themselves like Cossacks and their children like Uhlans. It might conceivably lead to some doubts of their sincerity. It might give us all a vague suspicion that women are not at all opposed to war, that they are very much enamored of war, and that their political influence would usually be thrown upon the side of the sword and all the pretty things to wear that accompany the sword. We are not at all afraid that these imitation military fripperies, these adapted costumes of Cossacks and Uhlans, these Russian blouses and Bulgarian sashes, will actually arouse a military ardor in those that wear them, and the *Globe* knows this quite well. But it is extremely likely that we shall smile the smile of incredulous irony when the woman who is tricked out like a tin soldier assures us that she, and she alone, is the true Simon-pure, all-wool-and-a-yard-wide friend and champion of peace. And for this reason we applaud for their discretion the little knot of women in New York who implore their misguided sisters to dress like women, and not like warriors.

Mr. Michael Monahan, whose little *Phanix* is as the shadow of a cool rock in a thirsty land, or words to that effect, tells us of a new woman's paper which we forbear to name, and incidentally Mr. Monahan discourses on woman's papers in general. This particular paper, like so many others, is full of the usual trash in which women delight, their ridiculous little problems, their pieties, ambitions, and perplexities. But it does more than this. It recognizes the sex war that is actually so much more formidable than the war in Europe, and it does what it can to pour oil upon the flames and to make "a subtle bid to the disloyalty and treachery which many women secretly cherish toward their husbands, but which they do not call by that name." And all this is carefully hidden in the usual buncombe about the church and the Sunday-school, the bait that will invariably get a rise from eight women out of ten.

The advice department of course figures largely in this dose of monthly or weekly humbug. The Lydia Pinkham editor, ostensibly a woman of vast experience, but actually some calculating and dollar-chasing man, will give sage counsel upon any and every problem. He will tell you how to get thin and how to

get fat, he will sob or smile to order. He is an incarnation of etiquette, emotionalism, and obstetrics. He is a personification of "advice to a wife" and "what every girl ought to know." He writes all the departments on health, beauty, and the toilet, and he is the recipient of all those unspeakably intimate missives that emanate from "Perplexed Wife" and "Expectant Mother," missives that are fondly supposed to be opened only by some motherly old-lady editor in the inviolable secrecy of a hidden sanctum guarded by elderly deaconesses with hatchets. He opens them leeringly and he gibes over them with the office factotum and he shows them to the printers.

But Mr. Monahan indicates the real heart of this ugly business. It is to be found in what is called the Personal Service Department. "Do you want," says the editorial announcement, "to know how to treat a teething child, or how many elephants there are in Siam? Do you need an outline for a club paper? Do you want to know how to cure your baby's bad habits? Does your husband drink?"

There we have it. We need go no further. If your husband drinks please write a letter to that effect to the editor of the *Woman's Flapdoodle*, whom you never heard of before, who lives a thousand miles away, but who is obviously a good and pious person who talks incessantly about churches and missionaries. But a letter is not enough. Obviously the editor can not give competent advice until he knows all the facts of the case. Therefore please fill up a "Registration Card," which will be a sort of intensely private and intimate autobiography. You will state your "circumstances and surroundings," and since you are a woman Heaven alone knows what you will not state. And that confession will be filed away in a card index, and in twenty years' time, when your life does not seem to be quite such a tragedy as it does now, when your husband does not drink any more, or when you have discovered that he never did drink, that card confession will be still in existence somewhere, and you may expect to hear about it almost any day. Then you may have reason to regret that you invited some sly rascal to peep through the bedroom keyhole, that you bared the secrets of your silly, credulous, suspicious mind to an utter stranger, who regarded your confession card as hard cash stowed away safely at compound interest.

If you or I felt moved of the spirit to contribute something to the Red Cross we should step round to the office of that doubtless worthy institution, lay our nickels on the counter, and step out again. Now why can not society women perform their benefactions in the same way? Why must there be this invariable flourish of trumpets, this parade of feathers and furs whenever wealthy vulgarity decides to part with some infinitesimal portion of its ill-gotten gains.

For example, here is an announcement from New Jersey. Society women, we are told, have started an "endless chain" of bridge games at \$2 a game to raise money for the Red Cross. Each player pays 50 cents entrance fee and binds herself to conduct another game with three new players, who also will agree to conduct new games. This endless game is expected, we are told, to net a large sum. The benefit to wounded soldiers will, of course, be large. But think of the pleasure to the ladies, who will be able to play their favorite game with the eminently comfortable feeling that the more they play the more they will be serving God and man.

Publication of Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice's new novel, "The Honorable Percival," has been postponed to October 23. It is the story of happenings on a Pacific liner, where a correct and fastidious young Englishman met a wildcap American girl.

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Delightful places amid crags and pines. Hotels, cottages and tents. Excellent trout fishing.

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Attractive Hotels and camps in picturesque surroundings. Daily steamer trips around lake. Excellent trout fishing.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The constable in a small town received by post six "Rogues' Gallery" photographs, taken in different positions, of an old offender wanted for burglary in a neighboring city. A fortnight later the constable sent this message to the city chief of police: "I have arrested five of the men, and am going after the sixth tonight."

Jackson and Johnson are not now on speaking terms. It all arose as the result of an argument which required some mental calculation. "I tell you," said Jackson, "that you are altogether wrong in your conclusions." "Pardon me, but I am not," replied Johnson. "Didn't I go to school, stupid?" almost roared his opponent. "Yes," was the calm reply, "and you came back stupid."

The kindly *dame de compagnie* attached to a young ladies' finishing school was about to take two of her flightiest charges to see the pictures at the Paris Salon. "There are certain pictures in this collection, mesdemoiselles, which I do not wish you to behold," she observed, halting upon the threshold. "But how shall we know which they are, madame?" giggled one of the twain. "I myself will point them out to you," replied the worthy guide.

An old Scotch couple from the hills decided to visit a moving-picture show on their visit to Glasgow, due largely to the flaming posters which announced "The Battle of Waterloo." As they came out Donald's dissatisfied expression caused his wife to ask: "Whit's wrang noo? Did ye no like 'The Battle o' Waterloo'?" "Waterloo!" the husband grumbled. "D'ye no' ken my grandfeyther fought at Waterloo, an' I didna see him at a' in ony o' they pictures."

The soldiers were dining and orderlies were hastening back and forth with pails of steaming soup. Wolsley stopped one of them and ordered him to remove the lid of his pail. The man obeyed promptly, and the general said: "Let me taste it." "But—" began the orderly. "Let me taste it, I say," exclaimed the general testily. "Disgraceful!" he exclaimed. "It's for all the world like dishwater." "That's what it is, sir," said the orderly, saluting gravely.

While traveling through Alabama a young salesman was one day forced to dine at a farmhouse. Not being very well satisfied with his meal of corn bread and bacon, he asked if he might have a glass of milk. "No," replied his host. "Ab don't reckon you'll find no milk around heah sence the dog died." "Since the dog died!" echoed the stranger. "Wha'ts that got to do with it?" "Why," replied the farmer, "who do you-all reckon's goin' to go and fetch the cow?"

It happened at the state convention of the Progressives at Syracuse. A quiet-spoken man near one of the doors arose and inquired if there happened to be a Christian Scientist among the assemblage. In answer to his question a lady left her seat and wended her way to the man. "I am a Christian Science teacher," she said. "What can I do for you?" "If you do not mind changing seats with me, I would appreciate it very much," hesitatingly replied the man. "This draught is not very good for my cold."

Sublime satisfaction in one's own powers must be a very delightful condition, but a celebrated English musician, Dr. Arne, who flourished in the first half of the seventeenth century, for once very wittily turned the tables on some singers of this type. He was asked to decide on the respective powers of two vocalists whose talents existed entirely in their own imaginations. After hearing them Dr. Arne said to one: "You are the worst singer I ever heard in my life." Then exclaimed the other: "I win." "No," answered the just judge, "you can't sing at all."

In announcing that a certain Connecticut town intended to increase its water supply the local weekly contained the information that it would "build a watershed covering fifty acres." One of the town officials, a building contractor, who naturally favored the "shed," was severely criticized by a fellow-townsmen thusly: "T'will be a tarnation shame, by heck, ef Ezekial Billin's gits the job of puttin' a shed over fifty acres of water. I'm ag'in it, tooth an' nail. Zeke's got sufficient outen the town already."

The simple character of the Russian peasant, several million of whom are reported enrolled for the war, is illustrated by the story of the fate of the Socialist. The Socialist arrived in a village to convert the inhabitants to his belief. He thought he would begin by disproving the existence of God, because if he proved that there was no God it would natur-

ally follow that there should be no emperor and no policeman. So he took the holy image and said, "There is no God, and I will prove it immediately. I will spit upon this image and break it to bits, and if there is a God He will send fire from heaven and kill me, and if there is no God nothing will happen to me at all." Then he took the image and spat upon it, and broke it to bits, and he said to the peasants, "You see God has not killed me." "No," said the peasants, "God has not killed you, but we will." And they did.

One day the five-year-old daughter of the house was looking through a picture book when she suddenly glanced up to her mother. "Mamma," said she, with a very serious expression, "don't men ever go to heaven?" "Why, of course, my dear," answered the mother in a surprised voice. "What makes you ask?" "Because," responded the little girl, turning to the book again, "I have never seen any pictures of angels with whiskers." "That's easily accounted for, darling," was the smiling rejoinder of mother. "While men do go to heaven, they only get there by a very close shave."

Carefully Abelard Wilks scanned the fair countryside for a suitable spot. After much thought, he stuck his easel up, got out his paints and started. Oblivious to his surroundings, he was suddenly startled to see a red-faced, perspiring motorist at his side. "Don't put another stroke to it," urged the newcomer. "I'll give you \$5 for it as it stands." Something in Abelard Wilks snapped. "It—it is very kind of you," he stammered, "but it's not quite finished." "Don't matter one jot," said he of the motor garb, as he got his money out. "I only want the canvas to mend a burst tire."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Song of Europe.
Singing a song of Europe,
Highly civilized,
Four-and-twenty nations
Wholly hypnotized.
When the battles open
The bullets start to sing.
Isn't that a silly way
To act for any king?

The kings are in the background
Issuing commands.
The queens are in the parlor
Per etiquette's demands.
The bankers in the counting-house
Are busy multiplying.
The common people at the front
Are doing all the dying. —Life.

Painful.
"I can not sing the old songs,"
She warbled. It was true;
And it wasn't a bit less painful
When she tried to sing the new.
—Musical America.

Speaking of Names.
She was built of bone and gristle,
And her nose was sharp and thin,
And her eyes were sharp as gimlets,
And she had a scrappy chin;
With her tongue she tore her neighbors'
Reputation up, and she
In the days beyond recalling
Had been christened Cha-ri-ty.
—Houston Post.

Job.
Job had his troubles, yes, indeed;
That's what he was created for.
But still he never had to read
All day about the foreign war.

Job's luck, it certainly was bad;
It followed him where'er he went.
But at its worst he never had
To read a comic supplement.

Job had to fight his way through life,
His battle tales would fill a book;
But still 'twas imitation strife—
He never had to fire the cook.

Job's troubles sought him everywhere;
They came to him from near and far
But still he had no back need bear
To dodge the snorting motor car.

Job's woes camped right upon his trail—
His lot was hard as any man's;
And yet he never went to jail
For throwing glass in garbage cans.
—Milwaukee News.

Tales of Three Cities.
There was a young man in N. Y.
Who never would eat with a F.Y.
Said he, "All my life
I have eat with a wife
Roast beef, veal and mutton and PY.

A fisherman from Terre Haute
Once bragged of a fish he had caute;
But the fisherman's daughter
Knew more than she auter
And cried, "It was one that you haute!"

There was a young fellow in Butte
Who went on a butteful tutte.
Next morning in bed
He put ice on his head
And murmured: "Ohwhydididutte!"
—New York World.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Eleanor Doe of Montecito has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Marguerite Doe, to Mr. Elliot Rogers of Santa Barbara. Mr. Rogers is the son of Mrs. Rogers and the late Robert Cameron Rogers.

Mrs. George C. Boardman has issued invitations to the wedding of her granddaughter, Miss Dora Julia Winn, and Dr. Lovell Langstroth, who will be married at four o'clock Saturday afternoon, October 24, in St. Luke's Church. Mrs. Millen Griffith, who was formerly Miss Constance McLaren, will be matron of honor and Miss Isabelle Beaver maid of honor. The chosen bridesmaids are the Misses Marian Crocker, Ethel McAllister, Cora Otis, and May Boardman. Mr. Frank Langstroth will be his brother's best man, and the ushers will include the Messrs. Lorraine Langstroth, William Jackson, James Langhorne, and Dr. Walter Boardman. Dr. Langstroth and his bride will reside with Mrs. Boardman at her residence on California Street.

The wedding of Miss Marjorie Emmons and Mr. Albert Coogan took place Tuesday evening at nine o'clock at the home in Alameda of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Wellington Emmons. The bridal attendants included the Misses Gladys and Gertrude Emmons, Marjorie and Helen Coogan, Betty Glover Funston, and Ila Counhs. Mr. John J. Donovan was Mr. Coogan's best man. On their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Coogan will reside in Oakland.

The wedding of Miss Edna Fay and Mr. Marshall Dill took place Wednesday evening at the home on Grove Street of the bride's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fay. Miss Adele Brune and Miss Phyllis Fay were the bride's only attendants. Mr. Napier Crosset was Mr. Dill's best man. Mrs. Dill is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Philip Fay and a sister of the Messrs. Charles, Philip, Stanley, and Paul Fay, Mrs. Kirby Crittenden, and Miss Mahel Fay. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Dill will reside in this city.

Miss Bonestell was hostess at a tea Thursday afternoon at her home in Piedmont in honor of Miss Dorothy Allen, who was the complimented guest at a similar affair Friday afternoon given by Miss Helen Johnson at her home on California Street.

Mrs. Walter Greer entertained a number of friends at a bridge-tea Thursday afternoon at her home on Washington Street.

Miss Alice Warner and her fiancé, Dr. Hubert Law, were the complimented guests at an informal tea Tuesday afternoon given by Miss Sue Merriam.

Miss Ola Willits gave a luncheon Wednesday in honor of Miss Kate Crocker, who left Saturday for New York to continue her studies.

Miss Katherine Redding entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Thursday at her home on Filbert Street in honor of Miss Ottila Laine, whose engagement to Mr. Clinton La Montagne has recently been announced.

Miss Esther Bentley was the complimented guest at a matinee party Wednesday given by Miss Helen Weaver, who later entertained her guests at tea at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Dora Winn was hostess at a luncheon Thursday afternoon at her home on California Street.

Mrs. Ira Pierce entertained a number of friends at a dinner Friday evening at her home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. George Tyson was hostess at a luncheon at the Francisca Club Wednesday, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. James Jenkins chaperoned a number of friends at Tamalpais Tavern over the week-end.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at an informal dinner Sunday evening in honor of her house guest, Baron Heine von Schroeder.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., entertained a number of friends at a dinner Tuesday evening at their home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Klink gave an informal bridge and supper party Tuesday evening at their home on Fillmore Street.

Mrs. Henry L. Dodge was hostess at a dinner Thursday evening at her home on Franklin Street. The affair was in honor of her grandniece, Mrs. Walter Remington Quick of New York, who is her house guest.

Miss Elizabeth Fee gave a luncheon Saturday

at her home on Buchanan Street in honor of her house guest, Miss Emily Clayton of San Diego.

Miss Josephine Johnson was hostess at a dinner Thursday evening at her home in Piedmont in honor of Miss Alice Warner.

Mrs. Henry Kierstedt gave a bridge-luncheon Monday at her home in Burlingame.

Miss Ruth Richards was the complimented guest at a tea Friday afternoon given by Miss Dorothy Baker at her home on Spruce Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker gave a dinner Monday evening at the Hotel St. Francis. Later Mr. and Mrs. Walker entertained their guests at the theatre.

Mrs. Walter Martin was hostess at a children's party Saturday afternoon at her home in Burlingame. The affair was to celebrate the birthday of her daughter, Miss Mary Martin.

The Misses Cora and Fredericka Otis have issued invitations to a tea Sunday, October 18, at their home on Broadway complimentary to Miss Dora Winn and Dr. Lovell Langstroth, who will be married Saturday, October 24.

Miss Leslie Miller will be hostess at a luncheon Tuesday, October 13, at her home on Pacific Avenue. The guests will include a number of the season's debutantes.

Miss Linda Bryan will entertain a number of friends at a luncheon Tuesday, October 13, in honor of Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Jr., and Miss Ottila Laine.

The Misses Lois and Rita Brown gave an informal tea Monday at their home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Jr., and Mrs. Charles Nulsen.

Miss Phyllis de Young gave a house party over the week-end at her home in San Rafael and entertained her guests at a picnic Sunday.

Mrs. J. W. Wright was hostess recently at a luncheon at her home on Sacramento Street.

Mrs. Robert I. Bentley was hostess at an informal tea Tuesday afternoon at the Palace Hotel in honor of Miss Elaine Hancock, whose engagement to Mrs. Bentley's son, Mr. Walter Bentley, has recently been announced.

Miss Hancock was the complimented guest again Friday afternoon, when Mrs. William Roth gave a tea at her home on Green Street.

Mrs. Lewis Tuttle and Mrs. Francis Lincoln entertained a number of friends at a bridge-tea Tuesday afternoon at Fort Scott. The affair was in honor of Mrs. J. C. Johnson, who will leave shortly for the Philippines to join her husband, Captain Johnson, Coast Artillery, U. S. A.

Mrs. Johnson was the complimented guest again Wednesday evening, when General Wisser, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wisser gave a dinner at their home at Fort Miley.

Mrs. William Bennett was hostess at a bridge-tea Friday afternoon at her home at the Presidio. Lieutenant Chris Burlingame, U. S. A., entertained the Fort Scott Bridge Club Thursday evening at his home.

Mrs. Benjamin Johnson entertained a number of friends at a bridge-tea Friday afternoon at her home at Fort Scott.

The officers of the U. S. S. San Diego gave a dinner-dance Saturday evening aboard the ship, which is stationed at Mare Island.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Upon the arrival from Europe of Mrs. Clarence Grange she and her husband will take possession of their country home, Stag's Leap, in Napa County, where many improvements have recently been made preparatory to their occupancy.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Wheeler have rented their home on Pacific Avenue and will depart within the next two weeks for Washington, D. C. They are at present the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Belden have closed their home in Ross, and have gone East for an indefinite visit.

Mrs. Truxton Beale has gone East to join Mr. Beale at their home, Chevy Chase, near Washington, D. C. Mrs. Beale was accompanied by her sister, Miss Alice Oge.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla, Miss Leontine de Sabla, and Mrs. Clement Tobin have arrived from Europe, where they have been traveling during the past three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Payne, who have been in Holland, sailed Wednesday for home.

Mrs. Charles C. Fee, Miss Marcia Fee, Dr. Redmond Payne, and Mrs. Payne have been spending the past week in the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

Mrs. Starr Keeler has returned from the East, where she placed her son, Master Addison Keeler, in the Westminster School. Master Harrison

Dibblee, who went East at the same time, has resumed his studies at Groton.

The Misses Ruth Zeile and Gertrude Hopkins spent the week-end with Miss Phyllis de Young at her country home, Meadowlands, in San Rafael.

Miss Elizabeth Ashe and Miss Alice Griffith departed Thursday for a visit in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hood of Philadelphia are anticipating a visit to this city during the winter and will remain for the early months of the exposition. Mrs. Hood, who was formerly Miss Helen Sidney-Smith, is a sister of Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Weaver have returned to town after having spent the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Kent Weaver have decided to remain in San Rafael during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Dean have returned from San Rafael and are occupying their town house on Vallejo Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Armsby have returned to Burlingame after a three months' visit in the East.

Mrs. J. R. Laine has purchased a house in the course of construction on Devisadero and Green Streets. It will be her wedding present to her daughter, Miss Ottila Laine, who is to be married next month to Mr. Clinton La Montagne.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Orrick have returned from their wedding trip to Europe and are visiting relatives in Oakland. Mrs. Orrick was formerly Miss Mary Downey.

Dr. Herbert Allen and Mrs. Allen (formerly Miss Gertrude Jolliffe) returned Monday from Sobra Vista, the country home in Sonoma County of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, where they have been spending their honeymoon. Dr. Allen and his bride are residing on Laguna Street near Pacific Avenue.

Dr. Vara Hulén and Mrs. Hulén are established on Broderick Street near Green, where they have recently bought a home.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Jr., have again leased the Casey house, which has been occupied during the past six months by Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin.

Miss Ethel Crocker has recently been visiting Mrs. Samuel Morse on the Crocker ranch near Merced.

Mr. and Mrs. Alden Ames are permanently settled in an apartment on Taylor Street. Mrs. Ames was formerly Miss Maud Murray of Pittsburgh.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker left Saturday for the East and was accompanied by her daughter, Miss Kate Crocker, who will enter Miss Williams's school, which on account of the war will be conducted in New York instead of in Florence, Italy.

Mrs. James A. Robinson and Miss Jennie Hooker have returned from an automobile trip to Grass Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Riley were at last accounts in Brittany. Mrs. Riley, who was formerly Miss Genevieve Goad, is a sister of Mrs. Osgood Hooker and Mrs. Charles K. McIntosh.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Moore and their little daughter are in Brittany, as are also the Messrs. Harry McAfee and Charles Rollo Peters, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kuhn and their children have returned to their home in Saratoga after a few days' visit with Mrs. Kuhn's mother, Mrs. George Melville Bowman.

Mr. Horace Davis Pillsbury, Miss Olivia Pillsbury, and Masters Taylor and Evans Pillsbury have returned from Boston and are established in their home on Pacific Avenue. Mrs. Pillsbury will return the end of this month with her infant daughter, who was born a few weeks ago in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. McIntosh and their children will come to town to spend the winter season in the Kittle house on Steiner Street and Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Wakefield Baker moved last week to the Hotel Bellevue, where she will remain until she leaves for San Diego. Mrs. Baker is planning to spend the winter in Southern California, having rented her home on Pacific Avenue to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn. The Messrs. Livingston and Wakefield Baker are established at Miss Dickens's residence on Franklin Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer and their little daughter, Miss Lawton Filer, have returned from Santa Barbara and are established for the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. George Tallant is rapidly recovering from a recent illness and will return next week to her home in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hopkins have rented a home on Scott and Filbert Streets, where they will reside during the winter.

Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Sr., left last week for New York, where she will spend a few weeks, expecting to return to this city to remain over the holidays.

Miss Ruth Richards has returned to her home in San Diego after a few weeks' visit with Miss Dorothy Baker. Miss Richards was accompanied by Miss Baker, who will be her guest for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vere Saunders, who have been spending the summer in Ross, have taken apartments on Washington Street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Lowenberg have returned from a visit to Byron Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey W. Toy have closed their summer home at San Geronimo, and will spend the winter at Cloyne Court, Berkeley.

Miss Virginia Pierce has arrived in New York from Europe, and will spend the early winter months in New York and Boston.

Lieutenant Charles K. Nulsen, U. S. A., has been ordered to rejoin his regiment on the Mexican border. During his absence Mrs. Nulsen (formerly Miss Marian Long) will remain with her cousin, Mrs. Frederick Palmer.

Lieutenant Maxwell Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray have moved from Fort Scott to Fort Mason. Lieutenant Murray has been appointed aide to his father, General Arthur Murray, U. S. A.

Mrs. Frederick Newton Freeman, wife of Lieutenant-Commander Freeman, U. S. N., the execu-

tive officer of the U. S. S. *South Dakota*, arrived from Coronado Thursday and is a guest at the Hotel Cecil.

Lieutenant J. W. Jones, U. S. A., who has been stationed at Fort Monroe, has reported for duty at Fort Winfield Scott.

Lieutenant Jack Pratt, U. S. A., a brother of Lieutenant Conger Pratt and a son of General Pratt, arrived recently at Fort Miley from the Philippines.

Lieutenant Lester Baker arrived recently from Southern California and has resumed his duties at Fort Miley. Lieutenant Baker was General Wisser's aide on the annual tour of inspection.

Lieutenant A. M. Graham, U. S. A., en route to Fort Logan, and Captain Herbert J. Brees, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Thomas E. Scott, Medical Corps, en route to the Philippines, arrived Wednesday.

Major Beecher B. Ray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ray arrived recently from Chicago and are en route to the Philippines. They are guests at the Palace Hotel.

Lieutenant Robert L. Irvine, U. S. N., and Mrs. Irvine (formerly Miss Janet Klink) are expected to arrive shortly, as Lieutenant Irvine has been assigned to the U. S. S. *Oregon*.

Chaplain J. D. McNair, U. S. A., and Mrs. McNair are guests at the Hotel Stewart.

Major-General Arthur Murray has returned to Fort Mason from a tour of inspection in South-eastern Alaska.

Lieutenant Junius Pierce, U. S. A., has been relieved from recruiting service and will take up his new duties at Fort Scott.

Miss Alexander's Recitals.

Among affairs scheduled for the winter is the series of recitals that will be given at the Elder Art Gallery by Miss Clara Alexander. Miss Alexander's unique impersonations of the Southern darkey are well known in San Francisco, where she was heard two years ago. Her programmes for the present series include, in addition to these characterizations, selections from the modern dramatists and humorists, especially those whose works are little known here.

Many who recall with delight the little magazine that introduced to American readers Eugene Field's "Trihune Primer," Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol," and Gordon Craig's wood cuts, will be glad to learn that the *Cornhill Booklet* is to resume publication. It was originated in 1900 by Mr. Alfred Bartlett and ran until 1905, when it came to be classed along with the *Chap Book*, the *Lark*, and the *Knight Errant*, as one of those little periodicals that were too good to survive American strenuousness. The issue for October contains a surprise in the form of unpublished fragments of Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis," interesting not only as literature, but as a revelation of Wilde's life and thoughts. A delightful uncollected poem by Leigh Hunt, a poem by Percy MacKaye, satirical comment on contemporaries by Arthur Spencer Morley, a fourth dimensional fiction, by Glenn Palmer, and copious notes make up the rest of the letterpress. Not the least interesting feature is a double page copperplate reproduction of Mr. W. A. Dwiggins's drawing, "The Last War." For the future numbers the publisher announces uncollected writings from the pens of William Makepeace Thackeray, Robert Louis Stevenson, John Synge, Maurice Maeterlinck, Arthur Upson, Arthur Simons, Walter Savage Landor, and others.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Fourteen men, women, and children were hurt on Tuesday, when a Hayes Street electric car escaped from the control of Motor-man P. Caddington at the top of the Masonic Avenue hill, between Frederick and Waller Streets, raced helplessly down the grade two and a half blocks to Page Street, and there leaped the tracks at the curve, and, running 100 feet further, crashed into the residence of Michael Glaser at 1482 Page Street.

Joseph Fischler, former confidential secretary of the Samuels Jewelry Company, who was convicted last week of second degree burglary, has been sentenced to five years in prison, the maximum sentence, by Superior Judge Frank H. Dunne. Fischler was accused of taking \$35,000 worth of diamonds from Samuels's jewelry store.

James Woods, the newly appointed member of the police commission, was elected president of the board on Monday night.

John P. Coghlan, attorney for the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, has been appointed as receiver for the Northern Electric Railway Company by United States Judge Maurice T. Dooling. His bonds were fixed at \$100,000. The debts of the Northern Electric, which the company declares it is unable to meet, aggregate \$1,100,000.

The Municipal Railway bond fund is insufficient for the construction of the new lines for which it was voted, according to a report by Leonard Leavy, bookkeeper of the board of public works. The deficit is attributed to the extra cost of the cable system for the Church Street hill, which the supervisors lately ordered.

The funeral of the late Father Caraher took place on Wednesday. He died last Sunday. Father Caraher presided over the Church of St. Francis for many years. Resolutions of respect to his memory were voted by the board of supervisors.

The supervisors' committee on streets has decided to amend the regulations for automobiles that stand for hire at Union Square, so that not more than thirty-five shall be permitted on the north side of Geary and west side of Stockton Streets between eight o'clock in the morning and six o'clock in the evening.

Work has been started on the intramural steam railway, which will constitute the main interior transportation system of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. The line will skirt the Exposition water-front, or "Marina," beginning at the Avenue of

Progress, at the eastern end of the main palace arena, and will continue to a point just west of the Fort Point Life Saving Station. Including a branch skirting the eastern end of the race-course, it will be two and one-half miles long. As it will be double-tracked, five miles of steel rails will be laid.

John Cashin, a California pioneer of 1849 and formerly a prominent business man of this city, was buried on Friday of last week from St. Dominic's Church. Born in 1827, Cashin came to California during the gold rush, engaging in mining, then in the cattle business, and later in the ice business in San Francisco.

Dr. Charles E. Jones has been appointed fire commissioner by Mayor Rolph to fill the vacancy caused by the recent resignation of H. U. Brandenstein.

The Twin Peaks tunnel has been practically assured by the bid of \$3,475,300 received from Hans Pederson of the firm of Erickson & Pederson of Seattle by the board of works, accompanied by a certified check of \$350,000 to show good faith. The bid is within \$41,765 of the estimate of City Engineer O'Shaughnessy, and a recommendation will be made by him, it is said, to accept the bid and the big undertaking allowed to move forward.

Opening of Loring Club Season.

The programme announced by the Loring Club for its concert on Tuesday evening, October 13, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, will be of especial interest. Jean Sibelius's setting for chorus of men's voices with accompaniment of strings of the beautiful words beginning, "What is this that breaks my singing," from the "Kalevala," will be a notable feature of this concert. In the same programme will be Arthur Foote's setting of Longfellow's "The Farewell of Hiawatha," for chorus of men's voices and haritone solo. American music will be further represented by George W. Chadwick's setting of St. Gregory's hymn, "Lo, Now Night's Shadows," for chorus of men's voices with accompaniment of strings and piano, and a "Chorus of Homage," by William Gericke; William Gerstley's setting of "The Poet's Lot," while San Francisco music is represented by H. J. Stewart's hunting song, "Rise, Sleep No More," for chorus of men's voices. Mendelssohn's motett, "Periti Autem" (The Righteous Living Forever), and Billeter's "At Sunset," will also be heard, the tenor solo in the latter being sung by Easton Kent.

John Francis Jones will sing the impressive baritone solo in Foote's "The Farewell of Hiawatha," and will also be heard in a group of songs, while the principal violin, Gino Severi, and Frederick Maurer will play one of Grieg's sonatas for violin and piano.

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Wallace A. Sahin will direct the concert, which promises to be an auspicious opening of the thirty-eighth season of the Loring Club.

The river-banks in Sarawak, India, are lined with nipa palms and mangroves. At low tide one can see the mangroves standing on trestles of black woody roots, looking like snakes writhing in the mud. Upon these pedestals crowns of bright green leaves, thirty to forty feet in height, form aquatic forests at the mouth of the rivers all along the coast. Each branch is weighed down by fruit, which, when ripe, drops into the mud and starts a new tree. The nipa palm has matted roots, which easily retain the flotsam and jetsam carried down by the unceasing current of the waters, and it has an angular fruit which, like that of the mangrove, sinks into the mud, germinates, and forms forests on its own account (says the *Wide World Magazine*). The incessant action of these encroaching trees adds continually to the land. Indeed, there are certain aged natives who have been heard to say that part of the coast near Sirik, although exposed to the constant surf of the northeast monsoon, has encroached on the sea for two miles or more during their lifetime. When the land reclaimed by the mangroves and nipa palms becomes drier, the trees die and give place to other tropical vegetation.

Ordinary offenders in Portugal have a pretty easy time of it. The windows of the lowest tiers of cells are often quite close to the ground, and they are frequently situated near some public highway. Prisoners are permitted to ask alms of passers-by, and tourists may often be seen in the act of giving a man a coin, under the very eyes of the soldier on guard. Where the windows of the cells are high above the ground the occupants let down hags or small tins by means of long pieces of string or cord, and there is one prison in Oporto, close to a church, where such a receptacle is continually dangling before the eyes of folks going to and from the church.

Mlle. Anna Pavlowa has opened her fall season and is now touring the provinces of the British Isles. In February she will open a ten-weeks season at the Century Opera House, New York, playing alternately with Dippel's Opera Comique. Following the Century Opera House season, Pavlowa will again go on tour, eventually reaching the Pacific Coast. In San Francisco she will appear for several weeks during the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, and following this she and her entire organization of nearly one hundred artists and musicians will sail for Australia for a tour of the world.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Can you tell me which class of people lives the longest?" "Why, centenarians, I believe."—*Dallas News*.

St. Peter—What was your occupation on earth? *Spirit*—Robber. *St. Peter*—Ice, coal, or gas?—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"Say, Isaac! Ve're payin' already too high wages. I seen von of our employees goin' in a savings bank yesterday."—*Life*.

Funeral Director—Are you one of the mourners? *Stranger*—Yes! I'm a reporter, and got this instead of a baseball game.—*Puck*.

Regy l'an Velvet—Isn't this war distressing? *Mrs. Wuyupper*—Oh, I don't know—the European season was about over, anyway.—*Puck*.

"Did the play have a happy ending?" "You bet it did. Some one in the gallery hit the villain square in the face with a tomato."—*Houston Post*.

Sentimental Lady—Gentle shepherd, where is your pipe? *Shepherd (sheepishly)*—In the shanty, marm. I'm out of baccy.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

Civilian—Did you get the shilling all right? *Recruit (cheerfully)*—Yes. *Civilian*—Well, let's go and 'ave a drink. Don't let's be down-hearted.—*Punch*.

"Is old Doxey as stingy as they say he is?" "Yes. He won't even buy a calendar for fear he may not live the year out to use it up."—*New York Sun*.

Mrs. J—Do you "walk by faith and not by sight," as the New Testament says? *Mrs. K (houghtily)*—I never walk; we have four motor-cars.—*Town Topics*.

"Do yer love me, 'Erb?" "Love yer, 'Liza, I should jest think I does. Why, if yer ever gives me up I'll murder yer! I can't say more'n that, can I?"—*Punch*.

"How was your big aria received?" asked one oratorio star of another. "When I sat down they said it was the best thing I ever did," was her reply.—*Canadian Courier*.

Hokus—I never knew such a wet blanket as Fluhdub. *Pokus*—That's right. If that fellow should jump from the frying-pan into the fire he would put the fire out.—*Town Topics*.

"More tough luck," whispered his wife. "Well, what now?" he muttered. "You know Miss Green never sings without her music?" "Yes." "Well, she's brought her music."—*Musical Americo*.

"I understand you began your life as a newsboy," observed the friend admiringly. "No," replied the millionaire. "Some one has been fooling you. I began life as an infant."—*New York Times*.

Lady—Yes, they are very nice gooseberries, but aren't they dirty! *Street Vendor*—Dirty! Fink I can wash 'em and part their 'air dahn the centre for tuppence a pound in these 'ere war times?—*Liverpool Mercury*.

The Groom—Well, Bill, you won't see the gov'nor's horse any more; they've taken him for the army. *The Gardener*—Oh! I suppose now he's going to be what the Frenchies call a "horse de comhat."—*London Opinion*.

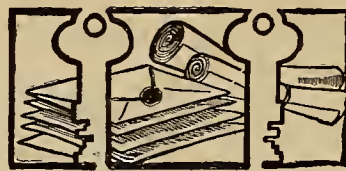
"Have you had any experience in the lunch business?" asked the chef of the man who applied for work. "Why, I should say so," replied the energetic youth. "I've been lunching for almost twenty years."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

Geordie—Aa's sprained ma ankle, Bill. Can ye tell us th' way tiv th' informary? *Bill*—Yis. Just gan inti th' middle ov th' road an' shoot 'Three cheers for th' Kaiser. *Geordie*—Haad away, man, that's th' way t' th' sumitory, not th' informary.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

"Does my practicing make you nervous?" asked the man who is learning to play the bugle for the Territorials. "It did when I first heard the neighbors discussing it," replied the sympathetic person. "But now I'm getting so I don't care what happens to you."—*London Opinion*.

"Just throw me a half-dozen of those largest fish," said Simpkins to the fish dealer. "Throw them to you?" said the dealer. "Yes," replied the other; "you see, I've been out fishing and I haven't had one catch, so if you throw them I can truthfully tell the wife I caught them. I may be a poor angler, but I'm no liar."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Are you going to the Wallerby reception tonight?" "No. The Twobbles will be there, so I declined my invitation." "Why do you object to the presence of the Twobbles?" "I don't object to their presence particularly, but I have already heard them tell the story of their escape from Berlin ten or twelve times, and I don't feel equal to another recital."—*Totter*.



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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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It Is Up to the Public.

The demand for the union label on all municipal printing is in effect a demand that monopoly of municipal printing be given to a particular group of citizens who have associated themselves into a union, as against other citizens who have chosen to remain unorganized and individually independent. It is a demand for which no adequate or worthy reason may be put forth. It has no support of any kind excepting in a threat, made or implied, of political reprisal. It is addressed to the supervisors in the belief that in complaisance or cowardice they may yield to the mailed fist of unionism. If this demand shall be acceded to then we may expect like demands all along the line. If monopoly of municipal printing be given to unionism, then monopoly of every kinds of labor, or the products of labor, will be given to the varied union organizations. It will, so far as the municipality is concerned, put out of business, drive out of San Francisco, workmen who do not choose to abandon the privileges of independent life. It will in effect make unionism the ruling power in San Francisco. It will subordinate the elected official au-

thorities of the city to the authorities of an irresponsible private association.

Men and brethren, are we ready thus to abdicate the powers of government and give them into the hands of an organization notoriously grasping, remorseless, revengeful, and, in instances under immediate observation, criminal in their purposes and policies? Have we reached a point where we must through our elected officials yield to a system of brigandage the real powers of government? Are we so lost to all sense of justice and policy as to say to every workman who does not affiliate himself with a union, accept its dictation, and pay tribute to its treasury that he may not have leave to live in San Francisco? These questions are directly put to the supervisors of San Francisco. Indirectly they are put to every citizen. Public sentiment will determine the issue. If the general body of our citizenship is indifferent or afraid, if it shall prefer peace at any price to justice at the cost of courage and vigilance, then the supervisors will take the cue and do what the unions demand of them. Again we say it is up to the public.

Mayor Rolph, of course, favors the demands of the unionists. So does every other calculating and trimming coward in the political game. But no one of them all can give one argument in justification for it. No one of them can deny that the giving of monopoly of the municipal printing to union labor will be an act of rank and unworthy discrimination against independent labor.

Democracy and Peace.

The academic mind has this curious characteristic, it may be driven from one point of assumption after another, from one profound faith after another, yet inevitably it rises undaunted by collapse of its plans, provided with something new and guaranteed better, as boldly cocksure as before. Here, for example, is Dr. Jordan, who for half a dozen years or more has been sustaining a world crusade based upon the ideal of universal peace. He has held definite ideas as to the means by which war and its evils might be banished from the earth. These ideas have dominated the policies of the peace movement, have defined the objectives of its unwearied efforts. Now Dr. Jordan discovers that all along he has been wrong. With characteristic candor—for there is no man living more intellectually honest than Dr. Jordan—he confesses the fact. "All," says Dr. Jordan, "have utterly failed." There is pathos as well as honesty in the declaration.

But true to the instinct of the academic mind, undaunted by adverse demonstration, as assured as before, Dr. Jordan has a fresh formula. His newest cure for war is Democracy. "Only in putting political power into the hands of the people," he now believes, "is there any hope for the future." To this he adds prophetically, "Only absolute despotism or real democracy can be the outcome of the present conflict."

While entirely sympathetic with Dr. Jordan's general motive, we must nevertheless dissent from his new theory, that there is hope for peace in democracy. Democracy has had many days in the history of the world. It has ruled many nations of different conditions, of widely differing traditions, and of varied temperaments. Yet never has democracy enforced peace. The truth is that democracy is quite as prone to war as is despotism. Democracy is even more disposed to war than despotism, since in multiplicity of counsels and in conflicts for leadership there is certain to develop differences of judgment and clashes of ambitions. The spirit of democracy is the spirit of the mob. It magnifies grievances, adds fury to passion, and proceeds under the inspiration of reckless emotionalism. Deliberation, calculated judgment, restraint—these are names unnamed in the lexicon of democracy.

We need not range over the antique records of human history to find demonstrations of the principle. Dr. Jordan knows quite as well—probably better—than the *Argonaut* that democracy, whatever its achievements in connection with the lands and times it has ruled, has not made for peace, that its propensity for war has been pronounced and persistent.

We venture the prophecy that peace will ultimately become the rule of the world. But the reign of peace will not be materially promoted by any particular system of government. There will be peace when all men hate war, which is another way of saying that there will be peace when the sentiments and standards of human life shall have advanced further in the direction of the nobler ideals. Movements and crusades will not help much, excepting as they intrude and hold before the world the ideals of a higher civilization. It will be with peace as it has been with temperance. A generation ago the ideals of temperance were persistently preached in this country from a thousand platforms. Vast associations were promoted upon the basis of pledges of abstinence. But temperance came not as a consequence of these agitations and promises. They may have contributed to it in holding up the ideals of moderation and sobriety. But practical reform came, not as a consequence of sentimental and moral appeals, but under the necessities of advancing life. Today temperance is the fashion even as was indulgence in times past. The steam engine, the locomotive, the electric motor, the printing machine—these were the instrumentalities which enforced temperance, since sobriety was necessary to their operation.

Dr. Jordan's suggestion that "absolute despotism" or "real democracy" must be the outcome of the present conflict raises an interesting subject of speculation. It is quite possible in the progressive course of events that both alternatives may come true. War stimulates the passions of men. At the same time it brings into leadership men of exceptional force and power. The commonest immediate effect of war is to strengthen government. Men and nations under the stimulus of tense passion turn instinctively to men of action rather than to men of the idealistic and speculative type. It is the Caesars, the Napoleons, the Bismarcks, not the Ciceros, the Renans, and the Haeckels, who personify the moods and lead the activities of triumphant peoples. Yet as an ultimate and delayed effect there may come resort to calm and philosophic counsels. We venture the prediction that the immediate effect of the present conflict will be the exaltation in the sphere of national leadership of whoever may have guided successfully or with high popular approval the operations or the spirit of war. Fifty years from now, after the passions of conflict have subsided, when resentment and emotion have lost their momentum, men may turn to calmer and more elevated counsels.

Our own country in recent times supplies an illustration of these tendencies. Who ruled the United States after our Civil War? It was the rough riders in war and politics—the Bills, the Bobs, the Thads, and the Jims. Only just now have we turned away from the leadership of driving force to the leadership of elevated culture. In 1868 we chose for President of the republic a successful and supreme leader of the Civil War. Not until 1912 did we place in the chair of state one whose sole appeal was that of philosophic standards and a lofty idealism.

Hoist by His Own Petard.

The recall of Senator Grant of the Nineteenth District with the election in his place of ex-Senator Wolfe is a local event of the week of something more than local significance. Mr. Grant came in on the Progressive wave. He stood for all the new isms, as against all the sins of the old régime. Inde

was like the Irishman who stood so straight that he leaned backwards. He was against everything identified with tradition and established practice. At Sacramento he was a favorite of the powers that he because he had "beaten Eddie Wolfe." Thus approved and inspired, he supported everything bearing the administration label. No proposal stamped with the administrative O. K. was too radical for him. He swallowed the programme whole, following it up with several eccentric virtuosités on private account. In a legislature devoted to innovation he gained distinction as an innovator. Whatever was new, untried, spectacular, had for him an irresistible fascination. Nothing was for him too whimsical or too boldly experimental.

In the course of his brief senatorial life Mr. Grant supported certain measures which men of common sense thought unnecessary and tending rather to mischief than to usefulness. His activities didn't come to very much, but they illustrated a disposition to meddle and to pester, all of course in the sacred name of reform. He went so far as to offend the spirit of common sense; likewise to give a pretext to the friends of Eddie Wolfe. True, the old machine in which Eddie had long been a cog was out of commission. Certain old abuses are gone, but political common sense survives, and it is not in sympathy with the fads or the fadists, of which Grant is a typical example. It was proposed by somebody—we may easily believe by the interested and resentful friends of Eddie Wolfe—to apply to Mr. Grant a rule of political procedure devised in behalf of all the conscious virtues. Mr. Grant was brought to the snubbing post of the Recall, that interesting expedient of pure politics. Eddie Wolfe was put forward in substitution for him. The game was called on Tuesday of last week, and behold Mr. Grant in the discard and Eddie Wolfe elected in his place.

Now there are a whole lot of us who have no great admiration for machine practice in politics. And to be entirely candid, there is nothing wonderfully charming or attractive in the personality of Eddie Wolfe. If we were selecting a senator from the Nineteenth District Eddie Wolfe would not be our first choice. None the less, we went to the polls, some thousands of us, and voted against Grant and for Wolfe. We did it—we say we because the *Argonaut* had its modest share in the proceeding—not in the spirit of endorsement of Wolfe, his affiliations, or his political ways, but in protest against Grant and what he has stood for. We were tired, literally worn to the marrow, with the self-righteousness and the crankisms of progressivism. We preferred Eddie Wolfe, calculating politician that he is, with the certainty that he would stand for reasonable things, to the virtuous Grant with his propensity to novelties, whimsicalities, and over-virtuous meddlings. In brief we preferred a politician of normal views and purposes to a goody-goody reformer nominally inspired by lofty ideals, but in practice a mere taker of programme, however eccentric, and a pestiferous disturber of reasonable and established conditions. Some of us, if the whole truth be told, rather enjoyed the spectacle of a self-righteous busy-body thrown into the air by one of his pet devices.

The Nineteenth Senatorial District lies mainly in a highly reputable residence quarter of San Francisco. All sorts and conditions of social respectability make up its voting list. It has no slum element; it is without what is euphemistically styled a floating population; it is not amenable to sordid or illegitimate persuasions. It is, as we estimate it, fairly representative of the political judgment and the general political purposes of California. This district has unhorsed a crank and put in his place no ideal statesman, but just an average politician, albeit one of individual respectability and of proved capacity as a working legislator.

We venture the suggestion that this result fairly reflects the state of political feeling in California at this time. California, we believe, is tired of politics founded in resentment and malice, which promotes itself by self-righteous exploitation. It is tired of a multiplicity of new laws which nobody can interpret. It is sick to disgust with the type of politician which lends ready support to every rabid proposal, which sees harm in everything tried and proven, good in everything novel and uncertain, which is never so well pleased as when it puts restrictions on somebody or some thing, which

multiplies elections, increases taxation, and keeps the ball of a wearisome agitation forever in the air.

Clearing the Decks.

The Democratic party—more particularly the Democratic administration—is under tremendous obligations to the European war. It came along just in time to distract public attention from a record not unmarred by serious mistakes and it has provided a pretext for special taxes as a "war measure," although the necessity would have been practically the same if there had been no war. The reformed tariff is not providing the government with sufficient revenue, and the Administration has not seen its way—or it has not gotten round—to certain promised economies which might have offset deficiencies of income on tariff account. Above all, the war has created an atmosphere in accord with the principle of "let well enough alone," and so favorable to the existing régime.

Very adroitly the Administration has taken advantage of the situation to modify a legislative programme which was getting too heavy to carry. No announcements are made, yet it is plain to be seen that several things once vehemently urged are now to be passed over. The warehouse receipt bill, which at one time had Administrative approval and stood on the urgency list, has been beaten, by consent of the President we may easily believe. The Rebyburn railroad securities bill has been quietly side-tracked. The "conservation bills," namely, the general dam bill, the general land leasing bill, and the public domain water power bill will be permitted to slumber. The Philippine independence bill will go over. Likewise the Alexander-La Follette merchant marine bill has been dropped for the session. The bill to buy \$30,000,000 worth of ships for merchant marine will not be heard of again during the present session.

The decks, it will be observed, are being cleared for adjournment. It ought to come now very soon. All the appropriation bills are out of the way. The Clayton anti-trust bill is in the hands of the President. There only remains the so-called war-tax bill and the Alaska coal leasing bill.

When the Alaska bill passed the house it bristled with penal provisions. It was drawn to suit the ultra-conservationists, so well drawn from the radical standpoint that it would have continued the long tie-up of the Alaskan mines. The Senate produced a more liberal bill and a more workable one, but it introduced provisions the effect of which would have been to drive the coal land claimants to the courts, which would have involved another long tie-up. The bill is now in the hands of a conference committee—three senators and three representatives—and nobody knows in what shape it will come forth. The points in dispute are (1) the amount of royalty to be exacted from lessees; (2) the rights of the claimants who have already paid \$10 per acre to the government and who are naturally opposed to being regarded as criminals. The ultras wish to deny a day in court to any claimant; and this proposal will be contested bitterly. It will be seen that there is a basis here for further discussion and further delay; and as the Administration stands pledged to clean up this matter at this session it may put off adjournment.

There are greater possibilities of delay in the war-tax bill. As it has passed the House under gag rule it was extremely crude and ill-considered. The Senate Finance Committee has made it over, but after a manner not above criticism. Only Democratic members of the committee were permitted to sit in the sessions in which the bill was considered. The whole procedure was behind locked doors. No hearings were held, no advice sought. It is true that the Republicans when in power made up important bills this way. But the public condemned it. The Democrats were especially severe in criticism of it, both in and out of Congress. They have now themselves resorted to the same arbitrary practice—a practice for which there never was and never can be justification.

But this is not all; to insure putting the bill through without amendment a Democratic senatorial caucus was held last week to tie the majority down. Now the question is, will such men as John Sharp Williams submit to the gag? There are a lot of them who believe that the bill even as revised contains provisions against the interests of their constituents. And it is not impossible, indeed it is highly probable, that they will fight it. Republican policy as respects this bill has not yet

been formulated; and it can not be until it is known what the bill contains. There is on the Republican side a disposition to make the measure the basis of a political campaign on the floor of the Senate. Asserting that the bill is unnecessary, not due to the war, but to Democratic blundering and extravagance, they are inclined to make a stiff fight against it, not with the hope of defeating it, but of whacking Democratic policy over its head. Of course the bill will go through ultimately in one form or another; that is an assurance. But there is likelihood of a sharp, partisan contest over it. If a campaign of opposition to this measure should be undertaken by the Republicans the effect of it will be to postpone adjournment, possibly up to a day or two preceding the election, now only a little more than two weeks ahead.

In any event the respite will be brief, since Congress is due to meet in regular session early in December, with the certainty that the session will last to the 4th of March and probably longer.

The Administration and Business.

One does not need to be a political weather sharp to see that there has come a marked change in the atmosphere at Washington as related to Business, big and little. Where only a few weeks ago there was ostentatious antagonism there is now a distinct loving-up. A corresponding change of mood is observed, too, on the other side of the issue. The New York *Sun* and other publications not unfriendly to Business, erstwhile fierce critics of the administration, are finding opportunities to give the President kind words regarding his course in the matter of the European war. The *North American Review* for the first time in several months has gone to press without a broadside by the editor (Colonel George Harvey) in sweeping condemnation of the administration and its doings. More significant still, Colonel Harvey has paid the President a friendly visit in which the talk, if we may take Mr. Wilson literally, was "about the war." On top of all comes the passage of the Clayton anti-trust bill so modified, at the President's suggestion it is said, as to be shorn of its original severities. Its revised text is not yet available at this distance. But if we may believe the testimony of an intelligent observer of legislation on the spot, "all its teeth have been drawn."

The fact appears to be that the President has learned a few things. Among them that Business is not wholly a monster; that it is in truth a considerable factor in the life and welfare of the American people. Business, even Big Business—Wall Street if you will—may have some very serious sins to answer for. All the same there is something to be set down to credit account. The country has been willing enough to see Business punished. But it does not want to see it destroyed; and it has been discovered that the distress of Business under punishment is more or less reflected through hardship throughout the country. Mr. Wilson would be a very stupid man if he did not realize that "enough 'snough," as they say in vaudeville. He is not a stupid man, and though, like all politicians, he is extremely selfish, he has a sense of fairness and is not without courage. While not a "practical man" in the sense that President Roosevelt represented himself to be in his famous note to Mr. Harriman, he is still able to see that there is a practical limit, not only to what is just in the way of punishment, but as to what is good for Democratic politics. A distressed state of the business world is not a good campaign atmosphere for the party in power. The President has discovered it and is so shaping his course as to make it serve his politics.

Colonel Harvey is in touch with Business. Did not Secretary Whitney take him from Correspondents' Row in Washington these many years ago and put him in one of the Whitney enterprises? Did not Dan Lamont push him along in a financial way when Lamont became president of the Northern Pacific? Did not the late Pierpont Morgan finance the reorganization of the Harper publishing business, which continues to afford a basis for Colonel Harvey's activities? There are those who believe that the reconciliation between Colonel Harvey and the President, illustrated by last week's visitation, is purely a personal matter. Possibly so, but the *Argonaut* doubts it. Nor do we believe that the interview between the Colonel and the President was limited to mere Sunday talk. There are too many evidences tending to exhibit a changed state of mind on the part of the President to business in general. We

venture the prophecy that from now on the President will be a little kinder to Business. And the good Lord knows that Business stands in need of kindness.

Minor Matters at Washington.

The coming social season is to be a quiet one at the national capital. Many circumstances combine to this end. The family in the White House, never much disposed to gayety, is in deep mourning, and it is believed that the President will use this as an excuse for avoiding much official entertaining, state dinners and the like. These occasions have always intruded upon his time and his rest—have bored him in fact. He will be glad to let the winter go by without them. Another factor in the case is the change that came over Washington with the incoming of a new administration. The new cabinet people with a few exceptions have not the experience or the tact for brilliant social activities. Where they have tried it the result has been rather amusing than edifying.

On top of all comes the war, with almost a complete shut-down of activities so far as the diplomatic corps are concerned. In this winter's entertaining Washington hostesses will have to regard the diplomatic element as practically a negligible quantity. One may not invite anybody from the British, French, or Russian embassies at the same time she bids people from the German or Austrian embassies. This fact alone takes out of the gayer Washington life its chief and characteristic distinction.

With the political change of last year there has come a notable alteration in the social background of Washington. It was observed last year that many of the larger houses in the fashionable northwestern part of town were closed. They are still closed, and others, closed nominally for the summer, are not to reopen. A few years ago there was talk to the effect that Washington was becoming the social centre of the United States. If Washington now has any ambitions in that direction they are not in evidence.

Many millions of dollars are tied up in great Washington houses that can not be rented. To illustrate: During the latter years of the Taft administration a cabinet officer lived in a Connecticut Avenue house for which he paid \$4000 a year. It is a beautiful, modern, well-fitted house suited in every way to official and fashionable entertaining. This house has now been vacant for a year. The owner, who is closely affiliated with what we may call Republican society, finds himself a stranger under the new régime. The house was offered for a rental of \$3000. A gentleman who has occasion to spend the winter at the capital with his family was about to take it, when a judicious friend suggested that he offer \$150 a month. The offer was snapped up upon the instant. There are many similar cases. Large houses without number can be bought at Washington far below actual value. At the same time it remains to be said that houses of a moderate type have not depreciated to the same extent, although there has been some decline all round.

It is observed that Democratic "simplicity" is working a gradual let-down of discipline and care in the public buildings at Washington. It is no rare thing nowadays to find messengers, doortenders, and the like in the great State, War, and Navy building eating their lunches and smoking their pipes in the corridors where once a strict regard for the conventions obtained. The Capitol, too, is taking on a different atmosphere. Years ago it was a very dingy, dirty place. The long corridor running from House to Senate wings was cluttered with pie-counters, souvenir stands, and the like. One walked in a litter of crumbs, cigar stubs, and other like rubbish. Tom Reed when he was Speaker worked a reform. He interested the Vice-President—the two being the powers that control—and together they cleaned out the fakirs, pie peddlers, and the rest. Only a telegraph office was permitted to remain. For years the Capitol has been clean. But bit by bit things are changing. The telegraph operators are now permitted to peddle souvenir cards. A second telegraph office has been installed between the Supreme Court room and the Senate chamber. A flock of little souvenir stands has made its appearance in the Rotunda and in Statuary Hall. For a time these stands were half hidden behind pillars. Now they are moving out, each day a little farther.

In one of the corridors of the beautiful marble Senate office building a lobbyist has been permitted to set up an exhibit. It is a device for automatically stopping trains. There is a bill before Congress requiring the Interstate Commerce Commission to adopt a train-stopping mechanism so worded as to make them adopt this particular device. The inventor—or the corporation behind him—has set up a miniature race-track in the corridor, so equipped as to exhibit the merits of the machine. Electric power to operate it is drawn from the power supplied to the building and presumably gets itself charged on government account. Exhibitions are given by the attendant in charge whenever two or three persons stop to look, and "literature" about the bill and the device is peddled out. No one objects.

Last winter—to its surprise and delight—the Alaska railroad bill lobby was permitted by the Rules Committee of the Senate to occupy one of the large committee rooms of the office building and to maintain there a moving-picture and stereopticon show illustrating Alaskan conditions. They were also permitted to maintain an exhibition of Alaskan products—fruits, flowers, minerals, and the like. The Alaskans thought their purpose was a worthy one and of course are enthusiastic approvers of the license given them. Other lobbyists no doubt regard their purposes as equally worthy and will demand the same concessions. And it is difficult to see how one scheme may be privileged and another denied.

Editorial Notes.

It is now evident that the theorists who told us with such confidence that the direct primary would create a new heaven and a new earth in the political sphere were a bit wide in their calculations. This reflection comes to us in connection with the nomination for the United States Senate of Penrose in Pennsylvania, Foraker in Illinois, and Wadsworth in New York by the Republicans and of Sullivan in Illinois by the Democrats. Evidently the new system differs not very much from the old, when played by experts, excepting that it costs more. In this connection we have pleasure in reproducing this nugget of political wisdom from *Democracy* of Olympia, Washington. "The most representative system," remarks this level-headed journal, "by which we can nominate candidates for office is the old way. Hold your precinct convention, then your county convention, then your state convention, and finally your national convention. This doctrine will of course by some be called reactionary; but it matters little what you label a thing, it is the results of any system which counts. The results of the old systems are the best because they represent the will and wishes of the people to a much higher degree; they take up less of the people's time; they cost less to the candidate."

Miss Mary E. Lackay, after fifty years' continuous service as a teacher in the St. Louis public schools, has retired voluntarily. The judgments of one so experienced with respect to school discipline are worth hearing. In an interview upon her retirement Miss Lackay said: "Sparing the rod is spoiling the child in St. Louis. The attempt to rule children wholly by moral suasion is a fallacy. Under the present system all the punishment a teacher can mete out to an offending pupil is to keep him after school. If she thinks the pupil deserves punishment she must write a note to the parent recommending it." Miss Lackay likewise condemns modern dancing and modern dress in their effects upon children. "The modern dances," she says, "rob children of modesty. Theatrical effects in dress make children vain." Further says Miss Lackay: "Many of the boys I have taught have come to be efficient and even distinguished men. Wherever I go, in hotels or trains, some stalwart man comes up to me, asks me if I remember him as a pupil, and not uncommonly thanks me for a punishment which at the time it was given was thought severe."

When times are hard, when returns from investment and profits from business decrease, when incomes decline, the natural, prudent, and wholesome resort is to economy. It is so with individuals; it should be so with the government. When the government gets in less money it should shorten sail on expense account, match its garments to its cloth. This is what the gov-

ernment at Washington ought to do now. But it elects to take the other course. At a time when the European war has interrupted exchanges, broken down international financial machinery, brought hardship in greater or less degree to every business—in this situation the government increases its demands in the form of a special direct tax calculated to yield an extraordinary revenue to the extent of \$100,000,000. If judgment and independence ruled in Congress instead of subservience and cowardice, this would be the answer to the demand for a special "war tax" at a time of profound peace.

Enthusiasm for peace has developed a brand new motive. Before the American Humane Association at Atlantic City last week there was raised the issue involved in the sale of American horses "to be slaughtered on the battlefields of Europe." The sentiment of the meeting was that there was a gross moral inconsistency in conducting an active campaign at home for the prevention of minor cruelties to horses, and at the same time shipping thousands abroad to endure infinitely greater suffering. President Stillman declared it a duty of the association to get the facts before the government and to force it to take action against the exportation of American horses for military use.

The nearest approach to militancy in the women's suffrage movement, as it has been developed in the United States, is a fight now being waged against the Democratic party in Congress by the "Congressional Union for Women's Suffrage," a society which maintains its headquarters at the national capital. Representatives of this society, it will be remembered, made personal appeal some weeks back to President Wilson for his influence in behalf of national legislation for the "Cause." When the President declined to commit himself certain distinctly impertinent questions were put to him, whereupon he was compelled in defense of his own dignities to say that he did not think it proper that he should submit to cross questioning and so brought the interview to an end. Now in resentment against the President and the party in authority in Congress, the Congressional Union has inaugurated a general movement against Democratic congressional candidates in the nine suffrage states. Women voters are urged to oppose Democratic candidates, no matter what their claims on counts other than women's suffrage may be. Special energy is being devoted to the campaign in the State of Washington, headquarters having been opened at Seattle. A series of meetings are to be held throughout the state and all women voters will be called upon to oppose all Democratic candidates for Congress by any and every means in their power. The latest circular to the press given out by the Congressional Union notes the receipt of a letter from Mrs. William Kent of Marin County, California, in which she says: "The plan of action seems to me a high-minded one and is bound to have a wonderful influence. What can I do to help?"

President Wilson's highly original scheme for aiding Democratic candidates in the coming congressional campaign has not worked out as he had hoped. His idea was to divide the candidates into two classes, Class A candidates, namely, those who have stood by the Administration through thick and thin, taken orders without back-talk, voted as they were instructed; Class B, candidates of the Democratic party who have to a greater or less extent exhibited an independent state of mind and who have now and again given annoyance to the Administration. To the first he gave personal endorsement in the form of a letter or otherwise. Practically all senatorial candidates were to be thus treated. The second class were to receive endorsement from some member of the cabinet. This plan had been half worked out when it came to the notice of several candidates of the Class B type. The things they said were not pleasant. What they thought if it had been put into written form would have been barred from the mails by the United States statutes. Now the President is giving direct personal endorsement to whoever asks for it. And a good many are asking. Old standards of congressional independence seem to have been dropped entirely. Pretty much everybody now in congressional life seems anxious to be rated as a presidential favorite, a willing agent of Executive purposes and wishes.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.

The Germans have measurably but not largely improved their position by the capture of Antwerp. In the first place they have the moral advantage of a success, by no means to be despised at a time when the folks at home have to hear so colossal a share of the suffering. In the second place they have rid themselves of the Belgian army, and although this army was small it was a very large nuisance operating as it did directly on the German rear. The dispersal of the Belgian force means the liberation for other work of a considerable body of men, much more numerous than the Belgians whom they were watching and checking. But probably there was another and a more imperative reason than any of these.

Look for a moment at the map. Three weeks ago the Allied left wing and the German right wing under Von Kluck faced each other at La Fère. In order to avoid being flanked Von Kluck extended his lines to the north and the Allies did the same. It was the beginning of the great parallel race that is still going on. On October 2 the racers were reported at Arras. They had been fiercely attacking each other all the way up, and sometimes the lines would bend to the east and sometimes they would bend to the west as the advantage oscillated to and fro. But the general movement was always to the north and there was always the intention to push the Germans eastward with a view to the cutting of their communications. At the present time the race has reached Lille, although the cavalry has been flung north of Lille as far as Ypres and within a few miles of the coast. Now it is evident that if the move toward Ostend were allowed to continue it would presently become possible for the Belgians in Antwerp to join hands with the Allies and so make a continuous semi-circular line from La Fère to Ostend or Antwerp. This plan, if it was a plan, has now been foiled. There are no Belgians in Antwerp and the victorious Germans have pushed westward to Ghent and have probably occupied Ostend. The race to the coast may therefore be said to be practically finished and the result is something like a dead heat. Ostend was held by the Allies in uncertain force, probably mainly British, and the main bodies of the French left wing are probably close at hand. A further northerly movement is impossible, and while it would be foolish to make predictions on such a paucity of fact it would seem that there must be a great battle in the neighborhood of Ostend, and with the chances in favor of the Allies, seeing that Ostend is almost in sight of England and consequently within easy reach of large reinforcements.

A word may be said as to the nature of this extension of the lines to the north. It would be a mistake to picture these armies as marching along parallel lines with a consequent thinning of the lines as they extend themselves. The lengthening of the lines is done by a sort of patchwork. Behind the French lines is an admirable system of railroads. Bodies of troops are carried over these railroads from points where they can be spared and are added to the end of the line, and there is therefore no necessary advance of the individual men who find themselves at the extremity. These additions thus set down within touch of one another constitute the extension of the lines of which we read so much, and thus a continuous battle can be carried on between stationary bodies of troops strongly entrenched while at the same time the lines themselves are lengthening to the north by this constant process of patchwork. Now it may be that there are strong English forces at Calais and Dunkirk. Indeed nothing is more likely. The Canadian contingent must now be on the scene somewhere. These reinforcements would now strike hands with the northward moving army near Lille and would then at once become the extremity of the Allied left flank. That is to say they would constitute the last patch that would carry the Allied lines to the North Sea. This new army from England would naturally wait until the French had approached close enough to Belgium to make an immediate juncture possible. Any British army is necessarily a small one and could not move far without support. But with the French near Lille or Ostend it would have just the support necessary to justify its dispatch. It looks very much as though there would be some fine fighting in the neighborhood of Ostend.

But the taking of Antwerp was probably a part of a constructive as well as of a destructive plan. Germany evidently intends to hold the whole of Belgium and to extend her occupation to the French ports to the west, including Calais and Dunkirk. This would give her the double advantage of providing for the retirement of her armies at the south, if that should become necessary, and it would also give her a long coast line from which to invade England. That she intends to invade England there can be no reasonable doubt, and she is rapidly reaching a point where she will be prepared to "put her fortune to the touch and win or lose it all." With an untaken Antwerp to the east she could hardly use Ostend, Calais, or Dunkirk. With the whole coast line in her possession it is quite upon the cards that her fleet will make a sortie with the Zeppelins in support and that she will avail herself of the psychological moment to throw an army into England.

The idea that the Germans intend to use Antwerp alone as a base for operations against Great Britain will hardly hold water. It is one of those vague and general notions that are easy to express and difficult to sustain. There are only two ways in which Antwerp could be used in a campaign against England and the two ways are the German army and the German Zeppelins. Now the German navy is in retirement and must fight a battle before it can come out of retirement. Moreover, Antwerp can not be reached by

water without a violation of Dutch neutrality, and it is hardly conceivable that the Germans will do this after coming so close to shipwreck in Belgium. The German navy in Antwerp would fall instant prey to the British navy, which could of course follow its enemy wherever that enemy might go. But for Dutch neutrality the British would have sent ships to the defense of Antwerp, and if the Germans should now violate Dutch neutrality it would give the British a chance to do what they would much like to do, which is to supervise the Dutch imports so that nothing whatever may get through into Germany. So far as the Zeppelins are concerned we may usefully remind ourselves that in some respects an airship is as dependent on the earth as an automobile, that it must have buildings in which it can be stored as well as cumbersome machinery. Now there would be no practical advantage in creating such an elaborate plant in Antwerp in the midst of a hostile country and in a city that may presently be attacked. A fleet of airships needs friendly soil and a well secured equipment for its start, and these it can find where it is now, while the distance saved would be so inconsiderable as to be negligible. Moreover, the reader may remind himself that England herself possesses a large fleet of airships which would be likely to operate irresistibly against such enormous structures as Zeppelin hangars, which would be vulnerable even to an aeroplane. The recent British aeroplane raid against the Zeppelin hangars in Cologne and Düsseldorf is evidence of what could be done with even greater ease in Antwerp. It is likely enough that there will be airship raids against England, but Antwerp is not likely to play a part in them.

The modern airships have a speed of about fifty miles an hour and can carry fuel for about forty hours. Therefore they can operate freely within three or four hundred miles of the frontier, although of course these capacities would vary according to the wind. If the wind were favorable the engines might be stopped altogether with a great saving of fuel. The effective practical range of one of the newer airships may be put at a thousand miles with average wind conditions. But a friendly soil for a base is almost an

THE WAR IN THE WEST.



essential. The airship stations now existing on the west frontier of Germany are at Heligoland, Hamburg, Emden, Bremen, Düsseldorf, Cologne, Frankfurt, Mannheim, Metz, and Baden, and these stations vary from 300 to 450 miles from London. A modern Zeppelin can carry from two to four tons of explosives, but its guns would be of no value except against similar craft, and this is all that they are intended for. A Zeppelin, of course, becomes effective only at one point, the point directly over the place to be attacked. But a Zeppelin becomes vulnerable the moment she comes within range of the largest gun aimed at her, and she is probably most vulnerable of all to Maxim fire. It is easy to miss with a single projectile and even with a succession of single projectiles, but a continuous rain of bullets is likely to do damage.

The taking of Antwerp has probably settled forever the true value of the fortress, a value that was first impugned in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. It would have fared better with France at that time had she possessed no fortresses, seeing that they were far more advantageous to her enemies than to herself. The French fortress proved itself a death trap for the armies that threw themselves into its shelter only to find that they were practically imprisoned. Antwerp was the most heavily fortified city in the world and it lasted about a week before the assault of the 16.4-inch shells thrown by the German siege guns. Evidently there is nothing of human construction that can withstand the impact of such a shell. During the present war the French have been wise enough to avoid a repetition of old errors and to keep away from their own forts, but with few exceptions they may be said to have been so useless that we are likely to hear little more of them in the future, except perhaps as defenses against ships. The fortifications of the future will consist of trenches, not the hastily dug furrows of the present war, but properly constructed ditches in prepared positions, deep enough for the adequate protection of the soldiers using them, undercut to a considerable distance and made as comfortable as circumstances will permit. In fact they will be a sort of subterranean barracks, almost impervious to artillery and capable of occupation at an hour's notice. The present German trenches on the Oise were probably made only a week or more before they were needed after the retirement from the Marne, but so far they have proved to be nearly impreg-

nable, and as an example of German thoroughness it may be said that they were faced with concrete. From this we may get an idea of the nature of trenches constructed at leisure and in carefully arranged positions. As a means of defense it is hard to conceive of anything more effective.

Another example of German foresight is reported from Paris. It seems that some years ago a number of building lots outside Paris were sold to certain individuals who proposed to erect houses on them. But it was observed that these houses never got beyond the concrete foundations, work on them being stopped because of supposed financial difficulties. None the less these concrete foundations were all that were needed, since they were intended for the support of heavy guns and their locations had been chosen with that view. Such provision in commercial life would in itself be an ample capital.

So far as can be judged from a number of conflicting and equally mendacious reports from the East there have been some big doings in that quarter of the war theatre and still bigger ones coming fast. Let it be remembered that there are three Russian armies in the field and that they are opposed by three German or Austrian armies. The most northerly of these armies invaded East Prussia and was defeated at Allenstein, falling back then to Augustowo. There was another battle at Augustowo, and although both sides claimed the victory we must award the balance of truth to the Russian report, seeing that the Germans themselves speak of their "retreat" and of the unimportant issues of the fight. So much for the struggle in the north. The second Russian army was supposed to be advancing from Warsaw and to be aimed directly at Posen, and this movement will be referred to presently. The third and most southerly of the Russian armies was moving toward Cracow. It had reached Tarnow and had invested Przemysl, leaving that fortress in its rear. Cracow is defended by a strong German and Austrian force and we may expect to hear of a great battle outside the city. The left wing of this Russian army had flooded over the Carpathians and invaded Hungary. The Austro-German army defending Cracow is about a million men, so that the fight when it comes ought to be quite a good one.

But the interest of the moment is with the central army, the one that was supposed to be advancing from Warsaw in the direction of Posen. Of this movement we have heard nothing for many days. Now comes a casual Russian reference to fighting in the neighborhood of Warsaw, and from Berlin we have references to no less than two German armies and one Austrian army that have been advancing east in the direction of Warsaw and that are now separated from their enemy by the Vistula. These reports are evidently substantially true, and so it becomes evident that this central Russian army has advanced practically not at all and that it can not advance at all until it shall have disposed of the very considerable forces opposed to it. Russian reports say that fighting began on October 11 on the banks of the Vistula and in the vicinity of Warsaw, and so we may wonder what the Russian army has been doing all this time that it has allowed its enemies to come so far into its own country.

We may ask also what connection there is between this situation around Warsaw and the operations to the south in the vicinity of Przemysl. As usual we have conflicting reports. The Austrians say that they have relieved Przemysl and routed the investing Russians. On the other hand the Russians say that the siege of Przemysl is still going on and that it will soon be successful. There is no evidence of anything like a Russian rout, and we can only suppose that the centre of the cyclone has now moved toward Warsaw and that north and south have become almost insignificant in comparison with the centre. It seems that we must now await two great and perhaps crucial battles, one somewhere in the neighborhood of Ostend and the other on the plains of Warsaw.

The New York Medical Record has solved for us the mystery of the dum-dum bullet, although the outcry against this particular projectile is a piece of hypocritical humbug wherever it may originate. The Medical Record says that the new spitz bullet, which was introduced by Germany and adopted among other countries by the United States and England, is practically a dum-dum from the point of view of the wound inflicted. It is short, of conical shape, and tapers so gradually that the centre of gravity is thrown back near the base. It has a tendency to turn sideways upon meeting an obstacle, although if the part struck is soft it makes a small, clean-cut hole. Colonel La Garde says of this bullet: "The least resistance upsets it, and in turning at great velocity the wounds it inflicts are very much lacerated and otherwise attended with destructive effects which are not unlike the wounds inflicted by dum-dum bullets. For this reason the new pointed bullet is a great disappointment to military surgeons. In experiments which we conducted two years ago we found the resistance encountered in the hip-joint, chest, and abdomen of cadavers sufficient to cause the bullet to turn, and the resulting wounds were like those of an expanding or metal-patch bullet." The genuine dum-dum bullet is often used by civilians for sporting purposes, and it may be that Belgians and Germans arming themselves against invaders have sometimes used their sporting ammunition and that packets of these have been found on the field. The Medical Record in conclusions says "that the armies of any of the nations now at war are using this bullet is altogether improbable. They have no occasion to use it, for the spitz bullet is almost as destructive and its employment is just as brutal." But to speak of any particular feature of war as being brutal is a little absurd.

SIDNEY CORYN.

THE DOUBLE GAME.

Without Touching the Honor of Señor Morales.

A celebrated painter at Madrid, whose real name it will be more discreet not to disclose, but whom we shall call Morales, had just completed a superb picture for the convent of the Escorial. He had received a pretty large sum for his work, and by way of a little relaxation after the long-continued toil and close attention bestowed up it he assembled around a well-spread table in his studio a few choice spirits from among his fellow-artists. It was a bachelor's entertainment. Not a female was to sit down with them. The mistress of the house herself, Doña Casilda, had been excluded. Morales had sent her off, with the female attendant, to pass the day with one of her cousins. But the good dame, having a little of the curiosity of Mother Eve in her composition, was very anxious to know what was to take place during her absence, and had a strong desire to find out what so many men could find to talk about when there were no women present. Instead, therefore, of remaining at the house of her cousin, she quickly returned, bringing the later with her, and presently the twain were snugly ensconced in a little closet adjoining the studio, where, with eye and ear closely applied to the key-hole, they remained eagerly listening to all that passed.

"But tell us, my friends," said one of the guests, "why we are deprived of the pleasure of Señora Morales's company? Her wit, her pleasantry, and beauty surely would not have diminished the charm of this delightful meeting."

"There," whispered the lady to her cousin, "that is the first sensible speech I have heard."

"Fie, fie," replied the husband, pouring out a bumper of old golden sherry, "women know nothing of the poetry of life."

"Fool!" exclaimed Casilda.

"Why," continued the painter, "they can not comprehend one of those rich jokes or capital pieces of humor which the air of the studio inspires. They have no conception of them. When a woman plays us a trick it is always at the expense of our honor."

"Ah! Master Simple, and so you defy us to play you a trick without touching your honor, do you? By the lady of Atocha, I vow, though it is now Shrove-Tuesday, that before Lent is over I will have my revenge."

So Casilda set her wits to work, and you shall hear what came of it. On the following Thursday she engaged her brother to procure from the Plaza Cabeda, where they are accustomed to sell fragments of old buildings, a door of the same dimensions as their own, which fronted on the street. She charged him to get one of an antique pattern, covered with iron-work and heavy moldings. This she had conveyed to her house with all secrecy, and kept closely concealed until the favorable moment. She had communicated her design to her brother and a few female friends in the neighborhood, on whose aid in carrying out her plot she relied.

Then came a night that was cold and stormy. Toward midnight the dame began to utter deep groans, intermingled with piercing cries, as if racked by grievous pain.

"Holy mother!" exclaimed she, "I am dying. My poor husband, my last hour is come; let them bring a confessor, and quickly, for I'm going fast."

At these cries the domestic, a young girl, hastened to the assistance of her mistress, applied warm napkins to her stomach, and made her swallow draughts of hot, spiced wine, and similar remedies. But the malady yielded not.

Poor Morales, though sorely against his will, was forced at length to quit his bed.

"Ah!" cried his wife in a piteous tone, as he slowly drew on his garments, "it is a colic of the most dangerous nature."

"No, my mistress," said the servant girl, "I know what it is that ails you; it is that vinegar you mixed with the salad that causes the pain. You know it served you the same way the last time you took it. Dame Castinoja then cured you."

The painter, on this, began to scold his wife because experience had not made her more careful. But she only sobbed out in half-suffocated words:

"What is done can not be undone. For mercy's sake go for Dame Castinoja. She knows my constitution; she is the only one that can give me relief from the dreadful pains I suffer."

"My little wife," replied the husband, in a dismal tone, "my dearest wife, Dame Castinoja, you know, has removed to the other end of the city, near the gate Foncarral, and we are in the quarter Lavapie; the night is very cold, and if the gutters do not deceive me, the rain is pouring in torrents. Even should I find Dame Castinoja, do you think she would come to see you through this terrible storm? I remember the last time you had this terrible complaint she cured you with two ounces of treacle hoiled in the rind of half an orange. Let me go to the apothecary's and get it for you. Compose yourself a little, and do not force me to take such a long journey, which I am sure will be of no use, and I shall only get a worse malady than yours."

"Good heavens! see what a husband the Fates have given me! I only ask him to go for a nurse, at the risk of wetting his shoes, and he refuses. But I will

know what it is you want; you wish to be a widower; you long to live over again your bachelor's life. At every cry that pain forces from me, your heart leaps with joy! Ah! I'm dying! a priest! the confession! I am poisoned!"

Morales, really believing that his wife was at the last extremity, and fearing if she died that the accusations she had thrown out against him might have serious consequences, endeavored to soothe her by a few caresses, and proceeded to light a lantern, which the darkness of the night rendered very necessary. He then drew on a pair of stout boots, threw a large cloak over his shoulders, pulled the cape over his head, and manfully set forth on his nocturnal expedition in search of Dame Castinoja. The painter knew that the dame in question dwelt somewhere in the Calle Foncarral, but of the precise location of her residence he was totally ignorant. The rain fell in torrents and the darkness was awful.

But while he is groping along the streets and getting soaked to the skin let us return to the sick lady. No sooner did she see her husband fairly off upon his expedition than she summoned her brother and a few chosen friends, who were lying hid in the cellar. In a twinkling they had the old street door off its hinges and its place supplied by the one bought for the occasion, which fitted as if it had been made on purpose. Above it they placed a huge white sign, on which was displayed, in large letters, the following inscription: "Hotel of the Cid. Good entertainment for man and horse." This done, a large party of friends from the neighborhood, who had been let into the secret, were speedily assembled. Castanets and guitars were put in requisition, a repast was prepared, and the merry guests began to eat, and drink, and dance, by way of celebrating the dismal expedition of the poor husband, who had gone in search of Dame Castinoja.

Meanwhile, having proceeded from street to street, knocked at more than fifty doors, and roused and angered the whole neighborhood, our poor painter was at length obliged to return homeward without the nurse. He was drenched to the skin, and his patience was completely exhausted.

On approaching his home the sounds of musical instruments, and singing, and peals of laughter burst upon his astonished ears. Thinking he had made a mistake, he raised the lantern, and discovering a different door from his own, with the sign of a hotel over it, he became completely bewildered, and began to traverse the pavement anew.

"It is indeed the Calle Lavapie," said he. "Here is the book-store of Pedro Trappal; there is the fruiterer's shop; and this is the house of Diego the cripple, and then surely comes mine, for on the other side there is that of Lucas Merino, the money-changer."

He recognized the doors of all his neighbors; each one was familiar; his alone was changed.

"Heaven help me!" said he, making fifty signs of the cross, "this, indeed, must be my house. It is but an hour and a half since I left it. My wife was then weeping and groaning with pain, and now they are singing and dancing. And yet we were living alone in the house. The door, it is true, needed a little repair, but I am certain it was not changed when I left home. Beside, I have never noticed a tavern in this street, and surely it is not in my house that they would establish one. Am I dreaming? That can not be."

He began to make a closer examination, carefully passing his hand over the door, but could not find the knocker in its accustomed place. Determined to make himself heard, in hopes that as soon as he effected an entrance he should learn the cause of the mysterious transformation, he began to thump at the door with blows enough to rouse the whole neighborhood. The merry-makers within pretended not to hear him. He knocked still more loudly. At length, after he had been left standing a long time under the drippings of the roof, a man, with head covered by an old handkerchief, and holding a light in his hand, opened the window above the door.

"Halloa! my good man, what the deuce do you want at this time of night? There is no room for you here. Go seek a lodging elsewhere."

"But I wish to enter my own house."

"My friend, it is not our custom to open our doors at this unusual hour."

"But I tell you this is my house; and my father, Diego Morales, paid a round sum for it with his own deniers."

"Hark ye, my fine fellow. I know not if the wine which disturbs your noddle was Val de Peñas or Logroquo, but I'll be sworn it was capital, and the water from the gutters will not hurt you. So go your way or I will loose my mastiff on ye."

Thus saying, he closed the window. The singing and laughter were renewed again, and the poor painter gave himself to all the furies, fully persuaded that some sorcerer was playing him this cruel trick.

Meanwhile the rain continued, and flakes of falling snow came thick upon the face of Morales. The candle in his lantern had burned out, and his patience had long since been completely exhausted. He commenced knocking anew, when presently he heard some one within the house call out:

"Halloa, Antonio, unloose the dogs; bring a cudgel, and give the shoulders of this drunken fellow a taste of it; it will relieve his muddy brain a little."

At this the door was thrown open, and forth came a man with two huge dogs, which might have made the joke rather a serious one, had they not been held back by the keeper.

"You cursed fellow," said the latter, "what do you mean by making this clamor? Were you not told there was no room for you here?"

"But, my good friend, this is my house, and I can not comprehend what piece of sorcery has converted it into a tavern. This is indeed, I assure you, the very house I received as a heritage from Diego Morales, my father."

"My good man, you are certainly under a strange delusion. There are neither Morales nor mulberries in this neighborhood."

"I am a painter, well known in this city, and of some celebrity in this quarter. I have lived twenty years in this house. Call my wife, Casilda. If she is not transformed into a landlady, she will doubtless extricate me from this labyrinth."

"How can you talk in this foolish manner? For more than six years this house has been one of the most frequented and best-known hotels in Madrid. Its master is Pedro Carasco. The landlady is Herez; and I, who speak to you, am Antonio, their valet. And now take yourself off, in heaven's name, without any more noise, or this cudgel will speedily restore you to your senses."

The poor painter, not knowing to what saint to turn for succor, made the best of his way, by groping along through the darkness, to the house of one of his friends. It was four o'clock in the morning when he reached it. From the lamentable voice in which Morales claimed admittance the friend thought that some serious calamity had befallen the painter, and hastened to let him in. Morales related his adventure, but his friend listened to it with incredulity. He, however, lighted a fire to dry the well-soaked garments of his guest, and having prepared him a bed, advised him to go to sleep, for he doubted not that Morales had been making a little too free with the bottle.

In the morning, however, the painter still persisted in maintaining the truth of the story he had told on the previous evening; and his friend, curious to behold the enchanted mansion, accompanied him home. But to the utter astonishment of the mystified artist another change had come over the spirit of his dream. The marvelous sign had disappeared, the house was secured by its accustomed portal, and everything had resumed its former quiet and peaceful appearance.

"Come, Morales," said his friend, tapping him on the shoulder, "confess that you had taken a drop too much last night, and was afraid to return home."

"On my honor as a man and an artist," replied Morales, "I have told you nothing but the truth."

"But, my dear fellow, it is no such great crime to be overcome by a cup of good wine."

Morales heeded not the remark, but commenced rapping smartly at the door. Bridget, the maid-servant, half-dressed, hastened to open it.

"Oh, Señor Morales," cried she, in tones of well-feigned astonishment, "how could you have the heart to stay out all night in the city, carousing with your friends, and your wife lying here at death's door? And to go off, too, under pretence of finding Dame Castinoja! Fie upon you! fie upon you!"

"Fie upon you, Señor Morales!" cried out in chorus half a dozen shrill voices from the neighboring windows. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you cruel man! You have an angel for a wife, and here you leave her in this shameful manner to die without assistance."

"Ah, indeed! And where have you been all night? In some filthy tavern, I dare say, drinking with your good-for-nothing companions. What an abominable thing is a husband who plays the bachelor! If I had such a one, I warrant you I'd go to the magistrate and soon have a divorce."

"But it is with me that he has the account to settle," cried Casilda, who now came up, looking pale and wan, as was natural after a night of dancing and revelry. "And so you believed I was dead, and you thought to come back and squander my dower on your bachelor parties. But you did not reckon on the good services of these kind neighbors, by whose timely aid I have been restored to life."

"My dear little wife," said Morales, soothingly, "if you will only listen to me, you will find that I am much more to be pitied than found fault with."

And here the poor artist began to relate what had happened to him. But his story was received with shouts of laughter.

"Tell that nonsense to others, Morales. Do you take us for idiots, to whom you are telling some of your silly stories of the studio? Confess the truth, man. You have fallen in with some of your scrapegrace companions, with whom you have passed the night in drinking and carousing. Tell the truth, and beg pardon for your fault. That will be much better than to stand here telling such a nonsensical tale, which nobody will believe."

And, in truth, Morales had to come to this at last. Crestfallen, overwhelmed by ridicule, jeered by the whole neighborhood, he was forced humbly to sue for pardon, which was only granted on the condition that he should give no more bachelor parties.—*Translated from the Spanish.*

NEWSPAPERS IN WAR TIME.

"Piccadilly" Describes the Difficulties of the English Reporter.

The English newspaper has now perfected itself in the art of suppressing the news, at least so far as home affairs are concerned. It has been a painful process, but it has been done. Even allowing for a far less keen sense of news values than is possessed by his American brother, the English reporter must none the less feel a sense of inward congestion and constriction, highly uncomfortable to say the least of it. To witness mighty doings and to know that he must not say a word of them, to be the spectator of tragedy and to hold his tongue, to see things that have never been seen before and to be silent, these are feats not easy to do, but they must be done. Some surprising stories will be told when the war is over, and the Englishmen themselves will be amazed to learn of the things that happened almost under their eyes and of which no one spoke aloud.

The only way to find out what is happening is to go and see for one's self. One might just as well read the Bible as the newspapers, so far as the "local news," so dear to the heart of the American, is concerned. I have just searched a daily newspaper of repute without finding a single news item about English home affairs. Presumably people are still murdering each other and burglarizing each other and divorcing each other in the good old way, but no one is interested in such matters. No one is interested in anything but war, and war news must not be printed until it has been germicided and disinfected and deodorized by the censor. The official reports may be printed. Letters from soldiers describing personal experiences at unnamed places may be printed. Military disquisitions on supposititious tactics may be printed, and descriptions of German war material and character sketches of foreign personalities. It is all interesting enough, but it is not the news. It is only when you get some sort of a glimpse of what the news actually is that you appreciate the height and length and depth and breadth of the things that the newspapers are not printing. Yesterday I was told that a German Zeppelin had passed over the midland counties and that the fourth shot from a gun had brought it to the ground, a hideous wreck of canvas and steel and human bodies. In all probability the story was a true one. It seemed to be true. Now imagine the feelings of the newspaper man who saw that thing happen and knew that he must say not a word of it. Such an event had never happened in the world before. It stood out glaring, blazing red, in the history of the human race, but not a newspaper ventured to print a line. Of course I do not know that the story is a true one. I might possibly trace it back to its origin link by link, but that would be highly indiscreet. The authorities do not like people who want to know things, and it is just as well to be inconspicuous and to refrain from needless self-advertisement. The only way to know a thing here is to see it, and having seen it you had better forget it.

There are all kinds of spy stories, but these are just as unverifiable as everything else. The German spy is not the pussy-footed sleuth of tradition, nor does he suggest the Uhlan with his Sunday clothes on. Now and then the newspapers speak of the arrest of a few unlucky Teutons for transgressing the regulations and of course they are arrested "on suspicion." But these people are not spies. When a real spy is captured the newspapers say nothing about it, nor do they mention what becomes of the poor wretch. But we all know what usually becomes of the captured spy, and there are whispered stories from many parts of the country of firing squads who are hurriedly called on to do their horrid work after summary court-martial. But the newspapers have not a word to say. It is as though the nerves of the nation had been cut, thus arresting all the usual shuttles of communication. We are living very much as they must have lived in the middle ages, when every little community was a world to itself and when it was only the chance traveler who brought news from beyond.

England may not expect to be invaded, but she acts as though she expected the enemy tomorrow morning or by next Friday at latest. And, curiously enough, these ubiquitous preparations seem to make for public tranquillity. Every strategic point in the south and east coast is seamed and criss-crossed with entrenchments. The seashore is volcanic with mounds and embankments. Even the academic groves of Cambridge have been turned into an armed camp, and on the golf course there are thousands of men quietly and steadfastly drilling just as though it were the immemorial custom to drill on the golf course. But there is a curious lack of excitement. There is no boasting, no hysterics, no flagwaving. It is bad taste to talk patriotically, as that much-abused word is ordinarily understood. One seldom hears a patriotic song, for while there are songs in plenty they are not of the bombastic kind. A good many poets have tried their hands at marching songs for the soldiers, but the soldier prefers to choose his own, and he does so without regard to poetic merit. He prefers something that has a dash of melancholy and that contains some reference to the girl. Of course "Tipperary" is the favorite,

but it would take no ordinary kind of psychologist to say why:

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go,
It's a long way to Tipperary
And the sweetest girl I know.
Good-by, Piccadilly;
Good-by, Leicester Square;
It's a long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's just there.

Why the soldier likes "Tipperary," why he asks for it and will take no substitute, it is hard to say. Perhaps one has to be a soldier to find out. Mr. Robert Blatchford, the Socialist editor, who used to be a soldier, says that the popular military songs are enigmas. Some years ago he heard an infantry regiment singing after a hard day's work in which they were supposed to have been defeated. As they sang it they bounced along at nearly six miles an hour:

You never know you've got it till you get it;
If you get it don't kick up a row.
If anybody's ever going to get it,
We've got it—now.

Some day some one will write a book about soldiers' marching songs, the songs that were actually sung, and not the songs that were merely written to be sung. England just at present could contribute quite a few.
LONDON, October 1, 1914. PICCADILLY.

Engineers detailed by the Alaskan Road Commission to survey the proposed government highway from Skagway to the summit of the White Pass have completed the work and are now preparing maps and data for the route. The road is to connect at the international boundary line at the summit of the pass with the Canadian system of roads reaching to the Atlin section, and to Yukon as far north as Dawson. The road from Skagway to the summit will have a grade averaging less than five per cent and at no place will it exceed eight per cent. According to the new survey the route follows for the great part of the distance the old '97 trail. At Mile No. 7 of the White Pass and Yukon Railway the great scenic beauty of the road becomes apparent, and the route continues to increase in attractiveness as it winds up through the rocky cañon of the Skagway to White Pass City, once an animated municipality living off of the adventurous gold seekers passing to and from the mining regions farther in the interior, but now reduced to a deserted village consisting of a few uninhabited cabins. The scenic aspect of the road continues to grow in interest until the summit of the pass is reached, and the route when completed will present attractions that will make it one of the great popular thoroughfares of the Northwest for summer tourists and motorists. With the completion of this route motorists living in any section of the coast country will be able to make the journey from Southern California to Alaska with such side trips as they may desire to include.

Important experiments have recently been made by the fisheries expert for British Columbia in connection with the hatchery operations. Last year at Seaton Lake, instead of placing all the sockeye salmon eggs in trays, as has been the custom heretofore, a plan was adopted more in keeping with the natural methods followed by the fish. The eggs, after having been inoculated with the lymph, were buried under five to seven inches of sand and gravel. Over 200,000 ova were thus treated in tanks especially made therefor, and as a result 188,000 healthy fry have been taken out with the possibility of more to follow. This is a splendid record, as compared with the old pan system, and it is believed by the experts that the new method will revolutionize the business of the hatcheries.

Though the dum-dum bullet, forbidden in war by civilized nations, is familiar in many languages, it is not generally known that a town of some importance bears the same name. By some the town has been described as the Woolwich of India, and was for long the headquarters of the Bengal Artillery. It was at Dum-Dum in 1757 the treaty was signed by which the Nawab of Bengal ratified the privileges of the English and allowed Calcutta to be fortified.

At the National Negro Business League Convention at Muskogee, Oklahoma, it was stated that the 2,000,000 negroes living in Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas now have under their control, as owners and renters, about \$300,000,000 worth of farm property and own 60,000 farms, containing 6,000,000 acres of land with farm property, land, live stock, and farming implements worth \$200,000,000.

In the fiscal year ending June 30 this country paid out in pensions \$172,417,546. The grand total of expenditures for pensions from 1866 up to and including 1914 was \$4,633,511,926. The total number of pensioners of all classes on the rolls was 785,239. The number of civil war pensioners was 728,129, compared with 762,439 in 1913. The largest number ever on the rolls was in 1902, when there were 999,466.

It is said that the first sawmill in the United States was at Jamestown, from which sawed boards were exported in June, 1607. A water-power sawmill was in use in 1625 near the present site of Richmond.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Professor C. T. Haggerty, the discoverer of a new comet which is visible to the naked eye, is a member of the faculty of the New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanic Art, and is well known in the scientific world.

Major-General von Voigts-Rhetz, recently reported as the successor to Field Marshal von Moltke as chief of staff, though confirmation is lacking, is not generally known in Germany, but he possesses an enviable army record, and is a strategist of much ability.

General Zupelli, the new Italian minister of war, was born an Austrian subject. His ability is unquestioned, and as a man of practical affairs he takes high rank in Europe. His selection is due to the confidence reposed in him by Lieutenant-General Cadorna, chief of the Italian staff.

George D. Smith, the wealthiest dealer in rare books in the world, is an American who began his career thirty years ago as an office boy in a bookstore. He studied the business closely, became interested in old books, and began buying on his own account. He lives in New York.

Colonel Isaac Newton Lewis, inventor of the rapid-fire gun which has aided the Belgians to put up such a remarkable resistance, is a retired American army officer, late of the United States Coast Artillery. The weapon, which easily fires 500 shots a minute, is said to be the most perfect of its kind in the world. It was offered to this country, to Germany, and England, before Colonel Lewis took it to Belgium, where he perfected terms for its manufacture.

Max Joseph Bachr, who has been made United States consul at Berne, Switzerland, has for twelve years represented this country at Havana, Cuba. He is a native of Bavaria, but came to America in 1878. In 1898 he began his diplomatic career as American consul at Kehl, Germany. Later he served as consul at Magdeburg. During the period of his station at Havana he was tendered the appointment as consul-general at Callao, Peru, and later at Buenos Aires, but declined.

William F. Willoughby, the American economist who is going to China to assume the duties of financial advisor to the new republic, has performed many noteworthy services for the United States. He was on President Wilson's commission of economy and efficiency. He began his public work as an expert in the United States Department of Labor in 1897, and in 1900 was special agent on labor and education at the Paris Exposition. From 1901 to 1907 he was treasurer of the Porto Rican government.

Captain George R. Clark, recently on duty as commandant at the naval training station at North Chicago, has become aid for education in the Navy Department, the new position established on board ship for the benefit of the enlisted men. Captain Clark, a native of Ohio, was graduated from Annapolis in 1878. While in command of the *Minnesota* in 1911, in collaboration with his junior officers, he wrote and published "A Short History of the United States Navy." The book was carefully examined by the academic board and adopted as a text-book for midshipmen at the Naval Academy. He has written notable articles on "Notes on the Training Service," in 1912; "On Other Duty," in 1909; and "Protecting American Interests," in 1909.

David Watson Taylor, who will succeed Rear-Admiral Richard M. Watt as chief constructor of the navy, graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1885 at the head of his class, and excelled the highest record ever made there up to that time. He was sent to Greenwich, where he received the highest honors of the Royal College and established a record for students. In 1901 he was made a captain in the navy. He was the first American to win the gold medal of the British Institution of Naval Architects for the best original paper on "Ship-Shaped Stream Forms." In the field of technical writers he is well known, among his works being "Resistance of Ships and Screw Propulsion" and "Speed and Power Ships."

Arthur Lynch, an Irish member of the House of Commons, who warmly advocated the government's stand on the war question, has had one of the most romantic careers of any member in the House. On the outbreak of the Boer war he organized the Second Irish Brigade, which he operated under General Botha, and fought in Natal against the British troops. After the war he went to Paris, and while there, in 1901, he was elected by a large majority as Nationalist Member of Parliament for Galway. On going to England to take his seat, however, he was arrested, and on January 23, 1903, was convicted of high treason and sentenced to death. The sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life. A year later he was released on license, and he received a free pardon on June 10, 1907. He is one of the most versatile and erudite men in the House, being a journalist, a civil engineer, a poet, and a physician. He has also written a novel in French.

MR. PARNELL.

Mrs. Parnell, Who Was Katharine O'Shea, Writes His Love Story and Political Life.

Mrs. Parnell, who was once Mrs. O'Shea, has done well to avoid the note of explanation of apology in this voluminous statement of her relations with the great Irish leader. The day when an honest passion needs either explanation or apology has passed forever, so completely passed that we may doubt the need even of such a narrative of its course as this. And, to be frank, we are more interested in the light that it throws upon Mr. Parnell himself and upon a troublous page of Irish history than in what the newspaper reporter would call the heart interest of the story. So far as this same heart interest is concerned there is no more in this particular story than in a hundred others that even the divorce court can not rescue from a proper inconspicuousness. But as a page of political history written by a clever woman who helped to make that history the book has an extraordinary value and fascination.

The author tells us that she first met Mr. Parnell at St. Thomas's Hotel in London, where she and Captain O'Shea had reserved a couple of rooms for social purposes. She gave several dinners and Mr. Parnell was invited to them, but never came. Laughingly twitted on her want of success, she became determined that the "uncrowned King of Ireland" should sit in the chair reserved for him at the next dinner:

One bright sunny day when the House was sitting I drove, accompanied by my sister, Mrs. Steele (who had a house in Buckingham Gate), to the House of Commons and sent in a card asking Mr. Parnell to come out and speak to us in Palace Yard.

He came out, a tall, gaunt figure, thin and deadly pale. He looked straight at me smiling, and his curiously burning eyes looked into mine with a wondering intensity that threw into my brain the sudden thought: "This man is wonderful—and different."

I asked him why he had not answered my last invitation to dinner, and if nothing would induce him to come. He answered that he had not opened his letters for days, but if I would let him he would come to dinner directly he returned from Paris, where he had to go for his sister's wedding.

In leaning forward in the cab to say good-by a rose I was wearing in my bodice fell out on to my skirt. He picked it up and, touching it lightly with his lips, placed it in his button-hole.

This rose I found long years afterwards done up in an envelope, with my name and the date, among his most private papers, and when he died I laid it upon his heart.

The author reminds us of the circumstances under which the boycott was invented after the rejection by the House of Lords of the Compensation for Disturbances bill:

Speaking at Ennis on September 19th Mr. Parnell enunciated the principle which has since gone by the name of "The Boycott."

"What are you to do," he asked, "to a tenant who bids for a farm from which another tenant has been evicted?"

Several voices cried: "Shoot him!"

"I think," went on Mr. Parnell, "I heard somebody say 'Shoot him!' I wish to point out to you a very much better way—a more Christian and charitable way, which will give the lost man an opportunity of repenting. When a man takes a farm from which another has been unjustly evicted, you must shun him on the roadside when you meet him; you must shun him in the shop; you must shun him on the fair-green and in the market-place, and even in the place of worship, by leaving him alone; by putting him into a sort of moral Coventry; by isolating him from the rest of the country, as if he were a leper of old—you must show him your detestation of the crime he has committed."

Speaking of the year 1880, the author tells us that Mr. Parnell now made her house his headquarters in England, which was a rather difficult arrangement, since it became known at once to the detectives who were employed to watch his comings and goings:

On one occasion in 1880 he was informed privately that his arrest for "sedition" was being urged upon the government, and that it would be well to go abroad for a short time. I think his enigmatic reply, "I will disappear for a few weeks," must have puzzled his informant. He came down to me at night, and when I answered his signal at my sitting-room window, and let him in, he told me with a deprecating smile that I must hide him for a few weeks. As I sat watching him eat the supper I always had ready for him at three a. m. I felt rather hopeless, as he was a big man, and I did not see how he could be hidden from the servants. He said the latter must not know he was there, as they would talk to the tradespeople, and they to the government men. He did not wish to be arrested until later on, when it might be more useful than not.

Then he awaited suggestions, and at length we decided that a little room opening out of my own must be utilized for him, as I always kept it locked and never allowed a servant into it—except very occasionally to "turn it out." It was a little boudoir dressing-room, and had a sofa in it.

Of personalia we have a liberal supply. Thus we are given a glimpse of Parnell's well-known habit of disregarding public engagements:

When he failed a meeting like this—where hundreds of people were waiting for him—or other appointments, private or public—I sometimes would want him to telegraph, or write, apologizing or excusing his non-attendance, but this he would never do, saying, "You do not learn the ethics of kingship, Queenie. Never explain, never apologize"; adding, with his rare laugh, "I could never keep my rable together if I was not above the human weakness of apology."

It is certainly a curious domestic ménage to which we are introduced. Mrs. O'Shea was living at Eltham, inconspicuously separated from her husband. Parnell visited Eltham, having extracted an invitation from O'Shea himself, who was something more than suspicious of the existing relationship:

So Parnell came, having in his gentle, insistent way urged

his invitation, and from Willie. And now Willie and I were quarrelling because he, my lawful husband, had come down without the invitation that was now (for some years) understood as due to the courtesy of friends, and because he had become vaguely suspicious. Flying rumors had perhaps reached his ears; and now it was too late, for he dared not formulate them, they were too vague; too late, for I had been swept into the avalanche of Parnell's love; too late, for I possessed the husband of my heart for all eternity.

I had fought against our love, but Parnell would not fight, and I was alone. I had urged my children and his work; but he answered me: "For good or ill, I am your husband, your lover, your children, your all. And I will give my life to Ireland, but to you I will give my love, whether it be your heaven or your hell. It is destiny. When I first looked into your eyes I knew."

We are told something interesting about the Phoenix Park murders and of the effect of the tremendous news upon Parnell himself:

From where I sat in the carriage I could see Parnell's back as he stood just inside the station door. I was watching him, and he half turned and smiled at me as he opened the paper—the *Sunday Observer*—to glance at the news before he brought it to me. He told me afterwards that he wanted to see what was said about Michael Davitt. He had now come to the top of the steps and, as he suddenly stopped, I noticed a curious rigidity about his arms—raised in holding the newspaper open. He stood so absolutely still that I was suddenly frightened, horribly, sickeningly afraid—of I knew not what, and, leaning forward, called out, "King, what is it?" Then he came down the steps to me and, pointing to the headline, said, "Look!" And I read, "Murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke!"

I heard the train coming in, and tried to pull myself together, for the awful significance of the horrible thing to my lover, just released from Kilmainham on the Treaty, came home to me with a rush of pain. His face was ashen, and he stared, frowning heavily, before him, unconsciously crushing the hand I had slipped into his until the rings I wore cut and bruised my fingers.

I said to him, "Quick, you must catch this train. See Davitt and the others as arranged and as many more as you can find. Go, you will know what to do, but you must meet them all at once." He turned heavily away, saying, "I shall resign," and I answered as I ran beside him to the platform, "No, you are not a coward."

We find in these pages much curious information on the negotiations between Parnell and Gladstone, and this information seems to point also to the knowledge that Gladstone must have had as to the relationship existing between Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea:

Parnell would sometimes write the rough draft of what he wished Gladstone to know, or sometimes write what he had to say in the form of a letter (often dating it from my house!), but occasionally he would do neither, as, on more than one important occasion, he said: "I don't trust that Grand Old Spider farther than I can see him. Sweetheart, learn this by heart, and let it off at him yourself." Then I had to take down in my own handwriting what he wished proposed to Gladstone, and at the subsequent interview "let it off" at him. Very often letters were sufficient, and in this case I almost invariably wrote them, or, if the letter was in Parnell's handwriting addressed to me, under cover of my envelope, I would request its return, and this was done; letters intended for Parnell by Gladstone being invariably addressed to me.

It was by my suggestion Mr. Gladstone opened these private negotiations with Mr. Parnell, and I was myself much amused to find that both these great statesmen were of one mind as to the danger of such a trusting of one another as such negotiations necessitated. When I said to Parnell, "Why not see Gladstone yourself privately, and get what you can from him, in return for the Irish vote?" he at once replied that such a proceeding would be fatal to the "cause," and when I said much the same thing to Gladstone at our first interview—which latter was a brilliant inspiration of Parnell's own—he replied that "such a proceeding" would be fatal to his position, but, he added, "it might be advantageous to the Irish leader and myself if you, Mrs. O'Shea, would accept the thankless office of go-between, as you suggest. A safe and secret intermediary might well prove to be of the greatest assistance to us both in our efforts for the welfare of the country." I have wondered since which country the G. O. M. had in his mind when he spoke.

Another glimpse at these negotiations comes later on, the essential fact being that Mrs. O'Shea was recognized as the intermediary:

On April 8th, 1886, the evening of the introduction of the Home Rule bill, Mr. Gladstone sent his private secretary down to Eltham with a letter to me asking me to telegraph one word, "Yes," if he was to introduce the bill that night. In this case he was to speak shortly after four o'clock. Mr. Parnell had not given him the required answer earlier, as he had up to the last moment been trying to induce Mr. Gladstone to give the bill wider and more comprehensive clauses than the G. O. M. would assent to. Now, however, he had said to me, as he started that evening for the House: "This bill will do as a beginning; they shall have more presently. If the Old Man wires to know if it is all right answer 'Yes.' Mr. Gladstone had previously arranged with me that I should be at home waiting for his message in order that I might let him know that Parnell and the "Party" were ready.

His messenger was so late that I simply snatched Gladstone's letter from him and, scribbling my "Yes" on the enclosed government form, sent my waiting servant flying to the telegraph office with it. After which I had time to join in the regrets of Mr. Gladstone's secretary that his master had made it impossible for me to get up to the House in time for his introduction of the bill. The secretary told me that he would have "derived considerable interest" from the proceedings, but I felt much more keenly than that about this bill that I had taken so often in its swaddling clothes from parent to foster parent, and I was very much disappointed at not being present at its introduction to a larger life.

Gladstone and Parnell eventually met at Hawarden, and we have a curious reference to a request made to Parnell that he stir up agitation in Ireland in favor of the Home Rule bill:

It was two months later, however (on December 19th), that Parnell, on his way to Liverpool, visited Gladstone at Hawarden. It was a short but agreeable visit, and at dinner Mr. Parnell sat next to Miss Gladstone. The conversation turned upon actors and acting, and Miss Gladstone said, "Who is the greatest actor you have ever seen, Mr. Parnell?" "Your father, undoubtedly!" he promptly returned, much to her delight.

As Parnell became moderate in politics Gladstone became

more extreme. I remember one evening in April or May, 1888, driving with Parnell to Morley's house in Elm Park Gardens, where Parnell and Morley had a quiet conversation together.

I waited in the hansom cab a little way off the house for a considerable time, and at last Parnell came out with an amused expression on his face. As we were driving home he said:

"We can never satisfy English politicians! They imprisoned me for causing agitation in Ireland, and now they want agitation, if not outrage. Morley said to me: 'The people must be made to wake up a bit; can't you do anything to stir them up?' Then with a laugh: 'If they knew how easy it was for me to stir Ireland up, and how confidently difficult I have found it to quiet her down again, they would be very careful before giving me such an invitation!' And, with the experience of the past to give force and conviction to his words, he had shown Mr. Morley the extreme danger of Mr. Gladstone's suggestions.

Among personal references to Parnell we find a story illustrating his implicit faith in the medical lore of the Irish peasantry:

This old servant of his had the most curious ideas on "first aid to the injured, and when on one occasion Mr. Parnell had his hand crushed in some machinery at his Arklow quarries, she dressed the injured fingers with cobwebs from the cellar walls. To my astonishment he asked for cobwebs at Eltham at once, when he had cut his finger, to "wrap it in." My children, with delighted interest, produced cobwebs (and spiders) from the cellar, and I had the greatest difficulty in preventing a "cure" so likely to produce blood-poisoning. He accepted the peasant lore of Ireland with the simplicity of a child, and I still remember his doubtful "Is that so?" when I told him it was most dangerous to put anything so dusty as a cobweb on an open wound. "Susan Gaffney said cobwebs would stop the poison. They all do it," meaning the peasants.

The author expresses some natural indignation at Gladstone's attitude as soon as her relationship with Parnell became public knowledge. Gladstone, she says, had known of the relationship for ten years, and had made full use of it, but "an English statesman must always appear on the side of the angels":

So Mr. Gladstone found his religion could at last be useful to his country. Parnell felt no resentment towards Gladstone. He merely said to me, with his grave smile: "That old Spider has nearly all my flies in his web," and to my indignation against Gladstone he replied: "You don't make allowances for statecraft. He has the Nonconformist conscience to consider, and you know as well as I do that he always loathed me. But these fools, who throw me over at his bidding, make me a little sad." And I thought of that off eagle face, with the cruel eyes, that always belied the smile he gave me, and wondered no longer at the premonition of disaster that I had so often felt in his presence.

We have many examples of Parnell's superstition, which the author found to be "unreasonable and unreasonable":

Parnell would agree perfectly that this was a fact, nevertheless to do so and so was "unlucky," and there was the end of it—it must not be done. Certain combinations of numbers, of lights or circumstances, were "omens," and must be carefully avoided. Evidently, as an intelligent child will, he had eagerly caught up and absorbed all and every suggestion offered him by the converse of his nurse and her associates, and the impressions thus made were overlaid, but not erased, as he grew up isolated, by the very reticence of his nature, from his fellows. His dislike of the color green, as being unlucky, he could not himself understand, for it is certainly not an Irish feeling, but it was there so decidedly that he would not sit in any room that had this color in it, nor would he allow me to wear or use any of the magnificent silks or embroideries that were so often presented to him, if, as was generally the case, they had green in their composition.

A concluding paragraph may well be devoted to Parnell's moral standard, which the author describes as a high one:

Parnell's moral standard was a high one, if it is once conceded that as regards the marriage bond his honest conviction was that there is none where intense mutual attraction—commonly called love—does not exist, or where it ceases to exist. To Parnell's heart and conscience I was no more the wife of Captain O'Shea when he (Parnell) first met me than I was after Captain O'Shea had divorced me, ten years later. He took nothing from Captain O'Shea that the law of the land could give, or could dispossess him of, therefore he did him no wrong. I do not presume to say whether in this conviction he was right or wrong, but here I set down Parnell's point of view, with the happy knowledge that never for one moment have I regretted that I made his point of view my own in this as in all things else.

The professional moralist may find much in this remarkable book with which to disagree, but with the professional moralist we need not trouble ourselves. It is sufficient that Mrs. Parnell has not only added a valuable page to the history of Ireland, but that she has written it with a vivid energy that is admirable.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL: HIS LOVE STORY AND POLITICAL LIFE. By Mrs. Parnell (Katharine O'Shea). In two volumes. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$5 net.

During the salmon fishing and canning season in British Columbia a large number of Indians are employed in the different branches of the canneries each year. The Indians are expert fishermen and are especially desirable as employees in the business. The Indian women and old men of the tribes work in the canneries while the able-bodied men do the fishing. The duties of the Indian women consist mainly of washing the fish in preparation for cooking and canning. They are, it is said, the most efficient for this branch of the cannery work of any procurable labor.

California yew, which grows on the national forests of the state, is finding some use in present-day archery practice. Its qualities closely resemble those of the Old World yew, which made the English long bow famous in mediæval times.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

A Charmed Life.

The author has constituted himself a sort of earthly providence for the purpose of protecting Miss Edith Austin, whose escapades in China would not have had so happy an ending had they happened in real life. Shanghai and Peking have a code of morals all their own, and it is not ours. A young American girl, however brave and resourceful, could hardly search for adventures in the native quarters of Chinese cities as does Miss Austin without finding something in the way of experience that would probably be final. But these successive stories are extraordinarily well told, and we can only regret that the interesting Edith shows unmistakable signs of getting married somewhere toward the end of the book and that any further adventures are hardly likely to be countenanced by her husband. But we can hardly wonder that her uncle and guardian should say "Thank God" at the prospect of a transfer of his responsibilities, which have been of the heaviest kind. Mr. Merwin evidently knows China, and he also knows the modern American girl, who wants to see and experience everything that is worth seeing or experiencing, however unconventionally. But we should like to have some more of Edith. We like her.

THE CHARMED LIFE OF MISS AUSTIN. By Samuel Merwin. New York: The Century Company; \$1.35 net.

Poems by Mrs. Woods.

The whole English-speaking world is well aware that a volume of poems, even an isolated poem, by Mrs. Margaret Woods is a literary event. There is only one living woman poet with whom she can be compared, but she is so different from Mrs. Meynell in vigor and style that perhaps no comparison should be made. Mrs. Meynell wrote "The Shepherdess of Sheep" and so measurably raised her level, and perhaps Mrs. Woods has never done anything quite so gem-like as this. But she has done nothing that is not as nearly perfect as her poetic genius and skill can make it. There is not a single poem, not a single stanza, in this volume of her collected works that we could wish omitted, and there are very few volumes of which this could be said. To select even a single stanza for quotation is not easy where the general level is so high, but perhaps "April" is the most sure of universal admiration. Here are the first and last stanzas:

O come across the hillside! The April month is here,
The lamb-time, the lark-time, the child-time of the year.

The wren sings on the swallow,
The lark above the fallow,
The birds sing everywhere.
With whistle and with holloa
The laborers follow
The shining share,
And sing upon the hillside in the seed-time of the year.

O come into the wide world! For you the Spring is here,
The blue heaven is smiling, the young earth carols clear.

Come happy heart to wonder,
Come eager hands to plunder
The wide world's store,
The meadow's golden glory,
The shining towers of story
On Dreamland's shore,

To reign there all the song-time, the child-time of the year.

Mrs. Woods is not a prolific poet, and this volume contains only some 340 pages, but the lover of poetry will not miss a single page. It may be said that the volume contains also two dramas, "Wild Justice" and "The Princess of Hanover."

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF MARGARET L. WOODS. New York: John Lane Company.

Governments of Europe.

It is well that we should have such a book as this at a time when the old designations of government have lost something of their meaning and when we are beginning to realize that liberty is compatible with monarchy and tyranny with republicanism. The need of the day is for some means by which we can study government comparatively and so arrive at a valuation, not of rival claims to democracy and freedom, but of the extent to which democracy and freedom have embodied themselves in effective constitutions and laws. This has been done for us by Professor Frederic Austin Ogg. In the course of his substantial work of nearly seven hundred pages he passes under review every country of civilization and furnishes us with the exact governmental data needed by the student who wishes to know facts and who perhaps is a little tired of the outworn assumption that the larger designations of governmental system—republican, monarchial, imperialistic, etc.—convey any idea of the actual status of political advance. As an example of the thoroughness with which the work has been done we may cite the section devoted to France. It is divided into the four heads: "Constitutions Since 1789," "The President, the Minis-

try, and Parliament," "Parliamentary Procedure—Political Parties," and "Justice and Local Government." Each department is thoroughly elaborated and gives the impression of accuracy and sufficiency. The book is one for the reference shelf and for frequent consultation.

THE GOVERNMENTS OF EUROPE. By Frederic Austin Ogg, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3 net.

Theodore Thornton Munger.

Those who feel surprise that so large a biographical volume should be devoted to a man who is described on the title-page as a "New England minister" will find that the problem is explained by the book itself, and that admiration for Dr. Munger is rivaled only by admiration for the skill and sympathy of the portraiture. Dr. Munger was over fifty years of age before even the religious world recognized his value, a value that was to increase steadily for twenty years. Without any of the capacities usually supposed essential to popularity, without either oratory or emotionalism, Dr. Munger gradually became the type and the inspiring type of everything that the Christian ought to be and so seldom is, one of those rare men whose characters are more forceful and more eloquent than the written or the spoken word. Those who want to know what the Christian ministry should be will find here an invaluable indication. Those who want to know what a biography should be are recommended to take Dr. Bacon's work as a type.

LIFE OF THEODORE THORNTON MUNGER. By Benjamin Wisner Bacon. New Haven, Connecticut: Yale University Press; \$3 net.

Webster's Dictionary.

This abridgment from Webster's New International Dictionary is intended for school and general use and is all that can be expected from a dictionary that can be moved without a derrick. It is of substantial but convenient size, the type is satisfactorily clear, while its thousand illustrations are well selected and useful. Its separate tables include a biographical dictionary, a pronouncing dictionary of foreign words and phrases, and a list of abbreviations, but it would have been better to include these in the main text.

WEBSTER'S SECONDARY SCHOOL DICTIONARY. New York: American Book Company.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

With the recent publication of "Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds," Miss Amy Lowell's unique position in American letters is further emphasized. Miss Lowell, who is a sister of President Lowell of Harvard, has long been identified with the new spirit in contemporary poetry. As the foremost American member of the "Imagists"—a group of poets including William Butler Yeats, Ezra Pound, Ford Madox Hueffer—she has won recognition for her writing in new and free forms of poetical expression. Though "Sword Blades and Poppy Seed" contains much that will perhaps arouse academic criticism, it is, nevertheless, a new note in American poetry and a volume that will command respect from all readers who believe in the poetic richness of modern life. It is published by the Macmillan Company.

Riebard Wightman's new book, "Soul-Spur," was published by the Century Company October 9. On the same date appeared the third edition of "The Things He Wrote to Her," which was Mr. Wightman's first book, published last spring. This new edition is enlarged in form, with page-holders in tint. The Century Company also plans the spring publication of Mr. Wightman's third book, "My Body and I."

The publication of Louis Joseph Vance's melodramatic novel, "The Lone Wolf," was made October 10. The play from the novel will be produced in New York by William A. Brady on October 26, with Lou Tellegen as star.

The cables failed to bring over a sufficient stock of "Germany and the Next War" to fill the thousands of orders on hand, and the publishers, Longmans, Green & Co., published a large authorized American edition on October 7, the third printing being already ordered before publication.

H. G. Wells's new novel, "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman," is dated for October 23. It is reported that Mr. Wells has taken the modern woman for his theme and that as she is set before the reader by Mr. Wells she makes a most engaging heroine. The book will be published by the Macmillan Company.

"The Blind Spot," a novel by Justus Miles Forman, just published by the Harpers, is a story of a man who deceived himself as well as others. He had won fame as a sociological worker, an arbiter of industrial disputes, his influence extending to Fifth Avenue drawing-rooms as well as to meetings at Cooper Union. The daughter of a rich New Yorker was first attracted to what she believed was his humanitarian attitude and became engaged to him. Little by little she discovered that it

was ambition and not love of his fellow-men which animated him. In the later chapters Mr. Forman shows how the hero was forced to realize that his vision of life had never been a clear one.

The George H. Doran Company announces that it will publish some time this month a particularly timely new story, "We Are French!" the tale of a heroic old French Zouave, by Perley Poore Sheehan. Timely also is their publication of the third volume of Crispi's "Memoirs," which gives such secrets of European diplomacy as the German statesman's attitude toward Russia and England, revealed in conversations with Crispi, the working and formation of the Triple Alliance, etc.

Elizabeth Jordan, author of "May Iverson Tackles Life," has returned to America after her vacation in Europe.

Miss Marie Van Vorst, the novelist, whose new book, "Big Tremaine" (Little, Brown & Co.), sold three editions before publication, is with the Red Cross service in England. She is a member of the staff of nurses of the Bedford College detachment.

Owing to the widespread interest in the war the Frederick A. Stokes Company will publish at once a juvenile hook not heretofore announced on their lists. "The Wonder Book of Soldiers" describes in a simple and most interesting manner the life, training, and exploits of the modern soldier, with particular emphasis on Tommy Atkins and his brethren of the British army, now heavily engaged on the Continent. Chapters on "The Making of a Soldier," "What Modern Battle Is Like," "The Artillery," "The Cavalry," "The Engineers," together with many stories of brave deeds, make fascinating reading for older readers as well as boys.

Announcement is made by Doubleday, Page & Co. of the publication in book form of "Bambi," by Marjorie Benton Cooke, the serial which last summer made such a sensation among the readers of the *American Magazine*.

In "The Teeth of the Tiger" Doubleday, Page & Co. announce a new novel by Maurice Lehman dealing with the hair-raising exploits of that remarkable criminologist (and upon occasion criminal), Arsène Lupin.

Field Marshal Earl Roberts writes to John Murray, publisher of Professor Cramb's recent lectures on "Germany and England," published by E. P. Dutton & Co.: "I hope that every one who wishes to understand the present crisis will read this book. There are in it things which will cause surprise and pain, but nowhere else are the forces which led to the war so clearly set forth."

The new Arnold Bennett book is "From the Log of the Velsa." The Century Company will publish it this month, with four pages in color from canvases by Mr. Bennett himself and by E. A. Rickards, and with forty-eight illustrations in black and white from drawings by Mr. Rickards.

"The Torch of Life," by Rachel Sweet Macnamara, author of "The Fringe of the Desert," was recently published by the Putnams. Her new story opens with Titian Flury being informed of her husband's death. For ten years she has been the wife of a man hopelessly paralyzed owing to a carriage accident on their wedding day. At the age of twenty-nine she finds herself free to discover the world of which she has heard men speak.

Among new publications worth while on the European war question from the press of D. Appleton & Co. are the following: "The War and America," by Hugo Munsterberg; "Albania," by Wadham Peacock; "Americans

The White House

"THE WAR AND AMERICA"

By HUGO MUNSTERBERG
\$1 net

"Germany and the Next War"

By F. BERNHARDI
75 cents net

"THE CLARION"

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS
One of the greatest newspaper stories ever written. \$1.35 net

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Mr. Arthur Row of The Milestones Company will give a dramatic reading of Maeterlinck's latest and most beautiful play

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In the Paul Elder & Co. Gallery, 239 Grant Ave.

and the Britons," by Frederick C. de Sumichrast; "Francis Joseph and His Times," by Sir Horace Rumhold; "The Races of Europe," by W. Z. Ripley; "The Nearer East," by D. G. Hogarth; "Central Europe," by J. Patsch; "Britain and the British Seas," by H. J. Mackinder.

E. V. Lucas's collection of the best new literature by living authors includes a burlesque novel by Stephen Leacock, the humorist, author of "Nonsense Novels" and "Behind the Beyond," and selections by "Saki" (H. H. Munro), author of "Chronicles of Clovis," whose "Beasts and Super-Beasts" will be published this month by the John Lane Company.

A late October hook will be "Sight to the Blind," by Lucy Furman, with an introduction by Ida M. Tarbell. This is another story of the Kentucky mountain settlement school described in Miss Furman's "Mothering on Perilous." The Macmillan Company is the publisher.

A number of years have passed without a book from Maxim Gorky's pen. "Tales of Two Countries," a volume of short stories which B. W. Huebsch will soon publish, discloses a new aspect of the Russian writer. The influence of Italy, to which country he retired in exile, is evidenced in thirteen of the twenty-two tales which compose the book. The others are of Russian life.

"The True Ulysses S. Grant," by General Charles King, is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company. In this, one of the best biographies of a remarkable series, Grant the man, Grant the soldier, and Grant the statesman is revealed. Those military campaigns which are today the models of some of the European armies are skillfully traced by General King.

Mrs.
Atherton's
new novel



By the author of
"The Conqueror,"
"Tower of Ivory,"
etc.

PERCH OF THE DEVIL

By GERTRUDE ATHERTON

In this novel, which gives the romance of mining in Montana, is a new figure in American fiction—Ida Compton—so real, so true to America, as to make her almost a national personage. A wholesome, satisfying novel.

Published by STOKES

\$1.35 Net

THE LATEST BOOKS.

William Garrett Brown.

It is well that the occasional writings and essays of the late William Garrett Brown should not be allowed to die and that we should now have them in this pleasing and permanent form. Of their kind there has been nothing quite so good for many years, nor anything with so happy and rare a combination of literary strength and mental fertility.

There are six essays in all, but the first, on "The New Politics," is by far the most important. The new politics may he said to be embodied in Mr. Roosevelt, and the author says that it would be by no means preposterous to compare Mr. Roosevelt with Caesar or Napoleon if one has in mind only their civil and not their military characters and careers. And it is precisely because of this exceptional force that Mr. Roosevelt is to be feared. "With men he has again and again displayed, now a tyrannous and coarse violence, now an indirection and sharp practice, which simply can not be condoned. However one considers such things as his dealings with Quay and Platt and Harriman, or his brutal fury with his critics of the press and with Judge Parker and other political rivals, or his entire behavior concerning campaign contributions in 1904, or the hullyng and unfairness with which he has repeatedly met opposition, one's republican instincts and one's instincts as a gentleman are equally outraged." If Mr. Roosevelt should at any time become once more President "there is every reason to believe and none to doubt that he would wield his power with a worse than Jacksonian disregard of legal and constitutional limitations."

Other essays are on "Prophetic Voices About America," "The White Peril," "The South and the Saloon," "President Taft's Opportunity," and "Greetings to the Presidents." They are all of a kind not lightly to be overlooked by the political student.

THE NEW POLITICS. By William Garrett Brown. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75 net.

Things.

This is a little homily in the form of a short story about a woman in whom all the domestic virtues are developed to such an alarming extent that she becomes a veritable plague to her family and reduces her servant to the brink of insanity. She is persuaded to go away for a change, and on her return she finds to her wholesome consternation that every one is delightfully happy and untidy and that the nerves of the household are no longer strained to the breaking point in the incessant endeavor to do the things that do not matter.

THINGS. By Alice Duer Miller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Briefer Reviews.

The Neale Publishing Company has issued a tasteful little volume entitled "Masterpieces of the Southern Poets," by Walter Neale (\$1.50 net). The contents of the volume are well selected and well printed, the book itself with its limp red leather covers being an attractive one.

The Young Missourians Series comes to an end with "The Last Raid," by Byron A. Dunn. The series is a thoroughly good one and of marked historical value, as well as narrative excellence. Little is popularly known of the Rebellion beyond the Mississippi, but it contains a story worth the telling, a story full of heroism as well as of cruelties. The series is published by A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.25 per volume.

Mary J. Quinn, author of "Planning and Furnishing the Home," just published by Harper & Brothers (\$1 net), explains that her book is not intended for the interior decorator or artist, but for the everyday homemaker. It seems to be admirably adapted for unpretentious people who wish to be neat but not gaudy. The advice is always on the side of good taste and the illustrations are practical and helpful.

The Drama League Series of Plays now in course of issue by Doubleday, Page & Co. has been enlarged by the addition of "Change," by J. O. Francis. It will be remembered that when "Change" was given its first London production by the Incorporated Stage Society in 1913 it was received with extraordinary applause and was acclaimed as one of the distinctive dramatic works of the day. A valuable introduction is contributed by Montrose J. Moses. The price is 75 cents.

Mr. Irving King, who by his many admirable books has rendered a distinct service to the cause of education, has now added another to his list. It is entitled "The High School Age," and it contains a thoughtful analysis of some predominating features in the psychology of boys and girls. While we may be of the opinion that the modern child is excessively and hurtfully over analyzed, and that what he needs more than anything else is a little judicious neglect, it is easy to see that Mr. King has some things to say that ought to be said, and among them the general conclusion that

the difference in maturity of the sexes, age for age, is sufficient reason to warrant a reconstruction of our whole system of education for the middle teens, and especially in the matter of co-education. The book is published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, and the price is \$1 net.

"The Peoples Law," by William Jennings Bryan (Funk & Wagnalls Company), is an address delivered before the Constitutional Convention at Columbus, Ohio, in 1912. Mr. Bryan runs the gamut of public problems and public quackeries, and with all his customary incapacity to distinguish between a law and a reform. We may wish that the world could be reformed with one-hundredth part the ease that Mr. Bryan supposes.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have published "A Text-Book of Magic," by Elhiquet. The object of the little book, says the preface, is to supply the amateur conjuror with a simple text-book on his art, leading him by graduated stages from the first principles to a degree of proficiency at which he will be able to produce magical effects on the stage or in the drawing-room. The construction of the various pieces of apparatus necessary is fully explained. Price, \$1 net.

No better gift book for the boy could be found than "The Book of Athletics," edited by Paul Withington, M. D. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50 net). Nearly thirty college stars and champions, together with noted trainers like Keene Fitzpatrick, tell everything that can well be told regarding training for and performing in every form of competitive athletics that is of consequence. Every article is well and entertainingly written and with many illustrations of athletes and athletic events.

Irvin S. Cobb needs no introduction as a clever and genial humorist, and therefore there should be an ungrudging welcome for his "Roughing It Le Luxe," which is described as the record of a tour through the Grand Cañon of Arizona and the Pacific Coast country—personally conducted by Irvin S. Cobb and with moving pictures by John T. McCutcheon. It is a delightful hook and—it need hardly be said—without a trace of the buffoonery which is so often made to take the place of fun. The publisher is the George H. Doran Company and the price is \$1 net.

New Books Received.

GILDERSLEY'S TENDERFOOT. By Robert Leighton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1 net. A thrilling tale of redskin and prairie.

CHRISTOPHER QUARLES. By Percy James Brebner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net. A novel.

THE ENCOUNTER. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. New York: The Century Company; \$1.30 net. A novel.

THE STUDY OF MODERN PAINTING. By Margaret Steele Anderson. New York: The Century Company; \$2 net.

The aim of this book is to set down briefly the various currents, or trends, of modern painting, and to bring to the layman an intelligent understanding of the movements and the significance of modern painting, together with some idea of the big men who stand for it.

REMINISCENCES OF TOLSTOY. By his son, Count Ilya Tolstoy. New York: The Century Company; \$2.50 net.

Translated by George Calderon. Illustrated with numerous photographs.

SIMPLE CONJURING TRICKS THAT ANY ONE CAN PERFORM. By Will Goldston. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; 35 cents net.

A practical manual with illustrations.

A HERO OF THE MUTINY. By Escott Lynn. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

A historical study for boys.

THE WAR AND AMERICA. By Hugo Münsterberg. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1 net. A statement of the German case.

ACROSS THE RANGE. By James Otis. New York: Harper & Brothers; 60 cents net. A book of adventure stories.

THE WALL OF PARTITION. By Florence L. Barclay. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net. A novel.

THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

A story of Vienna.

HOW TO COOK AND WHY. By Elizabeth Condit and Jessie A. Long. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

The scientific principles underlying cookery.

TALKS TO FRESHMAN GIRLS. By Helen Dawes Brown. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 75 cents net.

Some wise advice to girls.

A FAR JOURNEY. By Abraham Mitrie Ribbany. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75 net. The story of the life of a Syrian in America.

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF S. WEIR MITCHELL. New York: The Century Company; \$2 net.

Including Dr. Mitchell's choice of all of his verse which he was willing to have appear in this definitive form.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF GEOFFREY CHAUCER. Now first put into modern English by John S. P. Tatlock and Percy MacKaye. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

"The version not only maintains the spirit and

color, the rich humor and insight into human nature, of the original, but is of itself a literary delight."

THE GAY AND FESTIVE CLAVERHOUSE. By Anne Warner. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1 net. An extravaganza.

DIG TREMAINE. By Marie Van Vorst. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.35 net. A novel.

FAMOUS AFFINITIES IN HISTORY. By Lyndon Orr. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2 net. The romance of devotion.

JEAN GILLES, SCHOOLBOY. By Andre Lafon. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

A story that won the prize of \$2000 offered by the Academie Française for "imaginative work of an elevated character."

LICHENS FROM THE TEMPLE. By Robert Res-tairig Logan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. A volume of verse.

PANAMA, THE CANAL, THE COUNTRY, THE PEOPLE. By Arthur Bullard. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

A new edition, revised and enlarged.

A WOMAN IN CHINA. By Mary Gaunt. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$3.75 net. A book of travel.

THE CELEBRATED MADAME CAMPAN. By Violette M. Montagu. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The biography of a lady in waiting to Marie Antoinette and confidante of Napoleon and his sister.

LONDON. By Sir Laurence Gomme, F. S. A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2 net. London from the antiquarian, artistic, and his torical points of view.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON. By Major Arthur Griffiths. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.75 net. A biography. With two plates in color and sixty-six in black and white.

TIME AND THOMAS WARING. By Morley Roberts. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net. A novel.

GEORGE THE THIRD AND CHARLES FOX. By the Right Honorable Sir George Otto Trevelyan, O. M. In two volumes. Volume II. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$2.25 net. The concluding part of "The American Revolution."

THOSE WHO HAVE COME BACK. By Peter Clark Macfarlane. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Showing how certain criminals have worked out their own salvation.

THE LITTLE HOUSE. By Helen S. Woodruff. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1 net. A novel.

THE READING PUBLIC. By Macgregor Jenkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 75 cents net.

The publisher of the Atlantic Monthly tells something about his contributors.

THRACIAN SEA. By John Helston. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net. A novel.

THE CYCLOPEDIA OF SOCIAL USAGE. By Helen L. Roberts. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50 net.

Manners and customs of the twentieth century.

A GUIDE TO GOOD ENGLISH. By Robert Palfrey Utter, Ph. D. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.20 net.

Some facts about the English language.

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KITTY M'KAY.

Men follow leaders instinctively. Humanity is always unconsciously looking for a leader. And that leader almost invariably has his mental powers reinforced with the dominating personality which attracts and masters. What is personality in the individual becomes individuality in the writer. A marked feature of the modern type is a great wish and a strong resolve to assert individuality and make it felt. But the very unanimity of this wish increases the resemblance of the average educated specimens of humanity one to the other. And, furthermore, the determination to win money by being popular still further detracts from the individuality of the writer. This is particularly noticeable in stage literature. There are quantities of plays that bear a general family resemblance to each other, the authors of which have erroneously and fondly believed that they were individual. I do not doubt, when Frank Craven wrote "Too Many Cooks," that he felt it was individual, because he had a novel idea. But it is not, because the characters in it are mingled in our memory with the vast stream of commonplace and undifferentiated beings who make up the population of our plays.

There remain the players. Sometimes a player of marked personality can convince the public that a play or a character is almost great because he has stamped something not much above mediocrity with the individualized force of his own personality. Julia Marlowe almost did it in Clyde Fitch's "Barbara Fritchie." If the play had not been so mediocre she would have made a bigger mark. I think we will find it so with Louis N. Parker's play "Disraeli." George Arliss, a very superior actor, has personality. Louis Parker has written a good, but not great play, about a very great man, and George Arliss has so stamped personality on the character of Disraeli as to raise Mr. Parker's clever play to a higher rank than it really possesses. Mansfield, with a thousand faults and angularities and mannerisms in his acting, possessed personality, and in his time almost if not quite convinced the public that he was a great actor.

The great geniuses carried personality around with them like an aura. It was a stupendous power with Tomaso Salvini, and, in the memory of those who saw him during his active years on the stage, surrounds his figure as the sunset light silhouettes a lofty mountain against a glowing sky. Edwin Booth had it, and when we turn back to recall the intellectual and poetic grace that was a part of his power all other figures fall away and we see that one beautiful image outlined against a background undisturbed by rival shapes.

Where are our great stage personalities today? We have none. Where are our great plays? Again we have none. It is the age of imitation. The great personalities rose higher when education was less, and numbers of lesser but still dominating personalities will assert themselves more in the future when modern systems of education will be emancipated from error, and will develop instead of stifling mental initiative and the power of independent judgment.

There are quantities of people today who allow the daily newspaper to hand out to them their daily thoughts. These people inevitably act as a clog on the rise of dramatic standards. They accept machine-made plays with automatic sentiments and carpentered humor. They applaud machine-made actors who have been planed down in dramatic school factories, and, from a strictly material point of view, it is well that they do. They help a lot of hard-working and deserving Thespians to get a living, their patronage keeps theatres open and money in circulation, and incidentally they enjoy a great deal of innocent pleasure. When standards rise and plays and players improve these steady patrons of the theatre will be the first to profit by it from the point of view of enjoyment, for their standards will rise simultaneously.

But in the meantime there are many discouragements in theatre-going to a true lover of the drama. There are quantities of people who read and weigh theatrical reports in the press and try to discover if the coming attraction has that core of vitality to it which is necessary to repay them for their investment.

Has the play just superficial prettiness or real sentiment which bathes and refreshes the soul? Are the players of that high order of merit insisted upon in the press or are they just a slight impersonal eddy on the great tide of mediocrity? There are any number of potential theatre-goers holding tentative dollars in their hands ready to spend them if the answers to these questions are satisfactory—dollars that are again, and again, and yet again held back, because, after all, the best advertisers of theatrical attractions are the people who go to see them, and the verdict of the more speculative and determined theatre-goers reaches the others in time. And again and again the verdict amounts to this: No individuality in the play and no personality in the players. Holbrook Blinn had a season of five weeks during his recent engagement in San Francisco, something very unusual. But he and his players, or the majority of them at least, have personality and the plays they presented have individuality. In spite of shocks to conventional or gentle natures, administered by the unconventionalities or horrors of the playlets consecrated to the little Princess Theatre, still people were determined to see them.

"The Blue Bird" is another case in point. To see this play of poetic symbolism low-browed and high-browed turned out as one man. For it is stamped with the individuality of thought and fancy and imagination of a Maeterlinck, and the play kept on its American tour until its scenery was about ready to drop in tatters.

Eugene Walter has individuality, but he sunk it when he dramatized "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and wrote down to the unthinking and sensation-loving majority. As a result his individuality had evaporated, and the play, which might and ought in its representation of a curious and typical mountain people have risen to a loftier level, sank to a lower one.

This informal and rambling retrospect brings us now to the consideration of "Kitty MacKay," a play by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, which is on at the Cort this week. "Kitty MacKay," we are told, was rejected by manager after manager, until finally William Elliott, son-in-law of David Belasco, got hold of it, and agreed to produce it. Mr. Elliott evidently recognized in the play those possibilities which, intensified by the advantages of good setting and costuming, might recommend it to that part of the play-going public which builds up New York runs. The action of the play transpires in the '60s, its characters are largely Scotch, and the style of costuming is that followed in "Buntz Pulls the Strings." Thus the play began with a faint lustre borrowed from "Buntz." Scotch people were sure to go and see it for the pleasure of hearing the Scotch dialect. Those who like to be tickled by oddities and picturesqueness of costume were bound to advertise the women's swaying crinolines and the Scotch flavor to Sandy MacNab's village costume. So Mr. Elliott, putting on his play, as he tells, at a time when the public was having an over-surfet of sex dramas, caught his public and a year's run, and "Kitty MacKay" became a success.

And yet the play belongs to the huge class of mediocrities. It is a machine-made play with machine-made sentiment. There is no individuality to the piece and none to the characters. No doubt the authoress believes that there is some to the character of Kitty, but the Scotch maid is own sister to "Peg o' My Heart" of Irish blood. The village gossipers have stepped in from "Buntz," and I don't know but that Sandy MacNab is huilt up from some Harry Lauderisms.

The first act is in the Scotch village of Drumtochty, and the next in a London drawing-room. Kitty has been transformed from the village Cinderella into a crinolined young lady with a wooer. An obstacle—rather an ugly one, and not in the best of taste—rises in the path of true love, and Kitty, since she lives in the '60s and therefore is unable to apply for a job as a telephone girl, goes home, all clad in silk attire, to the MacNabs, who have so ill-treated her. Here the grand relatives pursue her, misunderstandings are cleared up, and all is well.

"Kitty MacKay" is the kind of play that if you didn't write a review of it the next day would drop comfortably out of the memory and never again strike another chord. There isn't in it a thought that isn't shallow, a situation that isn't stereotyped, or a character that isn't a composite from the innumerable population of popular, mediocre plays. But it has had a year's run in New York, and therefore is sure of the success that attends the prestige gained by such runs.

As to the setting, it is good. The costumes are characteristic of the '60s, and those of the women, as in "Milestones," possess the grotesque picturesqueness of that epoch. The Scotch dialect used by the MacNab family and Kitty MacKay seems, to un-Scotch and unaccustomed ears, pretty good, and, for dialect, comfortably comprehensible. The chatched village of Drumtochty and Lord Inglehart's paniced drawing-room in London

are picturesque and distinctive. The company, too, generally speaking, is good. The elder MacNabs, as played by Marie Stuart and James Finlayson, are particularly well represented. All of the Scotch characters, in fact, are well played, the English characters being of so purely conventional a type that the acting called for is of the a h c nature, although Wallace Erskine's Lord Inglehart expressed a grace of nature due, in some degree, to the skill of the actor. But after all is said and done, it seemed so little worth while. The MacNabs, root and branch, are a graceless lot. There isn't a trait in the Ingleharts to awaken solid thought. Neither is there in the situations of the play. And in the whole performance the most triumphant demonstrations of the prevailing elimination of individuality is in the portrayal of Kitty by Marjorie Murray. Kitty is supposed to be a Scotch wildflower, permeated with artless charm and the wholesome fragrance of the fields. Marjorie Murray, however, is an actress in docile subjection to tutelage. In her hands the character, which, as has been pointed out, is a composite bit of stage stereotype, gained no individuality or charm, because the young actress merely follows instructions. Probably she was chosen for the rôle because she is a conscientious echo.

There is too much talk in the play. I wonder that the shrewd Mr. Elliott did not realize this and do some cutting. However, although the dialogue seemed to me rather flat and diffuse, a good-sized audience proved to me by their reception of the play that I am in the minority, which it is only fair to state.

THE PANTAGES THEATRE.

The Pantages Theatre management has introduced a welcome innovation in giving weekly a new set of Pathé pictures of the world's events. This week San Francisco audiences were made to feel in close touch with the thrill of patriotism that is singing through European veins. There were pictures of Paris in its present phase, of Alsatian volunteers swinging through the streets, of a suspected foreigner automatically submitting his papers to official inspection. There were troop trains, English recruiting camps, a head line, and other glimpses of this new life through which tortured Europe is passing.

I am afraid the thrill of these pictures was more potent than that afforded by the everyday acts, but, heeding the request thrown in text on the films, the audience refrained from any demonstration.

The bill may be pronounced a specially good one this week, as the merit of the best acts quite overbore the demerits of the feeblest, that of the "grouch-killers," for example, whose primitive order of humor is, however, acceptable to those cheerful people who only want an excuse to laugh, and to the many children in the audience.

"The Crisis" is a playlet which shows a choleric, but warm-hearted and level-headed judge effecting a reconciliation between a loving but temporarily divided couple who are seeking a divorce. The judge wallows in sentiment, interspersed with hull-like howlings at his clients. He drops a reminiscent tear over a lost wife and child, and of course the sophisticated observer is well aware that that tear wouldn't hold out over the innumerable caravan of divorce-seeking clients. In spite of crudities and its obvious and assiduous working of the tear ducts, the play is thoroughly healthy in tone, and is quite capable of softening growing antagonisms between gradually hardening hearts.

"Little Affre," too, shows many crudities in his vocalism, but his tenor is sweet and has warmth and color, the love of which is shown in his selection of a Venetian setting and in his choice of the Italian aria. Assisted by S. Duhin, a baritone, the two made an agreeable impression on the lovers of sweet sounds, and no doubt these two young men will turn the profits of their vaudeville tour to account and learn how to put more polish on their musical efforts.

We saw Vivian Marshall and her water-lilies in swimming costume, this view being afforded us as an evidence of good faith on the part of the management, as their swimming tank was out of repair and the act could not come off. However, those who saw Vivian Marshall before knew that the act would be first class.

"The War Baron" is a musical comedy in miniature, and contains lots of characters, lots of talk, lots of exits, lots of entrances, lots of interruptions, several songs, a group of very shapely girls, and a large quantity of machine-made humor. It filled its space on the programme to the taste of the audience, however, for the girl-show is ever a solid theatrical institution.

In point of merit the best thing on the programme—except, perhaps, the diving and swimming act, which has since come off—is the work of Chester Kingston, a most wonderful contortionist, who can fold himself in to the smallest compass of any being I ever saw. So complicated are the writhings and twistings of his body and so quickly and unerringly are his queer contortions carried out that, bewildered, we repeatedly lose our way, as it were, and lose track of the proper location of his various members. Mr. Kingston is costumed like a Chinese, but if he would cover his supple, gliding members with a scaly, snake-suggesting sheath he could give a spectacular exhibition of himself as the human Laocoön. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

One of the little ironies of the world's greatest war is the fact that the new official military march of the Russians was written by a German composer. About a year ago the Czar instituted an international competition for a new march for his armies, offering a substantial award to the composer of the piece chosen. The composition that most pleased the emperor of all the Russias was the march, "Soldiers' Blood," submitted by the German Franz von Blon. This march quickly became very popular in the Russian army and has become a favorite all through the country. But it is a rather striking fact that the Russians are now fighting the Germans to the strains of German music.

Fanny Ward in "Madame President" will make her first stellar appearance on the Pacific Coast this winter. The comedienne is a very popular figure in Eastern theatricals and San Francisco has heard much of the various successes in which she has appeared.

Lilla Campbell, a member of George Arliss's company in "Disraeli," is a niece of the famous Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and it is an interesting coincidence that it was with Mrs. Campbell that Mr. Arliss made his first appearance in America.

David Warfield, George Arliss, May Robson, John Drew, Maude Adams, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell are six of the notable stars hooked for the season at the Columbia Theatre.



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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

George Arliss in "Disraeli" at the Columbia.

The appearance of George Arliss, under the management of the Liebler Company, in Louis N. Parker's comedy, "Disraeli," at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks beginning Monday evening, October 19, promises to be one of the most important and interesting engagements of the season. Mr. Arliss has been long in coming west in his famous success, for he has already played the Disraelian premier nearly fifteen hundred times. Extended engagements in New York, Boston, and Chicago, and other Eastern cities have prevented its earlier presentation here.

Benjamin Disraeli, a personality who in his time shone with dazzling brilliancy, is the subject of Mr. Parker's play. Long one of the most remarkable figures of Europe, as a statesman his political achievements secured him the premiership, while his literary gifts won him a place among English men of letters and his art secured for him entrée to the most brilliant circles of the Old World. Thus Disraeli was a character that might well appeal to the dramatist. Woven into the action of the piece is the diplomatic battle for the control of the Suez Canal, which Disraeli conducted for England single-handed. No one could be made to realize the importance of preventing the control of the canal from falling into unfriendly hands; the Bank of England refused to aid him in his project, and only by going to the Jews for money and by astutely forestalling all moves made by his opponents did he complete a task the fruits of which were soon recognized. All this in the play serves merely as a background for a love story encouraged and fostered by Disraeli with the same cunning with which he bent political tools to serve his purposes.

The production of "Disraeli" is most elaborate scenically, particularly the brilliant last act, which represents the reception hall in Downing Street, just before the presentation to the queen. The costumes of the period—the early 'seventies—lend the play attractive pictorial qualities.

Mr. Arliss is supported by a company which includes Ernita Lascelles, Margaret Dale, Florence Arliss, Leila Repton, Charles Harbury, Arthur Eldred, Henry Carvil, and others.

Matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The Cort Continues "Kitty MacKay."

"Kitty MacKay," the current Cort Theatre attraction, has proved a refreshing piece of dramatic entertainment. It is cut from different fabric than the average theatrical offering and is notable particularly for the absence of sex allusions and problems in its make-up.

"Kitty MacKay" aims essentially to entertain and it is entirely successful in this regard. It is a swift love story, punctuated at every situation with a gale of mirth. The action passes in two worlds as different as race, wealth, and fashion can make them. From the Highland village of Drumtochty the scene quickly shifts to aristocratic London. Here pride of place, prejudice of birth, the pomp of aristocratic power, the stalking ghost of a hurried wrong, and the Quixotic adventures of a pair of Calvinistic consciences far from home combine only to form a varying and perpetually interesting background for the romance of two human beings whom love strips of every difference in ancestry and social place.

The second and final week of the engagement begins Sunday night.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

A beautiful young Sioux Indian maiden who has been a scientific enigma among the medical profession for the past two years is a novelty drawing attraction on the new bill which opens at the Pantages on Sunday. The girl is called Lolo, and is said to possess almost unnatural powers for delving into the occult. The Indian girl has an assistant who goes into the auditorium of the theatre and asks questions of the auditors. These questions are answered by Lolo with the rapidity of thought. Her assistant does not resort to any codes or signals so common to fake "mediums," but gives a demonstration of mental suggestion that does not savor in the least of

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chicanery. Lolo also presents a remarkable exhibition of rifle and bow and arrow shooting while blindfolded.

Ethel Davis, one of the best-liked comedienne that has ever played the Pantages circuit; Les. Copeland, a whirlwind funster from gay Broadway; Lou Davis, a dapper young juvenile comedian, and Miss Davis's ten dashing "pretty pansies" will be one of the big features of the bill. The trio and the girls have arranged a slashing good musical "tah" with brand new songs, glittering costumes, and elaborate scenery.

An underworld playlet with an unique and gripping plot is "The Crooks," which will be presented by Harry Cornell and his players. Cornell and his company created a hit here last season in "Baffled."

Gray and Peters, comedy "bike" riders; the Acme Four, harmony singers; Kelly and Catlin in a ludicrous skit, "Fun in a Laundry," and the Alto duo, classical singers, with a couple of comedy "movies," will complete the programme.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Victor Moore, late star of "The Talk of New York" and "The Happiest Night of His Life," and Emma Littlefield, an exceptionally clever comedienne, supported by a thoroughly capable company, will head the Orpheum bill next week in the novel laugh-producing skit, "Change Your Act or Back to the Woods," which has become a vaudeville classic. The action of the piece takes place on a stage bare of scenery with no audience present, and indicates how "bum acts" are treated by the stage hands. It is a breezy burlesque with a twenty-minute spasm of laughter induced by the drolleries of these well-known comedians.

Frank North will present "Back to Wellington," a sequel to his immensely successful skit, "Those Were the Happy Days." The scene is in the home of the much-abused rube and shows him "monarch of all he surveys."

Fredrika Slemmons and her company will appear in the comedy playlet, "Liz," by C. H. O'Donnell, the author of "Flashlight Cragin" and many other successful sketches. It affords Miss Slemmons in the name-part an admirable opportunity, which she thoroughly exhausts, to present an original and interesting characterization.

Lydell, Rogers, and Lydell, accomplished entertainers, will introduce a skit called "A Native of Arkansas," which is an excuse for clever and diverting singing, dancing, and chatter.

Walter S. "Rube" Dickinson will amuse with his original characterization, "The Ex-Justice of the Peace." He gets every bit of comedy possible out of his rural type and for twelve minutes convulses his audiences with laughter.

Next week will be the last of Bert Kalmar and Jessie Brown, Chief Caulpican, and Morris Cronin and His Merry Men.

"The Whip" Coming to the Cort.

In "The Whip," the Drury Lane melodrama which will be seen at the Cort Theatre beginning Sunday, October 25, local theatre-goers will have an opportunity to see the greatest dramatic sensation of the past decade, running for two seasons in London and one in New York at the Manhattan Opera House. The climax in stagecraft is reached in the great railroad wreck, which is a masterpiece of realism. The story of "The Whip" is as absorbing as any detective or love story ever written, and is visually depicted by an immense company of talented players.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

The Fremstad Concert This Sunday

No singer who has left the opera for the concert stage has ever met with greater success than Mme. Olive Fremstad, who is making her first transcontinental tour as a concert artist and who has met with one triumph after another. Her first concert on the Pacific Coast was given in Spokane last week, and following it she was greeted by the members of no less than twenty-one clubs and given a glorious public reception, and the mayor presented her with a golden floral key to the city. In Seattle hundreds were unable to gain admission and her Portland concert was similarly successful.

Manager Will Greenbaum greatly regrets that he is able to offer but one programme by this artist in this city, but it is an offering that no music lover can afford to miss.

The Fremstad concert will be given at the Columbia Theatre this Sunday afternoon, October 18, at 2:30. The diva will sing rarely heard works by Schumann, Grieg, Hugo Wolf, Jean Sibelius, Emil Sjogren, Felix Weingartner, Sigurd Lie, and a group of quite unusual folk songs.

Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's, and the Columbia box-office, and on Sunday after ten at the Columbia only.

This Friday afternoon, October 16, the

artist is singing in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

Symphony Concert Season Opens Next Friday.

Next Friday afternoon, at three o'clock sharp, the first concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra's 1914-1915 season will be on at the Cort Theatre. Since Monday, October 5, the orchestra has been diligently rehearsing, and Conductor Hadley has placed himself on record as stating that in his opinion this season's series of concerts will please even the most exacting critic. The programmes rehearsed show the works to be fascinating, impressive, and instructive and the body of musicians that comprise this year's San Francisco Symphony Orchestra to be equal to all demands made.

The sale of season tickets will close this—Saturday—afternoon at the offices of Manager Frank W. Healy, but will open Monday at the Sutter Street box-office of Sherman, Clay & Co. and be continued right up until noon of Friday, October 23, the date of the first concert. Single ticket sale opens Monday morning at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, and the Cort Theatre. All tickets allotted guarantors and subscribers and not called for will be placed on public sale.

Julia Claussen Coming in Recitals.

Mme. Julia Claussen, the famous Swedish mezzo-soprano, and Titto Ruffo, the famous Italian baritone, were the dominating figures of the last season of the Chicago-Philadelphia Grand Opera Company at the Auditorium Theatre, Chicago. Mme. Claussen and Enrico Caruso, the famous Italian tenor, were the dominating figures of the last season of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, London. Quite the most appealing piece of vocal art heard in Chicago last season was the work of Ruffo and Claussen in "La Gioconda." The wonderful baritone of Ruffo and the glorious mezzo-soprano of Claussen created a positive sensation. Mme. Claussen's debut at Covent Garden was in "Die Walküre," and the very exacting London critics declared that never before was the rôle of Brunhilde so excellently sung. Memorable were the successes achieved by Mme. Claussen in the wonderful Wagnerian performances at Covent Garden, and her Delila in "Samson and Delila," for sustained richness and sensuousness of tone, won for her instantaneous success. San Francisco music lovers will, therefore, be pleased to learn that the glorious voice and capable art of Mme. Claussen will be enjoyed here in recitals at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Wednesday night, November 4, and at the Cort Theatre, Sunday afternoon, November 8. Frank W. Healy, manager of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, heard Mme. Claussen's stunning Azucena in "Aida" during the Chicago Opera Company's visit to the Tivoli and prevailed upon her to return here in recital.

The San Francisco Quintet Club.

To permit the music students and lovers of this community to hear the best in classic and modern chamber music, especially in the larger forms, at a most moderate price, is the object of the San Francisco Quintet Club, which Manager Greenbaum claims to be the finest organization of this character ever formed in this city. No concert will be given with less than fifteen rehearsals and the programmes will be quite exceptional.

The members are Louis W. Ford, violin; C. B. Evans, viola and violin; Victor de Gomez, cello; Gyula Ormay, piano; and Elias M. Hecht, flute; with N. Firestone, viola, assisting. Three concerts will constitute the initial series, for which season tickets may be secured for \$1 or \$2. The concerts will be given in the St. Francis ballroom. The tickets may now be secured at the usual Greenbaum box-offices. The concerts are scheduled for Sunday afternoons, November 1, December 20, and February 22.

Address subscriptions to Will L. Greenbaum, 101 Post Street.

The first of the great piano virtuosi to visit San Francisco this season will be the Swiss artist, Rudolf Ganz, whose playing was a feature at the Worcester Festival in the early part of this month. Mr. Ganz is "a pianist with a message," and his playing is of the quality that interests and delights both musician and layman. The Pacific Musical Society will attend the opening Ganz concert in a body, there hundred seats having been selected for the members of the club. The first Ganz concert will be given Sunday afternoon, November 8, at Scottish Rite Auditorium.

Evan Williams, the Welsh-American tenor, who is called the "Caruso of the Oratorio," will make his first tour of the West this season. Manager Greenbaum has arranged to present him in two or three exceptional programmes, and has also arranged to have him sing at Stanford University on Saturday night, November 21, under the auspices of the Peninsula Musical Association.

To Give Readings at Paul Elder.

A dramatic reading, "Plays and Poems of Rabindranath Tagore," will be given in Paul Elder & Co.'s Art Gallery by Cora Genevieve Ramsden, Tuesday afternoon, October 20, at three o'clock. Taraknath Das, A. M., will introduce the reading with an interesting talk on the life and character of this great Hindu poet, whom he has had the honor of knowing personally. Arthur Row, of the "Milestones" company, will give a dramatic reading of "Aglavaine and Selysette" at the same place on the afternoon of Friday, October 23, at three o'clock.

From the Christian era to the present, according to statist and historians, there have been less than two hundred and forty warless years. Up to the middle of the nineteenth century it was roughly computed that nearly seven billion men had died in battle since the beginning of recorded history, a number equal to almost five times the present estimated population of the globe.

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VANITY FAIR.

When the writer of this ordinarily brilliant column reflects on what the war is doing to Vanity Fair he understands the feelings of the Frenchman who fell off his horse during his first fox hunt and then demanded vociferously that the fox be stopped. By all means let the war be stopped, lest there be no longer a Vanity Fair to write about. There were at least half a dozen suitable topics fermenting and gestating in what we are pleased to call our mind, and now as we turn them over one after another to see if they are sufficiently cooked we find that they are no longer appropriate. Not one of them. One might as well discuss whether the Roman senator should wear his toga with a pink bow under the chin or a blue bow on the left shoulder as argue about any of the foolishnesses that were the topics of the day three months ago. All alike are now ancient history. The hand of fate has drawn a red line across the story of the world and everything on the other side of that line is "before the war." It does not matter how long "before the war," whether a century or a month. Time disappears and antiquity becomes a day. The sponge has been passed over the slate and nothing matters any more. We must begin all over again. Nothing that happened over three months ago has any interest for us. We see it dimly through a cloud. It becomes mere history or archaeology.

Take, for example, the complaint of M. Poiret that every one steals his fashion ideas. M. Poiret said that there was a veritable campaign of brigandage and that it was impossible to show his new fashions to a prospective customer without grave risk that they would be pirated and that he would lose the fruits of his ingenuity and toil. Now we intended to say something real smart about this, something that would cause the fashionable woman to gnash her teeth and to lash her sides—figuratively speaking, of course. But what's the use? M. Poiret is not making fashions any more. M. Poiret has become an artillery officer. He is firing cannon somewhere around Belfort, and the only costumes that are made in his Paris establishment are military costumes, which permit of no inventiveness and no originality.

The sad case of M. Poiret is but one of many. The old order has changed, giving place to the new, and for this titanic birth there will be no "twilight sleep" and no anaesthetics. Vanity Fair has been swept out of existence in Europe and will soon be swept out of existence here. All Vanity Fairs are swept out of existence sooner or later. They belong to the social malarias to be exorcised by the hygiene and the sanitation of war. When Vanity Fair reaches a certain point, when we note the appearance of the long-haired men and the short-haired women, when marriage is attacked and such toadstools as woman suffrage and eugenism and white slave hysterics make their appearance then it is time to build the homh-proof shelter and to listen for the marching of men. Nature is about to put her plow point into the soil and to run a few broad red furrows that shall bury all poisonous growths and give the good vegetation a chance.

It has just been announced that nearly twelve hundred British officers have been killed, and they were nearly all aristocrats. The toll of aristocrats from France and Germany must be nearly as heavy. All were social centres and parts of larger social centres. The place that knew them once will know them no more forever. If war should cease tomorrow we may be sure that the dance would not go on nor would joy be unrestrained for many a year to come. There could be no London season nor Paris season for a decade and more. It would be no use to resume the search for the dancing man, because the dancing man would be—elsewhere and otherwise engaged. The aristocratic families will not flock to the capitals for the season. They will stay in their country houses and chateaux.

But of course the changes will not be confined to Vanity Fair. They will be universal. There will be a new heaven and a new earth. There will be a new art and a new literature and a new religion. And there will be a new kind of democracy, not necessarily a political democracy, but a social one. The harber, the hotel waiter, and the aristocrat who have fought side by side in the same trenches, comforted each other, and bount each other's wounds will no longer regard one another as barbers, hotel waiters, and aristocrats. They will be just men, and whatever they have in them that is not plain humanity will be disregarded. For all of which *Te Deum Laudamus*.

An esteemed correspondent, a lady, is angry because of some remarks made in this column on the warlike spirit among women displayed by the current fashions. There may be a few women, she says, who are attracted by military styles, but "there can be no possible doubt" that the political influence of women at large would be effectively used

against militarism. Did you ever notice that a statement of some obvious and glaring fallacy is usually preceded by the formula "there can be no possible doubt"?

Now the imitation of military styles has not been adopted by a "few" women only. It is now the prevailing and dominant fashion. Picking up quite at random a New York newspaper, which happens to be the *Globe*, and turning to the page devoted to women's interest, that is to say to seven solid columns of dress talk interspersed with contributions from the male staff on "How I cured little Johnny of arson," and weighty matters of that kind, we find the following statement at the head of the first column: "The modes in tailored suits and coats for fall show a striking tendency to reflect some of the military dress with which we are all so familiar at this time. The hraid and buttons of the officer's uniform, the ample folds of the big Russian coat, with many another soldier-like decoration and design, are found in the new styles for fall."

A reference to other newspapers shows the same thing. Men read the stories of war with a certain awful and vibrant fascination. Women, as far as we can judge from the women's page, are interested mainly in the costumes of soldiers and the extent to which they can be imitated.

But our correspondent goes on to say "surely women can be trusted to end an evil from which they themselves are the chief sufferers." There could be no greater fallacy. It is based on the assumption that we, as human beings, are governed by reason. But we are not. We are governed by sentiment and passion, never by reason. The usual "appeal to the intelligence" is the most fruitless thing on earth. You might as well appeal to the moon. Granted that women suffer more from war than do men—a most disputable proposition—it is none the less a historic fact that women are more prone to the war fever, and in a more virulent form, than men have ever been. The women of Europe could stop the present war in forty-eight hours if they were so minded. But they are not. They wish it to continue. They are lashing with their scorn the men who do not fight. They supply the enthusiasm and the applause. And here in America, where there is at present no war, the women are showing the same enthusiasm by dressing like soldiers and by reading columns of rapturous stuff about the beautiful appearance of the soldiers' uniforms. Now it is only with extreme reluctance that anything is admitted to this column that could possibly hurt the feelings of even the most devoted feminist, but a stern addiction to truth compels us to repeat that political power in the hands of women would mean a threat and danger of war that would not be spasmodic, but continuous. Like the poor, it would be ever with us.

English society is fortunate in the consciousness that the stern and critical eye of the editor of *Men's Wear* is constantly upon it and that the finger of reproof will be pointed unerringly and unsparingly at the smallest deviation from sartorial propriety. The latest object for censure is the Prince of Wales, who will certainly writhe in amazement when he reads the following criticism of his frock coat that appears in a recent issue of *Men's Wear*:

"It is built on similar lines to Lord Lonsdale's, being a four-button garment without full skirts, worn closed. The material was a black vicuna, the lapels being faced half way with a bright silk."

"On all occasions lately [the artist is writing before the outbreak of the war] the prince has been showing a preference for tweed trousers. Those he wore on the occasion under note were of silver gray diagonal in pattern. I am afraid we will never be able to describe the Prince of Wales as a really well-dressed man; so far he has not the stature and style which are essential to the smart dresser."

"Major Cadogan, the prince's equerry, has been selected as a man who could coach the prince in the right direction, and if he can only impart a few of his own good ideas as to how a man should dress, then part of his duty will be a success."

"I also reproduce Major Cadogan's frock coat—it was certainly one of the best cut garments I have seen for many a day—the shapely waist, tight fitting sleeve and soft, rolling lapel gave the man a style which was in sharp contrast to that of the prince."

Let us hope that the Prince of Wales will amend his ways before public opinion is aroused. Dynasties have been overthrown for less than this. Let him seek counsel from Major Cadogan before it is too late.

Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee, whose "Pathfinder of the Great Plains," dealing with the explorations of La Verendrye and his sons, has just been published in Toronto, has a new book which the John Lane Company will issue shortly, a volume of description and travel in the Canadian Rockies and Selkirk, under the title, "Among the Canadian Alps."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Berlioz used to tell a story about a young woman in a music store. "But, mademoiselle," suggested the clerk, "will not this piece in five sharp perhaps be rather difficult?" "Pooh!" she replied disdainfully. "That is all one to me. Whenever I find more than two sharps or flats I scratch them out with my penknife."

A man who stuttered very badly went to a specialist, and after ten difficult lessons learned to say quite distinctly, "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers." His friends congratulated him upon his splendid achievement. "Yes," said the man, doubtfully, "but it's s-s-such a d-d-deucedly d-d-difficult rem-mark to s-work into an ordin-nary c-c-convers-a-tion, y'-know."

The conduct of too much modern financiering recalls Reginald Manning. He was a clubman of good birth, had marvelous success at bridge and poker, but whenever he tried his hand at the races he was sure to lose. "Reggie," a man said to him one day, "how the deuce is it that you always win with the cards and lose with the horses?" "Well, you see," said Reginald, "I don't shuffle the horses."

A noted wag met an Irishman in the street one day and thought he would be funny at his expense. "Holloa, Pat," he said, "I'll give you eight in pence for a shilling." "Will ye, now?" said Pat. "Yes," he replied. The Irishman handed over the shilling, and his friend put eightpence into his palm in return. "Eight in pence," he explained. "Not bad, is it?" "No," answered Pat, "but the shilling is."

She was even more afraid of cows than most girls, so when she spied a placid animal recumbent under a tree peacefully chewing its cud she at first refused to go through the pasture at all. Her husband calmed her fears to some extent and they started by, when the cow slowly commenced to get up, hind legs first, as they always do. At this the little lady shrieked with terror and said: "Oh, Bob, hurry, hurry; he is getting ready to spring at us!"

A commercial traveler went home one day and said to his wife: "I have done something today that I should have done when I first started on the road. I have taken out an accident insurance policy on my life. If I am killed the company pays \$10,000; if I am injured, then I get \$25 a week." The next morning when he started on his journey she threw her arms round him and cried: "Now, John, for heaven's sake, whatever you do, don't get injured."

It was at a concert. The eminent pianist was embarked upon an ambitious classical programme. The single individual present who had paid for his ticket turned to his right-hand neighbor, obviously by his bored and superior air a person whose business it was to attend concerts—a musical critic. "Beg pardon," said the individual, "but isn't that something of Chopin's—that last number?" "It is," replied the critic morosely, "when somebody else plays it."

Stories of the raw hut patriotic recruit are getting numerous in England, and one is being told on the Liverpool Cotton Exchange just now with respect to a young fellow who was stopped in the street for failing to salute an officer. The volunteer confessed his ignorance of the regulations, whereupon the officer explained the mode of procedure proper to the circumstances, and the two parted. The recruit had only gone a few steps when he was recalled by the officer, who inquired, "By the way, what company do you belong to?" "The Wigan Coal and Iron Company, sir," was the prompt response.

A benevolent and very pious old lady in one of the streets which still retain the red-brick houses of old-time New York looked out her parlor window one day and saw a man walking up and own the sidewalk, apparently in great dejection. There was something pathetic and appealing in his manner; so she took a dollar bill, put it in an envelope, and wrote on the envelope, "Never say die." She slipped out of the house in the most casual manner she could assume and handed the envelope to the man as she passed him. Next day the same melancholy man called at her house and presented her with ten dollars. "It's funny," he said, "you're the only one that backed that horse called 'Never Say Die.'"

One of the characteristics of Amos Stillman was bravery in actual fighting service. Another characteristic was a sense of humor which stood him in good stead, even in the

face of danger, and contributed not a little to the gaiety of his comrades. At the battle of Cold Harbor, just before making the charge and while under the Confederate fire, his companion, who was over six feet high and scarcely bigger around than a gunbarrel, became excited as the enemy's bullets plowed up the earth about him. "What kind of a place is this to keep a man in?" he demanded; "absolutely without protection!" He had no more than spoken when Private Stillman stuck his ramrod in the ground. "Here, comrade," said he, "get behind this."

Among the stories in the Duchess of Aosta's new book is one relating to the celebrated statue of Cecil Rhodes which stands in the main square of Buluwayo. The empire builder is figured in contemplation of his achievement, with head bared. The whole district had been grievously plagued by drought for over a twelvemonth, when the natives got up a great agitation and marched in enormous numbers to the square, and, thronging around the statue of Cecil Rhodes, insisted that it should immediately be given a top hat. They said that "Heaven respects this great creator of empire far too much to send the needed rain while he stands there hareheaded."

Edgar Bronson, on leaving Quito, swore that he would never again go to South America. "They're too easy going about their food down there," Bronson complained. "I'm not hard to suit—but they annoy me. Last time I was in Quito I stopped at a little hotel run by a half-breed. I secured a magnificent Chicago steak from the steward of a New York steamer and conveyed it, packed in ice, to the chef. I thought more of that steak than a woman does of her teeth. I anticipated the one great treat of my existence when it was served for dinner that night. I hated, shaved, and dressed in honor of the event, and told the waiter to bring on my steak. It was delayed. 'What's the matter?' I roared at him. 'Why don't you hurry with that steak?' 'In a moment, señor,' the waiter soothed me. 'It is coming. There was an accident, señor. The cook's dog, he stole the señor's steak—and it take the cook half of the hour to run the messerable dog down and tek the hifstek away from him.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Revised to Date.

Beyond the
Spree
Neva
Thames
Seine
lies
Berlin
Petrograd
London
Paris
and lies, and lies, and lies.
—Detroit Free Press.

Love's Tragedy.

Dear lost love of long ago!
Parted by a fate malign,
Much I mused upon your woe,
Missing these strong arms of mine.
Oft I dreamed, with fond regret,
Of the beauty of your face;
None I subsequently met
Had your loveliness and grace.

I was sure that you, out there,
Long and faithfully would wait,
Hoping still my lot to share,
Scorning any other mate,
So I, dreaming, toiled, unweid,
Seeking wealth to bring to you
Thinking nothing need be said
Of the love of lovers true.

Fortune finally I won,
At a bitter, cruel cost!
I came to you on the run
For the love I now have lost.
Yes, I find—forgive these groans—
Waiting is a losing game!
You are obese Mrs. Jones,
And you've quite forgot my name!
—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

The War Fever.


I used to think that Jones was strong
Within the law's domain,
But now I know that I am wrong—
His forte's—Alsace-Lorraine.

And Smith—(another sudden blow)—
His hobbies, I was sure,
Were golf and cigarettes, but no!
They're Brussels and Namur.

And Brown, so reticent before,
Now keeps waylaying me
To mobilize whole army corps
Or words—on strategy!

And Green, who thought the one best bet
Was peace, now—alas!
Continually is storming Metz
Armed with a demi-tasse.

And Johnson—but enough of spite!
The worst of all I am,
For on a tablecloth last night
I drew a diagram!
—Kennebec Journal.



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House Beautiful and Argonaut.....	5.00	Weekly New York Tribune Farmer and Argonaut	4.25
International Magazine and Argonaut....	4.30	Woman's Home Companion and Argonaut	4.75
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Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut.....	8.10		
Life and Argonaut.....	7.85		
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut....	5.15		
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut.....	9.10		

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Egbert B. Stone have announced the engagement of their eldest daughter, Miss Harriet Stone, to Dr. Harold Barnard of Sacramento. Miss Stone is a sister of Mrs. Grayson Hineckly, the Misses Marion and Dorothy Stone, and Egbert B. Stone, Jr. She is a niece of Mr. Andrew L. Stone and Miss Jennie Stone.

General J. B. Rawles, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rawles have announced the engagement of their granddaughter, Miss Ethel Rawles, to Lieutenant Alvin C. Miller, U. S. A., of the Medical Corps. The wedding will take place Tuesday evening, November 24, at St. John's Presbyterian Church.

Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Wolcott Yates, U. S. A., and Mrs. Yates have announced the marriage of their daughter, Georgia Marion Yates, and Lieutenant Henry D. F. Munnikhuysen, U. S. A., whose wedding took place Saturday, October 10, in the Cathedral of St. Mary and St. John in Manila. Lieutenant Munnikhuysen was stationed for a time at the Presidio, and later at the Presidio, Monterey. He sailed in June for the Philippines. After November 1 he and his bride will reside at Fort Stotsenberg, Philippine Islands.

Miss Theresa Harrison was hostess at a bridge-tee Friday afternoon in honor of Miss Dorothy Hagan, whose engagement to Mr. Grant Deremer has recently been announced.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin entertained a number of friends at a dinner recently at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Warren S. Porter gave a luncheon and bridge party Thursday at her home at Ross.

Mrs. Walter Remington Quick was the complimented guest at a dinner Saturday evening given by Mrs. George W. Gibbs at her residence on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Watson D. Fennimore entertained a number of friends at a dinner Friday evening at their home on Steiner Street.

Mrs. Lorraine Langstroth was hostess recently at a tea at her home in Oakland. The affair was in honor of her cousin, Miss Florence Henshaw, whose engagement to Mr. Charles Keeney has recently been announced.

Miss Josephine Johnson entertained a number of friends at a dinner Thursday evening at her home in Piedmont. The affair was in honor of Miss Alice Warner and her fiancé, Dr. Herbert Law, whose wedding will take place November 7.

Miss Jean Wheeler gave a luncheon Wednesday at the residence on Washington Street of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler.

Mr. Clinton La Montagne will be host at a theatre and supper party Monday evening, October 26, when he will entertain in honor of his fiancée, Miss Ottila Lane, who will be the guest of honor at a t^{te} d^{ansant} given by Mrs. Philip Bliss at the Claremont Country Club, Saturday, October 24.

The members of the Half and Half Club entertained a number of friends at a dance Tuesday evening at the Sorosis Club. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. E. Clemens Horst, Mr. and Mrs. William Seson, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Devlin.

Mrs. Arthur Fennimore was hostess at a tea Monday afternoon at her home in honor of her mother, Mrs. F. M. Gardner, of Waco, Texas.

Miss Ottila Lane was the complimented guest at a luncheon Tuesday given by Mrs. Richard Queen at her home on Sacramento Street.

Mrs. Ira Pierce gave a bridge-luncheon Monday at her home on Jackson Street in honor of Mrs. Edward Tenney of Honolulu.

Miss Evelyn Van Winkle entertained a number

of friends at a tea Wednesday at the home on Sacramento Street of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Van Winkle.

Mrs. Harold Law entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Friday at the Menlo Golf and Country Club.

Miss Ruth Zeile was hostess at a theatre and supper party Thursday evening, when twenty friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mrs. Hamilton Murray gave a bridge-tee Thursday afternoon at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Elaine Hancock and her fiancé, Mr. Walter Bentley, were the complimented guests at a dinner-dance Saturday evening given by the Misses Jean and Helen Oliver at their home at Los Altos.

Miss Marie Louise Tyson entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Wednesday afternoon at her home in Alameda.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Dwight Chipman gave a dinner Thursday evening at their home in Ross. The affair was in honor of Miss Erna St. Goar and her fiancé, Mr. Hubert Mee.

Miss Dorothy Allen was the complimented guest at a tea Tuesday afternoon given by Mrs. Frederick von Schrader, Jr., at her home on Arguello Boulevard.

Miss Ruth Welsh was hostess at a luncheon Saturday at the Francisca Club. The affair was in the nature of a farewell to Miss Polly Bailey, who sailed Monday with her parents, General Charles Bailey, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bailey, for the Philippines.

The Misses Cora and Fredericka Otis will entertain a number of friends at a tea tomorrow afternoon at the home on Broadway of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Otis. The affair will be in honor of Miss Dora Winn, whose wedding to Dr. Lovell Langstroth will take place Saturday, October 24.

Mrs. Duncan Draper was hostess at a dinner recently at her home in Santa Barbara in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin, who are staying at the Hotel Potter.

The Misses Gladys and Linda Buchanan entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Jr., and Miss Ottila Lane.

Colonel Stephen Mills Foote, U. S. A., and Mrs. Foote were the complimented guests at a dinner Wednesday evening given by Captain Ernest Bingham, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bingham at their home at the Presidio.

Mrs. B. H. L. Williams was hostess at a bridge-tee Friday afternoon at her home at Fort Scott. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Stephen Mills Foote.

Mrs. James Nalle entertained a number of friends at a dance Monday evening at the Officers' Club at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Kirchen L. Hill, U. S. N., was host at a dinner-dance Thursday evening at Mare Island on board the U. S. S. San Diego.

Colonel Frank B. McCoy, U. S. A., and Mrs. McCoy gave a dinner Friday evening at their home at the Presidio.

The officers of Fort McDowell have issued invitations to a Halloween dance Friday evening, October 30.

Lieutenant Bruce Butler, U. S. A., and Mrs. Butler entertained a number of friends at dinner Thursday evening at their home at the Presidio.

Mrs. Wallace Berthoff was hostess at a swimming party and bridge-luncheon at her home at Yerba Buena.

Colonel Thomas Rees, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rees entertained a number of friends at a luncheon and dance Saturday afternoon on board their yacht, *Suisun*.

Mrs. William Bennett gave an informal dance and supper party at her home at the Presidio Monday evening, when a score of friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William S. Tevis and her son, Mr. Lansing Tevis, have arrived in Bakersfield from New York, where they have been visiting since their return two weeks ago from Europe. They sailed on the *Adriatic* with Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, and Miss Bessie Bowie. Miss Bowie has decided to remain in New York, where she will open a studio of music. Mr. Tevis and the Messrs. Lloyd and William S. Tevis, Jr., left last week for Bakersfield to welcome Mrs. Tevis and Mr. Lansing Tevis, and the family will spend several days at their ranch before returning to town.

Miss Margaret Casserly is established for the winter on Sacramento and Gough Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Baldwin have arrived from their home at Colorado Springs for a brief visit with their friends in this city.

Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing has returned to her home in San Rafael after a visit in Woodside, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent.

Owing to the serious illness of her grandmother, Mrs. A. M. Easton, Mrs. Malcolm D. Whitman has delayed her departure for New York. Mr. and Mrs. Whitman and their children will spend November at Tuxedo.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre and Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood have returned from an automobile trip through Southern California.

Mrs. John Winston of Los Angeles and her daughter, Miss Caroline Winston, are in town for a visit and are at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler and her daughter, Miss Olive Wheeler, have gone to Monterey for a visit.

Mrs. Walter Remington Quick is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, at her home on Franklin Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla and Mrs. Clement Tobin have returned from Europe, where they have been traveling during the past four months. Miss Leontine de Sabla remained in New York, where she is attending Miss Spence's school.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Wheeler have gone

to their ranch near San Diego for an indefinite visit.

Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton arrived Thursday from Honolulu, where she has been spending the past six months.

Mrs. Frederick Huesey (formerly Miss Ethel Dean) returned last week to her home in New York after a few weeks' visit with her relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Pringle have closed their home in Menlo Park and are established for the winter on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick and their two little sons have returned from Los Gatos, where they have been spending the summer.

Mrs. F. M. Gardner returned Tuesday to her home in Waco, Texas, after a visit with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fennimore.

Mrs. Clarence Grange returned Tuesday from Europe and has joined Mr. Grange at their home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Norris have returned from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Thompson in Mill Valley and are established for the winter at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. Prentiss Selby has returned from Europe after an extended visit. Mrs. Thomas Selby, her daughter, Miss Annie Selby, and her grandson, Mr. Faxido Atherton, are safe for the time being in the southern part of France near the Spanish border. At the present moment they have no intention of returning to America.

Mr. and Mrs. William Addison Ridout, who were married September 22 in Oakland, are at present in New York. Upon their return they will reside in Piedmont, where Mr. Ridout has purchased a home for his bride, who was formerly Miss Leila Kenney.

Mr. Walter E. Dean is recovering from his recent severe illness, which has confined him to his apartments at the Fairmont Hotel since his return from Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller have returned from a brief visit in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Belden have closed their home in Ross and have gone East for an indefinite visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Pike will soon arrive from Los Angeles to reside permanently in this city. They have leased a home on Jackson Street.

Mr. Thompson Alexander has returned to his home in Washington, D. C., after having spent the summer with Mrs. John Bidwell at her ranch near Chico.

Miss Elizabeth Ashe and Miss Alice Griffith departed Thursday for the East. Before returning home Miss Ashe will visit her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Sewall, in Maine.

Mrs. Spencer Eddy and her little son, Spencer Eddy, Jr., are in New York with Mrs. Eddy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Claus August Spreckels, the latter having returned from Europe a few weeks ago. Since leaving Paris Mrs. Eddy has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. John Ferris, in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran arrived Monday from Europe and are planning to spend the winter in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry East Miller have arrived in New York, having sailed from London on the *Olympic*.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohl have returned to their house in town. Mrs. Pohl is recovering from the effects of an automobile accident, and has begun her winter season drama readings.

Chaplain George E. T. Stevenson and Mrs. Stevenson of San Diego are established in Valjeo for an indefinite time.

Mrs. Ralph M. Griswold has returned to Valjeo, where she has joined her husband, Lieutenant-Commander Griswold, U. S. N.

Mrs. Earl Shipp has gone to the Bremerton Navy Yard to join her husband, Lieutenant Shipp, U. S. N. Mrs. Shipp has recently been visiting her parents, Judge Charles Weller and Mrs. Weller.

Lieutenant-Commander Frederick Freeman, U. S. N., and Mrs. Freeman are established in Valjeo, where they will remain while the U. S. S. *South Dakota* is at Mare Island.

Paymaster Cecil S. Baker, U. S. N., and Mrs. Baker will soon leave Mare Island, where they have resided for the past two years. Paymaster Baker is awaiting his orders for sea duty.

Colonel Frederick von Schrader, U. S. A., and Mrs. von Schrader have arrived from Washington, D. C., and are residing at the Hotel Richelieu. They have been spending the summer in Jamestown.

Miss Helen Rees will sail November 5 for the Orient. After a visit in Manila with her brother-in-law and sister, Lieutenant Raymond V. Cramer, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cramer, Miss Rees will visit Mrs. C. C. Clark in China. It is probable that her parents, Colonel Thomas H. Rees, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rees will later join her in the Philippines.

Lieutenant John G. Hotz, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hotz have arrived at Fort Baker, where they will reside indefinitely. Mrs. Hotz was formerly Miss Marjorie Brown.

Mrs. W. H. C. Bowen and Miss Gladys Bowen have been spending the past week at the Hotel Cecil. Colonel Bowen accompanied his wife and daughter to this city, and after a few days' visit returned to Yountville, where he is in command of the Veterans' Home.

A Benefit The Dansant.

Under the auspices of Albert Sydney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., No. 79, a benefit the dansant will be given this—Saturday—afternoon and evening, from three to seven, in the ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis. Tickets are \$1.50, including tea. The receipts will be given to the charity fund of the chapter and are devoted to most meritorious purposes.

The Fourth volume of "The Writings of John Quincy Adams," collected and edited by Worthington C. Ford, is announced for immediate publication.

OLD FAVORITES.

Old October.

Hail, old October, bright and chill.
First freedman from the summer sun!
Spice high the bowl, and drink your fill!
Thank heaven, at last the summer's done!

Come, friend, my fire is burning bright,
A fire's no longer out of place,
How clear it glows! (there's frost tonight)
It looks white winter in the face.

You've been to "Richard." Ah! you've seen
A noble play: I'm glad you went;
But what on earth does Shakespeare mean
By "winter of our discontent"?

Be mine the tree that feeds the fire!
Be mine the sun knows when to set!
Be mine the months when friends desire
To turn in here from cold and wet!

The sentry sun, that glared so long
O'erhead, deserts his summer post;
Ay, you may brew it hot and strong:
"The joys of winter"—come, a toast!

Shine on the kangaroo, thou sun!
Make far New Zealand faint with fear!
Don't bury back to spoil our fun.
Thank goodness, old October's here!

—Thomas Constable.

A Song of Early Autumn.

When late in summer the streams run yellow.
Burst the bridges and spread into bays;
When berries are black and peaches are mellow,
And hills are hidden by rainy haze;

When the goldenrod is golden still,
But the heart of the sunflower is darker and sadder;

When the corn is in stacks on the slope of the hill,
And slides o'er the path the striped adder;

When butterflies flutter from clover to thicket,
Or wave their wings on the drooping leaf;
When the breeze comes shrill with the call of the cricket,
Grasshopper's rasp, and rustle of sheaf;

When big in the field the fern-leaves wrinkle,
And brown is the grass where the mowers have mown;
When low in the meadow the cow-bells tinkle,
And small brooks crinkle o'er stock and stone;

When heavy and hollow the robin's whistle
And shadows are deep in the heat of noon;
When the air is white with the down o' the thistle,
And the sky is red with the harvest moon;

O, then be chary, young Robert and Mary,
No time let slip, not a moment wait!

If the fiddle would play it must stop its tuning;
And they who would wed must be done with their mooning;

So let the churn rattle, see well to the cattle,
And pile the wood by the barn-yard gate!

—Richard Watson Gilder.

Berlin recently heard Julia Culp and Ludwig Wüllner in a Red Cross Society benefit.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

The new garbage incinerator at Islais stood the test of a rigid examination made by Mayor Rolph and a number of city officials and engineering experts. They made a thorough inspection, and their unanimous conclusion was that it conformed to specifications in every detail and that it would be entirely adequate for the purpose intended.

The fifth California Apple Show came to an end Sunday night after establishing the record of showing the exhibits to more than 100,000 persons, having more than cleared all expenses and having given to thousands of visitors a more comprehensive idea of what California can do in the way of producing apples.

Sam F. Manning, general New England agent of the Santa Fé Railroad, with headquarters in Boston, was elected president of the American Association of Traveling Passenger Agents in the final session at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday. W. D. Wood of St. Louis, representative of the Wabash Railroad, was chosen vice-president, and Elliott T. Monnett of Chicago, general passenger agent of the New York and Ontario line, was elected secretary-treasurer. The new officers were installed before the adjournment of the business sessions. Boston was selected as the city in which next year's convention will be held.

Three letters written by Mrs. Emily Wollweber before her death to two nieces and a nephew, in which she gave them her entire estate valued at \$150,000, were accepted on Tuesday by Judge Graham as a valid will of her intentions, and admitted to probate as such. By this decision the contest against their admission brought by Mrs. Clara W. Scott, another niece, was denied.

At the annual meeting held at noon on Tuesday Milton A. Bremer was elected president of the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange. H. Berl was elected vice-president, F. C. Shaughnessy chairman, Chapman de Wolfe vice-chairman, and Harry Schwartz secretary. The Anglo-California Trust Company was again appointed treasurer. Shaughnessy and Schwartz were re-elections, while Bremer advanced from the vice-presidency to the chief executive office.

W. H. Lamar, solicitor for the Postoffice Department, in a letter from Washington to the supervisors, states that the San Francisco garbage system bonds of 1908 have been approved as legally acceptable for postal saving security.

Dr. Hugh Lagan, who was the physician of the fire department, died Tuesday morning at

his residence at 640 Post Street. He had been suffering from tuberculosis for some time, and had been a year and a half at Silver City, Arizona, without affecting a cure. The funeral took place on Thursday.

State Senator Edwin E. Grant, who represented the Nineteenth Senatorial District in the last legislature, is retired from public life as the result of a recall election held last Saturday, in which he was defeated by Edward I. Wolfe by a vote of 4672 to 4141. Slightly more than fifty per cent of the registered vote of 16,000 in the district was cast and Wolfe's margin over Grant was 531 votes.

The first meeting of the directors of the San Francisco Federal Reserve Bank was held in the offices of the Clearing-House Association on Tuesday morning. The directors are: C. K. McIntosh of San Francisco, Alden Anderson of Sacramento, A. B. C. Dohrmann of San Francisco, Elmer H. Cox of Madera, Deputy Chairman Claude Hatch of Oakland, Charles E. Peabody of Seattle, Chairman John Perrin of Pasadena, James K. Lynch and J. A. McGregor of San Francisco. The last two are in the East. All the others were present.

More than 35,000 people witnessed the festivities attendant upon the spectacular and triumphant landing of Christopher Columbus in the yacht harbor at the Exposition grounds Sunday afternoon. In attendance, picturesque setting, gorgeousness of floats, diversity of specialties, and genuine enthusiasm it was completely successful.

The board of harbor commissioners has awarded two contracts for the construction of new docks. One, pier 16, went to the Healy-Tibbitts Construction Company, and the other, for the building of pier 18, was awarded to the San Francisco Bridge Company. The first contract was made on the basis of \$108,720, and the second will cost the state \$111,800.

The supervisors' finance committee has agreed to accept from the United Railways \$44,379.06, which the company figured was the franchise percentage due the city for the year 1913. William Dolge, the committee's accountant, at first wanted more, saying the company should pay for streets it was occupying under expired franchises.

Mayor and Mrs. Rolph were hurt in an automobile accident last Saturday evening near Byron Springs, and their son, James, had a marvelous escape from injury. When about two miles from their destination they came to a sharp turn in the road unexpected by the chauffeur, who tried to make it, but the automobile skidded and rushed sideways into a rut. The sudden movement of the car threw

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Mrs. Rolph out and the mayor against the front seat, but the boy was thrown to the floor of the tonneau and was thus unhurt. The chauffeur was protected by his hold on the steering wheel. Mayor Rolph is said to have sustained a broken rib among other injuries.

Baggage of Stranded Americans Arrives.

When the European war broke out thousands of Americans who were in Germany hurriedly left behind vast quantities of trunks, bags, and other baggage. While Americans were pleading in vain for their possessions the North German Lloyd began a system of collecting the baggage of their passengers which proved so successful that the final consignment has just reached this country. As soon as the German government could spare the cars the North German Lloyd ordered the baggage of their passengers, which they had been collecting, forwarded to the great new baggage rooms at Bremen. That which lacks identification marks is being held at the New York offices of the Wells Fargo Express Company, where it may be secured by the owners upon proper identification.

Recently speaking at the exhibition of the Egyptian Exploration Fund at Alexandra, J. de M. Johnson gave an interesting description of the methods employed in the discovery of papyrus in Egypt. The earliest Greek papyrus they had found was a marriage contract of the date 311-310 B. C., and the latest dated from 710 A. D. There were various methods of obtaining papyrus. They were found in rubbish mounds, pure and simple, which covered in buildings. They were found in buildings which had never been used as places for rubbish, but which had simply collapsed. Some valuable discoveries had been made from papyrus which had been glued together and painted over and used for other purposes. They had been able to remove the paint and had revealed the writing underneath. By that means they had recovered valuable additions to the history and literature of the country. The earliest complete papyrus recovered by this method was a contract for the sale of wheat, dated 300 B. C. The latest belonged to the time of Augustus.

At the end of the harvest season in Malabar there takes place the dance of the drummers, a popular function, in which the principal character is a weird figure supposed to represent the sacred cow of the gods, Kamachenu. A small boy carries this about while the other performers, decked out in primitive fashion with painted bodices and hideous masks, go through a weird dance, accompanied by much drum-beating and singing.

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Night Watchman (in any European town)—Eight o'clock—and all's hell.—*Life*.

"How did they get into the scrap?" "Trying to preserve their neutrality."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Friend—This is a nice studio you have. Is the rent high? Artist—I don't remember. *Boston Globe*.

He—This bread isn't like the kind mother makes. She—I hope not. This bread is fit to eat.—*Baltimore American*.

"I heard it rumored that Mabel was to marry. What day does she prefer?" "Any one of the 365."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Hiram—Haw! Haw! Haw! I skinned one of them city fellows that put the lightning rod on my house. Silas—Ye did? How did you do it? Hiram—Why, when I made out the check to pay him I jested signed my name

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'thout specifying no amount. I'll bet there'll be somebody hoppin' mad when he goes to cash it.—*New York Globe*.

"I thought you liked your new friends so much?" "So I do, but I just had to give them up—they own such a cheap car."—*Puck*.

The President—This plan of reorganization is very ingenious. It does us credit. The Director—Also it does our creditors.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

She—I thought you told me this was a civil court. He—So it is. She—Why, those horrid lawyers in it were as rude as they could be.—*Baltimore American*.

"A man is soon forgotten after he's dead," said a speaker one evening. "Not if you marry his widow, guv'nor," cried a voice from the crowd.—*Livingston Lance*.

Stimson (to Willie, reading the paper)—What are you looking so cheerful about, Willie? Willie—I see a lot of American school-teachers are detained indefinitely in Europe.—*Life*.

Suffragette (on a trip to the Academy)—Guard, guard, back the train. Guard—What's the matter, mum? Suffragette—I can't find my hatchet—I must have dropped it on the line.—*London News*.

"What do you think, Magda—shall I deliver my address on 'The Ideal Wife' just as I've written it?" "Certainly not. You must rewrite it. I can't see that it fits me at all."—*Meggendorfer Blätter*.

"Now," he said to the waiter, after waiting thirty minutes, "can you bring me some cheese and coffee?" "Yes, sir; in a minute, sir." "And," continued the diner, "while you are away you might send me a postal card every now and then."—*Life*.

"Ah sho' gwine hahm dat niggah," avowed Mr. Jackson. "Mush' do dat. Count a hundred an' yo' aint feel mad no mo'," advised the minister. "Ah done counted two hundred," said Mr. Jackson, in a minute or two, "an' Ah feel madder'n evah."—*Livingston Lance*.

Willis—What are you polishing up your gun for? Gillis—On account of this European war. Willis—Surely, you don't think we will be drawn into it. Gillis—No; but think of the horde of book agents who will be out selling "The History of the Great Conflict."—*Puck*.

Old Gentleman (who has just finished reading an account of a shipwreck with loss of passengers and all hands)—Ha! I am sorry for the poor sailors that were drowned. Old Lady—Sailors! It isn't the sailors—it's the passengers I am sorry for. The sailors are used to it.—*Kansas City Star*.

"How did you like my latest poem?" inquired Tennyson J. Daft, the versatile versificationist, angling for a compliment. "What was it about?" returned J. Fuller Gloom, the deservedly unpopular misanthrope. "Why, didn't you read it?" "Oh, yes. That is what aroused my curiosity."—*Judge*.

"Is dat a kiekin' mule?" asked Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "Does you want to buy him?" inquired Uncle Rasbury, cautiously. "No." "Den whut's de use o' comin' aroun' here axin' useless questions an' temptin' me to spoil my reputation foh truth an' mendacity fer nuthin'."—*Washington Star*.

"I understand," said a visitor from Philadelphia to a friend in Boston, "that you have so high an opinion of your city that you think heaven must be like Boston." "Well," was the reply, with a shrug of the shoulders, "I believe I did say so some time ago, but you know Boston has improved a great deal in the last few years."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Does the war make much difference to you?" asked the first servant. "The missus says we've got to economize, so we're to 'ave 'margarine with meals in the kitchen," replied the second. "Doesn't she have it, then?" "Not her. She says as 'ow it doesn't suit her digestion. But there's nothink wrong with her digestion. We know that. For as often as not we send her up 'margarine and 'ave the butter ourselves."—*Tatler*.

Jock McLeod came down from the Highlands to visit one of the seaside resorts on the west coast of Scotland. One day he saw a woman bather step into an unexpected hole. Promptly he plunged in and had her in shallow water. In another moment he was out of it, pursued by the fair damsel. "Sir," roared the irate dame when she had captured the young Scotchman and recovered from the shock, "what do you mean by snatching off my wig?" The young man's face was ashen pale as he gazed upon the features of the angry woman. "Is it a wig?" he gasped with a sigh of relief. "I'm glad I'm no a murderer, for I thoct when I grabbed ye that I'd scalp it ye alive!"



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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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"Under Which King?"

San Francisco's Municipal Charter is specific in its requirements in connection with the awarding of contracts for municipal printing. "All * * * contracts for * * * printing * * * must be made by the supervisors, with the lowest bidder offering adequate security, * * * and no liability therefor shall be made or created excepting by contract. * * * The board * * * shall have no power to purchase or pay for the same unless the provisions of this charter provided as to competitive bidding * * * are strictly followed, and no contract shall be made * * * unless upon such competitive bidding." So much for the law.

Now as to the facts of a particular instance: There are in the hands of the supervisors bids in due form for printing the municipal reports for the fiscal year 1912-13. The bid of the Neal Publishing Company is the lowest. The next highest is that of the Levison

Printing Company, approximately \$900 above the figures of the Neal Company. At a meeting of the board on Monday consideration of these bids came up on a majority report of the supplies committee, which recommended that the contract be given to the Levison Company, whose bid as above stated is \$900 in excess of that of the Neal Publishing Company. Nine members of the board—BANCROFT, MURDOCK, SUHR, VOGEL-SANG, HILMER, MCCARTHY, PAYOT, JENNINGS, and HAYDEN—voted to award the contract to the Neal Company, the lowest bidders. The other nine supervisors—NELSON, KORTICK, MCCLERAN, POWER, DEASY, GALLAGHER, HOCKS, NOLAN, and WALSH—voted to award the bid to the Levinson Company, the higher bidders.

The milk in this cocoanut relates to the demands of trades unionism. The Neal Company, lowest bidders, do not use the label of the Allied Printing Trades. The Levison Company, higher bidders, do use the union label. The nine supervisors who voted to award the bid to the lowest bidder followed the law. The other nine, who voted to award the contract to the higher bidder, recognized the demands of unionism as a higher mandate than the law.

In the Article of the Municipal Charter containing the provisions set forth in the first paragraph of this writing there is another section which declares: "*Any officer * * * who shall aid or assist a bidder in securing a contract * * * at a higher price or rate than that proposed by any other bidder, or who shall favor one bidder over another * * * shall be deemed guilty of malfeasance and shall be removed from office.*"

The law is plain. Anybody ought to be able to understand it. In fact anybody able to read can understand it—can not in fact misunderstand it.

Which is the higher authority in the government of San Francisco? Is it the Municipal Charter or is it the regulations of organized labor? It appears that the Board of Supervisors is split even in its answer to these queries.

What of the provision last quoted? Can there be any doubt, legal or rational, that the nine men who voted on Monday to award a bid for city printing to a higher instead of a lower bidder are guilty of "malfeasance"? What about the mandatory declaration that whoever is guilty of malfeasance "shall be removed from office"?

Two "Amendments."

The Argonaut has not permitted itself to get het-up over the proposed "amendments" now before the voters of the state. There is no law against making a fool of one's self, and the exemption applies to states as well as to individuals. If California wants to play the rôle of crank, put limits upon her industry, tie the hands of her people by restrictive laws, then let her go her fool head and take the consequences. Take the proposed eight-hour law, for example. Carried and enforced it would introduce a revolutionary principle in the social organization of the country and be a veritable light upon industry and enterprise. It would paralyze the operations of the farm; it would make industry under widely established conditions impracticable; it would increase the charges of sickness; it would impose a new handicap upon domestic life. We say if it were carried and enforced; but to be entirely frank, while it may be carried, there is small chance of its being enforced. Can it be imagined that any California jury would penalize a farmer for carrying on his field work or the other operations of his business before eight o'clock in the morning or after five in the afternoon? Can it be conceived that a jury would convict a sick man or woman for not providing three nurses for a twenty-four-hour day? These queries illustrate the impracticability, the stupidity, and the viciousness of

the proposed law. It ought to be voted down. But if in our folly we shall vote it up it will be another of many dead letters on the statute book.

Then there is prohibition. It is wrong in principle. It permits some people to interpose their special ideas of life and conduct upon other people. It has the fundamental vice of legislation designed for the morally infirm rather than for the morally sound. Its logic is lame—because A abuses something, B must be denied its legitimate use. It is in any view a meddlesome interference with private and individual rights. Furthermore it is a thing impossible of enforcement. Commonly where prohibition is theoretically the rule it is practically a failure. It drives the liquor traffic out of responsible hands and into the hands of quasi-criminals. Prohibition is in its moral effect a rule for the promotion of concealment, of subterfuge, of courses illicit. An incident told in relation to a town with which the Argonaut is familiar illustrates the principle. "Can you tell me," asked a visitor, "where I can get a drink?" Said the citizen to whom this question was addressed, "Do you see that millinery shop over there?" "Well, what of it?" "Why, man, that's the only place in town where you *can't* get a drink." This in its way illustrates prohibition as it works out in practice. A prohibition town is usually a town cursed with "blind pigs," which is another way of saying that it is a town in which the liquor traffic, not in its better but in its worse forms, is carried on practically free from restraint.

Prohibition is a wrong way of going about a good work, namely, that of making men temperate. It is the method of men and women who have more zeal than judgment or patience. Your hot reformer is unfailingly in a devil of a hurry. The things he wants he wants right now. He lacks the sober wisdom which sees that human progress is a thing of slow growth and that it can never be promoted in an effective or permanent way by hurried or arbitrary processes. If the world is ever to be sober it will be because it wants to be soher, not because some people may be able to pass a law to compel other people to be sober. There is that in human nature—very markedly in American human nature—which resents dictation. Somehow when one is told he must not do a thing there rises in him an irresistible desire to go do it. A first and a natural effect of meddlesome and restrictive laws, therefore, is not uncommonly seen in moral deterioration of those to whom they apply. The working of this principle may be seen familiarly in the varying methods of parents in the discipline of children. The mother who knows how to develop in her boy the kind of moral restraint involved in obedience to reasonable persuasions, raises up infallibly a better man than the other mother who locks doors, sets guards upon her child, and attempts to conserve the contents of the sugar bowl by putting it on the top shelf. A community forcibly restrained from indulgence of any kind—assuming that the impossible be done—could never be so strong as one holding itself to moderation and sobriety by the moral force of good impulses and self-restrained habits. The world tends steadily towards sobriety, precisely as it grows steadily better in other respects. This, not as a result of restrictive regulations, but in consequence of steadily advancing purposes and standards of life. Prohibition advocates are not willing to wait upon this movement. They seek to do in haste and by force that which never can be done excepting deliberately and through the development of individual and virtuous motives.

There is one country in the world where prohibition is the rule. The Turk under the strict injunctions of his religion is a total abstainer. Does the example of the Turk tend to stimulate the hopes of those who look upon prohibition of the liquor traffic as the sum total

of moral development? Is there anything in the life of the Turk apart from his sobriety of habit which appeals to the imagination or tends to inspire imitation on the part of reasonable men? Will anybody venture to claim for Turkish civilization a sum total of merits not to be found say in English civilization? Let it be admitted that the Englishman would be better for the sobriety of the Turk; still we venture the statement that nobody would be willing to exchange the general scheme of life of the one for that of the other. The truth is that abstinence from spirituous liquors is only one of many forms of human virtue, and by no means the most important in its general moralizing and civilizing effects.

Who is it that proposes prohibition? Is it the wisest and the best among us? And are they who preach total abstinence as against moderation, who seek laws of restrictive enforcement, the most moral, the most advanced among us? For once let the truth be told. They are not. Prohibition reflects a narrow, limited, and biased attitude towards life. Its deficiency at the point of judgment is illustrated by the undue emphasis which it places upon a single and an extreme form of restraint. Its arbitrary spirit is expressed in its wish to accomplish by force what it is unable to achieve by moral agencies. Its selfishness, its precipitancy, its impatience, are demonstrated by its overheated zeal. It is guided by the spirit, not of true moral progress, but of an arbitrary and demoralizing obstructiveness.

There is an argument against prohibition in California based on material considerations, and it is an argument not without a certain force. Prohibition would in its immediate effect amount to destruction of very great values. It would destroy the vineyards on a thousand hillsides; and there would be poor recompense in the setting up of distilleries behind bolted doors in a thousand sub-cellars. The *Argonaut*, however, makes no appeal on this score. The fact that there is profit in the making and selling of wines and liquors may count for overmuch with materialists. We prefer to put the whole question on the moral issue. By any test which reasonable and unbiased men may apply, all the force related to the question in its moral aspects is on the side, not of arbitrary prohibition, but of individual liberty—even of that liberty which lies at the foundation of our American system of life and government.

Chiefly About Frank Lane.

However we may stand politically, Californians are sufficiently warm-blooded to feel a distinct satisfaction in the established and still growing prestige of Mr. Lane at Washington. To those who have a close view of things it is really a very remarkable development. It is not too much to say that Mr. Lane, although in the most difficult of cabinet positions, is the most potent man in the group which immediately surrounds the President. His distinction in the Administration is presumed by some close observers to rest upon a certain definitely sustained independence of mind. He appears to be the one man who ventures to take issue with the President and to drive home his judgments. Very notably it so happened in connection with the reclamping of the lid at the northern Mexican border after the Administration had made the egregious blunder of permitting the northern rebels to supply themselves from American sources. It appears again in the matter above referred to, namely, Mr. Lane's declination to participate actively in the Pacific Coast campaign.

A striking instance of Mr. Lane's practical influence comes to us just now in the way of private information from the capital. Last week he indulged himself in a short leave from his office and went up to Massachusetts, not to make speeches, but to visit his boy, who is in school there. In his absence his beloved Alaska Coal Leasing bill, which he had supposed would sail airily and easily through Congress, fell upon rough weather. This bill comes near to being the keystone of the Administration's conservation policy, and Lane is the author, proprietor, promoter, guide, philosopher, and friend of that policy. It appears that the conferees on the bill, following a practice which has grown up, albeit forbidden by the rules, wrote a lot of new phrases into the bill. Senator Harry Lane of Oregon, an advocate of direct government operation, happened to think of the rule. With his fondness for starting a disturbance Senator Lane raised the point

of order against the Alaska bill and had it sent back to conference. Sending a bill back to conference at this stage of a session ordinarily is tantamount to its defeat. Moreover, three of the six conferees were out of town. Senator Myers, in charge of the bill, threw up his hands in anger and disgust. The White House on being interrogated indicated that it would not urge the bill if by so doing early adjournment would be jeopardized. Secretary Lane was away.

On Monday of last week Mr. Lane returned from Massachusetts. And on finding what had happened he came nearer to being excited than he has been in his whole administrative career. He filched the bill from the scrap heap, brushed the dirt from it, furbished it up, and gave it a new start. He had not been on the job an hour when the White House, which two days before had been indifferent, became insistent that the bill should be passed. Then there came a sudden change in the situation at the capital. New conferees were appointed. They went into session at once, and before night they had ready a report, almost identical with the first one, with all objectionable interpolations stricken out.

It was a remarkable performance. Amid the confusions of a session about to end an Administration measure abandoned by Senate, House, and President, dragged out of the ruck, reestablished in its place, put in the way of going through. All due to the ginger-some personality of Mr. Lane.

The New Thrift.

The practice of capitalizing political rank so thriftily illustrated by men—and women—connected with the present national administration, came in in the early months of McKinley's second term. It was Mr. Roosevelt, then Vice-President, who started the game. A shrewd business man, a professional writer, an engaging personality, there came to him an attractive opportunity to market his literary output, and in his usual slap-dash way he made the most of it. This started Senator Lodge, who found that his historical writings, officially stamped, sold for better money than before. Senator Beveridge, who at that time was not admitted to the intimacy of the Roosevelt-Lodge circle, quickly grasped the idea and went it one better. He made a contract with the *Saturday Evening Post* at terms which made Roosevelt and Lodge green with envy when they learned what he was getting. Others in one way or another connected with official life got quickly into the game. Then several of the brighter newspaper correspondents began to fatten their own incomes by writing articles, getting public men to revise and sign them, then marketing them at high prices. The real writer usually acted as broker, dividing with the signer often on a 50-50 basis, but sometimes yielding terms more liberal to the signer.

All this time bluff old Tom Reed, Speaker of the House, was writing off and on for the reviews out of pure interest in public affairs—purely *pro bono publico*. One day a young newspaper reporter approached him with a proposition to act as his broker with a plan to place his writings to better advantage. Mr. Reed listened in his usual impassive manner. "Just go over that again, please," he remarked at length. "Do I understand that Roosevelt, Lodge, and all the rest of those fellows get big pay for their writings as a regular thing?" "They certainly do," replied the newspaper man, "and I can get you bigger money for yours." Mr. Reed was dumfounded. The Yankee in him was touched. "Why, I haven't been getting a damn cent," he mused. A deal was made, and thereafter Mr. Reed got top prices for all his work.

A curious fact about the immediate generation of administrationists is that while its members possess an extraordinary thrift in the matter of public speaking, lecturing, exhibiting themselves, and the like, with or without yodler accompaniment, at one-night stands or elsewhere, one can get them to stand for almost anything, gratis, in the way of writing. Mr. Bryan is an exception; he wants money at all times, and gets it. The others are carried away by a craze for publicity which has come to be an obsession with public men in these days of direct primaries and "popular" politics. Above all things, they want publicity—their names and their pictures in the newspapers.

The latest development in this line came through the genius of a young Italian-American free lance among the correspondents at Washington. He hit

upon the plan of taking old speeches, interviews, and the like, of weaving them into articles, getting permission of the cabinet officers to use their names and selling the output at big prices. Emboldened by success, he went too far. Not very long ago he worked over a four-years-old speech of Attorney-General (now Associate Justice of the Supreme Court) McReynolds and sold it as a signed article without getting the Secretary's permission. Mr. McReynolds went up in the air, called the young man in, berated him soundly, and made him turn over the money he had received to charity. The same young man took a speech of Senator Root on the merchant marine, delivered in January, 1911, and put it out as a signed article without permission—this only six weeks ago. The Sunday magazine issued by the New York *Sun* and some dozen others published it. The *Sun* had to print an indignant disclaimer from Mr. Root.

But these are exceptions. Any bright young man at Washington can get a signed article any old time from almost any one in public life without costing him a cent, provided it is even fairly well written in advance for the public man, and provided a large circulation is assured. They regard it as just so much advertising to the good.

Campaign speaking is different. That, excepting in the case of Mr. Bryan, who takes pay whenever he can get it and from whatever source, is what up Seattle way is called *cultus pollotch*, in other words, without pay. The members of the cabinet now are all out on the stump for the congressional elections, and all without direct pay. Even this in other days would have been considered very bad form. But times are changed. Even the President now takes part in political campaigns directly or by letter, excusing the latter by the statement that he has not the time to appear "as he would like" in person on the stump.

Verily times are changed. In other days no man in public life would have thought it within the lines of his official and personal dignities to exploit his official character in the market-places either of literature or of oratorical wares or of politics. And as for women, who now seem eager enough to exploit their relationships by phonograph, in the newspapers and elsewhere, the change is absolute. What would Madam Abigail Adams have thought of reading her letters to a miscellaneous audience? And what would Mrs. Hayes have thought of conducting a temperance column in a prohibition newspaper? Verily times have changed.

The War and the Peace Movement.

In spite of tight times in the United States and of disturbed conditions in Europe upwards of three hundred congresses and conventions are booked for San Francisco in the year 1915. Of these seventy-five are to be international in character. The purposes represented range from grave to gay—from the uplift in religion, art, and science to aims frankly practical or frankly social.

But curiously the list of congresses to meet in San Francisco does not include a peace congress. Apparently the one theme which just now engrosses the mind of everybody excepting the nations actually at war has loosened its grasp upon the thoughts and energies of those who in recent years have been its active promoters. The peace propagandists, it seems, are for the moment discouraged—so grievously discouraged as to have abandoned those popular forms of effort commonly represented at large international events.

The *Argonaut* ventures the suggestion that there has never been a time so favorable for spreading the gospel of peace, and no more auspicious occasion than the San Francisco Exposition of 1915. The war in Europe has brought home to the world as nothing else has in recent times the cruelties and horrors of war. It is exhibiting its prodigious waste of life and wealth. It is emphasizing its moral debasements. It is turning the minds of men as never before to the blights of warfare, to the blessings of peace. One has only to pick up any newspaper from anywhere in the United States to discover that a vast deal of sentiment at home and abroad is being concentrated upon the subject of peace. Even in the world of Latin America, a world which we are accustomed to regard as normally addicted to war, the possibilities of peace and the means to be employed in attaining it, or something that shall steadily make for it, are being discussed by multitudes of people. A veritable passion for peace appears al-

ready as an effect of the overwhelming iniquities of war as illustrated by current events.

If the sentiment for peace engendered by this war is to be crystallized and made a basis for future efforts in the cause of peace, now of all times is the time for action. The iron is hot, so to speak. It is a time to transmute sentiment into enthusiasm—an enthusiasm calculated to win and hold as partisans of the movement men who in ordinary times are too much engrossed in the competitions, the strivings, the hopes of workaday life to give serious attention to ideas.

If the peace movement is to be more than a Sunday-school convention performance it has got to be taken hold of by the people at large. It must be taken from the hands alike of the professional agitators who use it as a means of distinction and the fakirs who seek to exploit it on profitable account. Today all that is at once worthy and effective in the peace movement hangs upon a few large names—Dr. Jordan, Elihu Root, Nicholas Murray Butler, Andrew Carnegie, Joseph Choate, Henry Watterson, and a few others. The great body of busy and serious-minded people have had no real participation in it.

Is it asking too much of the leaders in the organized and endowed activities of the peace propaganda that they turn to account conditions which the time affords to augment the movement by bringing into it great elements not reachable at ordinary times and under ordinary conditions? The San Francisco Exposition provides an occasion and a setting which ought to interest those who are intelligently directing the movement. A peace congress here next year, liberally organized and brilliantly conducted, should engage the attention of the whole world. It could be made a memorable and historic event as marking a real advance in meeting intelligently and earnestly a great problem. It is a proper occasion for concrete endeavor—not for theories and speculation and prayer and the making of books and an indefinite study of the causes of war.

There is a special reason, and a powerful one, why a peace congress should be held in San Francisco next year, and that is the wholesome effect such a meeting would have indirectly upon the peaceful settlement of the Japanese and Oriental question and the menace it contains as now presented to this country and the world.

Shaping Things Up for a Second Term.

The "new leadership" in Democratic politics is getting in some heavy licks these days. The President in the White House is busy writing letters to the general effect that "the Democratic party is now in fact the only instrument ready to the country's hand by which anything can be accomplished." Every member of the cabinet, with the single exception of Frank Lane, is on the stump somewhere, whooping it up for the old party. Congress, dominated by its Democratic majorities, is busy with legislation designed to help the cause. Upon one side the President is actively engaged in patching up old breaches of friendship, as in the case of Colonel Harvey of New Jersey and Colonel Watterson of Kentucky.

All this has a significance apart from its relationship to the immediate campaign. It means that the situation is being shaped up in support of Mr. Wilson for a second term in the presidential office. So much and such concentrated administrative energy is not being expended without definite purpose—and that purpose is in plain view.

Evidently Mr. Wilson is not going to hold himself bound by the plank in the Baltimore platform which pledged the Democratic party to the principle of a single presidential term and which likewise pledged the candidate of that convention to the same principle. When he accepted the nomination Mr. Wilson no doubt intended to respect the pledge. But like many a man before him he has permitted his resolution to become sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought. He has changed his mind. He will squirm out of a deliberate promise by sophistical processes, even as others have done in times afore. He will do this under the conviction that Democratic success in 1916 is essential to the salvation of the country; and of course it is not difficult for him to believe that personal candidacy and party success are synonymous considerations.

The atmosphere which surrounds a President, especially a President in his first term, is always and mightily stimulating to the spirit of ego. Finding him-

self the central figure in multitudinous and important doings, a President almost inevitably comes to view himself as an essential element in the working out of mighty purposes. Aside from this influence there is that of an obsequious and persistent flattery. Something of this is automatic, since no man and only a few women have the hardihood to affront the President of the United States to his face. Perhaps the single exception in the experience of President Wilson was the visit of a group of suffragists whom he felt called upon to rebuke. Then there are the office-holders. Their tenure, of course, is connected directly with the personal tenure of the President. Change of men in the White House means prompt retirement of those officials who may be styled members of the "official family." It means likewise the probability of a new deal all down the line. It hardly needs to be said in extension of this suggestion that every mother's son of them all pours it into the Executive ear that the salvation of things calls for another term. It may be that there are men in the world strong enough to resist this personal homage, but in recent times none such has sat in the presidential chair.

None the less in becoming a candidate for a second term—a matter now of demonstrated assurance as the game of politics goes—Mr. Wilson is playing fast and loose with the standards of his assumed personal character. The Baltimore platform declared, "We favor a single presidential term, and to that end urge the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution making the President of the United States ineligible for reelection, and we pledge the candidate of this convention to this principle." Mr. Wilson not only accepted the nomination of the convention, but in terms made its platform his own. He stands expressly committed (1) to the principle of a single presidential term, (2) to the urgency of amendment to the Constitution making the President of the United States ineligible for reelection, and (3) under a direct pledge personally to respect this principle.

It is of course no very difficult matter to quibble out of an implied obligation. It may be plausibly argued that until the principle of a single presidential term shall be established, nobody is bound by it. This reasoning is specious, and under the loose moralities of politics it may be made to serve in excuse of a second candidacy on Mr. Wilson's part. None the less, a man who accepts a principle as his own, pledges himself to support of it, commits himself to it by acts of word and deed, gets off the moral track when he fails to respect and make it the guide of his own conduct. A man of Mr. Wilson's high pretensions owes to a pledge definitely given, a moral as well as a technical loyalty to it. He can not without doing violence to his own character quibble himself out of it. Either Mr. Wilson should not have given it in 1912 or he should respect it now. And in failing to respect it he makes distinct sacrifice of something very definite at the point of character.

Mr. Wilson represents in the personal aspects of his presidency exceptional standards of character. He came into office, not in the character of a coniving politician, but as a man representing elevated standards of moral conception and of moral obligation. The commitment of such a man to a principle admits of no compromise which is not in its effect an arraignment of his character.

The Cemetery Removal Project.

Half a dozen motives conspire in the movement for removal of the historic cemeteries of San Francisco. First there is the fury for "progress" which would subordinate every other consideration to the building up of values of town lots, no matter at what cost as related to other considerations. Then there is the interest of street railway promoters, who want more public streets to annex to private account. Then there are the owners of adjacent properties, who see, or think they see, an advantage in overrunning the resting places of the dead. Then there are the promoters of newer cemeteries, who have grave lots to sell. None of these reckon as of the slightest value the pledged faith of a former generation, the regard due to the dead, or the respect due to the living who revere their dead.

Aside from every other motive behind the protest being made by the Society of California Pioneers and others, there is a consideration which ought to appeal to public intelligence and to the public sense of in-

terest. The old cemeteries are now practically public parks. Under a plan for their systematic development already formulated they would be made even more serviceable and attractive as outing and breathing spaces. The interest of the city assuredly is to preserve these spaces rather than at great cost to itself and at infinite hardship to individuals to turn them over to exploiters and speculators and for commonplace uses bearing no relation to the vital welfare of San Francisco as a community.

But the more serious interest is that of sentiment. It is a matter which takes vital hold of the minds and hearts alike of multitudes who now for two generations have dwelt on this peninsula. Good faith alike with the dead and the living joins in the protest against this projected desecration. By all means vote no.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

From a Liberal-Minded Patriot.

8 RUE DE RIVOLI,
NICE, September 28, 1914.

MR. ALFRED HOLMAN—Dear Sir: The *Argonaut* of August 22d contains a letter from a German named Luhnig and again September 5th a letter signed Freytag. I have no desire to read a paper that publishes such letters and wish that upon receipt of this letter you will stop sending me the *Argonaut*. My subscription, which expires in November, will not be renewed. Yours truly, R. ROBINSON RILEY.

Germany and the Higher Things of Civilization.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 20, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Knowing the *Argonaut* to be an honest, fearless publication, a true hand-maiden of truth and progress, I venture to think that you might make an effort to puncture the bubble of alleged German leadership in science and art which has been floating in the air since this abominable war began.

In days gone by Germany turned out some masters—Mozart, Beethoven, Lessing, Goethe, and others—whom the world revere and love to honor, but that the modern leaders—Hauptmann, Sudermann, Humperdinck, Strauss, and the others—have given the world much of lasting value, posterity will probably answer in the negative. The Teutons have certainly not been winning more than a moderate share of Nobel prizes of late years, and the New York Metropolitan stage has not been reserved for German opera because the critical public vastly prefer French and Italian works.

Among modern plays, translation from the French have been put on the American stage at three or possibly four for every one from the German, and "Magda" is the only play that I can call to mind from Germany that has made a permanent place for itself in our drama.

Of German poetry and fiction we do not over here hear of anything astoundingly excellent, simply because it does not exist.

In physics, chemistry, and electricity, England, France, Italy, and ourselves are certainly not behind the Germans in either discovery or invention.

As for pictures, statuary, and architecture, I have yet to learn of our millionaires going in large numbers to Munich or Berlin for either masterpieces or designs.

Teutonic organization in manufacturing and utilitarian designs are admitted to be excellent, but those excellences are of little value to other peoples until they are adopted and found suitable to conditions quite different.

It appears that intellectual progress and activity are more or less diffused, because alleged barbarous Russia is well in the vanguard with much of her artistic offerings.

I venture to assert that in delicacy, technic, clearness, proportion, and a fine grasp of human limitations, together with a sweet spirit of reasonableness, French art is, and has been for more than two centuries, immeasurably superior to that of the rest of mankind. H. C. ALEXANDER.

A Double-Edged Thrust.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 18, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: What an astounding efficiency, audacity, and anticipation is revealed in the German espionage. That the humble, peace-loving Kaiser had this accused war absolutely forced upon him we know, because the Christian gentleman said so himself, with bitter tears gushing from his truthful eyes. It seems, however, if reports are to be believed, that although those envious, malicious enemies, the Belgians and the others, wantonly attacked the gentle Fatherland, nevertheless the Emperor of Europe—in prospect—was not taken altogether unprepared. It is evident that a goodly number of marks, taxed from the home-loving Hans, have in piping times of peace mysteriously found their way into France, England, Belgium, Russia, and elsewhere to build up an elaborate system of spying and preparation. The great Frederick's precepts have not only been diligently studied, but acted upon in a manner which perhaps would make that Prussian son of Mars gasp with envy and admiration were he now alive. This having heavily reinforced cement forts amply stocked with armed spies, and foundations for ponderous artillery, all ready for an invading German army when it reaches the enemy's capitals is artifice with a vengeance, a sort of strategy which leaves the Trojan horse tied to the post.

There is another feature of this unspeakable war. I wonder if our English cousins will now wake up, mend their manners, and put their house in order? England's social system, land tenure, religion, and method of education belong really to the fifteenth century, and I think that most of us here in America earnestly wish the kind gods to give them another chance. If they get another chance it will surely be the last call for the lifeboat. S. T. HENRY.

On the great Miller & Lux ranch at Buttonwillow, California, 150 elk were taken in a well-planned roundup a few days ago, fifty vaqueros participating in the operation. For years the remnant of a once mighty band has been carefully guarded on the Miller & Lux range, where it has increased with each passing year. Dr. Evermann, director of the California Academy of Sciences, will distribute the elk to parks in the state.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.

It is not very profitable to wear out our eyesight in the effort to discover on the map the insignificant little villages that have been taken, evacuated, retaken, or destroyed by one or other of the combatants. There are scores of such places on the hundreds of miles of battle front, and they are being snatched from hand to hand with bewildering rapidity. Those that we hear about are usually those that do not matter much, but almost anything will serve as basis for an encouraging report. It is far more important to attempt some vision of the real objective and the measure of success or failure in reaching them.

The dominant fact of the moment is the finish of the great race to the north, a race that has ended in a dead heat. For a month the armies have been running side by side, the rival lines being extended by the process of patching pieces on to the ends. After the German retreat from the Marne the two armies stretched east and west from Metz to Noyon. Then they turned the angle in the effort to outflank each other and began to move north in the general direction of Ostend. Obviously they would have to stop when they reached the ocean, and the fact that they have now reached the ocean has created the new situation that produced the attack upon Antwerp and Ostend and the attempted movement on Dunkirk and Calais. So long as Paris was the immediate goal, so long as the German armies were moving further and further south, the presence of a Belgian army in Antwerp was not of great importance. But with the return of the German armies to the north, bulldogged by the French and British, the complexion of affairs was changed. The Belgian army became a nuisance and a danger that had to be removed. Probably this was the chief reason for the attack on Antwerp, seeing that the city could not be put to any substantial use without an infringement of Dutch rights on the Scheldt. The movement west from Antwerp to Ostend along the coast may be partly explained on the same theory. We have only to put ourselves in the position of the German commanders, who are foreseeing the possibility of a general retirement toward the north, to understand why they should wish to occupy Ostend, which, in the event of such a retirement, would lie immediately behind them and would be a most uncomfortable neighbor. Moreover, Ostend was close to the terminus of the armies racing north and would be of great value to either of them.

But there are of course other reasons, many other reasons, why the occupation of Ostend, Dunkirk, and Calais would be of enormous advantage to the Germans. In the first place there is the line of railroads running south from Calais to Paris, which the French have been using so effectively for the piecing out of their north moving armies. The control of that line, even of its northern terminals, would be of vast importance. In the second place a German dominance of the north coast would hamper the sending of reinforcements and supplies from England. In the third place the invasion of England would become distinctly easier from the occupation of Calais, seeing that the Straits of Dover would be entirely controlled by German guns at Calais. British reinforcements would be by no means cut off, but the difficulties would be increased. With the coast line from Antwerp to Calais in German hands the whole struggle would take on a new complexion, demanding new tactics and new strategy.

But the aforementioned coast line is not yet in German possession. The Germans, moving west from Antwerp and north from Lille, now present an active battle front from Lille northward to some point in the vicinity of Ostend. They are opposed by Belgians, French, and British, and after making all allowances for the exaggeration of reports it is evident that they have been opposed successfully and that their advanced cavalry has been thrown back. Lille is in German hands, but the city is fiercely assailed. North of Lille the Germans are either unable to advance or are being slowly pressed back. We hear nothing now about the "sweep" forward that signaled the first advance toward Paris. Lille is probably the crucial point of this northern battle. If the Germans can advance westward from Lille they would be able to lop off the extremity of the Allied forces and this would mean a great victory. It explains the fury of the German assault from Lille. Further south there is heavy fighting near Arras, and if the Germans should succeed in penetrating the lines of the Allies here, that, too, would be a great victory because it would lop off a still longer strip. Leaving behind us the fighting between Arras and Roye and turning the corner or elbow at Noyon, we find ourselves in the "centre," and here there is very little actual fighting. The gladiators have burrowed into the ground like rabbits. They have side-cut into the walls of the trenches and they have even roofed the trenches with concrete. In front of the trenches are forests of deep-driven posts interlaced with barbed wire entanglements and far behind on the heights are the heavy guns, which grumble and threaten, but do no great harm. But when we come to St. Mihiel we find ourselves once more among the hand-to-hand fighting between the French right and the German left. Here the Germans have driven a sharp wedge southward, and although they have been pressed back on each side the wedge itself holds tight. A French success here might easily become enormously important, but of all these various points of conflict the battle around and to the north of Lille is now the most vital. If the Germans should win here in the course of the next day or so it will put new heart into their campaign and open up new and grave issues.

At the moment of writing the tide of victory seems to be

setting in favor of the Allies, since we may assume that French claims when uncontradicted are true. To attempt to predict the outcome would be folly, but we may at least note one significant fact. There is no longer an assumption of German successes even when the forces are equally balanced. The Germans seem to have lost the awe-inspiring power that they gained during the first week in the war. The French have learned that there is nothing supernatural about their enemies, and there can be nothing so destructive to morale as an expectation of defeat. The Allies almost acquired this expectation of defeat during the first few days of battle. They were saved from it by the German retreat from the Marne. They are now learning confidence in their own prowess. They are learning to expect success and to realize that they are fighting against human beings like themselves.

If the Germans can reach Calais they will probably attempt the invasion of England. Transports could cross the Channel inside of two hours, and for so short a trip the men could be packed solid. The transports could be protected all the way across by the guns from Calais. In such an event the German navy would probably make a sortie in force from Kiel in the hope of engaging and holding the British ships. There would be a simultaneous movement of Zeppelins. The submarines would cooperate to protect the transports and the submarines could be brought overland. It would be a desperate stroke, seeing that the German navy would probably be destroyed, but sometimes fortune favors desperate strokes and aids them. A German army in England would be without supports or communications. It would have to conquer or die. The idea may seem a wild one, but it has certainly not been left out of the calculations of the British authorities. The south and east coasts of England are now criss-crossed with trenches. The preparations to resist invasion are as elaborate as though the Germans were expected in a week. It is a possibility to be remembered and thought of.

A raid of Zeppelins alone would be sheer folly unless the frightening into fits of British nursemaids is to be considered a military advantage. To avoid the instant attack of swarms of aeroplanes the Zeppelins would have to fly so high that the aiming of their bombs would be out of the question. But even supposing the Zeppelins had a few hours to themselves over London—an impossible conjecture—we may still ask ourselves what they could do? The need for fuel would send them back within a few hours, and in the meantime they could doubtless destroy a number of buildings and kill and wound a number of civilians. But what of it? The whole Zeppelin fleet would be less dangerous than one big gun. What would this be in comparison with an ordinary bombardment from the land such as many and many a city has been exposed to for days at a time? It would be intensely unpleasant, but it could not have the faintest influence upon the war. But Zeppelins acting in conjunction with an invading force from across the Channel would be invaluable. To send them alone would have about as much value as stone-throwing. A Zeppelin can be made in about three months, and Germany has accommodations for building ten at a time. When the war began she had twelve of these craft, but she expects soon to have about fifty with a radius of action of about forty hours in the air, each carrying two machine guns and two smaller guns with a ton and a half of ammunition and a wireless apparatus effective for over two hundred miles.

The war in the east of Europe is a mysterious one, and mainly for the reason that we can not attach the slightest credence to the reports. It is obvious that when three million men are fighting over a long battle line there must be a constant give and take at various points, but if these mere staggerings to and fro are hailed as conclusive victories it becomes almost impossible to ascertain the facts. But the crucial fight is evidently outside Warsaw, and until ten days ago we were not even aware that there was any fighting there. We knew that there had been a German victory and then a Russian victory in East Prussia. We knew that Lemberg in the south had been taken by the Russians and that Russians had crossed the Carpathians and that Cracow was menaced. Then suddenly the veil falls over the north and south and another veil is raised over Warsaw in the centre. It is evident that the northern and southern armies have converged here, or rather that north and south are now the extreme wings of a fight of which Warsaw is the centre.

But how comes it that the Germans have penetrated so far into Russian Poland? Did they fight their way there or were they lured there? We may get some idea of the truth from the fact that the territory to the west of Warsaw is a vast swamp which must be crossed either by the Russians in search of the Germans or by the Germans in search of the Russians. Whichever army crosses the swamp in quest of the other must do so at considerable danger to its artillery. Now whether the Russians have compelled the Germans into this disadvantage or whether the Germans have driven the Russians backward must be left for the determination of events, but at least it is certain that a great battle is now in progress and that in spite of all claims of victory it may continue for two months. And until it is concluded it is unlikely that there will be any serious Russian advance either into East Prussia to the north or toward Cracow in the south. Russia's help to her allies in the west is in providing occupation for a million and a half German soldiers. And who will say that such help is not a substantial one?

It is early in the day to talk about the exhaustion of the countries now at war. None the less the exhaustion point

must be somewhere in the not very distant future. The food problem is among the least pressing, but it concerns Germany more than the others. Germany can not produce all the food that she needs, but a certain amount will reach her through Switzerland and Holland. Moreover, a nation can live for a long time on short rations.

Germany is more likely to suffer from a shortage of men. Probably she has lost in one way or another about 750,000. Her war machine is so perfect that she had her whole force at command when the war began. She has over 3,000,000 men on the western and eastern fields. Her losses are rapidly approaching the million mark, and we may assume that some 2,000,000 men are needed for communications and fortresses. On the other hand France has not yet fully mobilized. She can go on increasing her army for a long time to come, and Great Britain can do the same, and to an even greater extent.

Guns and ammunition will furnish another problem. Smokeless powder takes a long time to make, and guns still longer. The larger siege guns can not be fired more than about a hundred times and small guns become dangerous after about a thousand shots. Some of the big guns can not be made in less than a year. Large numbers of guns are taken by the enemy or destroyed and the wastage from these causes is very great. Then there are the problems of horses, gasoline, and so forth. The gasoline supply is largely controlled by Russia, and it will be nearly impossible to send horses into Germany. It has been noticed already that the use of artillery is slackening among all the combatants, and probably the shortage of guns and ammunition will be felt by all alike. But when it comes to men, food, and gasoline the advantage will be heavily with the Allies.

Speaking of guns, the German eleven-inch mortar must be a good deal of a white elephant when there are no fortresses to be reduced. It can be moved only along first-class roads without grades, while mud renders it almost helpless. The *Scientific American* says that the outstanding feature of this great mortar is that it is so mounted that the gun and its carriage can be hauled either by motor or by horsepower at a speed approximating that of the lighter siege artillery, and that when it has reached the designated position it takes but a short time to have the gun in battery, ready for the attack. The barrel of the gun is made of steel, and it consists of the inner tube and an outer jacket, the total length of the gun being eleven feet. The breech is opened and closed by turning a handle through a horizontal arc for about 135 degrees; and a safety device operated by hand is provided which prevents premature firing or accidental opening of the breech. In spite of the fact that the breech mechanism weighs over 1100 pounds, the construction is such that the opening and closing of it can be effected easily with one hand and in a few seconds' time.

Allusion has been made to barbed-wire entanglements, and of all methods of defense this is perhaps the most formidable. Military science has not yet devised any way effectively to overcome it. The Russians used it with extraordinary success in the defense of Port Arthur. Four strands of wire were stretched in parallel lines and these were connected with wire zigzags. Coils of wire were thrown loosely on the ground in order to entangle the feet of the stormers. The Japanese supplied their men with wire-cutting pliers, but the delay under fire was too great. No one remained alive to get through the entanglements. Then the Japanese tried mattresses that were to be thrown over the wires, but these, too, were a failure. Eventually the wires were dragged away under cover of night by means of ropes attached at salient points by volunteers who managed to evade the searchlights. But wire entanglements properly watched and guarded have proved themselves nearly invincible. Both the French and the German trenches on the Aisne are now guarded by wire entanglements stretched between short posts and with loose wire coils on the ground. The trenches are so close together in some places that the men can hear their enemies conversing and can enjoy each other's gramophones.

The task of the army surgeon is by no means a sinecure in these troublous days. The surgeon no longer waits in the field hospital for the wounded to be brought to him, but he goes out under fire in search of them. Dr. Walsh, writing in the *New York Herald*, says: "Armed with a pocket surgical case, in which are contained a number of absolutely necessary instruments and ligatures, and with some antiseptics, especially iodine, and, above all, carrying a hypodermic syringe and a plentiful supply of morphine and other anodyne drugs, the surgeon on hands and knees makes his way along the rows of the dead and wounded even while the battle is raging, and, with the shots passing over him, stretches himself alongside those needing care and proceeds to help them in the best way that he can for the moment." Hypodermic injections of morphine to stop pain are said to have a most salutary effect upon the wounds themselves in the prevention of gangrene, while the advantages of a speedy use of antiseptics are obvious.

SIDNEY CORYN.

Sixteen varieties of palms from which sugar may be extracted grow in Ceylon, and now capital has become interested to such an extent that a company has been formed to undertake the manufacture and refining of sugar produced from the palmyra palm. It is rare about Colombo and in the upcountry, but is the principal palm grown in the northern part of the island, especially in the neighborhood of Jaffna.

THE GRAVE-DIGGER'S DAUGHTER.

The Night the Revolution Broke Out.

A rattle of musketry came from the direction of the village. The old grave-digger, Boloski, awakened by the noise, sat up on his miserable pallet, listened a moment to the sharp, quick reports, then called aloud: "Milena! Milena!"

"Coming, father, coming!" she answered, and already the little naked feet showed themselves upon the rounds of the ladder which led from the loft.

"Did you hear them, Milena?" he cried; "the sounds of the gun-shots? They are fighting in the village—" a violent fit of coughing interrupted his words, and another rattling volley.

Milena had descended just as she quitted her couch of straw—a young girl, tall, vigorous, and scantily draped in a brief chemise. She had thrown about her shoulders a short pelisse of sheepskin, but her Amazon hips showed themselves firm and beautiful under their light covering, and her virginal breasts appeared an instant, white as polished marble, against the black fur. "It is true, then!" said she, leaping the last steps; "it has come at last!"

"What, my child?" demanded the sick one.

"The revolution has broken out tonight, which has been expected so long."

"Yes, and a great misfortune it is, too," mumbled Boloski, and he crouched again upon his couch. Milena, meanwhile, hurriedly arrayed herself in a wadded petticoat and her father's long boots. Binding a scarlet handkerchief about her abundant locks, she went out to learn what was passing.

The cemetery was situated upon a hill surrounded by a low earthen wall, with the hut of the grave-digger standing at its gate. It was an excellent post of observation, yet Milena did not stop there, but passed on into the darkness, beneath the bare branches of the willows, upon which the ravens were already croaking, and with a single, careless glance upon the files of tombs, with their leaning crosses. Everything was mournful and desolate, everything covered by the melancholy shroud of winter. She herself walked in snow so deep and thick it mounted almost to her knees. The cold was terrible; the frozen breath of the night whiped and stung the skin like red-hot needles, but Milena only rubbed her face with a handful of snow, and buttoned the openings of her pelisse closer.

Below, in the heart of the valley, the village had delivered itself to strife and bloodshed, yet here upon this sacred ground all was peace. A large cross rose in the middle of the inclosure, to which was attached the figure of the dying Saviour; shining icicles pendant from the thorns which crowned his brow and from the nails which pierced his hands and feet.

Milena listened intently; not a murmur for the moment broke the stillness. She stopped and gazed up at the heavens, the vast blue vault which seemed to her a satin canopy, retained in place by golden nails, which sparkled and scintillated above her, while beyond there, on the other side of the forest, rode the red disc of the rising moon.

All at once a gliding, crouching form passed her like a flash, a pair of glowing eyeballs glared into her own.

"A wolf!" she murmured, and with an energetic movement wherein shone all the savage strength of this child of nature she seized a stone from a neighboring wall and threw herself forward. A low howl responded to the stroke of her arm, and the hungry beast was gone as it had come—a shadow—through those files of tombs and spectral crosses.

A fresh crash of musketry sounded in the distance; another, and still another. Milena traversed at a run the slope of the road which led to the village, and at the beginning of the first houses met a neighbor and a wounded man, the wife, whom she knew well, supporting the husband, whose blood dyed the snow at every step.

"What is the matter?" demanded Milena.

"The peasants of our village," replied the man, "and of Mikouloff are struggling with the insurgents, down by the café and the little wood. All goes well, however; the scythes are sharp and do their bloody mowing; the heads of the rebels fall like grain!"

"So!" said Milena; and she aided the peasant to place her husband in his bed and to bind his wounds; then retraced her steps to tranquillize her father.

* * * * *

An hour later a loud knocking sounded upon the gate of the cemetery.

"See what it is, Milena," said the grave-digger again; and Milena, obeying the command, opened the wicket obstructed by frost, to find before it a row of sledges encompassed by horsemen, the barrels of their muskets and the blades of their sickles sparkling in the rays of the moon.

"Come, open the gate, old mole!" shouted a voice from the crowd; "open the gate, and open quickly. We bring you a score of distinguished guests!"

"But I want no guests," replied Boloski, from the interior; "I am ill, as you know well; I dare not go out on a night like this."

"Ill or no," cried the voice again, "*the work must be done.*"

"Well, bury them yourselves, then."

"We can not; we have not time."

"In that case," said Milena brusquely, shutting the wicket to end the discussion, "'tis I who will bury them for you." And she went out to open the gate to the four loaded sledges, bearing the bodies of the dead insurgents, and to the conquerors, armed with their bloody sickles and gleaming scythes.

"Throw them there, upon the snow," said she to the mayor of the village, who greeted her as she appeared with a friendly nod; "I'll start the business for you at the rising of the sun."

"No," said the mayor, "that would not be Christian; the wolves and ravens are already waiting to do their work; they must be buried now. You will receive for the job the usual sum; in addition to that, two quarts of brandy, and, for your back, a new pelisse. Is it a bargain?"

"A bargain," she answered; "I'll begin when you say." And with arms akimbo and robust fists upon her hips she regarded the defile of peasants and sledges rapidly discharging their score of dead. Her beautiful face remained impassible; pity seemed a stranger to those hard features, and yet what charm, what passion, in those great black eyes, in that sensitive nose, in that firm, severe mouth!

The mayor counted the money into her hand, placed the bottle of brandy on the snow beside her, and the sledges slowly drew on again, the peasants following in their wake as silently as they had come.

"But the pelisse?" demanded Milena.

"Tomorrow, when the work is done."

And the mayor also quitted the cemetery, and Milena took up her spade, and with a great swallow of brandy, commenced to dig the first trench, crooning as she worked the words of an ancient grave-digger's song.

The sad melody, monotonous and slow as befitted the song of the dead, was accompanied by the dull ringing of the iron upon the frozen ground, the distant howling of the hungry wolves.

Another swallow of brandy, another swing of her muscular arms, and so it went till the trench was done, and Milena, waiting a moment to regain her breath, gazed on the corpses.

"'Twas doubtless you," said she to an old man with long white curls, clad in a rich cloak trimmed with zibeline, and in whose girdle sparkled a superb yataghan, "'twas doubtless you who led the band. Well, this time, too, you shall go before!"

And she took him in her arms like a little child, descended into the trench herself, and gently laid him upon the ground. With the others she was not so ceremonious; an arm, a leg, a shoulder, anything, in short, that helped to lift and toss them to their bed in the ditch, served her purpose.

"But God help me!" she cried out suddenly, as before her in the snow lay stretched a bleeding trunk, "Good help me, if it isn't the Lord of Kamiez, that cursed Turk and oppressor of the poor!"

And she struck the face of the head that lay beside the trunk a blow which sent it rolling like a ball to the depths below.

Another swallow of brandy, a new body in the hole, then, the first tomb securely closed, Milena was ready to begin a second.

In the meantime the moon, rising higher and higher in the heavens, wrapped in its wan light the silent graves, the crucifix, the thatched roofs of the now sleeping village, and the vast and soundless plain.

And again, the second trench ready, Milena approached another group of dead; the face of the first one was covered with blood which had run from a cut in the head. At the same instant she heard a sigh, a long, shuddering breath, that came from this body. Milena drew back hastily; courageous as she was, she felt her hair rise upon her head; and soon she saw that rigid body begin to stir.

He still lived, then. There was no longer a doubt of it! She caught him in her arms in order to succor him, rubbing with snow that face begrimed with blood and powder, and chafing his frozen hands. In a moment his eyes unclosed.

"Valerian!" the name upon Milena's lips was half a scream and half a cry of menacing anger.

"Yes, Milena, 'tis I, Valerian! Save me! I beseech you, by the wounds of the Saviour, save me!"

She shook her head brusquely, thrust him from her, and rose to her feet.

"Save you!" said she, with a calm more terrible than either rage or the joy of a glutted vengeance; "when it is God that has delivered you into my hands! You betrayed me; you now belong to me! Pray to your God, Valerian, perhaps *He* will be merciful, but from *me* expect no pardon!"

"You have forgotten, then, Milena, forgotten how I loved you!"

"No, I have forgotten nothing; but you, what have you done with all those vows? You, who ruined me, who then, in spite of everything, left me for another! I shall not spare you, be sure of that!"

"You will not kill me?" murmured the unhappy one.

"Kill you? No!" She smiled with a glacial irony which made him shudder. "I shall only do my duty—I shall bury you, as I have received the order!"

"Bury me?" cried Valerian; "bury me—living?"

"Why not?" responded Milena, with a burst of cruel laughter; "I must earn the sheepskin for my back, which the mayor promised me!"

"Have pity, Milena, for God's sake, have pity!"

"Did you have pity upon me?" she answered, sternly; "you, who have vowed me to sorrow and shame! This for your beautiful love, behold it!"

And she seized him by the shoulders and sought to thrust him in; but he, with that frightful death before him, had risen to his feet, and a furious struggle began between them; a hopeless struggle, too, for soon Valerian renounced all thought of wresting himself from the embrace of this savage creature; from loss of blood his strength was gone from him—he was but a child in her cruel hands.

"Mercy, Milena, I beseech you, mercy!"

She responded with a disdainful foot-thrust which sent him rolling into the gaping hole. A last time he struggled to his feet, his arms outstretched and clasping her knees with supplicating gesture.

But his prayers only rendered her more ferocious still. She caught up her spade and struck his hands; their grasp relaxed; she struck again, a second, a third blow—he fell!

And Milena?

Milena, with one hand clenched upon her spade, the other doubled upon her hip, stood there and heard him groaning; stood there and contemplated him with cold, fierce eyes and voluptuous pleasure.

"Now," said she at last, "now, Valerian, *are you mine!*"

Then she began to crumble the earth between her fingers and to fill in the ditch, to fill it in and stamp it down, as she had filled and stamped the first, her voice, firm and clear as ever, rising always in the chorus of her sinister song, and always accompanied by the sound of the clods falling one upon the other, by the ring of the spade, by the cawing of the crows circling hungrily above the heap of yet unhuried dead!

And, in the east, the first gray lights of the coming morning slowly spread themselves across the heavens, pale and cold as the smile upon the faces of the frozen clay!—*Translated for the Argonaut from the Russian of Sacher-Masoch.*

Specialists of the fruit and vegetable utilization laboratory of the Department of Agriculture have completed arrangements for a commercial test of the recently discovered method of concentrating apple cider by freezing and centrifugal methods. As a result a cider mill in the Hood River Valley, Oregon, will this fall undertake to manufacture and test on the retail market 1000 gallons of concentrated cider, which will represent 5000 gallons of ordinary apple cider with only the water removed. The new method it is believed makes possible the concentrating of cider in such a way that it will keep better than raw cider and also be so reduced in bulk that it can be shipped profitably long distances from the apple-growing regions. The old attempts to concentrate cider by boiling have been failures because heat destroys the delicate flavor of cider. Under the new method nothing is taken from the cider but the water, and the resultant product is a thick liquid which contains all the apple-juice products and which can be restored to excellent sweet cider by the simple addition of four parts of water. The shippers and consumers, therefore, avoid paying freight on the water in ordinary cider. In addition the product when properly harreled, because of its higher amount of sugar, keeps better than raw cider, which quickly turns to vinegar. The process as described by the department's specialists consists of freezing ordinary cider solid. The cider ice is then crushed and put into centrifugal machines such as are used in making cane sugar. When the cider ice is whirled rapidly the concentrated juice is thrown off and collected. The water remains in the machine as ice.

A new method by which silkworms may be cultured ten times a year instead of twice as at present is reported to have been perfected in Aichi Ken, Japan. The method is very simple. Egg cards are immersed in hydrochloric acid for five to ten hours just before they are hatched. In a fortnight or twelve days after the immersion the eggs are perfectly hatched, and worms that are stronger and more healthy than those hatched in any other way may be seen coming out of the shells. The silk produced by the worms thus hatched is better and longer than that produced in any other way. The inventor of the process claims that the silk produced by the worms bred in the newly invented way measures 1200 feet, whereas the thread produced by the worms hatched in the ordinary way measures only 700 feet at the longest. Any one may make use of the new process, which, although worthy of being fully protected, will not be patented, as the inventor's sole desire is to strengthen the country's position as a silk-producing country. The inventor is Mr. Kawahito, the director of the Aichi Ken Sericulture Experimental Station.

While cruising off the coast of British Columbia recently the whaling ship *White* landed a right whale, which is now very rare, especially in northern Pacific waters, and one particularly valuable for its bone. It was the first of its kind captured off this coast in several years, and was valued at \$20,000.

"ENEMIES WITHIN OUR GATES."

"Piccadilly" Writes of the Demands Now Being Made in England for the Extermination of Spies.

It is now some three or four years ago that England got herself much laughed at for what was called the German spy scare. Wherever she looked she saw, or thought she saw, the emissaries of the Berlin secret service. They were supposed to come, not in twos and threes, but in battalions. They permeated the social structure and they assumed multifarious disguises. They were laborers and clerks, commercial men, and tourists. The waiter, solicitous, suave, and servile, was actually a German spy whose hours of ease were devoted to the compilation of reports, although what there could be to report about no one seemed quite to know. The elderly and severely respectable Teuton tourist on the south coast who was observed to gaze long and meditatively out to sea was undoubtedly planning an invasion. If he should happen to take a snapshot of the landscape there could no longer be any question of his mission. German laborers with whiter hands than their calling justified stood practically self-confessed as spies, and at last it became generally recognized that any German owning a notebook, a pencil, a kodak, or white hands must be considered as a dark and secret emissary from across the North Sea. Two or three unquestionable spies were caught and punished, but the army of the suspects was left unmolested for lack of evidence, which only shows how diabolically clever they must have been.

But there can be little doubt that most of these people were actually spies. The German officers on their way through Belgium showed an almost uncanny knowledge of what may be called useful trivialities. They knew the exact position of every well and haystack along their route. They knew just where requisitions for food and fodder could be made with success. Those magical maps of theirs showed not only the roads and rivers and all the other things that honest maps are supposed to show, but they contained also every ditch and every tree, the resources of the farms, the gradients of the roads, and the nature of the buildings and the hedges. Those maps could have been made only by the "innocent wayfarer" with whom England had become familiar. They were miracles of patient observation, monuments of long and careful skill.

So perhaps it is only natural that England should be talking once more about the German spies, and wondering how many of that ill breed she may still be harboring. It is not the practice of civilized countries to expel the civilians of a hostile nation so long as they behave themselves, and in this respect England has been peculiarly tolerant. She requires them to register and certain restrictions have been imposed to travel. But do they actually register, or is it only the innocent among them that comply with the regulations? Many of these Germans and Austrians are naturalized, but we all know that naturalization is no proof of a change of heart or of patriotism. And how about the adult children of these naturalized foreigners? Even though they were born in England, can they be trusted? And if not, what is to be done? Now these are no academic questions, and the people are now asking themselves if they have not been too lenient. There is a certain bakeshop in the east of London kept by a German who complies with all the regulations, but there is no regulation against the display of a large picture of the German emperor in his window, and he actually does this. Hats off to him for a brave man, since the London mob is by no means a ladylike institution, but if a mere German baker may do such a thing as this may it not be reasonably supposed that there are many other Germans whose patriotism takes the form of practical service in the supply of vital information?

Certainly it seems that some one is doing this. Take, for example, the case of the destruction of the three cruisers in the North Sea. Now these cruisers were fully screened by a detachment of destroyers, but the destroyers had been compelled to make for port through heavy weather. It is believed that this fact was instantly communicated by wireless to the enemy, whose submarine squadron appeared at once. Who told the *Königsberg* that the *Pegasus* was repairing her boilers in Zanzibar? And how was it that the *Emden* was able to make her successful raid on Madras and to evade the attentions of the British ships that were in pursuit? These facts are supposed to indicate a spy system that is still working overtime and doing it most effectively.

So now we have a demand for stern measures, and of course some of these measures are much too stern. It is asked that all Germans and Austrians be ordered to leave the country, irrespective of age or sex, that they be packed indiscriminately on transports and headed for a German harbor. That, of course, can not and will not be done. But something will be done. The authorities boast that they have not shot a single spy, even when guilt has been established, and so they are now being told that it is high time to begin. Now shooting people in cold blood is not a proceeding that is congenial to the British temperament. It is an extreme measure, but then, it is argued, it is also an extreme measure, although in the other direction, to sentence a German to six months' imprisonment for the double offense of failing to register and being in secret

possession of a number of homing pigeons. Other Germans have been found to be in possession of complete wireless installations, but nothing worse has happened to them than short terms of imprisonment. There are said to be hundreds of spies on the east coast, and they communicate by means of the wireless, by pigeons, and by flashing lights. Arrests are made nearly every day, but with wholly inadequate results. So now we have such men as Mr. Arnold White, who are demanding that every hostile foreigner found in possession either of wireless apparatus or of pigeons shall be forthwith shot. Events, says Mr. White, are now of so strenuous a nature that no weakly sentimentality must be allowed to stand in the way of legitimate self-protection.

LONDON, October 6, 1914.

Pearl culture is claimed to have originated in Japan, where it is said Mr. Mikimoto had established it on an extensive scale before Chinese and Europeans began to experiment in this interesting field. The Mikimoto pearl-oyster farm is now probably the largest and most successful in the world. In early youth Mr. Mikimoto paid much attention to Japan's marine industry, and later became a dealer in pearls, which were then plentiful in the Bay of Ago, Shima Province; but the superior quality of the Ago gems caused a demand for them that soon exhausted the supply, which caused Mr. Mikimoto much concern, and he at once turned his attention to the scientific cultivation of pearls, and in a short time had established a propagation station in the bay. The initial effort was a failure, and for several years it seemed that the project would fall through, but its promoter would not consent to be defeated, and repaired to the island of Tatoku with his family, in order that he might personally superintend the work, and his untiring zeal was finally rewarded with success. In 1898 Mr. Mikimoto reaped his first harvest of culture pearls, a return sufficient to establish the industry upon an encouraging commercial basis. A patent for the new product had already been taken out. The uninhabited island of Tatokujima, which had been leased from the government for the purpose, became the seat of a village of pearl fishers which has kept pace with the enterprise, and now numbers as many as fifty families. The area of these cultivated pearl fisheries has so increased in size that it now extends over the surrounding bay for twenty-nine nautical miles, granted by the government in recognition of the importance of the enterprise. The waters of the Bay of Ago are placid and the coast line is irregular with many indentations providing a suitable and agreeable home for the pearl-oyster. The species of pearl-oyster cultivated is that natural to the bay and found in abundance in many other parts of Japan, and is much like the famous Ceylon pearl-oyster, from which are obtained the finest pearls in the world.

Hundreds of thousands of gallons of choice nut oil are being lost every year in British Honduras because no practical means has been found for its recovery. The nut, toward which attention is turning, is the cohune, and is rich in an excellent oil, used locally for cooking and lighting purposes. The cohune palm bears nuts in bunches or clusters of 800 to 1000. Three patents have recently been granted for machines to crush the shell without injuring the kernel, but none of them has proved entirely successful. If the extraction of the kernel without injury by crushing or breaking is ever accomplished, the average yield of a quart of oil from 100 nuts should make the industry profitable, and the countless millions of cohune nuts now going to waste will become revenue producing.

There has been a constant and interesting shifting, since the two recent Balkan wars, of the population of the various territories affected. Most of European Turkey having been partitioned among several different Balkan states and new boundaries made, the nationals of the various affected countries hastened—some of their own free will and others through forced circumstances—to shelter within the confines of the newly annexed territory. For instance, the Greeks are migrating from Asia Minor and Thrace into "New Greece," the Turks from what was formerly European Turkey to Constantinople and Asia Minor, and the Bulgars to "New Bulgaria" from contiguous Greek, Turkish, or Servian territories.

The fact that no Filipino of the common class regards himself equipped for living without at least one male chicken explains why the islands, although raising so many chickens, still import millions of dozens of eggs. As in all cock-fighting countries, the fighting bird in the Philippines is a personal pet which the owner carries about during practically every idle moment of the day, and on which he lavishes enough care to raise many laying hens. Duck eggs are rarely found in the market except as "balutes," that is, eggs on the point of hatching, hoiled, a form in which eggs are commonly eaten by the Filipinos. They are sold for lunches at all railway stations and at other points where crowds gather.

Pickled grapevine leaves are considered a great delicacy by the Syrians.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Y. Yamagata, who has come to California to study its harbors for the purpose of gaining information for his guidance in similar work in his country, is director of the harbor of Förmosa.

Dr. Mary M. Crawford, who has been chosen as one of the six American surgeons selected through a fund started by the Duchess of Talleyrand for hospital and field service in France, is a resident of Brooklyn. Dr. Crawford was born in Nyack, New York, in 1884. She was graduated from Cornell University in 1904 and from the medical school three years later.

Herbert Putnam, on whom Brown University has conferred the degree of Doctor of Literature, has been librarian of Congress since 1889. He was born in New York, graduated from Harvard, studied law at Columbia, and was admitted to the bar in 1886. He is a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and has published numerous articles in reviews and professional journals.

Arthur Powell Davis, member of the Red Cross commission which went to China to investigate flood conditions with a view to overcoming them, has returned to this country. He was the hydrographer in charge of the hydrographic examination of the Nicaragua and Panama Canal routes, 1898-1901, and has been chief engineer of the United States Reclamation Service since 1906. He is also the author of numerous scientific works.

Richard Rudolph, the heroic figure of the world's championship series between the baseball teams of Philadelphia and Boston, is a young member of the Boston club, which made a clean sweep of the series. He was born in New York, but had his first professional engagement in Toronto. Unlike most great pitchers of the present day, he is far from being an athlete of height and weight, being but eight inches above five feet, with a weight of 160 pounds.

Dr. Ernest Linwood Walker, who has come to San Francisco to commence his research work as associate professor in tropical medicine at the George Williams Hooper Foundation for Medical Research, is former chief of the medical laboratories in the Bureau of Science, Manila. He was also chief of the department of medical zoölogy in the University of the Philippines. Before his four years of service in the Philippines Dr. Walker was in charge of the state bacteriological laboratories of Massachusetts. He is a graduate of Harvard.

General Antonio Villareal, who is presiding over the Mexican peace conference at Aguas Calientes, and who has been mentioned as a compromise candidate to succeed President Carranza, is now governor of Nuevo Leon. He formerly lived in Los Angeles, California, where, it is said, he helped Mexican Socialists to foment a revolt against President Diaz before Madero took the field. He conducted a Mexican revolutionary newspaper in Los Angeles, but it failed, and he went to work as a street railway laborer. He is described as a radical with a practical turn of mind.

Cardinal Pietro Gasparri, who has been selected by the Pope to fill the position of secretary of state, made vacant by the death of Cardinal Ferrata, had been for years the Pope's companion in the department of the secretary of state when Cardinal Rampolla held that office. After the death of Pope Leo, Cardinal Gasparri was entrusted by Pius X with the colossal undertaking of codifying the canon law, on which he had been working for about ten years. Cardinal Gasparri was born just outside of Rome in 1852, and was proclaimed a cardinal in 1907. He enjoys a high reputation in the church.

General Baron Carl von Plettenberg, commander of the German Guards Corps, the flower of the Kaiser's troops, is also a general-adjutant to the Kaiser and very high in his favor, their friendship dating back to the days when they served together in the First Regiment of Foot Guards. He is also a former aide-de-camp to the emperor. Born in 1852, he saw service as a young subaltern of the Fifty-Third Regiment in the war with France, and won the Iron Cross at the battle of Gravelotte forty-four years ago. After holding command of the First Foot Guards he was at the head of the Twenty-Second Division in Cassel until promoted to the command of the Ninth Army Corps in Altona.

Sir Rennell Rodd, whose name appears in the White Papers as that of British ambassador at Rome, spent in 1908 some months in America. He greatly distinguished himself at Oxford, where he carried off several honors, including the Newdegate poem prize. Lord Rosebery became one of his warmest friends and induced him to join the diplomatic service. He inaugurated his career in that profession as a member of the embassy of the late Lord Amthill at Berlin and subsequently headed a memorable mission to the court of Abyssinia. He was also one of Lord Cromer's chief lieutenants in Egypt and was under fire during the insurrection in Zanzibar, which culminated in his driving out the usurper and the establishment of the late Sultan upon the throne. He is also well known as the author of at least half a dozen volumes of verse, of monographs on Sir Walter Raleigh and Emperor Frederick.

GERMANY AND THE NEXT WAR.

General von Bernhardt's Book, Written Two Years Ago, Outlines the Problems of the Present Struggle.

General Friedrich von Bernhardt explains in his preface that he was tempted to take up the pen as well as the sword by the Morocco dispute in 1911. German public opinion at that time was ready for war, but the government, knowing more of ways and means, was reluctant. Evidently a crisis had been reached, and it was in order to discuss the whole military situation that the author began to write the book that has had so profound a bearing on public opinion outside of Germany.

Probably General von Bernhardt's task expanded with its progress. He deals with war not only in practice, but in principle. He outlines the course of the coming conflict and he shows that national preparation must be wide based and that it must rely on religion and education as well as on armaments. As a study of the psychology of militarism it is a document of the first importance. It leaves on the mind the general impression that God created the heavens and the earth for the purposes of war. For example, we are told that nations must expand and that they can expand only by conquest:

Lastly, in all times the right of conquest by war has been admitted. It may be that a growing people can not win colonies from uncivilized races, and yet the state wishes to retain the surplus population which the mother-country can no longer feed. Then the only course left is to acquire the necessary territory by war. Thus the instinct of self-preservation leads inevitably to war, and the conquest of foreign soil. It is not the possessor, but the victor, who then has the right. The threatened people will see the point of Goethe's lines:

That which thou didst inherit from thy sires,
In order to possess it, must be won.

The procedure of Italy in Tripoli furnishes an example of such conditions, while Germany in the Morocco question could not rouse herself to a similar resolution.

In such cases might gives the right to occupy or to conquer. Might is at once the supreme right, and the dispute as to what is right is decided by the arbitrament of war. War gives a biologically just decision, since its decisions rest on the very nature of things.

War is not only a necessity, but a sublime necessity. It shows us the transitoriness of the things of this world and thus demonstrates what might otherwise be only a theory:

War, in opposition to peace, does more to arouse national life and to expand national power than any other means known to history. It certainly brings much material and mental distress in its train, but at the same time it evokes the noblest activities of the human nature. This is especially so under present-day conditions, when it can be regarded not merely as the affair of sovereigns and governments, but as the expression of the united will of a whole nation.

The author is no less courageous in his attempted reconciliation of war and Christianity. The law of love, it seems, applies only to one's own nature. It is no less a Christian duty to hate the foreigner:

Again, from the Christian standpoint we arrive at the same conclusion. Christian morality is based, indeed, on the law of love. "Love God above all things, and thy neighbor as thyself." This law can claim no significance for the relations of one country to another, since its application to politics would lead to a conflict of duties. The love which a man showed to another country as such would imply a want of love for his own countrymen. Such a system of politics must inevitably lead men astray. Christian morality is personal and social, and in its nature can not be political.

Christ himself said that he had come to bring a sword upon earth. The soldier, therefore, is doing no more than follow the loftiest of examples:

There never was a religion which was more combative than Christianity. Combat, moral combat, is its very essence. If we transfer the ideas of Christianity to the sphere of politics, we can claim to raise the power of the state—power in the widest sense, not merely from the material aspect—to the highest degree, with the object of the moral advancement of humanity, and under certain conditions the sacrifice may be made which a war demands. Thus, according to Christianity, we can not disapprove of war in itself, but must admit that it is justified morally and historically.

From this point of view it is evident that the peace advocate is not only un-Christian, but positively anti-Christian, and arbitration a patent device of the devil:

If we sum up our arguments we shall see that, from the most opposite aspects, the efforts directed towards the abolition of war must not only be termed foolish, but absolutely immoral, and must be stigmatized as unworthy of the human race. To what does the whole question amount? It is proposed to deprive men of the right and the possibility to sacrifice their highest material possessions, their physical life, for ideals, and thus to realize the highest moral unselfishness. It is proposed to obviate the great quarrels between nations and states by courts of arbitration—that is, by arrangements. A one-sided, restricted, formal law is to be established in the place of the decisions of history. The weak nation is to have the same right to live as the powerful and vigorous nation. The whole idea represents a presumptuous encroachment on the natural laws of development, which can only lead to the most disastrous consequences for humanity generally.

It is natural, although deplorable, that the peace propaganda should be favored by well-meaning persons more prone to sentiment than to sense. None the less such persons must be discouraged:

Every means must therefore be employed to oppose these visionary schemes. They must be publicly denounced as what they really are—as an unhealthy and feeble Utopia, or a cloak for political machinations. Our people must learn to see that the maintenance of peace never can or may be the goal of a policy.

Germany, says the general, must either dominate

the world or be destroyed. It is impossible to stand still. There must be movement forward or backward:

We have fought in the last great wars for our national union and our position among the powers of Europe; we now must decide whether we wish to develop into and maintain a World Empire, and procure for German spirit and German ideas that fit recognition which has been hitherto withheld from them.

Have we the energy to aspire to that great goal? Are we prepared to make the sacrifices which such an effort will doubtless cost us? or are we willing to recoil before the hostile forces, and sink step by step lower in our economic, political, and national importance? That is what is involved in our decision.

If Germany is to move forward it must be over the body of France. The destruction of France is the first and foremost condition of progress:

In the first place our political position would be considerably consolidated if we could finally get rid of the standing danger that France will attack us on a favorable occasion, so soon as we find ourselves involved in complications elsewhere. In one way or another we must square our account with France if we wish for a free hand in our international policy. This is the first and foremost condition of a sound German policy, and since the hostility of France once for all can not be removed by peaceful overtures, the matter must be settled by force of arms. France must be so completely crushed that she can never again come across our path.

The question of the neutrality of Belgium is faced by General von Bernhardt with the courage that distinguishes all his utterances:

A further question, suggested by the present political position, is whether all the political treaties which were concluded at the beginning of the last century under quite other conditions—in fact, under a different conception of what constitutes a state—can, or ought to be, permanently observed. When Belgium was proclaimed neutral, no one contemplated that she would lay claim to a large and valuable region of Africa. It may well be asked whether the acquisition of such territory is not *ipso facto* a breach of neutrality, for a state from which—theoretically at least—all danger of war has been removed, has no right to enter into political competition with the other states.

The author was quite satisfied that the dissolution of the Triple Alliance would give France her desired opportunity, since France would certainly not strike without efficient allies:

It is certain that France will not only try to develop her own military power with the utmost energy, but that she will defend herself desperately if attacked by Germany; on the other hand, she will probably not act on the offensive against Germany unless she has increased her own efficiency to the utmost limit, and believes that she has secured the military supremacy by the help of active allies. The stakes are too high to play under unfavorable conditions. But if France thinks she has all the trumps in her hands, she will not shrink from an offensive war, and will stake everything in order to strike us a mortal blow. We must expect the most bitter hostility from this antagonist. Should the Triple Alliance break up, as seems probable now—this hour will soon have struck.

The possible interference of England is discounted by the comfortable assurance of troubles in India, Egypt, and the colonies. None the less the British navy is certain to be energetic:

We must therefore make up our minds that the attack by sea will be made with the greatest and most persistent vigor, with the firm resolve to destroy completely our fleet and our great commercial centres. It is also not only possible, but probable, that England will throw troops on the Continent, in order to secure the cooperation of her allies, who might demand this guarantee of the sincerity of English policy, and also to support the naval attack on the coast. On the other hand, the land war will display the same kind of desperate energy only so far as it pursues the object of conquering and destroying our naval bases. The English would be the less disposed to do more than this because the German auxiliaries, who have so often fought England's battles, would not be forthcoming. The greatest exertions of the nation will be limited to the naval war. The land war will be waged with a definitely restricted object, on which its character will depend. It is very questionable whether the English army is capable of effectively acting on the offensive against Continental European troops.

The author assumes that Germany's enemies would have no respect for treaties of neutrality. Neutrality, he says, is only a paper bulwark, in other words a "scrap of paper":

In the first place, the geographical configuration and position of our country are very unfavorable. Our open eastern frontier offers no opportunity for continued defense, and Berlin, the centre of the government and administration, lies in dangerous proximity to it. Our western frontier, in itself strong, can be easily turned on the north through Belgium and Holland. No natural obstacle, no strong fortress, is there to oppose a hostile invasion, and neutrality is only a paper bulwark. So in the south, the barrier of the Rhine can easily be turned through Switzerland. There, of course, the character of the country offers considerable difficulties, and if the Swiss defend themselves resolutely, it might not be easy to break down their resistance. Their army is no despicable factor of strength, and if they were attacked in their mountains they would fight as they did at Sempach and Murten.

The author foresees a combination of France, Russia, and England, while Austria and Italy can not be relied on to support a policy "directed toward an increase of power":

If we look at our general political position, we can not conceal the fact that we stand isolated, and can not expect support from any one in carrying out our positive political plans. England, France, and Russia have a common interest in breaking down our power. This interest will sooner or later be asserted by arms. It is not therefore the interest of any nation to increase Germany's power. If we wish to attain an extension of our power, as is natural in our position, we must win it by the sword against vastly superior foes. Our alliances are defensive, not merely in form, but essentially so. I have already shown that this is a cause of their weakness. Neither Austria nor Italy are in any way bound to support by armed force a German policy directed towards an increase of power. We are not even sure of

their diplomatic help, as the conduct of Italy at the conference of Algieras sufficiently demonstrated. It even seems questionable at the present moment whether we can always reckon on the support of the members of the Triple Alliance in a defensive war.

The war when it comes, says the author, will be one of desperation, since the rivals will be fighting against annihilation:

If, notwithstanding, circumstances make the war inevitable, then the intention of our enemies to crush us to the ground, and our own resolve to maintain our position victoriously, will make it a war of desperation. A war fought and lost under such circumstances would destroy our laboriously gained political importance, would jeopardize the whole future of our nation, would throw us back for centuries, would shake the influence of German thought in the civilized world, and thus check the general progress of mankind in its healthy development, for which a flourishing Germany is the essential condition. Our next war will be fought for the highest interests of our country and of mankind. This will invest it with importance in the world's history. "World power or downfall!" will be our rallying cry.

So far as the attack upon trade is concerned, the balance of advantage must rest with England because of the strength of her navy:

The war against the English commerce must none the less be boldly and energetically prosecuted, and should start unexpectedly. The prizes which fall into our hands must be remorselessly destroyed, since it will usually be impossible, owing to the great English superiority and the few bases we have abroad, to bring them back in safety without exposing our vessels to great risks. The sharpest measures must be taken against neutral ships laden with contraband. Nevertheless, no very valuable results can be expected from a war against England's trade. On the contrary, England, with the numerous cruisers and auxiliary cruisers at her disposal, would be able to cripple our overseas commerce. We must be ready for a sudden attack, even in peace-time. It is not England's custom to let ideal considerations fetter her action if her interests are at stake.

Germany, says the author, must direct the whole of her efforts toward the advance of her position, and this advance can be secured by war and nothing else:

Since the crucial point is to safeguard our much-threatened position on the continent of Europe, we must first of all face the serious problem of the land war—by what means we can hope to overcome the great numerical superiority of our enemies. Such superiority will certainly exist if Italy ceases to be an active member of the Triple Alliance, whether nominally belonging to it, or politically going over to Irredentism. The preparations for the naval war are of secondary importance.

The first essential requirement, in case of a war by land, is to make the total fighting strength of the nation available for war, to educate the entire youth of the country in the use of arms, and to make universal service an existing fact.

The arbitration agitation arouses the author's wrath to such an extent that he reverts to it many times:

The government will never be able to count upon a well-armed and self-sacrificing people in the hour of danger or necessity, if it calmly looks on while the warlike spirit is being systematically undermined by the press and a feeble peace policy preached, still less if it allows its own organs to join in with the same note, and continually to emphasize the maintenance of peace as the object of all policy. It must rather do everything to foster a military spirit, and to make the nation comprehend the duties and aims of an imperial policy.

The coming war must be so arranged, says the author, that Germany can meet her enemies singly. It would be to her advantage so to arrange that the attack shall seem to be brought by France:

The disadvantages of such a situation can only be avoided by a policy which makes it feasible to act on the offensive, and, if possible, to overthrow the one antagonist before the other can actively interfere. On this initiative our safety now depends, just as it did in the days of Frederick the Great. We must look this truth boldly in the face. Of course, it can be urged that an attack is just what would produce an unfavorable position for us, since it creates the conditions on which the Franco-Russian alliance would be brought into activity. If we attacked France or Russia, the ally would be compelled to bring help, and we should be in a far worse position than if we had only one enemy to fight. Let it then be the task of our diplomacy so to shuffle the cards that we may be attacked by France, for then there would be reasonable prospect that Russia for a time would remain neutral.

This view undoubtedly deserves attention, but we must not hope to bring about this attack by waiting passively. Neither France nor Russia nor England need to attack in order to further their interest. So long as we shrink from attack they can force us to submit to their will by diplomacy, as the upshot of the Morocco negotiations shows.

If we wish to bring about an attack by our opponents, we must initiate an active policy which, without attacking France, will so prejudice her interests or those of England that both these states would feel themselves compelled to attack us. Opportunities for such procedure are offered both in Africa and in Europe, and any one who has attentively studied prominent political utterances can easily satisfy himself on this point.

Whether General von Bernhardt has rendered a service to his own country by this remarkable book is not for the critic to say. But at least he has produced a work that is candid and prescient, direct and unevasive.

GERMANY AND THE NEXT WAR. By General Friedrich von Bernhardt. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; 75 cents net.

The United States mines nearly forty per cent of the world's output of coal and produced sixty-five per cent of the petroleum in 1913. Of the more essential metals, forty per cent of the world's output of iron ore is raised from American mines, and the smelters of the United States furnish the world with fifty-five per cent of its copper and at least thirty per cent of its lead and zinc.

Cloves constitute the chief economic asset of Zanzibar.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Gambier's Advocate.

Ronald MacDonald's latest novel, although rather melodramatic in plot, gives a generally refined and agreeable effect on account of the kind of people who figure in it. We rather suspect the author, indeed, of being a little too much gone on these people created by his imagination, in consequence of which little weakness the writer is unable to maintain the artistically detached attitude of the god in the machine. But the book makes pleasant reading, more particularly as the rather exciting series of events involved in the unwinding of the plot are told in interesting and realistic style, and are made to appear, and indeed are, perfectly plausible.

Some suggestions of London life are blended with pleasant pictures of luxurious summering in an Englishman's French country seat in Rognes Brune, but the most interesting feature of the book is the author's effort to portray a pure-minded liaison between an equally high-minded man and woman. But, indeed, the majority of the characters are high-minded, and even what would pass in melodrama for the villain of the play is an English officer of distinguished services who has gone mad from an excess of religious emotion.

Mr. MacDonald's style is polished simplicity, and this, in union with agreeable and interesting characterization and an abundance and ingenuity of plot, makes "Gambier's Advocate" a decidedly readable novel.

GAMBIER'S ADVOCATE. By Ronald MacDonald. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.30 net.

Greek and Roman Sculpture.

The preface to the first edition of this sumptuous work describes it as a "convenient small edition of the 'Monuments of Greek and Roman Sculpture,' just published in folio form." The text, we are told, is divided into ten groups arranged from an historical point of view and in regard to subject. Each of these groups is preceded by a new collective sketch which aims at a comprehensive view of the various examples from a broad and generalized standpoint. But at the same time the work preserves its character as a collection of monuments, and not as a complete history of the subject, although all the principal periods are presented so as to constitute a survey of the whole development of Greek and Roman sculpture. The preface to the third and present edition explains that the aim of the book in its enlarged form remains the same as before, to give a general understanding of the antique in its historic development and aesthetic importance. The original text of Furtwängler has been carefully and reverently revised.

The whole art world is therefore familiar with a work that may almost be regarded as marking an epoch in interpretation. It need only now be said that the present edition is worthy of its subject, printed in large type upon fine paper, and with its sixty plates and seventy-three smaller illustrations faultlessly displayed. Its ten divisions are entitled "Ancient Art," "Statues of Gods in the Fifth Century," "Other Sculptures of the Fifth Century," "Fourth Century Sculpture," "Greek Statues of Athletes," "Tombs," "Groups," "Hellenistic Art," "Historical Art of the Romans," and "Greek and Roman Portraits."

GREEK AND ROMAN SCULPTURE. By A. Furtwängler and H. L. Ulrichs. Translated by Horace Taylor. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50 net.

Madeleine at Her Mirror.

Marcelle Tinayre describes her story as a woman's diary and this is precisely what it is, but those who expect to find something "typically" French will be disappointed. The story is told in the first person by a widow with two children, who informs us that she never loved her husband, but was his devoted friend. Of her two children she says: "You should hear Annette and Jean refusing to cede the Congo to Germany; you should listen to their defiant words, which are far from being diplomatically prudent and are uttered with an air which the young folk of this neighborhood have borrowed from Gavroche." Madeleine shows us her exquisite life with her children, her little visits to the country, the hundred and one incidents that make up the Parisian home of the best kind. And then we are told of the temptation, for without this "how could I call myself virtuous, and how could I make excuses for my weaker sisters?" It is all told with an exquisite gentleness and therefore to be recommended to those who are sick of hateful problems and all the deliriums of a modern life that calls itself progressive without a realization that it is merely vicious.

MADELINE AT HER MIRROR. By Marcelle Tinayre. Translated by Winifred Stephens. New York: John Lane Company.

The Runaway.

This is a story for big boys, and one of the best of its kind. It revolves around the mysterious loss of a sum of money, and therefore it has something of the detective ele-

ment. But all sorts of adventures are included, adventures in automobiles and canoes and forest fires. Mr. Allen French is already well known as an author, and here he is at his best.

THE RUNAWAY. By Allen French. New York: The Century Company; \$1.25 net.

Witchcraft.

This fine volume, entitled "Narratives of the Witchcraft Cases, 1648-1706," edited by George Lincoln Burr, LL. D., Litt. D., appears in the Original Narratives of Early American History, under the general editorship of J. Franklin Jameson, Ph. D., LL. D., now in course of issue by Charles Scribner's Sons. It consists, as its name implies, of the original documents in a large number of witchcraft cases, and includes the writings of Increase Mather, Cotton Mather, Deodat Lawson's "Brief and True Narrative," the letter of Thomas Brattle, and the letters of Governor Phipps' portions of Robert Calef's "More Wonders of the Invisible World" and John Hale's "A Modest Inquiry into the Nature of Witchcraft." In addition to these we have a report of the actual proceedings in various witchcraft prosecutions, the whole constituting a narrative that is complete, of extraordinary interest, and of marked historical value.

The editor in his preface points out two facts that may usefully be remembered. The persecution of witchcraft, he tells us, is peculiar to Christian thought and to modern centuries. It was an iniquity in which only Christians specialized. And the American persecutions belonged to a movement almost as wide as Christendom, a movement that marked its path everywhere with desolation, torture, and murder. It was a work into which Christian theology threw itself with an extraordinary and enthusiastic zest.

But the inquiry has an importance other than historical. It can not fail to attract the pathologist and the psychologist. For what was witchcraft and how shall we account for phenomena so well attested as to be undeniable. To cover them by the general term of hysteria is unsatisfactory without some inclusive definition of hysteria itself, which we are still far from attaining. Were these phenomena in any way akin to modern mediumship or to the more obscure marvels of what is now known as the subconscious self, a term that is still little more than a term, and with no very precise meaning behind it. But such questions must be left to those competent to determine them, if indeed there are such. Suffice it to say that we have here a volume that will repay attention, and from many different points of view.

NARRATIVES OF THE WITCHCRAFT CASES, 1648-1706. Edited by George Lincoln Burr, LL. D., Litt. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3 net.

Christianity.

This volume consists of three lectures delivered by Dr. Benjamin Wisner Bacon before the University of California. Dr. Bacon asks whether the Christianity of the future is to be of the so-called "liberal" type in which social ethics predominates, or a Christianity which promises a new and mystical relation of the individual with God, whether the means offered be regarded as symbol or fact. Dr. Bacon's argument is, of course, based on ripe scholarship and expressed with force and suavity, although it will hardly stem the present tendency to deny to Christianity any historical validity while exalting the mystical and transcendental elements that it represents. A religious system that is anchored to a past event can hardly expect that its strength shall increase with an ever-lengthening cable.

CHRISTIANITY: OLD AND NEW. By Benjamin Wisner Bacon, D. D., LL. D. New Haven, Connecticut: Yale University Press; \$1 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

In putting the thrilling history of Kansas into the form of novels Mrs. Margaret Hill McCarter is doing for her state a service no other novelist has done so thoroughly for any other state in the Union. Her latest book, "Winning the Wilderness," which A. C. McClurg & Co. have just published, portrays not only the winning of virgin prairie lands to cultivation by Asher Aydelot and his wife, just after the man had laid down the arms he had borne in the Civil War, but it carries the story to those later days when their child, a native son of Kansas, carried the prairie ideals of endurance, bravery, and honor into the Spanish war and the Boxer rebellion.

English interest in war literature other than the daily dispatches is evidenced in the order recently placed by an English publisher with the Houghton Mifflin Company for large editions of "Human Bullets," Tadayoshi Sakurai's story of Port Arthur; and "Peter Moore's Journey to Southwest Africa," a narrative of the German campaign, by Gustav Frenssen.

Cyrus Townsend Brady has doubtless spent more time than any other man in trying to get at the truth of the Custer massacre, and

is perhaps qualified beyond all others to tell, as he does in "Britton of the Seventh," the tale of Custer's last fight. The book will be published immediately by A. C. McClurg & Co.

The Houghton Mifflin Company has just published the following books: "The Clarion," a novel by Samuel Hopkins Adams; "The Print-Collectors' Booklets," six small volumes with illustrations and critical analyses of the work of Millet, Corot, Daubigny, Jacque, Lalanne, and "the men of 1830"; "The Joyful Heart," essays by Robert Haven Schaffer, author of "The Musical Amateur"; lives of Balzac and of Gustave Flaubert, by the French critic, Emile Faguet; and a new edition at popular price of William Roscoe Thayer's "The Life and Times of Cavour."

The Century Company has issued "The Reminiscences of Tolstoy," written by his son, Count Ilya Tolstoy. The biography deals—and most intimately—with the man Tolstoy rather than with the author.

Paul Elder & Co. will publish about the 1st of December a most unusual guide to the elegant art of dining, entitled "Bohemian San Francisco, Its Restaurants, and Their Most Famous Recipes," by Dr. Clarence E. Edwards. The author has spent many years in gathering the information, and those who are interested in San Francisco's restaurant life in this book will learn where to get the best there is, served in the best way. The narrative unfolds a graphic picture of the gustatory delights of this romantic cosmopolitan city from the earliest days of its history.

Archibald Henderson's "The Changing Drama" is announced for publication today, October 24, by Henry Holt & Co. The book, which is said to be a pioneer of its kind in English, is a brief survey, not of any particular school or group of dramatists, but of the whole current of the drama in the last half-century; and the author attempts to point out and explain the significant changes and movements in that broad stream.

Edna Ferber has a gift for odd and interesting titles—"Buttered Side Down" and "Roast Beef, Medium," for instance—both cryptic till you have read the stories, when they appear inevitable, each an epitome of the book. The title of "Personality Plus," her last novel, just published, will puzzle some people till it dawns on them that "personality plus" is at the bottom of all the troubles and successes of Jock McChesney. "You're too darned charming," says his chief. "We say of a man like that that he is personality plus. Personality is like electricity, McChesney. It's got to be tamed to be useful." The Frederick A. Stokes Company is the publisher.

Parker Fillmore, author of "The Rosie World," just issued by Henry Holt & Co., was in the banking business before he entered, for better or worse, the contrasting business of authorship.

"The Pan-Angles: A Consideration of the Federation of the Seven English-Speaking Nations," by Sinclair Kennedy, is a book announced for early publication by Longmans, Green & Co. In it the author indicates some of the common heritages of the English-speaking peoples, and advocates the ideals of Benjamin Franklin and Cecil Rhodes, who both, without losing sight of their own local nationalisms, had visions of a united English-speaking race.

"Innocent," Marie Corelli's much-heralded new novel, in which she returns to her romantic vein, was at first announced as put off indefinitely, because the English publishers could not bring it out this year, but it will now be brought out both in this country and in England. At first the American publisher,

The White House

Two Stirring Books

Germany and the Next War

By General Friedrich von Bernhardi
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Germany and England

By Prof. Cramb, of England

\$1 net

Of "Germany and England," Field Marshal Earl Roberts writes: "I hope that every one who wishes to understand the present crisis will read this book."

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the George H. Doran Company, expected not to be able to bring out "Innocent," and also the most important of their art books, "The Admirable Crichton," Barrie's play, the plates of the illustrations for which were being specially made in England. But the plates have now been received, and "The Admirable Crichton" returns to their fall list.

"Whitaker's Dukedom," the first novel in the Bobbs-Merrill Popular Fiction Series, is the work of Edgar Jepson, the well-known author of "Pollyooly," "The Terrible Twins," and "The Intervening Lady," books all of which experienced considerable vogues at the time of their publication. The Bobbs-Merrill Company announces that it has inaugurated an entirely new publishing programme which enables it to produce new, full-length novels by prominent writers in cloth binding to sell at 50 cents. Claim is made that they will be in every way equal to the higher-priced novels.

Two new novels just published by the John Lane Company are "But She Meant Well" and "The Valley of a Thousand Hills." The first is by William Caine, author of "The Irresistible Intruder." Hannah, who "means well," causes fires and fights, is lost, poisoned, and turns a two weeks' visit into a six weeks' siege by whooping cough in her anxiety to be a "little help." However, she promotes a happy marriage. "The Valley of a Thousand Hills" is by F. E. Mills Young, who is known for her stories of South Africa, "The Purple Mists" and "Myles Calthorpe." A young man arrives from England to manage an estate in Africa, and replaces also Alieta's lover.

War is the best argument for peace. Pictorially it is convincingly set forth in the handsome folio just put out by the Life Publishing Company under the title, "War as Viewed by Life." There are thirty-two pages in colors and black and white. Among the artists whose work is displayed are Messrs. A. D. Blashfield, Balfour Ker, A. Young, Watson Barratt, Angus Macdonald, W. H. Walker, Broughton, Conacher, Orson Lowell, Harry Grant Dart, C. R. Macauley, the late F. G. Atwood, and others. There is also a small amount of letterpress of high literary quality.

PERCH OF THE DEVIL

By GERTRUDE ATHERTON

"In the character of Ida Compton, with her strength of purpose and her vivid philosophy, which is as striking in its directness and truth as in its humor, she has created a heroine of uncommon appeal." —KANSAS CITY STAR

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Love Insurance.

Those who read "Seven Keys to Baldpate" will need no special incitement to read this new story by the same author. Certainly Mr. Biggers has an enviable capacity for the conception of new ideas. Here he tells us of a European aristocrat intent upon an American fortune and who has the sagacity to underwrite his success with Lloyd's, who, as we all know, will accept any risk from twins to bombardment. If the marriage fails to eventuate before a certain date through no fault of the swain the policy will become payable. But as Lloyd's must protect their interests in the matter they dispatch one of their clerks to keep an eye upon the proceedings and to see fair play. And then things happen. They are bound to happen when a duet becomes a trio. Mr. Biggers has written a very successful farce. He has "come back."

LOVE INSURANCE. By Earl Derr Biggers. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

Essays.

Mr. Joseph S. Auerbach is already known as an occasional contributor to the *North American Review*, and he now gives us two volumes of essays in which these contributions are included, as well as various other writings that have not before seen the light. The two volumes contain fourteen of these essays, two of them devoted to biblical topics, two or three to politics, and the remainder to literary and general subjects. Perhaps the most impressive is "The Bible and Modern Life," and this, not because the author has any new idea to express, for he has not, but because of a certain enthusiastic and contagious appreciation of the literary values of the Old Testament. Indeed nowhere do we find any particular novelty or originality of thought, but on the other hand we have the compensation of a fine lucidity of expression and of a very obvious sincerity. Mr. Auerbach never says anything that makes us angry. He rarely says anything at all with which the average man will disagree, but whether this is a defect or a virtue the reader must judge for himself.

ESSAYS AND MISCELLANIES. By Joseph S. Auerbach. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$3 net.

Briefer Reviews.

"The Bailey Twins," by Anna C. Chamberlain (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1 net), is a story about little girls and for little girls. It should not be overlooked at a time when the gift season is drawing near.

A. C. McClurg & Co. have published "Dame Curtsey's" Book of Games for Children," edited by Ellye Howell Glover (50 cents net). The book should be invaluable to those responsible for children's parties. It contains nearly one hundred and sixty games, for indoors and outdoors and all occasions, and suitable for children of all ages.

Too much praise can hardly be given to the fine little series of Fellowship Books now in course of issue by E. P. Dutton & Co. The writers include such names as Clifford Bax, Gilbert Cannan, Grace Rhys, A. T. Quiller-Couch, Alice Meynell, and Evelyn Underhill. Among later additions is "Solitude," by Norman Gale, a little book well worth reading and keeping. The Fellowship Books are described as "a new contribution by various writers toward the expression of the human

ideal and artistic faith of our own day." The price is 75 cents net each.

"The Young Sharpshooter at Antietam," by Everett T. Tomlinson (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35 net), deals with Lee's invasion of Maryland in 1862, continuing the previous narration of the exciting adventures of Noel, the young sharpshooter. The taking of Harper's Ferry by Stonewall Jackson and the battles of South Mountain and Antietam are prominent episodes, and the story ends with the Confederate retreat across the Potomac.

New Books Received.

THE COLLEGE COURSE AND THE PREPARATION FOR LIFE. By Albert Parker Fitch. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

Eight talks on familiar undergraduate problems.

STORIES FROM NORTHERN MYTHS. By Emilie Kip Baker. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

A rendering of some of the Scandinavian sagas.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH. By Frederic S. Isham. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; 50 cents net.

A novel.

AMERICA AND OTHER POEMS. By W. J. Dawson. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

OPEN WATER. By Arthur Stringer. New York: John Lane Company; \$1 net.

A volume of verse.

THE BLIND SPOT. By Justus Miles Forman. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

CHRISTOPHER QUARLES. By Percy James Brebner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Detective stories.

HARPER'S EVERY-DAY ELECTRICITY. By Don Cameron Shafer. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

Describes how to make and use electrical apparatus and tells in simple words the history of electricity.

THE ANTI-TRUST ACT AND THE SUPREME COURT. By the Honorable William H. Taft. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.

A discussion in all its bearings of the Sherman law, the proposed amendments to it, the effect of its decisions upon business in the past, and its probable influence in the future.

SUCCESSFUL SELLING. By E. Leichter. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; 50 cents net.

A practical treatise which covers the various essentials of selling efficiency.

ACHIEVEMENT. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION. By C. J. Keyser. New Haven, Connecticut: Yale University Press.

An address delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Association.

THE RED MIST. By Randall Parrish. Chicago. A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel of the Civil War.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By H. Packwood Adams. M. A. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1 net.

A history showing the revolution as part of a development that still continues.

JANICE DAY. By Helen Beecher Long. New York: Sully & Kleinteich; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

A BEACON FOR THE BLIND. By Winifred Holt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.50 net.

The life-story of Henry Fawcett, the blind postmaster-general of England.

FLAUBERT. By Emile Faguet. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2 net.

A biography and an appreciation.

POEMS. By Edward Sandford Martin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

A volume of verse.

"WAYSIDE." By Edward Allen. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

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THE GREAT GREY KING. By Samuel Valentine Colc. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

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BALZAC. By Emile Faguet. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2 net.

A biography and an appreciation.

HIS ROYAL HAPPINESS. By Mrs. Everard Cotes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE FLAMING SWORD. By George Gibbs. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30 net.

A novel.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF HUMANISM. By Geoffrey Scott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2 net.

A study in the history of taste.

GIDEON'S BAND. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

COLLEGE PHYSIOGRAPHY. By Ralph Stockman Tarr. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Published under the editorial direction of Lawrence Martin, associate professor of physiography and geography in the University of Wisconsin.

HUMAN HARMONIES AND THE ART OF MAKING THEM. By S. F. Shorey. New York: Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc.; 50 cents net.

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CRIME AND PUNISHMENT. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

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THE COMMODORE. By Maud Howard Peterson. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.25 net.

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A novel.

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Suggestions for the westbound traveler.

THE GYPSY TRAIL. Compiled by Mary D. Hopkins. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.25 net.

An anthology for campers.

THE LITTLE KING. By Witter Bynner. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; 60 cents net.

A drama.

GERMANY AND ENGLAND. By J. A. Cramb. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

A reply to Bernhardt. Lord Roberts says of this book "nowhere else are the forces which led to the war so clearly set forth."

WINTERING HAY. By John Trevena. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

SEEDS OF PINE. By Janey Canuck. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

ALTOGETHER JANE. By herself. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.35 net.


A sort of autobiographical novel.

THE SECRETS OF A GREAT CATHEDRAL. By the Very Rev. H. D. M. Spence-Jones, M. A., D. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

A sequel to the Dean's "Handbook to Gloucester Cathedral," although it has no special reference to, no real connection with, the former work.

VITAL ELEMENTS OF PREACHING. By Arthur S. Hoyt. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

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"DISRAELI."

Louis N. Parker's play, "Disraeli," has been for five years before the public, and yet so timely is it during the present feverish interest felt, by Americans at least, in international diplomacy that, during certain utterances by Disraeli in the play concerning empire and war, one may note that absolute hush in the audience that betrays an interest greatly intensified by the European conflict. Mr. Parker has written a very good play; so effective, so graphic, so full of diplomatic intrigue, of graphic depictions of that luxurious institution the British aristocracy, and, above all, so strikingly pervaded with the magnetism and power of an unusual and dominating character and personality that it is easy to minimize its faults and impossible not to admire warmly its virtues. In spite of Mr. Parker's sacrifice of the probabilities when he changed a solemn, prejudiced, self-satisfied prig in the first act to an eager and open-minded disciple of the English premier in the second; when he made this reader of men's and women's hearts reveal the deepest secrets of international diplomacy to a romantic girl just out of her teens; and when he entrusted the delicate and difficult matter of the Suez Canal negotiations to a particularly guileless, inexperienced, and unsuited tyro in the arts of diplomacy; in spite of all this it is the better and more imposing phases of the play that stick in the mind, leaving a vivid impression there of the early building of the English empire.

Mr. Arliss and Mr. Parker have been mutually fortunate in being able to blend their two conceptions of the great Jewish statesman into one strikingly lifelike portrait. Without the art, the subtlety, and the magnetism of George Arliss the portrait might easily lack this vivid quality of lifelikeness. Mr. Arliss has modeled his appearance on Disraeli's physical peculiarities, giving him the long, shrewd face, irregular features, and crisp, curling hair made familiar to us in Disraeli portraits. He has made Disraeli a semi-Anglicized Oriental, a highly civilized product such as contact with the innermost of the loftiest circles of the British aristocracy can produce when it has for a foundation such a soul and brain as possessed Disraeli, the gifted descendant of a brilliant and intellectual sire. For never do we forget for one moment that Disraeli is not one of them. He knows them well—their honesty, their British obtuseness, their obstinate conservatism—all typified in the character of Sir Machael Probert, Baronet, president of the Bank of England, who stands like an unimaginative rock to oppose the advent of this wild project of the Suez Canal. Disraeli gives egress to the waters of his dream by dislodging the rock from its firm base, and we see the strange spectacle of a powerful and conservative Englishman stripped of his policy by the craft and diplomacy of a man whose imagination had soared far and high enough to bring back the crown of an empress for England's queen.

The striking point in Mr. Arliss's portraiture, aside from its suggestion of the ability to mould and magnetize men through the exercise of natural and acquired abilities, is this differentiation. One sees in these people around Disraeli the type, theatricalized, and as a consequence over-emphasized, of the strong-willed, able, unimaginative Briton who, ignoring all side issues and possibilities, sees straight ahead and goes like a dart to his object, as Lord Salisbury did when he made the mistake of giving up Heligoland to the German empire in exchange for Zanzibar. George Arliss's Disraeli has an extremely courteous manner and a soft, gentle, penetrating voice that is never raised except in his grand, diplomatic bluff that won him victory. This Disraeli of the stage suggests the real Disraeli because his eye seems never to fall upon a person present without seeming instinctively to divine, or to seek to divine, the workings of the mind and soul beneath. Mr. Arliss's presentation shows us the value of the pause, which it takes the limited actor so long to discover; and these pauses are made to thrill and throb with the suspense of the onlooker because of the power for siler, suggestion and emphasis that this actor so markedly possesses.

Mr. Parker has written excellent dialogue for Disraeli, which exhibits the shrewd wit

and mellow cynicism of that reader of men's hearts. Thus every curtain but the last falls as Disraeli utters one of these gently caustic sayings that win those appreciative smiles in whose inception the mind shares. There are also very pleasant pictures of his domestic side, his love of flowers, his kindness to his dependents, and his deep and tender affection for his wife.

The play is, naturally, of very English flavor, and shows the British aristocracy in its most typical phases: receiving callers, entertaining house parties, and being waited on by silently deferential minions, while great ladies simultaneously emroider and chatter, dispensing awful, soul-freezing snubs to such luckless beings as are not of the Blood.

The ostensible motive of the play is a love episode, benevolently presided over by Disraeli, but the real one is the secret espionage inherent in the diplomatic service. A charming and pretty woman, in the pay of Russia, seeks by eavesdropping and the theft of papers of state to wrast from Disraeli his diplomatic secrets. If it were not for the flood of novels and magazine stories, added to the revelations made since the war as to the prevalence of espionage, audiences might not realize the truth that underlies this side of the picture. Whether Mr. Parker has adhered to the probabilities we innocents on the outside of diplomatic secrets may not know, but it seems to me that, allowing for the necessary artifices of the theatre, he has given a moderate, yet highly interesting, view of this pest to diplomacy which throws so many obstacles before the careful progress of statesmanship.

The final act shows a brilliant picture of an assembly of those proud and exclusive circles favored by royalty, gathered in the royal drawing-room to celebrate his sovereign's gracious acceptance of Disraeli's triumphant gift to the crown. Both a sentimental and emotional interest is attached to the scene because of Disraeli's acute anxiety over his wife's state of health, involving a possibility which the author has very happily met. And the last view we have is of the assemblage of peers and peeresses, brave in court costume and glittering with gems and orders, passing in a stately cortège, headed by Lord and Lady Beaconsfield, to bend the knee to the royal presence in the adjoining drawing-room. It is a sight to thrill one with a sort of mingling of romantic and historical sentiment. For, putting aside all thought of politics and the rising claims of democracy, these picturesque survivals of a possibly dying epoch are lessening sufficiently to claim the fascinated interest that we bestow on the imposing splendors of the past. European dynasties, they tell us, may even now be crumbling, and the descendants of these diademed dames may feel the rocking of the once firm earth beneath their feet. History is in the making, and not one of us who witnessed that stately cortège representing England's peers and peeresses but felt it the more acutely for the sight.

Mr. Arliss is surrounded by a company which, whether the real English or the imitation, is markedly British in its general effect.

Miss Margaret Dale, whom we have seen many times in the past, has the rôle in "Disraeli" of Mrs. Travers, the spy, and does it so expertly, and with such fine shades of society satire blended into the discourse of that nimble-tongued lady that we quickly make the discovery that all the disadvantages that we used to feel unfitted Miss Dale for the portrayal of the romantic heroine have turned into advantages, now that this actress is placed in a rôle suited to her special line. She used to seem to have an excess of the society manner, but that is Mrs. Travers's specialty, her social triumphs being all invoked to conceal her secret calling.

Miss Ernita Lascelles in the rôle of Lady Clarissa, the fastidious daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Glastonbury, made a delightful picture of girlhood in the '70s, her beauty and particularly individual charm triumphing over the indignity of the huge, quivering bustle which disfigured woman's dress in the '70s. Miss Lascelles is very pretty, with a wholesomeness of beauty which seems particularly apt in a fair English rose. But her particular charm is a sort of aura of naturalness, which lent to her portraiture of the emphatic, impulsive Lady Clarissa just that healthy, simple, vigorous charm which was needed to account for the friendship and interest of the great premier.

Arthur Eldred has a character sketch to outline in the first act, during which he is engaged in depicting the earlier phases of Viscount Deeford's character. It is excellently done; a very complete picture of the fatuous belief in himself characteristic of a type of the well-meaning English holder of hereditary estates whose abilities have been stifled by hymns of laudation, over-emphasized, of course, for purposes of comedy, but nevertheless founded on realities. After his change of heart Viscount Deeford naturally loses interest, while gaining sympathy, because he has been denuded of his earlier individuality without having yet gained a later one.

To Mrs. Arliss's hands falls the portrayal of Lady Beaconsfield, a gentle, womanly, rather colorless being, whose special metier is to be the self-sacrificing wife to an adored and honored husband. There is nothing that is spectacular to the part, save, perhaps, in Lady Beaconsfield's last entrance, but Mrs. Arliss gives a sympathetic womanliness to the rôle, which lends charm to the pleasant pictures of Disraeli's domestic side.

Leila Repton's imposingly self-confident Duchess of Glastonbury and Henry Carvill's necessarily slighter impersonation of a sternly disciplined spouse, Charles Harbury's portrayal of the positive old Briton who guarded the national treasure, Vincent Sternroyd's depiction of a financial magnate in troubled waters, and Dudley Digge's quietly effective appearance as the traitor on Disraeli's staff, together with several assumptions of lesser characters, all blended with fine dramatic effect into a generally complete whole, so that the performance in all ways ranks as a first-class attraction of a standing, dignity, and interest that no lover of the drama can well afford to lose.

THE ORPHEUM.

Vaudeville programmes, by pure chance, have a tendency to gather attractions of a kind, as, for instance, this week at the Orpheum there are several acts of a truly rural character. Urbanites enjoy ruralness. It seems to them, compared to their own sophistication, such a delicious joke, added to which many of them have pastoral forebears and vernal recollections and enjoy the feeling of reminiscence. Take, for instance, the "ex-justice of the peace," by Walter S. Dickinson, known formerly as "Ruhe" Dickinson. I should judge, from the appearance of that word parting his patronymic on the programme in the middle. Mr. Dickinson gives a portrait of a type with such accuracy and such a nice sense of values, from the humorous point of view, that the sketch is really a work of art. There he is, the thin-lipped old politician that any one who has ever lived or sojourned in an American village will be sure to recognize. He has an Uncle Sam "goatee," and tufts of white hair show under his countryfied straw. His entrance is a mingling of deprecation and self-confidence.

His dry, thin voice, an occasional infinitesimal clearing of his throat, the faint, glassy twinkle of his small eyes, the faintly whistling sound of his sibilants, his off-hand nose-wipe with a lumpy folded handkerchief, the upward slide of each final inflection, and his sustained rubic seriousness: all these were blended into a general whole that made up the most enjoyable of rural portraits, because the general picture was so charged with native and inspired humor.

By a queer chance there followed directly on the programme another old hayseed portrait by one of the two Lydells, in the Lydell, Rogers, and Lydell act, called "A Native of Arkansas." At first we were so stunned by the radiant self-confidence of the young man with the Shape and by the glittering young woman with the Eyelashes that we failed to perceive that the ancient native was the point of the show. It was rather hard on him that his well-painted sketch of an old ruralite followed closely Mr. Dickinson's better one. But he may perhaps draw some consolation from the fact that he can dance so well; indeed the incongruity between his elderly upper man and his limber and youthful legs was so pronounced as to recall a similar division that characterized Gilbert's half mortal, half fairy shepherd, Strephon, son of Iolanthe.

A third waft from fresh fields and pastures—not exactly new—was Frank North's "Back to Wellington," in which we saw, in a rather thin playlet, a not displeasing picture of a contented "ruhe" enjoying his contracted pleasures and quite content to dwell in cheerful and resigned impecuniosity at Wellington. Mr. North has humor and magnetism and pleases and amuses his audience. "Liz" takes us in a jump to the wicked city, place of departmental stores populated by pretty girls, for whom the seducer is ever on the alert; place of dangerous joy rides and wicked roadside houses; place of the merry, merry jang and the hutter shop 'round the corner. The rôle of Liz, who represents vigorous common sense and the militant integrity of a "big sister" defending her little sister from pollution at the hands of an easy-going despoiler of innocence is very satisfactorily played by Frederika Slemmons, who heads the little company. The piece, albeit its slangy repartee is rather over-elaborated,



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is full of go, a common-sensical knowledge of life, and homely realism, and kept the audience thoroughly absorbed.

The suspicious loquacity of Chief Caupolican would seem to indicate that this befringed and befeathered warrior of the boards is Indian in stage guise only. We do not find the much-prize dignity of the American Indian in Caupolican, who has much ado to repress his grins of child-like satisfaction when the audience applauds him. Caupolican has great need of a thorough overhauling of his talk stuff, which is dull and pretentious. He has, however, a powerful although unmodulated tenorish baritone, or baritonish tenor, with which he won the house, for our vaudeville audiences, true to the San Francisco tradition, love melodic thunder. Caupolican sang "A Bedouin Love Song" with an abundance of volume, but with no real passion, an Italian aria, and "My California," and left the stage in a glow of expansive, un-Indian-like satisfaction.

Morris Cronin in "Many Mirthful Moments" does not pretend, in his stage achievements, to eclipse his "merry men," who puzzle the audience by a series of mysterious duplications, during which the blonde-haired waiters with the wine trays suggest a Walter Crane marginal design become suddenly alive and kicking. A good deal of ingenuity goes to the making up of this act, which includes much dextrous juggling by the "merry men."

The inevitable dance act is being given by Bert Kalmar and Jessie Brown. The prettiest dance is the first, in which a Columbine in the fluffy skirts of tradition has a few sentimental passes with the clown. Mr. Kalmar's dancing is better than that of his partner, but, as ever, it suffers from the hideousness and blighting effect of the dismal evening dress uniform persisted in by male dancers. Why, why, why do they not see the folly of trying to demonstrate the grace of the dance against such a handicap as stove-piped legs and revolving coat-tails?

Victor Moore and Emma Littlefield humorously hold the mirror up to nature—or to vaudeville art—in an amusing sketch representing a pair of dismal failures having a try-out before a vaudeville czar. There is a great deal of purely physical repartee in the piece, but the really good thing in it is Mr. Moore's representation of the slovenly speech and generally foolish ineffectiveness of a born fool trying to convince the flippant colony behind the scenes that he can act.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Whip" Next Week at Cort Theatre.

According to European and Eastern authorities "The Whip," the great melodramatic spectacle from Drury Lane, London, is the most remarkable production that has ever come forth from that historic playhouse. This unusual attraction, making its trans-continental journey by special train, will play an engagement at the Cort Theatre, beginning Sunday night, October 25. Some idea of the drawing powers of this unique theatrical sensation may be gained from the fact that it ran for two years in Australia, two years in London, and one year at the Manhattan Opera House, New York.

"The Whip" is frank melodrama, and it is packed with thrills from the rise of the curtain to its final fall. There is not a single dull moment in its make-up. The most spirited action dominates every scene.

The features and thrills of "The Whip" are too many to be enumerated. Among them are a horse-race, a train-wreck, a scene in the famous Mme. Tussaud's Wax-Works in the Chamber of Horrors, a gathering of the Beverly Hunt, the horse show, the paddock at the race-course, and the Falconhurst kennels, where the hero plunges over an embankment in a runaway automobile. There are fourteen giant scenes in the four acts of the play, and on account of the length of the performance the curtain rises at eight o'clock sharp at the evening performances and two-fifteen at the popular-priced Wednesday and Saturday matinees. "The Whip" must not be confounded with cheaply sensational motion pictures. It is unique among theatrical attractions, and is easily the most massive traveling theatrical attraction in the United States today.

The Last Week of "Disraeli."

The second and last week of the engagement of George Arliss in "Disraeli" begins Monday night at the Columbia Theatre. There will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday, the final performance being announced for Saturday night, October 31.

The story of the play centres around the scheme of Lord Beaconsfield to cement the scattered possessions of Great Britain by negotiating a purchase that would insure successful completion of the control for the possession of the Suez Canal.

In the hands of Mr. Arliss, Disraeli assumes all of the incomparable diplomacy, wit, vigor of mind, masterful will-power, and true

gentlemanliness with which the great statesman of history is credited. The art which seems without artifice has reached almost its summit with this superb actor, and one is thrilled with admiration as the elaborate complexities of the character are now suggested, now thrown bodily on the canvas with subtle but unerring touch.

The Wednesday matinee performance is given at special prices ranging from 25 cents to \$1.50.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces for next week an exceptionally good programme with seven entirely new acts.

Joseph Jefferson, whose illustrious father is remembered as the greatest of all American comedians, will head the bill. Mr. Jefferson is an actor of exceptional ability and originality who depends solely on his own merit for success. He will appear in a laughable farce written for him by William C. de Mille, entitled "Poor Old Jim," and will be supported by that charming comedienne, Blanche Bender, and a capable company.

Music lovers will be delighted at the prospect of again hearing Theodore Bendix and his symphony players. Mr. Bendix has secured for his coming engagement Arthur Lichstein, violin soloist and prize graduate of the Stern Conservatory of Music, Berlin; Leo Sachs, a superb 'cellist, who has been associated with some of the greatest European orchestras, and for second violinist Frederic Handte, soloist with Victor Herbert's orchestra last winter.

Eunice Burnham and Charles Irwin will contribute "A Song Sketch at the Piano." Miss Burnham excels as a pianist and comedienne and Mr. Irwin brings with him an admirable reputation from the London music halls.

Jesse Lasky presents "Three Beautiful Types"—a blonde, Kalene Carter; a brunette, Grace Cooper; and an auburn, Georgie Russell. In living representations the three girls present a very beautiful posing act.

Claude Golden, the celebrated Australian card expert, will perform a variety of marvelous feats of sleight-of-hand.

Ida Divinoff, a young Russian violinist, who has been acclaimed as a rare musical genius in Vienna, Leipsic, Hamburg, Berlin, and Munich, will be heard in a carefully selected programme.

Frank North will present a sequel to "Back to Wellington," called "An Unwelcome Visitor."

It will be the last week of Victor Moore, Emma Littlefield and company in the laughable travesty, "Change Your Act or Back to the Woods."

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre

One of the many features of the new bill at the Pantages next Sunday will be a genuine orange-packing contest by seven workers from the sunny groves of Southern California. The act opens with a motion picture showing the orange tree and the big groves with the pretty girls packing the oranges for shipment. After the "movie" three girls and three men show the audience how the fruit is packed. Ray Adams, California's champion box-maker, will give a special demonstration of nailing shucks for the exhibition. The act of the orange packers is bound to be a great "ad" for the fruit industry of California.

Of the regular bill Webber's talented youngsters, comprising fifteen musical boys and girls, have been the big hit of the show. The lads and lassies were gathered by Alexander Pantages from the various musical conservatories of the Northwest. They play classical and popular numbers on violins, 'cellos, mandolins, banjos, and varied stringed instruments.

William Shilling and his players will repeat their former dramatic episode, "Destiny," the act which made a success here last year.

"Slivers" Oakley, Barnum & Bailey's noted baseball clown, will give his burlesque travesty on the last world baseball series. "Slivers" has been a comedy riot with fans, and his baseball vernacular teems with laughter.

Silber and North in a clever comedy conceit, entitled "The Bashful Man and the Maid," are another laughing hit of the show.

Lyons and Cullum in varied bits of vaudeville, consisting of dancing, whistling, and imitations, and the celebrated "Exposition Jubilee Four," harmony singers from the South, will round out the balance of the bill.

"Poor Little Rich Girl" Coming to Columbia.

Eleanor Gates's fantastic comedy, "The Poor Little Rich Girl," one of last season's artistic and popular successes, will be presented at the Columbia Theatre beginning Monday night, November 2. The play is in three acts and seven scenes. The first and third acts show real happenings, and the second a visualization of the mental wanderings of a delirious child. In this fascinating second act are shown concrete images which embody vague ideas conveyed to her in the con-

versation of her elders. For example, her father appears to her in the suit that is literally made of money, and her mother goes about carrying an actual bee in her bonnet, and she sees the footman "murder" the king's English. The play has been given a massive and beautiful production by Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger.

THE MUSIC SEASON

Opening Date of New Quintet Club.

San Francisco is to have a permanent chamber music organization that it may well feel proud of. Next Sunday afternoon, November 1, the new organization will make its first appearance in public in the Colonial ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis under the direction of Will L. Greenbaum. The San Francisco Quintet Club was founded two years ago by Elias M. Hecht, a local music lover, and those who have heard the work of the players in private are most enthusiastic.

The programme will be one of exceptional beauty and interest. The first number will be a "Terzet" for violin, viola, and violoncello, by Ernst Dohnanyi, whose string quartet was introduced here by the Flonzaley Quartet. This will be followed with the exquisite "Quartet" for flute, violin, viola, and violoncello, by Mozart. The final number will be a "Quartet" for piano and strings, by E. Chausson, a brilliant young French composer, who met a sad death two years ago in a bicycle accident. A work by him was played here two years ago by Eugene Ysaye.

It is the aim of Messrs. Hecht and Greenbaum to enable every music student to hear these splendid and important programmes, so a special season ticket for the three concerts can be secured for as little as one dollar at the usual music stores. The box-offices are now open.

Rudolph Ganz to Play on November 8.

Rudolph Ganz, the eminent Swiss pianist, will give his first concert at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, November 8, at 2:30. He is one of the foremost players of the present day, and in Europe is considered an authority both on the art of playing and on music in general. He plays the violoncello and violin as well as the piano, and is a composer of exceptional gifts. At his first concert he will play the Bach "Chaconne," transcribed by Busoni; Chopin's "Sonata," Op. 58, and works by Haydn, Blanchet, Liszt, and the boy composer, Eric Korngold. His second and last concert is announced for Saturday matinee, November 14.

Dates of Clausen Concerts.

Mme. Julia Clausen, the great Swedish contralto, will be heard in recitals at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Wednesday night, November 4, at eight-thirty o'clock, and the Cort Theatre, Sunday afternoon, November 8, at three o'clock. Mme. Clausen, who is the leading contralto of the Chicago Opera Company, the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, London, and the Royal Opera, Stockholm, is the most important acquisition to the ranks of the great artists that have taken up concert work. Those who keep tab on things musical are aware of the fact that as an opera singer Clausen has few equals and no superiors.

Estella Neuhaus, the Hungarian-German pianist, will give two recitals in Scottish Rite Hall, Friday, October 30, at three o'clock, and Thursday, November 5, at the same hour. She is hailed by European and Eastern critics of standing as a remarkable performer, and has much of the Hungarian in her personality which lends distinctive charm to her playing. During the concerts the intermission will be filled by Mr. J. Howe Clifford, M. A. E., of England, with readings.

Hughes-Wismer-Riley Concerts.

The following programme has been arranged for the first of these concerts, to be given on Tuesday evening, October 27, at the Sorosis Club Hall: Trio in D major (Jos. Haydn), for violin, violoncello, and piano; violin solo, "Gesangscene of Concerto No. 8" (L. Spohr), Mr. Hother Wismer; songs, "Du bist die Ruh" (Schubert), "Verborgeneheit" (Wolf), "A Swan" (Grieg), "La Cloche" (Saint-Saëns), Miss Helen C. Heath, soprano; trio in A minor, Op. 64 (Christian Sinding), for violin, violoncello, and piano.

Konigsberg was the birthplace and lifelong residence of Immanuel Kant. Kant was really of Scottish descent, and his lucubrations have furnished congenial employment for many generations of Caledonian philosophers, including the two Cairds. He loved Konigsberg so passionately that he refused to quit the place, even for a sail on the Baltic. By the unlearned Konigsberg is imagined to have repaid his filial affection very shabbily. But Kant's stipend was quite princely for the poverty-stricken Germany of that period. It enabled him to keep a manservant and dine daily at the best restaurants in the city.

Shakespeare at Greek Theatre Tonight.

The English Club of the University of California announces that its seventeenth production will be Shakespeare's comedy, "Much Ado About Nothing," which will be given in the Greek Theatre this—Saturday—evening, October 24, at 8:15. An exceptionally able cast having been carefully coached by Mr. Garnet Holme, an excellent performance is assured. Admission tickets are on sale at the usual places.

It has remained for Northampton, Massachusetts, to claim distinction as the only city in this country to possess a municipal theatre. Ever since 1892 Northampton has had such an institution. In that year the mill-town was given the Academy of Music by the late Edward H. R. Lyman. His business often took him abroad, and he saw the excellence of the system by which, especially in Germany, towns of modest size have their own theatres and find in them intellectual and aesthetic and social delight. So at a cost of \$100,000 he had the roomy building of red brick and stone erected in Main Street and fitted it up with 1004 seats and a modern stage, and had a play-bill passed by the state legislature authorizing the town to accept his gift, and the Northampton Academy of Music was an accomplished fact. The town now has its own company of players. Fifty cents buys the best seat in the house at matinees and seventy-five cents are charged in the evening.

Coincident with the welcome news that the war will not interfere with the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra comes the information from the Houghton Mifflin Company that Mr. M. A. de Wolfe Howe has completed his historical sketch of the orchestra, and the work will be published in November.

Two young women want to board with refined family. References. Address "Box 25, The Argonaut Pub. Co."

AMUSEMENTS

ORPHEUM O'FARRELL STREET

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Week Beginning this Sunday Afternoon

Matinee Every Day

A WANDERFUL NEW BILL

JOSEPH JEFFERSON with BLANCHE BENDER and Company in William C. de Mille's Farce, "Poor Old Jim"; THEODORE BENDIX and His Symphony Players; EUNICE BURNHAM and CHARLES IRWIN, "A Song Sketch at the Piano"; Jesse L. Lasky presents "THREE BEAUTIFUL TYPES"—Blonde, Kalene Carter, Brunette, Grace Cooper, and Auburn, Georgie Russell; CLAUDE GOLDEN, Australia's Latest Importation; IDA DIVINOFF, Russian Violinist; FRANK NORTH and Company in "An Unwelcome Visitor," a sequel to "Back to Wellington"; Last Week, VICTOR MOORE, EMMA LITTLEFIELD and Company in the Laugh-Producing Skit, "Change Your Act or Back to the Woods."

Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

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Last time Saturday night, Nov. 1
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"THE WHIP"

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But the original Drury Lane, London, production. Two years in London, two years in Australia, one year at Manhattan Opera House, New York.

Night prices, 50c to \$2; best seats at Sat. mat., \$1.50. BARGAIN MAT. WEDNESDAY, BEST SEATS \$1.

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Opposite Mason

WEBBER'S FAMOUS 15 JUVENILE ORCHESTRA; SUNKIST ORANGE PACKERS' CONTEST, 7 Champion Packers from the Groves of Southern California; WILLIAM SHILLING and His Players in "Destiny"; "SLIVERS" OAKLEY, World Noted Baseball Clown, in His Travesty on the World Series; SILBER and NORTH, "The Bashful Man and a Maid"; LYONS and CULLUM, Varied Bits of Vaudeville; EXPOSITION FOUR, Jubilee Singers; Comedy Movie.

VANITY FAIR.

Unless the European authorities exercise a greater care than has yet been displayed they may find that an indignant womanhood has stopped their little war before it has fairly begun. Take, for example, the latest high-handed outrage on the part of the British government. It had been decided that the winter coats for women should be constructed from a blanket-like material of new design and which had already been manufactured in large quantities to supply the anticipated demand. Already the fashion notes had announced the new mode and, according to one report, the feminine mind had been "keyed" to the requisite point of expectation. And now it seems that the army needs blankets, and so the whole stock of coat material has been commandeered by the ruthless hand of a conscienceless militarism and the women will have to go without. To appreciate the full iniquity of such a proceeding we have to remember that women in England have no votes. They are helpless to resist. They have no defense against this heartless attack upon their prerogatives. They are helpless before male brutality. They must make their coats of something else. Having keyed themselves up, they must now key themselves down. And yet we call this the twentieth century.

From two separate sources comes the report of a suggestion that has been made by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Now it has always been the guiding principle of this column to refer with respect to women and to clergymen. The *Argonaut* may contain other columns that are actuated by lesser ideals, but here at least we have kept ourselves immaculate. The strain has sometimes been a severe one, and if we now fall from grace we will urge an irreproachable record in mitigation of sentence.

The archbishop suggests that soldiers should be encouraged to marry before starting for the front, and not only to marry, but to consummate their marriages. Now if anything nastier than this has yet emanated from a mouthpiece of official theology we have yet to hear of it. But in the meantime it is a record, a high-water mark, a peerless and unapproachable triumph of sexual offensiveness. It stinks.

We know exactly what the archbishop means. He wants to see an unchecked supply of baby soldiers. Indifferent to the miseries of these artificially made widows, he would usher into the world an army of orphans in order that the less than fifty per cent of them who happen to be boys may serve to keep the military forces at the point of efficiency. Casting his eye over the human stockyards, he perceives with regret that a large amount of good breeding material is likely to be destroyed unused. "Couple them off quickly," says the archbishop in effect. "I will bless the unions in the name of God and then you can hurry the males off to the slaughter trenches and the female to the breeding pen. It is true that such proceedings may smack somewhat of a brutal animality, but I shall remove this little objection by means of the customary incantations. Babies we must have."

We may wonder what the women will have to say to this. In England an archbishop is sacrosanct, thanks to the slavish adulation of women themselves. But this astonishingly frank utterance, an utterance that lowers men and women alike to the status of the stud farm, must surely arouse some protest. We will refrain from saying that this is not the kind of thing that we should expect from an archbishop, seeing that it is precisely what we should expect from an archbishop.

Here, too, we have an insight into the real meaning of what is called the race suicide campaign. Do you suppose in the innocence of your heart that these energetic campaigners are anxious lest there shall be insufficient men to harvest the crops and to conquer the wilderness? Not a bit of it. They are thinking of the army and the navy, and nothing else. Their only conception of national strength is regiments and warships. Their only definition of a woman is a piece of human mechanism useful for the production of soldiers and sailors. The present war will be followed by a revival of the race suicide campaign. Women will be approached in terms of adulation and they will be implored in the sacred name of patriotism to "get busy," so to speak, to increase and multiply. And at the same time there will be a tendency to minimize the importance of the marriage ceremony and to condone irregularities of all kinds so long as they may result in an increased birth rate. This was the case in France after the revolution. The highest evidence of patriotism was a certain obvious expectancy, and the more obvious the better. For once the natural rights of maternity were independent of all other things and no conventional barriers to motherhood were tolerated.

We shall see something of the same sort

after the present war. We may reasonably believe that several million men will be killed, and it will be necessary to replace them. The conventions of today will not be allowed to interfere with that supreme need. Religion will not be allowed to insist upon her formulas nor to collect her fees in money and subservience. Motherhood, no matter under what conditions, will be honored and rewarded. We shall revise all our ideas of morality, and if most of them are revised wholly out of existence we are not likely to miss them. We need hardly ask the result on what is now called feminism, since there will be no toleration of the woman who refuses to have children, just as there will be no honor too great for the woman who becomes a mother, and "no questions asked." And so we are likely to see a reversion to a real feminism, a feminism that is feminine and that must effectually displace the sorry nastinesses and perversions and degeneracies that bid fair to be so much more evil than the world conflict that will clear them away.

"Advocates of peace who really understand, not the sentimental significance only, but the actual political and economic meaning of the words 'war' and 'peace,' find ready sympathizers among women when they paint the agony of the battlefield, the misery of the bereaved home," says Grace Isabel Colbron in a pamphlet which the American Peace Society has just reprinted as being especially valuable at this time.

"But in the midst of their tears," she writes, "a strain of martial music without will draw these same women to the window with enthusiastic exclamations of, 'Oh, the gallant soldier boys! Don't they look fine!' They utterly fail to see the moral and ethical connection between the thing that arouses their enthusiasm and the thing that draws their tears; they utterly fail to realize that, just as long as this absurd and unjustified glorification of brute force in the form of militarism continues, just so long will wars be fatally easy to enter into, just so long will imperialistic despotism and commercial tyranny find in the army a ready weapon for their selfish ends. If women would stop weeping over the 'silent, upturned face,' and admiring the outer trappings that mark the licensed murderer, long enough to think a little about the connection between the two, the cause of peace would take a seven-league stride onward."

"For the woman who thinks comes naturally first of all to think of the good of her sex, and to concern herself about questions pertaining thereto; and for a woman interested in the welfare of woman as a sex, this question of war and militarism is so fundamental that it is incomprehensible how so many can still be blind to its significance."

"It is this spirit of militarism, the glorification of brute force, and this alone, that has kept woman in political, legal, and economic bondage throughout the ages, and there is still enough of it remaining in our enlightened twentieth century to make the idea of woman's participation in public office and public life a thing to be scoffed at by the majority, ridiculed, and opposed."

"It was not that she could not fight, but that instinctively, even in the dim red dawn of man, prehistoric man felt that giving life was greater than taking it; and woman, as the giver of life, was to be kept back from the possibility of unnecessary physical danger. From this feeling, become unthinking and uncomprehended tradition, grew the idea that woman was inferior in bodily strength, and could not bear arms, and therefore was an inferior being."

"While the military ideal holds sway in our modern world, woman suffrage and the attainment of full legal and political rights for women will remain a Utopian dream. The military state is the state in which woman has no place; the military mind is the mind that sees in woman only a drudge or a toy, and gives her the one right only to existence—the possibility of bearing sons who will in time become soldiers."

"What is it that has made the American woman the admiration of all civilized nations, the envy of her sisters elsewhere? She was not sent down fresh from Heaven in her present state, nor did she spring full-grown from the head of Jove. She was the daughter of mothers born in the military-ridden states of Europe. But now she is the product of several generations of freedom from the military idea. This, and this alone, has given her a measure of freedom beyond that attained by women anywhere else."

Cornelius Husk, on his first visit to New York, entered a restaurant with timid, faltering steps. A waiter brought him a menu. Very red in the face, he studied it a long time. Finally, to help him out, the waiter said: "Table d'hôte, sir?" "What mought table dote be?" "Course dinner, sir." "Don't want 'er then," said Corn Husk. "Ye see, young feller, I'm from the kentry, I am, and I git enough coarse grub to hum."

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2:00 p. m.

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Off.

"Going to sea by rail."

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century.

"Eastern Express"

Lv. Ferry Station
7:00 p. m.

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in Utah.

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Echo and Weber
Canyons.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The patriotic Scotchman had induced two Lancashire friends to go to Argyllshire for a holiday. On their return he met them. "Weel, hoo did ye enjoy yersel's? Wis the weather good?" "There was just a shower on our first day," replied one of them. "Didna I tell ye it wis a' lees ahoor th' Highlands hein' sae wat?" "Yes, but the shower hadn't ended when we got home."

It was her "At home" day, and in the awkward interval just before tea was served the conversation began to flag. She was racking her brain in an effort to provide some diversion for her guests, and at last an idea struck her. Turning to the dull, rotund, newly rich gentleman beside her she asked: "Would you like a sonata before tea?" "Thanks, thanks, awfully," was the reply. "I've had two on my way here, but I don't mind if I have another."

The neighborhood of Toxteth Park, Liverpool, has decided drawbacks, from the point of view at least of some of the landlords of the cheaper property. It is said that an agent, on making the usual Monday morning call for rent at one house, was offered 1s. 6d. The rent was already in arrears. He showed his discontent. "Look 'ere, mister, you ought to be jolly thankful y've got this. If my old man hadn't sold the back door you'd have got nothing."

A newly made millionaire bought a certain daily paper. His first order was put on the bulletin board, a notice that under no circumstances should the word "halance" be used. "Use 'remainder' instead," he ordered. That afternoon a cleaner fell out of the tenth-story window of the building, and the next morning the paper had the story: "John Jones, a window-cleaner, lost his remainder and was dashed to death by falling out of a tenth-story window."

It was an amateur performance of "The Pirates of Penzance." The policemen's chorus having been encored twice, a third encore was demanded. This was the cause of some misunderstanding behind the scenes, and after a delay one solitary man in blue faced the footlights. In vain he waited for his companions, even beckoning them in his despair, but his individual efforts were not to meet with appreciation, for a voice from the gods shouted: "Hi! man, you're off your heat!"

Some years ago a Philadelphia merchant sent a cargo of goods to Constantinople. After the supercargo saw the bales and hoxes safely landed, he inquired where they could be stored. "Leave them here—it won't rain tonight," was the reply. "But I dare not leave them thus exposed; some of the goods might be stolen," said the supercargo. The Mohammedan merchant hurst into a loud laugh as he replied: "Don't be alarmed; there isn't a Christian within fifty miles of here."

A certain Chicago business man has had a great deal of trouble with his workmen, a number of whom have from time to time evinced a disposition to "soldier." On one occasion when this gentleman, in company with his brother, was visiting the farm of a friend in Southern Illinois the two observed an uncouth figure standing in a distant field. "Since it isn't moving," observed the brother, "it must be a scarecrow." "That isn't a scarecrow," said the Chicago man, after a long gaze at the figure. "That's a man working by the day."

On one occasion while crossing the ocean David Bispham, in addition to his contribution to the usual concert programme given for the benefit of the Sailors' Widows and Children Fund, offered to auction a programme which had been autographed by all the distinguished people on board. He actually secured \$800 for the programme, which was added to the receipts from tickets. After it was all over a gentleman approached Mr. Bispham and said, with all due admiration and enthusiasm: "Say, I'm a New York auctioneer, and I want to tell you that was great work you did tonight. Here is my card, and whenever you want to give up singing you just come down to me and I'll give you \$10,000 a year to sell our stuff."

Two colored soldiers at a frontier post had a fight, during which one of the combatants lost an ear, and the other was accused of having bitten it off. The case was tried by a general court-martial, and the counsel for the defense, in cross-examination of the one-eared man, the principal witness for the prosecution, asked: "Where did this fight take place?" "In Mista Nelson's co'n field, jes' outside de reservation," answered the witness. "What was the condition of the

ground?" "Hit wuz covered wid stubble—co'n had all heen cut." "Now," said the counsel, glaring at the witness. "You are on oath, and will get into serious trouble if you tell anything but the truth. Could not your ear have heen torn off by the sharp stubble?" "Yaas, sah," said the witness, "hit mought." "Then what do you mean by stating under oath that the accused bit it off?" "'Cause," said the witness, "I done seen him spit it out."

On his visit to London, Mascagni was seated at his hotel window one day, when a street organ stopped and proceeded to grind out his famous intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana." The organ-grinder turned the handle in a rather jerky way, and the result was that the tune came forth in spasms. At last, unable to hear it any longer, Mascagni rushed hareheaded from the hotel, and hitlerly reproached the man for playing the intermezzo so badly. "I," he said, "I am Mascagni; I am the composer. And I shall myself show you how to play it." He solemnly turned the handle, so that the organ-grinder might notice the correct time. The man thanked him, and the composer went back to his hotel with a pleasant sense of duty well done. Next morning the self-same organ-grinder approached and again took up his stand outside the hotel. As Mascagni was leaving his rooms a few minutes later he noticed a crowd collected around the street organ. He paused a moment to see what they were looking at, and found that the organ-grinder had decorated his instrument with a notice: "Pupil of Mascagni."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Going Some.

The auto traveled with a whirl
Along the pave;
He turned and asked the pretty girl
If she were brave.
She gulped a pint of dust—or less;
She sneezed a bit;
And then she gayly answered, "Yes,
I'm full of grit."—The Club-Fellow.

Comforting.

That we who wait
Procrastinate
We know, not always to our sorrow.
It doesn't pay
To do today
The things we must undo tomorrow.
—Life.

On Being Jilted.

False one, so fickle, yet so fair,
I will not wilt beneath your frown;
With smiling face and airy grace
You threw me down.
I'll cast out woe and have you know
That I have still a merry laugh.
I need no bride; I've by my side
A phonograph!

Though well you look you can not cook
As can the chef at my cafe,
Though small and slight, your appetite
Is great, they say;
So I shall save nor be your slave;
I'm glad that you gave me the can;
You are mine, but I've a fine
Electric fan!

I shall not groan and mope alone!
Your scorn my peace can never mar,
It's all a joke. Ha, ha! I'll smoke
A rank cigar.
Who cares a rap? I am a chap
Who will not truckle down, you bet!
O, no! but then I'll try again
And win you yet. —Buffalo News.

A Shameful Sight.

I saw him take her in his arms—
The window shades were right;
He gazed upon her half-draped charms,
The day was full and bright.
A dozen people stopped and stared
Upon this shameful sight.

He clasped her soft and pearly throat;
He stroked her shining hair.
He stooped, with hand that seemed to dote,
And touched her ankle bare.
And she before that window stood
And did not seem to care.

He lifted high a lacy gown,
A tremor o'er me ran;
He slipped it o'er her dainty head,
No protest she began—
She was the dummy girl, and he
The window-dresser man. —Puck.

Soaring.

Full many a maid has toyed with kerosene,
And sailed to glory in a gorgeous glare;
Full many a man has poked at glycerine
And flown promiscuous through the desert air.
—Topeka Journal.

Some enthusiastic golfers are so engrossed in the game that on and off the green they can think and talk of nothing else. Such a one was taken by an astronomer to see the moon through a telescope. Asked what he thought of the satellite, to his scientific friend's surprise and dismay, he said, "It's a' richt, hut it's awfu' fu' o' hunkers!"



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. David Jacks of Monterey announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Mary Romie Jacks, to Mr. Myron I. Thomas of Vermont.

Mrs. Albert Le Breton has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Marguerite Le Breton, to Mr. Ralph Stuart Rainsford. Miss Le Breton is a sister of Lieutenant David McDougal Le Breton, U. S. N., and a cousin of Mrs. Andrew Welch and Mr. Edward de Laveaga. Mr. Rainsford is the son of the Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford and Mrs. Rainsford of New York City.

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Hogan and Mr. Grant Deremer took place Wednesday evening at the home on Washington Street of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hogan. Mrs. Paul Howard of Los Angeles was the matron of honor and Mr. Clarence Atwood was Mr. Deremer's best man. The ushers were Lieutenant Alexander Sullivan, U. S. A., and Dr. E. C. Fleissner.

The wedding of Miss Mary Hellmann and Mr. Francis J. Brendt took place Wednesday evening at the home in Palo Alto of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Hellmann. The Misses Roberta, Louise, and Nancy Hellmann were their sister's only attendants.

The wedding of Miss Erna St. Goar and Mr. Hubert Mee took place Wednesday evening at the home on California Street of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry St. Goar. It was a small affair, only relatives and a few intimate friends having been present. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Mee will reside in this city.

Miss Marian Zeile was hostess at an informal luncheon Wednesday at the Francisca Club.

Mrs. Hamilton Murray entertained a number of friends at a bridge-luncheon Thursday at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker gave a house party over the week-end at their home at Menlo.

Mrs. George H. Howard was hostess at a luncheon Wednesday at the Francisca Club.

Miss Adeline Bogart was hostess at a tea Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Marie Payne, whose engagement to Mr. George Bliss has recently been announced.

Miss Gertrude Hopkins entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Thursday at her home on Jackson Street.

Miss Helen Bertheau gave an informal dinner Tuesday evening at her home on Vallejo Street.

Mrs. Horace W. Morgan was hostess at a bridge-luncheon Thursday afternoon at her home on Washington Street. The affair was in honor of Mrs. George Haney, who will leave shortly for her home in New York.

Miss Dorothy Hogan entertained a number of friends at dinner Wednesday evening at her home on Washington Street.

Miss Elaine Hancock was the complimented guest at a bridge-tea Tuesday afternoon given by Mrs. Jacques de la Montanya.

Miss Leslie Miller entertained a number of friends at luncheon Tuesday at the residence on Pacific Avenue of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller.

Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Jr., and Miss Otilla Laine were the complimented guests at a luncheon Tuesday given by Miss Linda Bryan at her home on Vallejo Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Coulter gave a tea at their studio on Post Street Wednesday afternoon, when about fifty friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Mrs. Harry Johnson was hostess at a luncheon Wednesday at the home in Alameda of her mother, Mrs. F. L. Potter. The affair was in honor of Miss Frances Ramsey, whose engagement to Lieutenant Herbert Underwood, U. S. N., has recently been announced.

Miss Ruth Winslow entertained a number of friends at an informal dinner-dance Tuesday evening at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Ryland Wallace and Mr. Bradley Wallace entertained a number of friends at a dance Wednesday evening at the Ingleside Golf and Country Club. The affair was in honor of Miss Otilla Laine and her fiancé, Mr. Clinton La Montagne.

Mrs. Fanny Crocker McCreary was hostess at a luncheon Tuesday at the Francisca Club in honor of Miss Laine, who will be the complimented guest at similar affairs to be given by the Misses Ruth Perkins, Lillian Van Vorst, Lucille Johnson, and Julia Galpin.

Miss Katherine MacAdam entertained a num-

ber of friends at a dinner and theatre party Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Alice Warner and her fiancé, Dr. Hubert Law.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at a dinner and theatre party Thursday evening, when several young people enjoyed her hospitality.

Dr. I. Walton Thorne and Mrs. Thorne entertained a number of friends at dinner Monday evening at their home on Broderick Street.

Miss Beatrice Nickel has issued invitations to a dinner Thursday evening, October 29, in honor of Miss Gertrude Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Cornwall entertained a number of friends at dinner Wednesday evening at their home in Berkeley preceding the Assembly dance.

Miss Ruth Welsh has issued invitations to a luncheon Tuesday, October 27, at the Francisca Club.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Crellin gave an informal dinner Saturday evening at their home on Van Ness Avenue.

Miss Gertrude Creswell was hostess at a tea Wednesday afternoon at the Palace Hotel. The affair was in honor of Miss Dora Winn, whose wedding to Dr. Lovell Langstroth took place today.

The Misses Gladys and Linda Buchanan entertained the members of the Friday Afternoon Bridge Club this week at their home on Pacific Avenue. Miss Marie Louise Harrington has issued invitations to a luncheon, Saturday, October 31, at the Hotel St. Francis.

Major Harry Hirsch, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hirsch entertained a number of friends at dinner Wednesday evening at their home at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Hugh Johnson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Johnson gave a dance Friday evening at the Officers' Club at the Presidio.

Mrs. William Bennett was hostess at an informal dance Tuesday evening at her home at the Presidio in honor of her house guest, Miss Gladys Bowen.

Paymaster Eugene Hale Douglas, U. S. N., and Mrs. Douglas were the complimented guests at a barbecue recently given by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Leon Wilson at their home at Carmel.

The officers of the U. S. S. *San Diego* gave a dinner Thursday evening on board ship at Mare Island. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Violette Potter Kruttschnitt.

Miss Janet Crose entertained a number of friends at dinner Wednesday evening at her home at Mare Island.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Claus August Spreckels will soon move from the Plaza Hotel to an apartment which is being decorated and furnished preparatory to their reception. Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy and their little son are established at the Ritz-Carlton.

Mrs. Frederick Pickering has returned from the East, where she has been spending the past three months. Miss Rhoda Pickering has returned from a visit in the San Joaquin Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Morrison and their daughter, Miss Amy Morrison, have returned to their home.

Miss Helen Wright has arrived in New York from Europe, having left Mrs. Robert Chester Foute and Miss Augusta Foute in London, where after a visit with friends they will go to Sweden.

Mrs. Charles Brevoort Zahriske of New York is visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Buck, Jr.

Dr. de Marville, who has been living in Paris, has gone to Biarritz, where he has taken his residence at the Carlton Hotel, which has been transformed into a hospital. Dr. de Marville is also in charge of one of the surgical wards at the Bellevue Hospital.

Miss Cora de Marville is in England, where she is acting as interpreter for the Belgian refugees.

The Misses Anna, Kate, and Ethel Beaver have returned from Europe, and are now in Boston. They will remain for several months in the East before returning to California.

Mrs. Otis Johnson and her little son have arrived from Fort Bragg and will spend the winter in Los Gatos, where it is hoped the change of climate may benefit the health of the baby, who has had a severe attack of whooping cough.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope are expected home shortly from New York, where they have been spending the past month.

Mrs. Louis B. Parrott has decided to spend the winter with relatives in Pennsylvania, where she has been visiting since her return from Europe.

Mr. Sidney Smythe arrived Sunday from New York and was met by his son-in-law and daughter,

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford, who came up Saturday from their ranch in Pleymo.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Babcock are contemplating an Eastern visit and are planning to depart about November 1.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant has returned from New York, where she went a month ago to place her daughter, Miss Josephine Grant, in school. En route home Mrs. Grant passed her husband, who was called East unexpectedly.

Mrs. Edwin W. Newhall, Jr., has returned from a visit with relatives in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. James Lowe Hall, who have been residing in Portland, Oregon, are established in Belvedere. Mrs. Hall was formerly Miss Mildred Baldwin.

Mrs. Edwin Dimond is recovering from a recent illness at the Adler Sanatorium.

Mrs. Adam Grant is planning to leave the first week in November for Santa Barbara, where she will spend the winter season.

Miss Harriett Alexander returned last week from Chico, where she has been spending several weeks with Mrs. John Bidwell.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale departed Tuesday for New York to spend the holidays with her brother-in-law and sister, Major George Pillsbury, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pillsbury.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. M. Grace and their little son have arrived in New York from London and will soon return to their home in this city. They have been abroad during the past year with Mrs. Grace, Sr.

Mrs. Clarence Grange, who returned recently from Europe, has been spending the past week at her country home, Stag's Leap, in Napa County. The house is undergoing many changes and Mrs. Grange may extend her visit to superintend the improvements.

Mrs. William G. Irwin returned Saturday from New York, where she has been visiting since her arrival last month from Europe. Mrs. Irwin has been joined at her residence on Washington Street by her mother, Mrs. Richard Ivers, who has been spending the past four months in Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, with whom they will remain until November 1, when they will take possession of the Burlingame Club "Annex," which is now occupied by Major Sidney A. Cloman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloman.

Mrs. Eugene Bresse and her daughter, Miss Metha McMahon, are expected home next week from the East, where they have been spending several weeks with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Dill have returned from their wedding trip and are established in their new home on Pierce Street.

The Misses Edith and Helen Chesebrough and Miss Kate Dillon will soon be settled in a home in San Mateo Park, where they will reside indefinitely. Their residence on Clay Street will be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson, who will move from San Rafael November 1.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dahlgren have closed their home in Santa Cruz and spent two weeks in this city en route to Washington, D. C., where they will remain during the winter season.

Mrs. T. B. Owen departed Sunday for New York, where she will be joined during the holidays by Mr. Owen.

Miss Nina Jones of Santa Barbara will remain here a month and will be at the Fairmont Hotel with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer. Miss Jones's mother, Mrs. Milo M. Potter, has returned south after a few days' visit.

Mrs. George Shreve and her daughters, the Misses Rebecca, Elizabeth, and Agnes Shreve, did not depart last week for the East as they had planned owing to the recent sale of their home in San Mateo. They will spend the winter with relatives in Utica, New York.

Mr. Roy M. Pike left Friday for a brief visit in the East.

Miss Grace Gibson has returned to her home in this city after having spent the summer in Coronado. She has recently been the guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois are established in their home on Russian Hill, having returned October 1 from Palo Alto, where they spent the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Salisbury Field have decided not to open their home, Stonehedge, in Santa Barbara, as they will spend the winter in New York. At present they are in Vancouver, British Columbia, for a brief visit.

Miss Fernanda Pratt has gone to Salt Lake City to spend a few weeks with Miss Edna Coleman.

Miss Margaret Williams is expected home shortly from New York, where she has been spending the past two months with relatives.

Mrs. Charles Josselyn is confined to her home on Pacific Avenue as a result of having fallen on a polished floor. The accident, which occurred Monday, caused her family considerable anxiety, but fortunately Mrs. Josselyn is recovering from the shock.

Miss Cornelia Kempff has been spending the past week with Mr. and Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer.

Major Sidney A. Cloman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloman departed Thursday for London, with the intention of making every effort to visit Paris under the present conditions. Their itinerary includes a trip to Egypt before they sail for the Philippines.

Colonel W. H. Arthur, U. S. A., who was on duty in San Francisco some years ago, has returned here for station. Colonel and Mrs. Arthur have leased an apartment at 3378 Washington Street near Presidio Avenue.

The home at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, of Lieutenant William Bryden, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bryden has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Bryden, who was formerly Miss Ellen Barry, is the daughter of General Thomas Barry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Barry.

The well-known linguist, Prof. De Filippis, has permanently located his languages studio in his commodious residence, 1712 Bush St.

OLD FAVORITES.

Brother Hubert.

Holy-thoughted Brother Hubert
In his cell one evening sat,
Painting angels in a missal
Which he long had labored at;

Till the ringers in the belfry
Chimed the hour of setting sun,
And he closed his precious volume,
Saying: "Now my work is done."

"Time flies fast when one paints angels;
I had not thought it was so late;
I must go and feed the poor folk
Waiting at the Convent gate."

Knelling low, he prayed a moment,
Turning then to leave the room,
Started—for he saw a figure
Standing in a purple gloom.

Sharpest thorns his head surrounded,
Cruel cords his thin wrists bound,
In his hands and feet were nail-prints,
In his side a spear-point wound;

And a purely glowing radiance
From his face was shed abroad;
By these signs the pious Hubert
Knew the vision was his Lord.

On his Master, glory stricken,
Long the Monk gazed silently,
Till the thought arose within him
"Ah! how blessed I should be

"Could my eyes but dwell forever
On that dear, that glorious head;
But below the Convent children
Wait impatient to be fed."

Straightway where the poor folk waited
For their evening dole he went,
Since the monks, though worn by fasting,
For the needy kept no Lent.

And good Hubert every sunset,
(As the Convent book records),
At the gate stood giving freely
Bread and wine and loving words.

So this evening all the poor folk
Feasted to their hearts' content,
Till they left the gateway taking
Hubert's blessing as they went.

Swiftly then the good Monk hastened
Down the halls and through his door;
Lo! the vision still was waiting,
Only brighter than before.

And the Master, turning on him
Eyes of blessing, smiled and said:
"Feeding these ones thou hast fed me,
Hadst thou staid I must have fled."

—From an Old Legend.

For an Autumn Festival.

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest song and shout
Is nature's bloodless triumph told.

O, favors every year made new!
O, gifts with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fullness shames our discontent.

Who murmurs at his lot today?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom?
Or sighs for dainties far away,
Beside the bounteous board of home?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's arm
Can change a rocky soil to gold—
That brave and generous lives can warm
A clime with northern ices cold.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Louvain's ancient university, destroyed since the European war began, has been a favorite place for the education of the Catholic gentry since the middle of the fifteenth century. Several hundred priests and thirty bishops were among the Irish graduates of Louvain University.

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A Story of Business

For many reasons the Pacific Gas and Electric Company's water business is increasing daily. For domestic purposes it, at this time, supplies twenty cities and towns, four from wells by pumping plants and the remainder with water from hydro-electric plants in the mountains brought down to the points of consumption by gravity canals. The most important of the cities supplied is Stockton, a thriving community of 35,000 people, where during the year 1913 the average daily consumption for the year was about 4,000,000 gallons. The pumps used in the Stockton system are electrically operated.

The company operates seventeen gas plants, distributed over its territory all the way from Chico in the north to the southernmost limit at Fresno. With these plants, aided by a system of high and low pressure mains aggregating 2374 miles in length, the company supplies forty-nine communities with gas. The seventeen gas plants have a total daily generator capacity of 44,710,000 cubic feet.

The record for 1913 shows a total of 7,430,000,000 cubic feet of gas sold, with a gross revenue therefrom of \$6,547,595. The number of the company's consumers of gas at the close of 1913 was 208,269.

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company owns as well as operates the street railway system in the city of Sacramento. Sacramento is the capital of California, the fourth city of the state in point of population, and the financial and commercial centre of the Sacramento Valley; in addition to which it is an important division point for two transcontinental railroads and is the terminus of three extensive interurban systems.

The company operates this street railroad system with electric power supplied from its plants. Large expenditures have been made in recent years for extensions, improvements, and betterments. During the year 1913 the total number of passengers carried on this system was 12,508,744, an average of 34,270 passengers per day. The gross revenue from this service was \$572,913. The system includes forty-two miles of street railroad track and sixty cars.

The company believes in making its employees contented and comfortable, and in following out this policy it is careful not to fall behind in the matter of salaries and wages. The record for 1913 shows the average number of the company's employees in all departments to have been 6778; the total amount paid out in salaries and wages was \$6,955,817, an annual average compensation per employee of \$1026. In this connection are presented to readers the following figures obtained from the United States Census Bureau, showing the average compensation of employees in central electric light and power stations and in the gas industry in the entire United States and in California: Commercial electric stations (1912):

Average compensation of employees in the entire United States, \$779; in the State of California, \$1018; wages higher in California by thirty per cent. The gas industry record as taken for the year 1909 shows: Average compensation per employee over the entire United States, \$657; in the State of California, \$879; wages higher in California by thirty-four per cent.

The company has established a policy of open and aboveboard dealing with the public and its official representatives. Since the day when the supervision of the public utilities of the state was given into the hands of the State Railroad Commission the Pacific Gas and Electric Company has cooperated heartily with the commission in its solution of all problems affecting its business. The company believes in proper regulation as being to its own best interests as well as those of the public it serves. It has been the general experience of utilities operating in states where regulation is sane and intelligent that their securities have advanced in the company's investments so that capital has been more readily attracted to their enterprises.

The state legislature of 1913 enacted a Workmen's Compensation Act concerning which there has been more or less discussion. The company up to the present time has had but limited experience of its working, but it recognizes the justice of its underlying purposes and believes that the means and methods it provides for the settlement of claims of injury and disability to employees, while proving more satisfactory to employees than any preceding act or system, will not prove unduly burdensome to the company in the future.

Months before this act went into operation the company inaugurated a "Safety First" campaign in connection with which the company employed prominent experts from the East to inspect its properties and investigate the hazards involved in its operating system. And readers will be pleased to know that the report as entered by the experts was of the most satisfactory character.

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Hans Pederson's bid for the construction of the Twin Peaks tunnel was rejected on Monday by the board of works because it was not made out in exact accordance with the form provided by the board. The board called for new bids, to be submitted Wednesday afternoon, October 28.

Attempting to climb from one window of his office to another along an outside ledge, W. R. Huff, 443 Pine Street, a real estate dealer, sixty years of age, fell a distance of fifty feet and crashed through a skylight above a restaurant on Pine Street on Monday. He died on the way to the Harbor Hospital.

To the number of 400, members of the Iroquois Club of San Francisco and their ladies observed the thirty-second annual bullhead breakfast in the grove at Fairfax Tavern last Sunday.

The California Savings and Loan Society, a pioneer corporation, has petitioned the superior court for permission to dissolve. Attorney W. S. Downing, one of the directors and attorney for the corporation, said it had paid off all its depositors and that as most of the original incorporators were dead the survivors wished to retire from business.

San Francisco bankers have decided to contribute \$3,250,000 to the gold pool being formed in New York to bring the rates of exchange down to a reasonable figure. The pool will aggregate \$100,000,000. At a meeting in the Clearing House action was taken on the request of the bankers forming the pool for the amount stated. It was fixed in New York as being a fair share for the San Francisco banks to add to the pool.

The Taxpayers' Cemetery Removal League, composed of home-owners, has been formed to combat the statements now being issued in the interest of the preservation of the present cemeteries. Gustave Trittenbach is the president of the league.

Albert Little Bancroft, for twenty years associated with his brother, H. H. Bancroft, in the Bancroft publishing house in San Francisco, died of heart failure late Tuesday night at his home on Twenty-Third Street, Oakland. He was born in Ohio seventy-three years ago, and came to California when very young. For many years he resided in San Francisco. He is survived by a widow and five children. The funeral was held at eleven-thirty o'clock Friday morning.

The board of state harbor commissioners has awarded to the Healy-Tibbitts Construction Company a contract for the foundation of the new Postoffice building near the ferries, at the foot of Market Street, for \$27,690, the lowest of seven bids. The foundation is to be of reinforced concrete piles with deck of the same material.

The Rev. Patrick Collopy, until now curate under Dr. Francis X. Morrison in Berkeley, has been appointed to the pastorate of St. Francis Catholic Church, left vacant by the death of the Rev. T. Caraher, whose long occupancy of this important parish had made him a prominent figure in San Francisco's civic life as well as in church circles. Father Collopy is a native of San Francisco, and a graduate of St. Mary's College, Oakland.

The will of the late Miguel A. de Laveaga, disposing of a \$1,000,000 estate, has been filed for probate by his two sons, Joseph V. and Edward I. de Laveaga, who are named as executors. De Laveaga died October 6.

Legends of Cornwall.

In Cornwall, where there is so much that is either prehistoric or without a definite history, a generous growth of legend and tradition has gradually been attached to many things, and as no one knows when the Cornish tin mining began St. Perran has been called on to explain the beginning of the industry. St. Perran was one of those strange Cornish saints whom no one ever heard of out of Cornwall. He lived a thousand years ago, or thereabouts, and his day is still kept as a "tinnerns' holiday." He was a hermit who loved the cliffs and rocky scenery of Cornwall, and spent his time among them. One day he noticed how beautiful the minerals were that veined the rocks and took some pieces of them home to form his fireplace. But when he lit his fire, lo, from under the stones flowed a stream of molten white metal. "Then great was his joy, for he perceived God had in His goodness discovered to him something that could be useful to man." He called a fellow-saint, and together they taught the Cornishmen how to dig the tin out of the earth and to prepare it with



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fire. That is the story, but others say that Cornish tin was known long before St. Perran, and that the fame of it had traveled over the sea a thousand years before the Christian era. It came to where Solomon was building his temple, and brought the Jews, says the far-away tradition, to buy tin for the adorning of it. Cornwall became "Bretin," the "tin country" of the Phœnicians, who left behind them the secret of the wonderful Cornish cream, to be found only in Devon and Cornwall. Later came the Romans and the Gauls, and then the Jews again, to find in Cornwall a place of refuge. They were the tin miners in King John's time, and their remembrance lingers in the old name "Mark-tew" for Penzance, and in the smelting houses still called "Jews' houses." Such is the history and the tradition of Cornish mining. Its fortunes, which had waned in the nineteenth century, are rising again in the twentieth, and the mines the Jews worked so well long ago are many of them being worked still.

In striking contrast to the Civil War, in which practically all the leaders were comparatively young, the European conflict establishes the fact that the men of consequence are well along in years. On the German side General von Emmich, the captor of Liège, is sixty-six, and General von Kluck is sixty-eight. General von Hausen, who recently gave up the command of the Saxon army, is sixty-eight; General von Heeringer is sixty-four, General von Einem sixty-one, and General von Buelow sixty-eight. General von Moltke, chief of the German general staff, is sixty-six, and General von Hinderberg, who is in command in East Prussia, is sixty-seven. Nearly all these officers took part in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. On the Allies' side, Earl Kitchener is sixty-four, Smith-Dorrien fifty-six, and Sir John French sixty-two. The three French generals, Pau, Joffre, and Gallieni, are all approaching seventy.

The Reuter News Agency, whose service extends over all the British colonies, is of German origin. The founder of the bureau, Julius Reuter, who in 1871 was made a German baron, was born in 1821 at Kassel, and died in 1899 at Nice. It is said that the famous mathematician, Gauss, gave him the idea of establishing telegraphic service between Aix-la-Chapelle and Berlin and Belgium. Up to that time Reuter had used carrier-pigeons to supply the journals and the banks with news. Two years after the establishment of the bureau at Aix-la-Chapelle Reuter removed his main office to London.

Cyril Maude, the English actor, is doing special police work every morning in London.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

First Lawyer—Does his cause look good to you? *Second Lawyer*—No, but his effects do. —*Town Topics*.

"Money talks, I tell you, money talks." "Yes, I know it does. I married money." —*Washington Star*.

"Was the car crowded you came in on?" "Not very. I had a strap all to myself." —*Boston Transcript*.

The Infidel—Learn to be a Christian? No, no! Chinese never learn to shoot good 'nough to be Christian.—*Life*.

"He is a man who never wishes anybody ill." "Then what does he want to be a doctor for?" —*Baltimore American*.

"I cured my wife of quarreling about wanting her own way in everything." "How?" "I let her have it." —*Chicago Herald*.

She—I'm afraid poor papa will miss me when we are married. *He*—Why, is your father going away? —*New York Sun*.

Sillicus—Palms are symbolic of victory. *Cynicus*—Is that the reason a girl uses them as decorations at her wedding? —*Town Topics*.

Frightened Passenger—'Ere! Whoa! There's an old fellow fell off the 'bus! *Conductor*—Orl right, sonny. E's paid 'is fare.—*Punch*.

Willie—Paw, what is the difference between genius and talent? *Paw*—Talent gets paid every Saturday, my son.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Scoffer—Where will you find the Upright Citizen in New York? *New Yorker*—Begging for the price of a night's lodging.—*Boston Globe*.

"They say those Mexican peons are absolutely useless." "Yes; I don't believe they're worth the paper they're printed on." —*Buffalo Express*.

Sapicigh—Clever? Oh, very! Why, she has brains enough for two. *Miss Keen*—Then she's just the girl you ought to marry. —*Boston Transcript*.

Mrs. Boker—Is the table at your boarding-house of unvarying excellence? *Mrs. Barker*—No; there are days when we don't hear a word of gossip.—*Judge*.

First Employer—How long has Gotrox's boy-worked in your office? *Second Employer*—About half an hour. He has been with us six months now.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Guest—Have you sheen—hic—anything my frien' Bozworth lately? *Hotel Clerk*—He was here half an hour ago. *Guest*—Wuz 'e 'lone—hic—er wuz I wiz 'im? —*Judge*.

"We've had dreadful misfortune with our beasts this year. First we had swine fever; then we lost a calf, and now we've been fined thirty marks for watering the milk." —*Fliegende Blätter*.

The Mistress—I shall take one of the children to church with me this morning, Mary? *The General*—Yes'm; which? *The Mistress*—Oh, whichever will go best with my new mauve dress.—*Sketch*.

Hub—I've given up drinking, smoking, and golf to please you, still you're not satisfied. Now what else do you want me to give up? *Wife*—Well, you might give up \$50. I need a new gown.—*New York World*.

"What is your idea of greatness?" "Greatness," replied Senator Sorghum, "is the distinction a man enjoys when he gets himself so securely established that people have to tolerate him whether they like him or not." —*Washington Star*.

Mrs. Lobb—What on earth is that? *Mr. Lobb*—This, my dear, is a barometer—a present from our son at college. *Mrs. Lobb*—Oh, I've heard of them. Isn't the dear hoy thoughtful? Which way do we screw it when we want the weather to be fine.—*Tit-Bits*.

Parishoner (to departing minister)—We're all very sorry to lose you, Mr. Foodle. *Mr. Foodle* (modestly)—Never mind, Mrs. Toodle. I've no doubt you'll get a better man next time. *Parishoner*—Ah, no, Mr. Foodle. That's just what the last minister said when he left.—*Sydney Bulletin*.

"This is the landscape I wanted you to suggest a title for, dear," said the artist, standing aside and proudly surveying his work. "Why not call it 'home'?" asked his wife, who lacked his fine imagination. "'Home'? Why?" "Because there is no place like it," she replied meekly.—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Teacher—Now, if I paid one man two dollars a day for seven hours' work, another three dollars and fifty cents for nine, and another four dollars and seventy-five cents for eight—*Reddy Backrow* (whose father belongs to the union)—You'd have the durndest strike on your hands you ever saw, teacher.—*Puck*.



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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Governor Johnson.

If anybody these days gave consideration to facts and reasons Mr. Johnson would by an overwhelming vote be thrust out from official life. He came into office representing the anti-machine principle in politics. Still sustaining his original pretensions, he has built up the most complete and arbitrary personal organization the state has ever seen. Nothing necessary to the perfection of this organization has been too gross or too shameless for him. Beginning with the procedure by which Alden Anderson was legislated out of the bank commissionership, he has gone down the line by a hundred courses all in the same spirit. He has prodigiously multiplied offices and clerical posts and has carefully filled them all with his own partisans. Some six thousand persons, we are told, are now in one way or another on the pay-roll of the state—all held to a close and industrious allegiance to the Johnson interest. Thus a colossal personal machine is supported directly from the state treasury.

Mr. Johnson likewise came into office representing

the principle of democracy. "The people," he promised, were to "rule." What has followed is within the knowledge even of careless observers. Under Mr. Johnson's direction the Constitution and the laws have been revolutionized, not in loyalty to the principle of popular rule, but to the end of making the governorship—the office held by Mr. Johnson himself—the central and authoritative pivot of the system. Today whoever sits in the governor's chair at Sacramento is the master of state affairs as never before. Government in detail is at the hands of a multitude of commissions, and every man-jack of a commissioner is subject in his tenure of official life to Mr. Johnson. No autocrat in Russia can rule with a more definite authority than may the governor of California.

Mr. Johnson likewise came into office loudly promising purity and economy in administration. As to the matter of purity, the San Francisco water-front affords a sufficient commentary. As for economy, whoever will examine his tax bills for 1913 and 1914 and compare them with the bills of former years will discover the real character of Johnsonian economy. The expenses of the state government in every department have prodigiously increased. Habits of extravagance in the executive office as illustrated by the governor's own demands upon the treasury have gone down the whole official line. Literally everybody's doing it. The result is seen in an advance anywhere from twenty-five to sixty per cent in the amounts to be paid by individual taxpayers.

Mr. Johnson's great claim is that he drove the Southern Pacific out of politics. Verily the Southern Pacific, once in politics, is now definitely out of politics; and even if we deny to Mr. Johnson the whole credit of this achievement, something may still be due him. But Mr. Johnson is not content with achievement; he wants to keep on driving the Southern Pacific out of politics, even though it is already out. This is partly political buncombe and partly an exercise of individual malevolence. Mr. Johnson is a man of intensely passionate nature. With him resentment and hatred hold sway long after original causes have been removed. So now, although that terrible bugaboo, "the railroad," is completely separated from politics, Mr. Johnson keeps on applying the flail. In part, as we have already said, this is due to political calculation; in some part it is due to Mr. Johnson's passionate habit.

Surely no self-respecting citizen has forgotten that though Mr. Johnson was elected as a Republican, he has from the very day of his official life stood as an embittered enemy of the Republican party. In every possible way, fair or foul, he has endeavored not only to combat Republican principles which he had professed all his previous life, but has endeavored to break down by tactical processes the party organization—the very same organization which was given into his hands as a trust. It would seem that nobody could forget the course by which he and his associates and followers practically disfranchised the Republicans in California in the late presidential election. So far from seeking to aid the people of California in the expression of their will, he deliberately and by a gross fraud undertook to a keep large section of the people from declaring their will in the matter of the presidency; and in fact he succeeded in doing it.

The plain truth about Mr. Johnson is that he is by character and practice a perfervid and furious political agitator. He is a temperamental extremist. A natural disposition to passionate states of mind has been augmented by habit. Mentally he is of the heavy type which under aroused feeling gains a certain stimulus. Mr. Johnson has permitted himself to cultivate a passionate habit. He works himself up into a fever of approval or of resentment as a means of getting a heavy mind into action. A man of this tendency has and can have no calm and stable judgments, no

administrative efficiency. In the governorship Mr. Johnson considers, not the business before him in its legitimate relations, but only as it may affect his political fortunes or those of his party. He is in the governorship a mere politician; and we may see in the demoralization of the state service and the looting of the state treasury just what this means.

The "Amendments."

The Argonaut has neither time, space, nor expert knowledge for detailed discussion of the forty-eight proposed statutes and constitutional amendments upon which voters are expected to declare judgment in next Tuesday's election. The very magnitude of the job is an indictment of this method of legislation. It would take a trained lawyer many days of laborious study to come to anything approaching an intelligent knowledge of all the subjects at issue. For the average citizen, or even the exceptional citizen, who can only give to the matter passing attention, the task is obviously too great. Nine hundred and ninety-nine voters out of a thousand must either vote blindly or upon advice, for the most part interested and selfish.

Of the forty-eight proposals upon which voters are expected to pass judgment a few may easily be understood. As, for example, prohibition, the universal eight-hour law, and some others. But some sail under false colors. For example, there is the amendment (No. 7), which presents itself under the alluring title of "home rule in taxation." This proposal is in fact a revolutionary one, in that it embodies the principle known as the "single tax." Whoever is not willing to take a blind leap into the dark of experimental legislation, should vote against this proposal and every other which like it masks a fixed and obscure design behind specious pretenses.

There is another set of proposals which voters scrutinize with especial care. They relate to the issuance of bonds for this, that, and the other purpose. The objects, no doubt, for which some or all of these bond issues are proposed are entirely worthy. But that is far from saying that they are so important or urgent that the state, already heavily in debt, should go in still deeper. Bonding schemes are nothing more or less than schemes to increase the public obligations. They are all proposals to advance the rate of taxation. This is a practical fact which every voter ought to bear in mind.

Then there is an amendment to the Constitution (No. 43), which proposes to exempt certain school and college grounds and buildings from taxation along with the "income" of such schools and colleges. We should like to support this proposal if it means merely to exempt school premises, and not property maintained for income. But in the mind of the Argonaut there arises vague but serious apprehension due to the indefiniteness of the terms of the amendment. "Income" is a term of large significance. If it means that property owned by a school or college and held for income is to be exempt, the proposal is essentially a vicious one. Since the sponsors of this exemption have not thought fit to make their proposal clean-cut, subject to certain and positive interpretation, the Argonaut despite its predisposition to encourage education will be impelled to vote no.

It is to be remembered that when any kind of property is made exempt from taxation two effects follow. First, it puts upon other property in proportion as the exemption relates to the total valuation of property in the state the burden of supporting the state government. Second, it puts private property, which must meet tax charges at a disadvantage, in competition with property not taxed. Thus if a citizen owns a building upon which he pays taxes in several forms, and if a school or college likewise owns a building upon which no tax is paid, then the latter is in a position of ex-

tional advantage in bidding for tenants or other forms of business patronage. The thing is wrong in principle, and it may become very vicious in practice. In other countries and in other times, as, for example, in France before the revolution, a large proportion of the property in any given community was exempt from public charges. Against this sort of thing there has always been protest, and not infrequently it has led to revolution. It is a good rule to tax all property alike. This rule is not rigidly enforced in California, and it is possible that some of the newer schools stand at a disadvantage as compared with the universities of Stanford and Berkeley, whose properties are in large measure exempt. We should be quite willing to put all upon an even basis. But the voter is entitled to know precisely what he is doing, and in the immediate instance this information has not been given clearly or adequately.

A very considerable class of proposals relates to matters purely legal and technical, impossible of intelligent comprehension without exposition by a skilled lawyer. Arguments for or against accompany such proposals, but they are all from interested sources, all mere partisan statements rather than judicial explanations of the matters at issue. Upon all such the *Argonaut* in the spirit of caution will vote no. In other words, it will not vote for anything which it can not understand, and which nobody has taken the pains to make clear. In all cases where the purpose is uncertain, and where there is implied change in existing law, it is a good rule to vote no. Arbitrary rejection of all vague proposals will at least have the effect of making future proposals more definite and intelligible.

The Congressional Campaign.

The immediate issue in the national campaign is the control of Congress. With the coming in of President Wilson in 1912 both the Senate and the House of Representatives attained Democratic majorities for the first time since 1897. In the coming election the country has an opportunity to change the deal if it wishes to do it. Half a year ago it seemed probable that the verdict of November would go against the Democracy. But the fortune of events has tended steadily to Democratic advantage. And it is now conceded by political sharps that there will be a small but sufficient Democratic majority in the next Congress.

The present majority in the House of Representatives is approximately one hundred and fifty. That it is almost certain to be reduced need not in the least embarrass the Administration. For, be it remembered, a small majority is much easier to manage than a large one. It has to face a large and usually a militant minority, this of itself being a source of cohesion and a means of discipline. In the days when Tom Reed was master of the House a certain election yielded a Republican majority of something like one hundred and seventy. Somebody congratulated Mr. Reed on the result. "Yes," he drawled out, "a hundred and seventy looks good and sounds good. But I'd a damned sight rather it had been seven."

One phase of the campaign as it is still in progress is worth attention. The one and only battle-cry has been, "Stand by the President!" When Democracy came into authority nearly two years ago it had a whole cargo of issues. Some of them have been worked out to some sort of finish, as, for example, matters relative to finance and the tariff. But there remains a tremendous array of unredeemed promises—for example, one to reduce the high cost of living, another to "unshackle business": with others too numerous to mention. One by one the original issues have been chucked overboard. Little by little the campaign has been narrowed down until now only the President appears to be in anybody's mind.

If this be due to management, then indeed the management has been mightily artful. But we suspect that it is due to a changed attitude of mind on the part of the American people. In former times voters really considered the more serious issues; now consideration is practically limited to men, more particularly to the head of any given ticket. It is hardly too much to say that the average American voter—and the average American voter nowadays is mostly an Irishman, a Swede, an Italian, or some other importation—takes to his self practically no individual responsibility in connection with the conduct of affairs. His thinking is done in the terms of dollars or bacon or beans. He

leaves politics to the politician, feeling that he has done his whole duty when he votes for somebody he imagines "a good man" for President or governor. It may almost be said that the average citizen, aforesaid so scrupulous on the point of his political privileges and responsibilities, has abdicated his sovereignty. He prefers now to give his time and energies to something directly profitable than to busy himself with affairs of government. He prefers to be governed than to take the trouble to govern himself.

The State Campaign.

The contest for the governorship of California appears to lie between Fredericks and Johnson. Curtin, the Democratic nominee, quite as good and probably a better man than either, in the curious posture of state politics is thought to have no chance of election. Under the circumstances the votes of many Democrats will be thrown either to Fredericks or Johnson as the preference or whim of the individual voter may move him to action.

The *Argonaut's* hopefulness in behalf of Fredericks, who ought to be elected, has been diminished somewhat by its observation of the course of the campaign. Very obviously a low bargain has been struck between the Johnson managers and the labor-union leaders of San Francisco. Whatever the latter may do to whip in their followers will surely be done. Then it has not escaped notice that the ragtag-and-bobtail of mercenary politics are all enlisted for Johnson. There is Johnson money in plenty, and it has been put out where it would do the most good. Some six thousand state job-holders, great and small, having first duly been assessed for the cause—every Jack and Jill of them all—have been brought up to the firing line and made to do their duty in the cause of pure politics under the conceptions of the Johnson campaign managers. It is understood further that more than one public service corporation, the terms and conditions of whose operations lie under the authority of the Johnsonian Board of Control, has been given the opportunity of contributing to the campaign chest.

On the other hand there has been practically no organized promotion of Mr. Fredericks. The Republican party, betrayed two years ago by its official trustees, has not yet gotten firmly upon its feet. In the immediate campaign it has had little initiative and less means. Fredericks has been under the necessity of making his campaign practically single-handed. Not one speaker has been brought in from outside the state to stimulate the general spirit of Republicanism. There has been in the campaign no organized or vital force. Even the party candidates for Congress, ordinarily active each in his own behalf, have been kept off the job by the protracted session at Washington.

If Governor Johnson shall be reelected—and that seems at this writing not unlikely—it will be due to activities which have had their inspiration in the state capital, and which have practically been paid for out of the state treasury. The Johnson machine has become an engine of tremendous power. Nothing like it has ever been known in California. It embodies all the advantages of high-power efficiency under dishonest standards, with unctuous claims to sympathy and support upon a theory of sublimated morality.

"At Peace" with Mexico.

There are many who assume that because we are not actively at war with Mexico the President's extraordinary and vagarious policy during the past year and a half has been successful. True, we are not battling in Mexico. But can it be said truthfully that we are at peace with that country? We have one army camped on Mexican soil at Vera Cruz and another camped on the northern border at El Paso. If war is all a matter of battles we are not at war with Mexico; but a course of watchful waiting upon the soil of another country in contempt of the protests of that country may by no very difficult process of reasoning be construed as war. We suspect that a convention of the fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, aunts, cousins, and sweethearts of the men killed in taking possession of Vera Cruz would have its own ideas with respect to what the Washington government calls peace.

It is well to bear in mind that while we are not making actual war in Mexico, we are doing nothing to prevent certain great wrongs for which we have admittedly a certain moral responsibility. Mexico herself

is still at war, and every day goes to augment a record red with every form of outrage. Before we felicitate ourselves that we are not making active war in Mexico we must reckon with the fact that we are idly looking on while hundreds and thousands of our own citizens are being despoiled of their lives or their property or both by the fighting factions of that wretched country.

We owe it to our relations to Mexico and under our duty to our own citizens either to make peace in Mexico or to leave the country alone. We are doing neither. We have mixed just enough in the affairs of Mexico to declare to the world, and to confirm in our own people, a sense of our moral responsibility. The present government of Mexico, if there be anything there meriting the name, is a thing of our own creation. We thrust out Huerta, who might after his own rough methods have made peace; we put in Carranza, who plainly is unable to make peace. Having done thus much, the responsibility is upon us. But we are not meeting it with intelligence or with courage. We are allowing a situation which we ourselves created to sustain the reign of anarchy, and at the same time we are felicitating ourselves upon the fact that we are not at war. In truth we should be ashamed to be at peace while conditions in Mexico, and of our own creation, are what they are.

There is one thing even worse than war. It is a supine and self-complacent satisfaction in peace upon the basis of neglected duty, of cowardly withdrawal from moral engagements.

Minor Matters at Washington.

Ex-President Taft as a guest of the American Bar Association has been visiting Washington and having what his predecessor in the presidency would have styled a bully time. Everybody seemed genuinely glad to see him and he in turn seemed genuinely glad to see everybody. It was a real home-coming. Of course he was called to speak at all sorts of occasions, great and small, and he did it in the happiest way, with just enough good-natured ginger in his remarks to properly spice them up. The Taft quality of charming a limited audience by intimate and conversational talk was never more in evidence than during this past few days. Speaking of it a few nights ago, a friend of Mr. Taft remarked, "How curiously different the Judge's manner is when he turns from a small to a large audience." Somehow when he talks to a big crowd the grace goes out of him and even his wonderful smile appears a bit mechanical. Unaffectedness and perfect frankness are what you observe in his personal talk. But in addressing the throng he seems never quite sure of himself. He never trusts himself to step beyond the limits of a quite positive reserve. The audience unfailingly gets an impression very different from that which the Judge invariably makes when talking to a group of friends. Somehow when addressing a crowd he always seems to be saying, "You are a lot of blank low-browed idiots without sense enough to appreciate what we are trying to do for you."

President Wilson these days conveys the impression of being very pleased and happy, in comparison with his obvious anxieties of half a year ago. It may be the getting of Congress off his hands or it may be the improved state of his health. He is distinctly better than he was earlier in the year. Golf does it. He has adopted the habit of very early rising, getting to the links frequently as early as six a. m. He plays usually at the Washington Country Club in Virginia, with occasional visits at other clubs near about. The other morning he astonished the domestic establishment at Chevy Chase—the ultra-fashionable club—by appearing there shortly after six in the morning. A curious thing about the President's golfing is that he will play with no one except his aide, Dr. Grayson. If Dr. Grayson can not be with him he plays alone. Thus on his visit to Chevy Chase he went around without a playing companion. His niece, Miss Bones, accompanied him to keep score.

The President has not yet got to golfing on Sunday, although pretty much everybody else in public life plays as freely on Sundays as on other days. Mr. Wilson spends a large part of his Sundays in motoring through the surrounding country. Just where the moral difference lies between golfing and motoring for pleasure and recreation probably Mr. Wilson would find it difficult to say. We once knew a good woman who ob-

jected on moral grounds to driving on Sunday on high roads. but who thought it entirely decorous and within bounds to go a slow pace along retired lanes. But she could never be got to fix the exact rate of speed defining the moral line.

It is curious how the golf game, which under critical view seems trivial enough, has captured the good and great of the country. Secretaries McAdoo, Lane, Houston, Gregory, Garrison, and Redfield are all keen players, Houston perhaps the best of the lot. The others, if the truth be told, narrowly escape the duffer class, if indeed they do escape it. Houston, Lane, and Garrison, by the way, are among the Sunday players. Justices Pitney, Van Devanter, Lamar, McKenna, and Day are the golfers of the Supreme Court. Pitney plays a fine sporting game. McKenna is notable for the fact that he plays in absolutely perfect form, but never gets anywhere. Day took up the game for his health. He has been dying ever since he went on the bench eleven years ago. He plays solemnly, religiously, and fairly well. Senator Cummins is a star golfer and has long been. Jonathan Bourne, although out of the Senate, still lives at Washington and plays in the senatorial group. Hillis of New Hampshire is the coming senatorial champion. Brandegee, Hitchcock, Lippitt, Oliver, Townsend, and Bourne make up a group that is much on the links. Bristow and Saulsbury golf a great deal, and Senator Owen has recently taken up the game. Townsend of New Jersey and Kent of California are the leading golfers in the House of Representatives. Fitzgerald, chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, Gardner and Gillett of Massachusetts, and James R. Mann, the Republican leader, are steady but not notable players.

Colonel House of Texas has again made his political prowess a matter of demonstration. It will be recalled that Mayor Mitchel of New York City and Dudley Field Malone, collector of the port of New York, were chosen by son-in-law McAdoo to reform the Democracy of the city and state. After the primary, in which the Administration was badly beaten, Mitchel sulked, although the White House came through with hearty commendations of Glynn, the nominee for governor, and Gerard, the nominee for senator. Colonel House went over to see Mitchel, and according to the reports he has straightened him out. Dudley Field Malone was more easily reconciled. He has even gone so far as to visit Chicago, where he made some speeches for that true and patriotic Democrat—now that he is a party nominee—Roger Sullivan.

There was a minute of wild excitement the other day at the White House when the President without notifying his secret service guards undertook to walk around the corner on some domestic errand. There was a hurrying and scurrying the like of which is not often seen in the decorous atmosphere of the Executive Mansion. The result of it was that two stalwart secret service men ranged themselves alongside the President before he got fairly beyond the White House gate. Verily times have changed since President John Quincy Adams used to sneak down in the cold gray dawn to the banks of the Potomac, hang his clothes on a convenient tree, and disport himself in the cold river by way of starting the day—all unobserved. But that was before the moving-picture machine was invented.

Editorial Notes.

In the election to be held throughout California on Tuesday next 1,258,600 persons are entitled to vote under registrations filed prior to October 3d. The party affiliations of these voters as set forth in the records or registration are as follows:

Republicans	510,200
Democrats	227,200
Progressives	217,000
Socialists	63,300
Prohibitionists	37,100
Non-Partisan	117,600
Scattering	36,200

Under ordinary circumstances it would be a simple matter, with these figures as a basis, to determine the probabilities of the returns next week. But there are several uncertain factors in the case. There has been a break in the Republican party, and it is surmised that a very considerable number of voters who through sentiment or habit or both have registered as Republicans may vote with the Progressive element. It is

discoverable in the general situation that the contest for the governorship lies between Fredericks, Republican, and Johnson, Progressive. This being the common belief, many Democrats, it is surmised, will abandon their party nominee and make choice between the Republican and the Progressive nominees. Then there is an element of uncertainty in the woman vote, which being practically a new thing has not yet discovered a definite or even probable line of action. Under these conditions even experts in the game of politics find themselves unable to estimate the outcome with any assurance. Everybody is at sea, so to speak, and one guess is as good as another. However, we will know all about it on Wednesday morning.

We venture to suggest to the Native Sons "Hall of Fame" Association that they postpone canonization of some of those proposed for honors until they shall be safely dead. This is the only way by which awkward situations may be avoided. In the list of candidates made public about half the names are best known through exploitation in the divorce courts, while some of the others have attained distinction along lines not ordinarily discussed in polite society.

The navy is making elaborate plans for representation at the San Francisco Fair. Efforts are being made to get on the *Oregon* for the voyage to the Fair as many officers as possible who served on that ship and others during the Spanish war. Lieutenant-Commander Brooks Upham will be one of the officers of the *Olympia*, possibly in command. He was a youngster on that ship at Manila and is now serving at Philadelphia. Californians will be interested in the fact that he is a nephew of Noah Brooks, an old and highly respected San Francisco journalist, who was Washington correspondent for the *Sacramento Union* during the Civil War and who for a brief period acted as one of the secretaries of President Lincoln.

In a note to the San Diego *Union* Mr. W. W. Bowers recites the fact that Progressive campaigners around about San Diego are showing a reprint of an old photograph in time afore widely exploited as a political exhibit. "It is," says Mr. Bowers, "the picture of the meeting at a dinner party at a respectable private house, by invitation of the owner, of some alleged members of the old 'Southern Pacific Railroad political machine,' which Hiram Johnson now boasts of having 'kicked out.' According to the legend at the bottom of the picture Abe Ruef, Governor Gillett, and other notables were present." Commenting on this exhibit Mr. Bowers says:

Now, since Hiram Johnson has kicked out the old machine and put in its place his Progressive machine, I suggest the propriety of publishing a companion picture to go with the Ruef picture, this one to be of the Progressives who have been running Hiram Johnson's machine in Alameda County, over twenty of whom have been indicted by the grand jury of that county, and a number of them already arrested for having, as charged, through wholesale perjury and forgery, voted dead men's names at the primaries and falsely registered over three thousand voters of that county in the interests of Progressive "reform." Of course a picture of these can not be taken in any respectable private residence, but will have to be taken in a jailyard or criminal courtroom. Such a picture would make a fair companion piece for the Ruef picture and would be highly interesting and instructive, as it would most conclusively show just the kind of political reform the Johnson political machine turns out, and it would leave us all free to judge whether its work is superior to the old Ruef machine. By all means, let us have the picture.

The President has not, he says, had time as yet to take up the matter of organizing a trade commission. This, it is understood at Washington, means delay until after the lame duck crop is harvested in November. For the benefit of those who may not be up in political lingo it may be just as well to explain that a lame duck is an obedient and serviceable member of the Senate or the House who has failed of reelection and who needs a government job. It is a common opinion at Washington that when the President gets around to the trade commission he will name Joseph E. Davies of Wisconsin, now Commissioner of Corporations, as chairman. It would be a good appointment.

Chairman Gary of the United States Steel Corporation, whose talent for figuring is a demonstrated quantity, finds after an exhaustive study of reports that armed peace has been costing the nations now at war \$2,000,000,000 per year. He estimates the cost of war

as fifteen times greater than the cost of peace, or \$30,000,000,000 per year. "If," he says, "the powers could be confident that a year of war would end militarism and settle finally all the disputes which give rise to it, they might see an ultimate saving in the present conflict. At the end of a war, no matter how it ends, all the nations involved will be heavily in debt. It will strain their resources to the utmost, even under a reduced or practically eliminated charge for military establishments, to meet the interest charges on their several debts. This fact alone is bound to be a tremendous influence for disarmament."

A straw tending to illustrate an extreme phase of the public mind is to be noted in a bill introduced by Senator Martine of New Jersey (by request) on the 13th instant. Its text is as follows:

A bill authorizing government control of certain utilities. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that in protecting the right of the people to employ their own labor, the government, through the Department of Labor, shall establish, own, and conduct such mines, factories, and public works as may be necessary to give work to every person applying therefor, and shall distribute, sell, or supply the product or service of such industries to the people at cost.

Section 2. That to carry out the foregoing Congress shall set aside, from time to time, such funds as may be necessary.

This bit of legislation ought to make everybody happy.

There has been set on foot an interesting movement to bring into California by wholesale methods of invitation and assistance bodies of Belgians and of other peoples driven from their homes by the war in Europe. The movement makes instant appeal, first upon our sympathies and, second, to a very natural wish to increase the population and the industrial resource of the state. If the thing could be done rationally and wholesomely it would be well. But such movements are quite as likely to end in futility and disappointment as in success. Assisted immigrants are rarely selected with discrimination. Then immigrants brought into the country wholesale are as frequently as otherwise subjected to cruel impositions. The movement is more than likely to be used as a means of marketing inferior and unsaleable lands; and the end is more likely to yield disappointment and poverty to its presumed beneficiaries than anything to their real advantage or to the public good. Unless there can be worked out a scheme so careful as to avoid the chances of failure it would better not be undertaken at all. Growth of the state in population and consequently in industrial power is in every way desirable. But no good can come to California through a wholesale importation of masses of people untrained and untrainable, under conditions which are quite as likely to yield an element of thriftlessness as a real addition to our effective population.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Germany's Asiatic Policy.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 23, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: In the memoirs of Prince von Bülow, Germany's former chancellor, I find a passage which is a revelation almost startling to the Japanese. It runs thus: "Towards the end of the 'eighties Prince Bismarck once said to me, with reference to Russia and Asia: 'In Russia there is a very serious amount of unrest and agitation, which may easily result in an explosion. It would be best for the peace of the world if the explosion took place in Asia and not in Europe. We must be careful not to stand just in the way, otherwise we may have to hear the brunt of it.'"

This explains every move Germany has made in the Far East. In the light of it we can easily account for her interference with the Chino-Japanese peace terms of 1895, and also for the historic picture of the Yellow Peril painted by the versatile Kaiser. Obviously it has been Germany's scheme to play Russia against Japan, to divert Muscovite ambition for territorial expansion to the Far East, so that she might enjoy peace and prosperity in Europe. It was a pretty good scheme as far as Germany was concerned; but what about poor little Japan?

The Japanese are pained to hear that Germany is accusing them of ungratefulness. They are as grateful as ever for all that German universities, scholars, and experts have done for them and their country. Towards individual Germans they cherish, not animosity, but a feeling of respect and affection.

To the Japanese, however, German culture and achievements which have been a boon to the world is one thing, and the German policy directed by the military and bureaucratic leaders at Berlin is another. It is the latter which Japan is fighting. The Japanese see no paradox in dissociating in their minds the diplomacy of the Wilhelmstrasse from the German people and German culture.

After all the policy of setting one power against another is a poor one. Germany has found it out at a great cost. She is, of course, at liberty to employ all legitimate means in her efforts to avoid the brunt of Russian aggressiveness, but to make such a weak, inpecunious nation as Japan the victim of her sordid scheme is political immorality. It is just this political perfidy, not the German people, against which the little islanders are waging war.

K. K. KAWAKAMI

THE THEATRE OF WAR.

The Belgians seem fated to be in the forefront of the battle. No one seems quite to know how this little army escaped from Antwerp, but escape it did. Just about the time when the German authorities were announcing that the Belgian forces were destroyed and could no longer be considered as a factor in the situation those same forces, fairly intact, were inconsiderate enough to arrive at Nieuport on the sea coast between Ostend and Dunkirk and to throw themselves straight across the path of the invaders. By this move the Belgian forces became the extreme left of the Allied armies which had raced from the south in the effort to outflank Von Kluck's army. Once more the Belgians were in the right place at the right time, and as ready to fight as ever.

Those who have ever entered the port of Ostend will understand something of the nature of the fighting now in progress between Nieuport and La Bassée, a distance of about fifty miles. The rival armies face each other north and south and with the Yser Canal between them. The Allies bar the road to Dunkirk and Calais, which we may believe are the immediate objectives of the German advance. The country consists of low, undulating sand-dunes, with no trees or any other effective shelter. It is almost impossible for any considerable body of men to shield themselves from sight. The first attempt of the Germans to cross the Yser Canal was at Nieuport, defended by the Belgians, and by French and British forces. The overwhelming numbers of the Germans would probably have given them the victory here, but for the British monitors, which were able to come close in shore and even to enter the canals and so to use their heavy naval guns. A little imagination will easily construct the scene for us. The heaviest fighting would be just at Nieuport and must have centred around the German efforts to cross the canal, probably by means of pontoons, which would be destroyed by artillery fire as fast as they were made. The fire would be directed by aviators, who would signal the vulnerable positions. Just beyond the port the British monitors would be steaming up and down sufficiently fast to perplex the German submarines and firing steadily at the German forces on land. Each monitor would have its escort of destroyers ceaselessly watchful for the periscope of the submarines. Efforts to cross a river or a canal in face of a hostile force are usually attended with serious loss of life, and it is easy to believe that the German casualties were enormously heavy.

It seems that the attempt to cross the Yser at Nieuport was eventually abandoned and the German forces withdrew inland out of reach of the naval guns and there made a further and successful effort near Dixmude. At the moment of writing the Germans are in possession of both sides of the canal at the point of crossing, but they have done no more than gain the opposite bank. They have been unable to advance in face of the resistance that they themselves describe as stubborn. They are also attacking at various points further south, and notably at Armentières, La Bassée, and Arras. If they should be able to pierce the Allied lines at any of these points Dunkirk and Calais would be endangered. At the same time it would seem impossible that they should hold any seaport in face of the British ships that would then be able to attack them from the sea. We are therefore still in the dark as to the intention of this furious movement toward Calais. It marks a new departure of some sort, since it could have been carried out even more effectively at an earlier stage of the game and before the Allied flanking movement had reached the coast. Even if the Germans should be able to reach Calais in force it would be of no particular aid in a new advance upon Paris, since the difficulties would be just as great as before and even greater. We must therefore suppose either that the Germans are preparing for a general fall back from the Aisne or that they have resolved to concentrate upon an attack on the English coast. Perhaps both.

The latter alternative seems the more probable, and there is no conceivable reason why it should not be undertaken, and with some faint hope of success. We have to remember that transports could cross from Calais to Dover in two hours, and that every inch of the way they would be under the protecting German guns at Calais. For so short a trip the transports could be packed to the gunwales, and therefore only a few ships would be needed for a sufficient force. As soon as the transports were ready to start we may suppose that the German fleet would put to sea from Kiel in the hope of occupying the attention of the British ships. The fleet would be accompanied by swarms of submarines under the water, and by all available Zeppelins over the water. We have already seen what submarines can do, and it would be a mistake to estimate the result of such a fight merely by counting the ships that would be opposed to each other. It is quite on the cards that the disparity in the numbers of the warships would be equalized by the submarines, and that every available British ship would have all that it could attend to in defending itself in the North Sea, and that the little strip of twenty miles between Calais and Dover would be left undefended sufficiently long to allow the transports to cross under the protection of their guns at Calais. On the other hand, we may remember that Germany has no monopoly of submarines, although a good many writers seem to suppose that she has and that a submarine is necessarily a German submarine. As a matter of fact the French and British submarine fleet is justly larger than the German, and in the event of a sortie from Kiel the German fleet would itself be attacked by innumerable submarines and innumerable airships. But unless the Germans want Calais for a base of operations against

England, then what do they want it for? It seems to be of no particular value for any other purpose. Calais is of course used for the passage of British reinforcements, and it is the most convenient of ports for such a purpose. But there are others, and the military advantage of its capture seems hardly commensurate with the price to be paid for it. We may even believe that sentiment plays its part in war as in everything else, and that a vital blow at England would be a matter of peculiar gratification to Germany.

From the eastern field there is nothing much to report. There can now be no question that the Russians won a victory outside Warsaw, that is to say that they compelled the German and Austrian forces to retreat and to take up new positions. The battle line now stretches from Warsaw to the fortress of Przemyśl, a distance of about 250 miles, and the German retreat westward has been from ten to thirty miles. The Germans have made no official admission of this reverse, but they speak of the battle as being of an indecisive nature. But it is very certain that if the Germans had won any kind of advantage they would have been able to send large reinforcements to Belgium. It seems that they have not detached a single man from the eastern field, and this seems to bear out the Russian claim that was repeated on several successive days. Russia's contribution to the cause of the Allies still consists in the detention of about a million and a half of men on the eastern frontier, and it is obvious that such a contribution is of the most substantial kind. It is to be remembered that a Russian invasion of Germany would not only have an adverse moral effect, but it would mean a further curtailment of the food supply, which now comes from the great grain fields of eastern Prussia and also from the south.

Our estimate of events must still depend upon the veracities and inveracities of the official reports. The London Times has made a somewhat vicious attack upon the British censor, not so much for the inaccuracies of his reports as for their insufficiencies. At a time when the greatest battle in history is being fought the authorities can find nothing better to report than insignificances and silliness. Certainly it would seem that some of the precautions are childish to the last extent. All the world knows that there is heavy fighting at Arras, for example, but on no account must Private Thomas Atkins tell his mother that he was present at it. The British authorities seem to be obsessed by a puerile worship of secrecy for its own sake, and they adopt, moreover, the irritating attitude of lofty superiority in the presence of humble inferiority. The British war office in its own defense points out that the army is only a small fraction of the Allied forces and that it ought not to infringe upon the right of the French government to select what news shall or shall not be published. The defense is a valid one, but it should have been made earlier. There has been an insufficient recognition that it is the British nation, and not the British war office, that is making war as well as paying the bill in lives and money, and that reports to the nation should not consist of funny stories.

To the impartial observer it would seem that the French reports are by far the best and the most reliable. Every few days since the war began we have read from Paris some frank statement of reverse. We have been told again and again that the Allies have "lost some ground," or were "compelled to fall back," but no such admissions have come from any other capital at any time. Of course the French reports have not told the whole of the truth. There have been suppressions and evasions in plenty, but from most of the other countries there have been nothing but suppressions and evasions. For example, the Austrian official reports are a mere catalogue of tremendous victories and world-shaking triumphs, nearly all of them being pure inventions. On no single occasion has the Austrian government admitted a check or a reverse.

The official reports from the German war office transmitted abroad have been usually accurate where they have dealt with positive facts. The fault here lies in the suppression of reverses. The German war office has never admitted the slightest check, or the smallest delay or deviation from plan. But the news printed by German newspapers has been extraordinarily silly, whether it emanated from the war office or not. The retreat from the Marne was announced in Berlin as follows: "Germans make victorious withdrawal to catch enemy in trap." And lest this should be insufficient there was the further announcement: "Total collapse of Allies. Sir John French a prisoner, with entire British staff." Other news items published in Berlin were to the effect that "England sues for peace"; "Ireland seething in revolt"; "Russia seething in revolt"; "Egypt seething in revolt"; "Canada seething in revolt"; "America forming regiments for Germany." Now probably some of these had no official source, but most of them had. Moreover, none were forbidden officially. Nowhere in a Berlin newspaper do we find any suggestion of reverse, nowhere a hint that things were not going in every way as they should go. But in the English newspapers we find many such announcements as the following: "Allies beaten back all along the line. British suffer severely. Heavy British casualty list." And again, a few days later: "Germans advance; drive all before them. German heavy guns cause tremendous havoc. British losses fifteen thousand." These announcements may be verified by any one with sufficient curiosity to turn to the files.

It is not likely that Dutch neutrality will be violated, but in such an event Holland could defend herself with some 400,000 men. The Dutch navy consists of ten small battle-

ships, four cruisers, forty-seven torpedo boats, eight destroyers, six submarines, and several small gunboats. Most of these are used for the protection of Holland's East India possessions. For her own internal defense she relies upon her power to open the dikes and submerge the whole country. Dutch sympathies are probably German. England outstripped Holland in the race for colonial possessions and France compelled Holland to assent to the loss of Belgium, but these things would have no effect upon her neutrality. She would throw herself with the greatest ferocity upon any invader no matter what his nationality, and she would certainly consider that any interference with the Scheldt so far as it flows through Dutch territory was an infringement of her neutrality.

The German howitzer shell is loaded with a substance called trinitro-toluene, which looks much like yellow sugar, but behaves quite differently. If a light is applied it will burn steadily without explosion, but when it is fused and poured into a steel shell with a detonator it will explode with a tremendous noise and cause great local destruction. Trinitro-toluene is akin to lyddite, which was used by the British in the Boer war, but it was found that lyddite seldom killed any one. It was shattering to the nerves and its fumes stained everything within reach a deep yellow. The German howitzer has much the same effect. It is intended to terrify by its noise, but the destruction that it causes is not widespread. It was noticed in Rheims cathedral that a single statue would be destroyed, while others standing quite close to it were uninjured.

Heligoland, which now frowns an effective defiance to the British fleet, is thirty miles from Wilhelmshaven and it was ceded by England to Germany about twenty-four years ago in exchange for Zanzibar. The bargain showed a curious sense of values on the part of Great Britain, seeing that Heligoland would have been of incalculable value to her while Zanzibar was of no value at all. In the last twenty years Germany has spent over \$30,000,000 on the fortification of the little island. The caverns and fissures have been filled with concrete, and the whole island has been practically surrounded with buttresses. Further enormous sums were spent on harbor fortifications, and the entire German fleet could now lie there under the shelter of the guns ashore. Heligoland, in the opinion of military critics, has doubled the value of the German navy. It commands the entrance to Wilhelmshaven, the entrance to the River Weser, the mouth of the River Elbe, and the Kiel Canal. In other words the island of Heligoland dominates a naval base, two rivers, a canal, and the towns of Bremen, Bremerhaven, Cuxhaven, and Hamburg.

We are all so interested in the story of the destruction of life that we have but scant attention for those whose mission it is to save life. But the medical corps seems to be earning for itself laurels on the European battlefields, although sometimes the honors will be posthumous ones. Hitherto the lot of the wounded has often been indescribably horrible. Perhaps it must always be horrible, although we may congratulate ourselves that both skill and courage in the alleviation of suffering are now more effective than ever before. It was once the custom for the field surgeons to wait for the wounded to be brought to them in the temporary hospitals, and the delay must have meant a veritable inferno for the injured man. Now we read of the doctors wiggling their way among the dead and wounded actually on the firing line. They carry with them nothing but a few appliances for stopping bleeding and a hypodermic syringe for the injection of morphia. When they find a wounded man they lie down by his side and adopt instant measures for stopping the pain, even though that is all that can be done. There may be delay before the ambulances can do their share of the work, but at least the delay is a painless one. Medical science, we are told, has decided that the conditions for recovery will be much more favorable in cases where the pain has been controlled, and it is easy to believe that wounds may be much aggravated by suffering. This new method of bringing aid at the earliest possible moment is dangerous to the surgeons, and already many of them have given their lives to their duty. At a time when we are deploring a continental reversion to barbarism it is just as well that we should remind ourselves that there is no lack of those who are ready and with enthusiasm to imperil their own lives for the sake of lessening the miseries of others.

SIDNEY CORYEN.

Pioneers dreamed that some day San Francisco and Eureka, on Humboldt Bay, would be connected by rail, and the dream has finally become a reality. The golden spike, celebrating the completion of the Northwestern Pacific Railroad to the chief harbor point on the northern coast of California, was driven on Friday of last week. The ceremony was performed at Camp Rock, eighty miles south of Eureka. Hitherto passengers and freight between San Francisco and Eureka have been carried by steamer. The distance by rail is approximately 300 miles, and the completion of the road will be the means of opening up and developing a rich country which has lacked quick shipping facilities for many years.

Between 1910 and July 1, 1914, 40,999 Japanese arrived in the United States and 35,415 departed; in the same interval 23,071 Chinese arrived and 26,496 departed.

As many as seventy-two different kinds of wood are used in the manufacture of umbrella handles, canes, and whips in this country.

A MODERN GLADIATOR.

His Fatal Passion Leads to an Arena Tragedy.

It was time this persecution stopped. Miss Laura had borne it too long already, and she could endure it no more. She did not wish to become the talk of all Madrid.

Undoubtedly she was running a risk in what she was about to do. To recline in the soft cushions of her calèche, cold and unruffled, as her proud studs dashed along the great avenue called the Prado; to look about her with a careless gaze that gave the impression of an untroubled mind, while the equestrians pointed her out to each other with an almost imperceptible nod of the head and with that insinuating curl to the corners of the mouth; to be whirled around the corner and encounter the end of a fan suddenly folded into a pointer from among some rustling group of mantillas, whose impertinent whispering one could not escape hearing. "Indeed! Is that she? Upon my soul, my dear, is that he one whom Enrico has gone crazy over? Well, if that is she, we can expect to see Enrico soon—why, there he is!" This was what, perhaps, awaited her.

Enrico! A bull-fighter! A man whom any one could see for money at the bull-ring! An actor!

An actor, yes, and a superb one. Not of that kind who bring smiles to the face, but one of those who cause you to shiver. A tragedian who played but a single rôle, always the same, but what a rôle! In the arena, where the blood gushes from the ground, where the fallen bodies of the disemboweled horses lie, with the last quiverings of the death agony in their flanks—in this atmosphere of horror, when ten thousand people, palpitating with anguish, have risen breathless as the mighty bull, bellowing with rage and his eyes on fire, stands at bay. Now for the struggle to the death. Before him—a scarlet scarf trailing over his left arm, his chest protected with but a simple jacket of silk—advances a solitary man, his sole defense a slender length of steel. It is a tragic encounter, where that sovereign power, courage, which stretches this savage monster at the feet of a feeble man, shines in all its splendor.

These were the conditions under which she had first seen this calm, handsome fellow march to the peril of his life with a smile upon his face. There were other toreros as brave as he, perhaps; but they were brutes, they were vulgar, heavy rustics who had tended cattle as cowherds before coming here to kill them as toreros.

But Enrico was slender, elegant, distingué; one could not deny that he had the air of a gentleman in disguise. He always entered the amphitheatre, his sword on his arm, as a man of the world enters a drawing-room, his silk hat in his gloved fingers, a flower in his button-hole, and a madrigal on his lips.

Moreover, they told a story about him—the only one now passed into legend, something about the son of a family ruined by his prodigalities, who, disappearing for years, no one knew whither, suddenly returned from South America to make his début in the midst of the Royal Circus and set all Madrid aflame.

It was there, one day, that Miss Laura Dennison had allowed the marvelous performance of the illustrious toreador to carry her away. Miss Dennison was not one of those feather-brained young persons whose dreams, peopled by powdered tenors with poetic airs and frizzled wigs, are taken from the opera of the night before, as seen from her loge through a lognette.

Nevertheless she had recently committed an error—a pardonable error, or at all events an involuntary one; one of those deviations which the world thinks a trifle, but which is still an error. When she first beheld Enrico, standing triumphant with his foot on the head of the bull he had just slain, Miss Laura, in this wild moment of universal excitement, forgetting in her enthusiasm the usual phlegm of a daughter of the north, in common with the Spanish women, who on all sides of her tore the flowers from their corsages to throw to their favorite—she had hurled the bouquet of rare flowers which lay in her lap down to the victorious toreador's feet. But, in the quick movement, she had parted with not only the flowers, but the little card-case of gold-mounted tortoise-shell which she had held in her hand.

Later on Enrico, in his room, found among the armfuls of flowers which had rained down upon his head the dainty little card-case, bearing within it several visiting cards, upon which was engraved the name of Miss Laura Dennison. "An invitation!" thought the toreador.

It did not take much inquiry to find the residence of the American Cæsus. When he had done this the toreador himself returned the lost card-case, without asking to see her, but leaving one of his own cards. This was the limit of his audacity. But a few days later some one pointed out Miss Laura upon the street as she passed quite near him. His eyes drank in the beauties of this adorable creature, who retained the complexion of a lily even under the sun of swarthy Spain, and the image of those eyes of heavenly blue beneath her crown of golden hair never after left his mind. He was transfixed with love. Since that encounter, from day to day this folly had continued to grow upon him, until at last it had gained the mastery and ha-

assed him by its tyrannous sway. It seemed to seek opportunities, through the contemplation of his idol, hopelessly barred from his approach, to keep his misery ever fresh in his mind. It caused him to choose his promenade so that he might cross her path as often as possible, even while by his silent but unmistakable adoration he ran the risk of compromising her. Finally it drove him to pass hours in view of her windows for the chance of an occasional glimpse behind the cruel curtain of the beautiful phantom that haunted his days and nights.

Tonight he was at his post, and Miss Dennison, happening to look out on the street as the toreador leaned forward to see her from behind the doorway which half concealed him, beheld the light of the neighboring gas-lamp shining full in his face. This was why, utterly wearied of this affair, she had drawn back angrily from the window and decided that something must be done.

She formed a sudden resolution. She would carry it out in spite of the gossiping old Spanish town. She would see him herself. Her father had gone out; so much the better, she would be more at liberty; if he returned, so much the worse—the comedy might change to tragedy. But in either case she intended to accomplish her end. She rang for her maid, and, indicating the love-lorn toreador, said:

"Tell him to come here!"

Now, so agitated that his lips trembled, the toreador stood in her presence. What could she mean by this unexpected summons? A fugitive hope crossed his mind, only to be frozen, as in a cold voice she began to speak, going straight to the point. In a few dry, cutting words she described the annoyance which this ceaseless pursuit had caused her, and, not without some haughty irony, demanded that he should give up the insane passion that impelled him to such conduct. For, indeed, had he ever deceived himself, even in his dreams, about this matter? She was not for such as he! Did he mean an impertinence or insult by what he had been doing?

He gently interrupted her: "I knew all this, señorita," he said, simply; "to know it was torture, but to hear it from your lips is death."

She saw that his eyes were full of tears. Silently, with a profound bow, the toreador left the room.

* * * * *

The next day, as Miss Dennison sat in her usual place at the amphitheatre, just as it was time for Enrico to appear, an old woman who sat near held out a bunch of flowers which she had just picked up, saying: "Your bouquet, señorita."

Her bouquet? She had brought none with her. She looked at the flowers which the unknown stranger had dropped into her lap. Between two roses appeared the corner of a piece of paper. At this moment the bull entered the arena, and as all around her leaned forward to catch sight of him, unseen she drew forth a little note and read:

"Search in your world for a man who, for you, would do that which I do today."

It was signed "Enrico."

What was he going to do? Miss Dennison felt a slight shudder. Pshaw! some unexpected feat of slaughter, no doubt; some act foolhardy beyond the ordinary, prearranged and dedicated to her. He was reckless enough to attempt anything; but however perilous the position, he was agile enough to escape uninjured.

Twenty minutes passed. Already the panting bodies of six horses were strewn about the arena, and the bull, dripping with blood from the banderillas stuck in his flanks, roamed about, blind with rage, seeking his foes.

Suddenly the toreador appeared. A buzz of astonishment swept from one end of the amphitheatre to the other.

Enrico, whose costumes were famous for their fastidious elegance and the rich splendor of their colors, was now clothed entirely in sombre black. Every article he wore, from the silken hose to the lace collar, was of the same sinister hue, and at the handle of his sword a favor of black crêpe was knotted. Whom could the great Enrico be mourning?

Slowly the toreador moved toward the beast, advancing in a straight line without a feint or a moment's hesitation. The bull had suddenly come to a halt, and now, as if surprised by this quiet boldness, stood with distended nostrils regarding the enemy. Then, with a deep bellow, it lowered its head, ready to dash upon him.

At this moment Enrico was seen to grasp his sword in his two hands, break it over his knee, and dash the pieces to the ground. Then with crossed arms he stood motionless in the middle of the arena.

The cry of amazement which arose from the multitude at this unaccountable act suddenly changed into one of horror.

The body of the superb Enrico, after turning thrice in the air, fell lifeless to the earth, gored by both horns of the ferocious Andalusian bull.

* * * * *

When Miss Dennison came to herself her first thought was of the note which she believed still tightly clasped in her hands. It was gone.

It was through this that it became known in Madrid for whose pretty eyes Enrico, the famous toreador, had met his bloody death in the arena.—Translated from the French of Joseph Montet.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

General von Falkenhayn, who has been acting as chief of the German general staff during the illness of General von Moltke, is minister of war.

Colonel R. J. Ross, who has been selected to command the Peking legation guard, has been stationed at Woolwich for some time. He is no stranger to the Far East, having served on the staff of the China command from 1904 to 1908.

Romulo S. Noan, elected to honorary membership in the American Bar Association, is ambassador from Argentine to this country. The honor is conferred on some prominent international jurist at the close of each annual session of the association.

W. B. McDougall, who has been elected governor of the Chicago District Federal Reserve Bank, has been bank examiner for the Chicago Clearing-House Association since 1906. Prior to that time he was a national bank examiner. His salary, it is said, will be \$30,000 a year.

Professor Emil Junker, who for over a quarter of a century has taught German in Kanazawa and Tokyo, Japan, has been obliged to retire from his position. Despite the war feeling, so highly do the Japanese regard him personally that at the recent commencement exercises of the Koto Gakko, in Tokyo, a public tribute was paid him by the principal of the school.

Colonel Chester Harding, who has been decided upon by the War Department for the position of engineer of maintenance in the permanent government of the Canal Zone, is engineer commissioner of the District of Columbia. He is known as a man of unusual executive ability, and in his work has handled original problems in a manner which has won him wide recognition.

Lieutenant-General Sir Douglas Haig, in command of the first corps of the British expeditionary force in France, has been the commanding officer at Aldershot since 1912. He served in the Soudan in 1898, where he was awarded both the British and the Khedive's medals for gallantry. The Boer War took him to South Africa, where he gained further honors. At the restoration of peace he went to India, where he finally became chief of staff. His book, "Cavalry Studies," is widely known in military circles.

King Ferdinand of Roumania, succeeding the late King Charles, was in 1889 declared Prince of Roumania and heir apparent to the throne. Physically he has never been very robust, and the threat of tuberculosis has hung over him for years. He is said to have little taste for soldiering, his mind leaning rather towards science, and his education has been along this line. He is described as shy, reserved, and unbending. He married the Princess Marie, daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, a brother of King Edward VII of England.

Colonel Friederich von Bernhardt, who has come into world-wide prominence through his book, "Germany and the Next War," was born November 22, 1849, at Petrograd (St. Petersburg), where his father was stationed as Prussian consul. He was educated at Berlin and Hirschberg. He has twice been married. On April 18, 1869, he entered the army, and became general of the Seventh Army Corps in January, 1908. He has received the decoration of the Iron Cross and the title of Excellency. As a retired general and adviser to the Kaiser, and living at Cunnersdorf, he wrote the work which has turned the attention of the world in his direction.

General von Hindenburg, probably the most noted German commander the war has produced, retired from the army in 1907, a veteran in years and experience. He is a tactician of rare ability, grim and laconic, and is known as "the cold old man." Before his retirement he read a series of lectures entitled "Immerangreifen"—"Always Attack." He preached that successful attack may be made eventually on a vastly superior enemy if the attacker so handles his forces as to be locally superior at each attack in the point. Having distinguished himself in Belgium and France, he was summoned to aid in repelling the onward move of the Russians, and report now says he is in command of or acting as chief of staff of the 1,750,000 Germans on the Vistula.

Captain J. Foster Stackhouse, who will sail from England next year in command of Captain Scott's Antarctic ship, *Discovery*, on a voyage in the interest of science, expecting to occupy the better part of seven years, has fellowships in the Royal Geographical Society, the Zoological Society, and the Royal Scottish Geographical Society. He is also an active member of the Explorers' Club of America. He comes of a scientific family, and his uncle, Sir Jonathan Huthinson, was president of the Royal College of Surgery and surgeon to Queen Victoria and King Edward VII. Among his other scientific accomplishments, the commander is a skilled navigator. He won his title as captain in the service of the Royal Eastern Yacht Club. Primarily, the purpose of the voyage is to chart accurately some 2000 of the 5300 islands, rocks, reefs, shoals, and other obstructions to navigation in the five great oceans that have been reported to the navy departments of the world by the master mariners of the last three centuries.

AMERICANS AT THE BERLIN EMBASSY.

Scenes Depicted as Travelers Made Haste to Gain Necessary Passports.

Mr. Gerard, the American ambassador to Germany, remarked at the mass-meeting of Americans in Berlin expressing their sympathy with Germany that the Germans made less fuss launching into their tremendous war than the Americans did trying to get their passes and other information at the embassy.

In fact, "fuss" is a rather mild expression for the chaos that reigned in the at other times so quiet house at the Mohrenplatz from the moment the war was declared. Almost every room of the stately old mansion had been pressed into service as an office, and dozens of young Americans volunteered as assistants who had little else to recommend them except their knowledge of the English language and busied themselves with the endless stream of humanity pouring into the embassy.

The fat colored porter rose to a position of high dignity in admitting or excluding the newcomers. He felt his own importance vastly and grew more pompous from day to day. One by one the full-fledged and near-Americans filed into the rooms to receive their passports and to fill them out according to the lights. These lights burned rather low sometimes, and there and then the trouble began.

The average American considers himself of superior intelligence, but an inordinate lack of vanity ought to be included in their list of flattering characteristics; for within the first quarter of an hour at least a dozen people asked me about the color of their hair and eyes, the shape of their respective noses and chins. After color and shape had been decided upon a great many found equal difference in the spelling of their charms. They might have been able to do it in Hungarian, in Polish, or Bohemian, but English was beyond them. A poor memory as to birthdays is attributed mainly to womenkind, but judging by the Berlin embassy experience, most men are just as vague about their own historical data.

While the combat with passport was waging fierce and hot on the main floor, the upper floors of the embassy were thrown open hospitably as well. Mrs. Gerard with a staff of ladies, wives of naval attachés and others, lent a willing ear and at first an open purse to all female Americans in distress. A most heterogeneous crowd gathered there daily in the pretty ballroom whose walls were wont to reflect very different scenes. Instead of slender, graceful ladies exquisitely dressed in evening gowns, officers in glittering uniforms, titled personages and high dames of all kinds, there was a motley assembly of women. Some fashionably attired, others most shabbily, dainty girls with a stamp of refinement, women with their heads tied up in kerchiefs, and a half-dozen frightened or crying youngsters clinging desperately to their mothers' most unmodish wide skirts, some who spoke nothing but English and some who spoke it not at all. They were different in every respect except one: all were more or less stranded and all wanted help. This was granted most generously and kindly at first. The mirrors of the parqueted ballroom reflected many a careworn face and weeping eyes, while below in the ambassador's private room the big club chairs were drawn closely to his desk and witnessed many a low-whispered confidence.

Men of all classes, of every sort and condition, filled the halls and corridors. The English embassy in Berlin had become a thing of the past, and all British subjects were obliged to apply to American headquarters. English, as we hear it on the stage only, mixed freely with the unmistakable New York accent, the soft Southern drawl, and the many-toned foreign pronunciations.

Bankers and men of prominence from all parts of the States, who had been so suddenly disturbed in the midst of their European cures and tours; faultlessly attired Gibson men, who demanded a personal interview with the ambassador in imperious tones; the typical Westerner, and the non-committal Yankee—they all rubbed elbows here and asked questions. The entire embassy seemed to have become one huge question mark. The interrogations came quick and fast from the very moment when the large front doors opened to an impatiently waiting crowd until they closed upon the many who had not as yet received all their answers.

Judging by the reports from many American travelers through German and Austrian cities the consuls representing the United States there had proven themselves most inadequate. They accomplished one thing, however, namely, sending the Americans *en masse* to Berlin.

The crowds at the embassy grew daily in size, especially after the newspapers had announced the coming of some American warships bearing several million dollars. This wealth certainly had a dazzling effect upon many compatriots, who were all ready to accept their golden share, and their disappointment was keen in receiving only sufficient money (\$25) to defray their extra expenses besides the railroad ticket and ocean passage. German teachers and boarding-house keepers had been most generous and kind to Americans

throughout the land. Everybody was willing to wait for a remuneration, but the spirit of unrest had settled upon the Americans, and every one expressed an ardent desire to get back to God's own country as quickly as possible.

And still the crowds increased. The supply of the tiny silk American flags, at first distributed liberally, had long given out, the embassy building itself had not proven adequate any more for the surging humanity, and the offices were consequently removed to the neighboring Hotel Kaiserhof, after Major Ryan had arrived. The gobelin-hung, stately drawing-room of this hotel and the empire anterooms bore a much-changed aspect now with long tables at which the great American home run was being systematically arranged with the click of many typewriters and of money changing as a steady accompaniment. American officers in khaki uniform moved about, while the line of the people extended far into the street.

The illusion of the millions have been one with the idea of protecting warships, and it was with some difficulty that the people could be convinced that the bullion was to be distributed in the shape of railway and steamer tickets and that the men-of-war had not been rebuilt for passenger service.

Bills, schedules of trains and steamers, telegrams, announcements of all kinds, such as concerts and performances by American artists for the benefit of the Red Cross, communications, etc., were posted at the door. In passing the long line it seemed to me that I heard almost every language except English. It looked for all the world like the balcony entrance to a Caruso opera, the same eagerly expectant faces, the same excited gestures, the foreign look, and many an astonished glance of passers-by scanned this motley assemblage of the new American citizens.

It is to be hoped that all Americans will not forget that through the courtesy and kindness of the German government the American embassy was enabled to dispose of the impatient masses so readily, that notwithstanding the heavy military traffic special trains were constantly run to carry the Americans nearer to port and home.

MARTHA TOEPLITZ.

NEW YORK, October 18, 1914.

Laws pertaining to the sale of patent medicines in England present aspects which afford proof that the anomalies of the law and official practice are numerous and at times remarkable. A manufacturer of dutiable preparations may export them to himself without paying British duty, but if he exports them to another person he must pay duty. He may transfer them to himself in Ireland, however, and export them thence to any person without paying duty upon them. Again, in all cases where the name of an ailment is mentioned in connection with a medicine, the commissioners have, since 1902, required duty to be paid. Where no ailment, but only the organ of the body which is the seat of the ailment is mentioned, the medicine is not dutiable. Thus "cough mixture" is dutiable, but "chest mixture" is not; "liver tonic" is dutiable, "liver mixture" is not; "corn paint" is dutiable, "toe paint" is not; "headache powder" is dutiable, but "head powder" is not. Many powders for headache now escape duty under this decision, the name having been changed to head powder. An alleged cure for asthma fails to escape duty only because no organ of the body can be named as the particular seat of that ailment. Asthma cigarettes, however, are not regarded as a preparation to be used or applied externally or internally as a medicine or medicament, and consequently pay no duty, but smelling salts are dutiable. If the original maker of a well-known medicine for which no proprietary rights are claimed affixes a label recommending its efficacy, he must pay stamp duty, but a retail chemist may purchase it from him and affix such a label without paying duty.

Although marble is the most important product of Knoxville, Tennessee, there being thirty-five mills and quarries in the city district, producing values which have reached \$3,000,000 a year, the great variety and value of Tennessee's marble deposits were unknown until 1853. Between that year and 1857 the two large additions of the Capitol at Washington, wherein the United States Senate and the House of Representatives sit, were built of this marble. The beautiful East Tennessee variegated marble is the material of which the desks of the president of the Senate and the Speaker of the House, as well as the railing of the stairway leading from the first floor of the Capitol to the galleries of the House, were built.

In northern Minnesota there is a great area of land so flat that its waters sometimes flow into Hudson Bay and sometimes into the Gulf of Mexico. There are times when certain lakes discharge at both ends, the northern outlet carrying water through Red River or Rainy River to Lake Winnipeg and thence to Hudson Bay, while the southern outlet carries water to the Mississippi.

Nuremberg, the chief commercial city of Bavaria, has been noted since the middle ages for its toys. It produces the largest number of German lead pencils and is the greatest hop market in the world.

INTAGLIOS.

Transformation.

She kissed me, my beautiful darling;
I drank the delight of her lips;
The universe melted together,
Mortality stood in eclipse.
A Spirit of Light stood before me,
I heard a far rustle of wings;
The kings of the earth were as beggars.
The heggars of earth were as kings.

Richard Realf.

Sorrow.

When I was young, I said to sorrow,
"Come, and I will play with thee!"
He is near me now all day,
And at night returns to say,
"I will come again tomorrow—
I will come and stay with thee."

Through the world we walk together—
His soft footsteps rustle by me;
To shield an unregarded head
He hath huilt a winter shed;
And all night in rainy weather
I hear his gentle breathings by me.

—Aubrey de Vere.

The Thrush.

All through the sultry hours of June,
From morning hith to golden noon,
And till the star of evening climbs
The gray-blue East, a world too soon,
There sings a Thrush amid the limes.

God's poet, hid in foliage green,
Sings endless songs, himself unseen;
Right seldom come his silent times.
Linger, ye Summer hours serene!
Sing on, dear Thrush, amid the limes!

May I not dream God sends thee there,
Thou mellow angel of the air,
Even to rehuke my earthlier rhymes
With music's soul, all praise and prayer?
Is that thy lesson in the limes?

Closer to God art thou than I:
His minstrel thou, whose brown wings fly
Through silent ether's summer climes.
Ah, never may thy music die!
Sing on, dear Thrush, amid the limes!

—Mortimer Collins.

Ballade of Antique Dances.

Before the town had lost its wits
And scared the havery from its heaux,
When money-grubs were merely cits
And verse was clear and crisp as prose,
Ere Chloe and Strephon came to blows,
For votes, degrees, and cigarettes,
The world rejoiced to point its toes
In Giges, Gavottes, and Minuets.

The solemn fiddlers touch their kits:
The tinkling clavier o'erflows
With contrapuntal quirks and hits;
And, with all measure and repose,
Through figures grave as royal shows,
With noble airs and pirouettes,
They move, to rhythms Handel knows,
In Giges, Gavottes, and Minuets.

O Fans and Swords, O Sacques and Mitts,
That was the better part you chose!
You know not how those gamesome chits,
Waltz, Polka, and Schottische, arose;
Nor how Quadrille—a kind of dose
In time and tune—the dance hesets;
You aired your fashion till the close
In Giges, Gavottes, and Minuets.

ENVOY.

Muse of the many-twinkling hose,
Terpsichore, O teach your pets
The state, the charm, the grace that glows
In Giges, Gavottes, and Minuets.—W. E. Henley.

Youth and Nature.

Is this the sky, and this the very earth
I had such pleasure in when I was young?
And can this be the identical sea-song
Heard once within the storm-clouds' awful birth,
When a great storm from silence hurst to hirth,
And winds to whom it seemed I did belong
Made the keen blood in me run swift and strong
With irresistible, tempestuous mirth?
Are these the forests loved of old so well,
Where on May nights enchanted music was?
Are these the fields of soft, delicious grass,
These the old hills with secret things to tell?
O my dead youth, was this inevitable.

That with thy passing, Nature, too, should pass?
—Philip Bourke Marston.

Substance and Shadow.

They do hut grope in learning's pedant round
Who on the fantasies of sense hestow
An idol substance, hiding us how low
Before those shades of being which are found,
Stirring or still, on man's brief trial-ground;
As if such shapes and modes, which come and go,
Had aught of Truth or Life in their poor show
To sway or judge, and skill to sain or wound.
Son of immortal seed, high-destined man!
Know thy dread gift—a creature, yet a cause:
Each mind its own centre, and it draws
Home to itself, and molds in its thought's span
All outward things, the vassals of its will,
Aided by Heaven, by earth unthwarted still.

Cardinal Newman.

The better wood engravings are made almost exclusively of boxwood, and the large blocks are made of small pieces glued together. The engraving is done across the end of the grain. Japanese wood prints, on the other hand, are made on lengthwise sections of cherry wood parallel to the grain.

WAR AND WASTE.

Dr. David Starr Jordan Writes a Series of Discussions of War and War Accessories.

Dr. Jordan's volume on "War and Waste" becomes doubly interesting today from the fact that it was published over a year ago and therefore before any public premonitions of the present tornado in Europe. But the author himself seems to have had some recognition that war could not be abolished by logical arguments nor by even the most persuasive of pleas. War is based on centuries of crime and discord. Its roots are buried deep in the national soil, and therefore the peace movement can reasonably expect to do no more than "to exalt order above violence and to take war out of the foreground of the international mind." No movement forward, says Dr. Jordan, can succeed all at once:

Men, law-abiding and patient, willing to hear both sides, have never yet been in the majority. Yet their influence steadily grows in weight. The influence of science and arts, of international fellowship, of common business interests—small business as well as great—are leading the people of the world to better and better understanding. Left alone, civilized peoples would never make war. They have no outside grievances they wish to submit to the arbitrament of wholesale murder. To make them prepare for war they must be scared, not led. No soldier, we are told by experts, not even the fiercest Cossack, wants to fight, after he has once tried it. Those who make war never go to the front. Were it not for the exaggeration by interested parties of trade jealousies and diplomatic intrigues, few peoples would ever think of going to war. The workmen of Europe suffer from tax-exhaustion. The fear of war is kept before them to divert them from their own sad plight. This diversion leaves their plight still the sadder.

Dr. Jordan's review of world politics and their bearing upon war begins appropriately with the Balkans. Already the Balkans had been the scene of a great war, although there were then no indications of the greater war that was to arise from the same storm area. Dr. Jordan asks if the Turk must go, and if he answers the question in the affirmative it is not because the Turk is a Turk, nor because he is a Moslem, but because his system is a bad one. Massacre is not peculiarly a Turkish institution:

But more blood has been shed in the Balkans in a month than the Turks have shed in a century before. Yet there is a difference. There is real force in the Macedonian proverb, "Better an end with horror, than horror without end." There is a Mexican proverb, "The grass grows over the graves of those who fall in battle, but not over those slain by military order." This evil does not lie with the Turk as Turk. Turks are much like other people. Like other good soldiers, those who have tried it have no love for war. They would rather not kill nor be killed. But military occupation is irksome. A soldier insults a woman. This has been a soldier's privilege in most countries through the insolent ages. An insult is resented. An alien insults a soldier. A trader refuses to pay his taxes. A civilian complains of ill-treatment. A boy shoots a soldier from behind a cactus hedge. The soldier seeks revenge. His comrades stand behind him. Whatever the provocation, "shooting up the town" is no novelty in history.

Dr. Jordan's failure as a prophet is perhaps due to a certain materialistic habit of thought that prevents him from giving due weight to sentiment and to the incalculable forces of suggestion. Thus he asks if the great European war will ever come and he replies that it will never come, that it is an impossibility, and apparently for no better reason than its prohibitive cost:

But accident aside, the Triple Entente lined up against the Triple Alliance, we shall expect no war. Some glimpses of the reasons why appear daily in the press. We read that German and that Austrian banks try in vain to secure short loans in New York, even at eight per cent. We learn that great bankers refuse absolutely to lend on any terms for war. We learn that on the day of Montenegro's declaration of war the nominal value of stocks and bonds in Europe fell to the extent of nearly \$7,000,000,000. The loss of France alone, the creditor of Europe, is given at \$800,000,000. The decline in England in three years is set down at \$9,250,000.

At the same time the house of Krupp, the greatest builder of war tools, reports a surplus for the year of \$12,500,000. A twelve per cent dividend was declared, besides the setting apart of \$4,000,000 for welfare work and capital reserves. The armament builders of France can doubtless show a like profit, but the details are not yet public.

The gains of war and war talk go to the vultures. The cost falls on the people. Whatever else happens, the common man stands to lose in war.

The cost of the proposed European war is taken from the estimates of the statistician Richet, and it is in general agreement with the figures advanced since the beginning of this "impossible" war:

The table of Richet (here translated from francs to dollars) deserves most careful attention:

DAILY COST OF A GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.	
1. Feed of men.....	\$12,600,000
2. Feed of horses.....	1,000,000
3. Pay (European rates).....	4,250,000
4. Pay of workmen in arsenals and ports (100 per day).....	1,000,000
5. Transportation (60 miles 10 days).....	2,100,000
6. Transportation of provisions.....	4,200,000
7. Munitions: Infantry 10 cartridges a day.....	4,200,000
8. Artillery: 10 shots per day.....	1,200,000
9. Marines: 2 shots per day.....	400,000
10. Equipment.....	4,200,000
11. Ambulances: 500,000 wounded or ill (\$1 per day).....	500,000
12. Armature.....	500,000
13. Reduction of imports.....	5,000,000
14. Help to the poor (20 cents per day to 1 in 10).....	6,800,000
15. Destruction of towns, etc.....	2,000,000
Total per day.....	\$49,950,000

To all this we may add the horrors of the air, the cost of aeroplanes and of burning cities which this monstrous abomination of murder may render inhumanly possible. The nation which uses instruments like these against a sister nation

can boast no advance over the red Indian and his scalping knife.

America's only need for a navy, says Dr. Jordan, is to present an appearance of dignity on the sea and to aid American citizens who may be embarrassed in foreign countries. We are in no Marathon race to see who can pile up the largest fleet or excavate the biggest debt:

The navy, like the army, should be just as efficient as possible, and just as small as its actual need permits.

Surely we want nothing more. For the cost and upkeep of the four superdreadnoughts now asked for, we could build at Washington the one great national university of the world: one of which every scholar or investigator of the world over must make use; one which could bring to its halls almost every teacher, investigator, or inventor of the first rank the world over; one by the side of which Harvard, Columbia, Chicago, or Wisconsin, Oxford, Cambridge, Berlin, Leipzig, Paris as well, would seem like fresh-water colleges. And this would not be for twenty years at most, the life of a warship. It would give to America the intellectual leadership of the world, perhaps for all time. There is no university in the world which spends on its teaching force a million dollars a year. A million is the interest on only twenty-five millions. How much will sixty millions yield?

Or if the money were used in another way, such a sum would go far toward doubling the area of the South and West; to restrain the flood waters, to pour them out on the arid lands, to gather the power increment of all falling waters. No one can foresee the extent to which these enterprises would add to the wealth and to the effective happiness of our people. It is worth our while to consider relative values, to spend generously where spending counts, and to refrain from spending when the only motive is rivalry or inertia, the inability to break loose from an evil fashion, a fashion set in other nations and in other times.

The demand for a navy that shall be "ready for war" is a pernicious one, says the author. Nations that are ready for war usually get war:

The awful danger which persists in the relations of Germany and France does not lie in any quarrel between these peoples, nor even in the crushing load of arms both nations carry. It lies in the fact that their armies are ready for war. Real war neither nation has seen for a generation. Their valiant soldiers are thus far heroes of the parade alone. Now they cry for blood and glory.

All these "peace establishments," as they call themselves in the hideous humor of the day, are straining at the leash. It is taking all the forces of internationalism on both sides to hold them back. The forces of common thought, of common interest, of common business are all opposed to war, and to the war-lord the bottom of the treasure-chest is plainly visible. But he is ready, and when one is "fit for fighting" he is apt to scorn all consequences.

So while Germany and France race toward the abyss, it is well to slacken our own speed a little. We are not ready for war. When we are ready it will be time for us to fix up our fleet.

Dr. Jordan sees clearly the danger of a secret diplomacy which keeps a nation in ignorance of its obligations. We owe a large gratitude to Washington for his warning against entangling alliances, which become ten times more dangerous when they are secret:

In the present crisis in European politics the people in no nation know where the nation stands. By the law of "continuity of policy" Sir Edward Grey, in London, is bound to the international agreements made by his predecessor in office, his opponent in politics. No English citizen knows how far he is pledged to France, or to what degree he is to be blind to the designs of Russia. He knows that there is a "triple entente," a three-cornered understanding, and that this entente pledges England to inaction in Morocco, Persia, or Mongolia, and to acute and active protest should Germany attempt to extend her control by force. In like fashion Germany is bound to Austria, to Italy, to Turkey, in varying degrees; and no German knows when his empire's responsibility in the renewed Triple Alliance may leave off. Germany may suspect Austria of a desire to fight, in order to secure unity at home. She may disapprove of Italian greed and folly. She may deplore the fate of Turkey or she may recognize it as just or inevitable. No good citizen of Germany cares a straw whether Durazzo is in Serbian or in Austrian hands, or in the hands of its own people to whom it really belongs. The very existence of Durazzo is no concern of his. But the secret treaty may force him to give up his life somewhere in the blood-washed Balkans, that Austria may block Serbia's hoped for a "window to the sea." He can only guess at the future. He must await the outcome of the secret treaty before he can define his own patriotism.

Dr. Jordan entitles one of his chapters the "Pest of Glory," a phrase first coined by Benjamin Franklin in 1782 after the battle of Martinique. Gustaf Janson of Sweden in 1912, one hundred and thirty years later, after the battle of the Tripoli Oasis wrote thus of the coming military achievements of the bird-men:

The general shook him warmly by the hand once more and stood for a few minutes sunk in thought. "Gentlemen," he began suddenly, turning to the officers, "it is incredible how the technique of war has changed. Telephones, telegraphs, wireless communications—war makes use of all these. It presses every new invention into its service. Really, most impressive. I have just been reading the latest aviation news from Europe. Our ally Germany and our blood-relation France possess at this moment the largest fleets of aeroplanes in the world. The distance between Metz and Paris can be covered in a few hours. The three hundred aeroplanes which Germany possesses at this moment, all constructed and bought in France, could throw down ten thousand kilos of dynamite on the metropolis of the world in less than half an hour. This is a positively gigantic thought! In the middle of the night these three hundred flying machines cross the border, and before daybreak Paris is a heap of ruins! Magnificent, gentlemen, magnificent! . . . Unexpectedly, without any previous warning, the rain of dynamite bursts over the town. One explosion follows on the other. Hospitals, theatres, schools, museums, public buildings, private houses—all are demolished. The roofs break in, the floors sink through to the cellars, crumbling ruins block up the streets. The sewers break and send their foul contents over everything . . . everything. The water pipes burst and there are floods. The gas pipes burst, gas streams out and explodes and causes an outbreak of fire. The electric light goes out. You hear sound of people running together, cries for help, shrieking and wailing, the splashing of water, the roaring of fire. And above it all can be heard the detonations occurring with mathematical precision. Walls fall in, whole buildings disappear

in the gaping ground. Men, women, and children rush about mad with terror among the ruins. They drown in filth, they are burnt, blown to pieces in explosions, annihilated, exterminated. Blood streams over the ruins and filth; gradually the shrieks for help die down. When the last flying-machine has done its work and turned northward again, the bombardment is finished. In Paris a stillness reigns such as has never reigned there before."

The defense of San Francisco and Los Angeles comes in for its share of the author's animadversions. These defenses are "as useless as the buttons on the back of my coat," but they are in accord with a good Old World convention, and conventions have much vitality:

What shall we say of the defenses of Los Angeles? This enterprising city was, until recently, twenty miles from the sea, and being unfortified was immune from attack under the laws of war.

Recently, however, it has annexed to itself the seaport of San Pedro and the lots and farms between. Near San Pedro and dominating the harbor of Los Angeles is the fine large hill called the Palos Verdes. It is reported that this hill has been bought by the government of the United States at a cost of, as stated, \$249,000, not as a park, for which nature nobly fitted it, but as a coast defense to be made, it is claimed, into a second Gibraltar. About \$328,000 is now asked for as a beginning, and some \$2,500,000 is expected to follow.

By this means Los Angeles will lose her war immunity—which matters little, as there is not, never has been, and apparently can never be, an enemy on the outside which will do her any harm. For the same reason, this fortification will certainly be impregnable.

A leading general is quoted as saying: "Certainly, Los Angeles harbor must be fortified, but you folks out here must get behind it and shove. The money must come from Congress and it is your duty to see that Congress appreciates your need. . . . The situation is a live one, for wars are not over and never will be so long as men are men. . . . It is not a simple proposition of placing soldiers. The problem goes way back of that, and the people of the coast must play the game."

It is suggested that the fortress be known as Fort Graft, in honor of its founder.

What shall we say, asks Dr. Jordan, to the recent move to "popularize the navy"? This means "to get us used to it and to paying for it, which is the chief function of the people in these great affairs";

By all means let us popularize the navy. It is our navy; we have paid for it, and it is for our people to do what they please with it. "For, after all, this is the people's country." And perhaps we could bring it nearer to our hearts and thoughts if we should paint on the white side of each ship its cost in taxes, in the blood and sweat of workmen, in the anguish of "the Man Lowest Down."

There is the good ship *North Dakota*, for example. Her cost is almost exactly the year's net savings of the prosperous state for which she is named. There are the five dreadnoughts, which fear nothing while the nation is in its senses and in war nothing but a torpedo boat or an aerobomb. It would please the workman to know that his wages for 20,000 years (\$528 per year, on the average) would purchase a ship of this kind, and that the wages of 1600 of his fellows each year would keep it trim and afloat. As the procession moves by he will see ships that have cost as much as Cornell or Yale or Princeton or Wisconsin, and almost as much as Harvard or Columbia; and on the flagship at the last these figures might be summed up, the whole costing as much as an American workman would earn perhaps in a million years, or more, a European workman in twice that time, and an Asiatic in four times. These figures may not be all correct. It would require an expert statistician to make them so. But it would be worth while to have them accurate.

If all this is needed to insure the peace it endangers, by all means let us have it. There is no cost we can not afford to pay if honorable peace is at stake. But let us be convinced that peace is really at stake, and that this is the means to secure it. There are some who think that Christian fellowship, the demands of commerce, and a civil tongue in a foreign office, do more for a nation's peace than any show of force.

Dr. Jordan concludes his work with an eloquent appeal to America to assume the leadership of the peace movement, not merely by resolution and by treaty, but by disarmament:

For the leadership in peace today but one nation is prepared. She is hampered by no past history, by no present recklessness. Her national ideals need no change, only intensification and reconsecration. Our republic stands for the rule of civilian manhood, the dominion of law and order. Under the flag where hatred dies away, she is secure from all attack. She can safely lay down her arms; and to do this boldly, in courage, in confidence, in trust, in law and righteousness, would be to lead the way in which all Europe in a generation or two must perforce follow. For Europe's Peace of Force has failed. Her people, taxed beyond endurance, writhe in discontent. Her war-chests are empty, her states are mere "provinces of the Unseen Empire of Finance." If by any mischance there is a lapse into actual war, the Peace of Exhaustion is inevitable. But that again is not peace. It is permeated by seeds from past wars, the germs of future disagreements. The only escape for civilization is through the Peace of Law.

Thus war is dying, though it strikes hard from the death coil. It has been slain by science. It has been slain by democracy.

Between militarism and democracy the feud is eternal. As the spirit of manhood rises the war spirit must fail.

So the day of peace is coming. Which shall it be, the Peace of Force or the Peace of Law? We may work for either. We can not have both. Every man has some influence in forming public opinion, and, at the last, the world is ruled by what its people think. You have a vote in world affairs. Its weight depends on your intelligence and your integrity. How shall your vote be cast?

There are very few books about war that can stand the test of events more successfully than this one. Not only does the author place his finger unerringly on the causes that have produced the present cataclysm, but he shows us many other causes that threaten cataclysms in the future and from which a sound common sense can save us. His book is as fresh and as vital today as when it was published.

WAR AND WASTE. By David Starr Jordan. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Winning the Wilderness.

The novel that describes an actual social condition past or present has a precedence in value above that of the story that depends solely upon sentiment or incident. The former is a contribution to history, and it often has a rotundity and a perspective as well as a charm that are lacking in the more formal records. In this instance we have a story of the Kansas prairies before their asperities had been tamed by settlement. Asher Aydelot, disinherited because he marries against his father's will, takes his young wife out to the frontiers and begins the battle with nature where no quarter is given or taken. They fight against loneliness and heat, against drought and flood, and when the victory seems to be almost won it is snatched from them by the grasshoppers. It is a story of compelling interest, although it is told without any apparent effort toward literary effectiveness. It has the strength of truth, and we feel that Aydelot and his delicately nurtured and heroic wife are typical of hundreds of their kind who made the West habitable and who deserve recollection and honor in the history of the nation. Margaret Hill McCarter may be congratulated on a volume whose interest is not an ephemeral one.

WINNING THE WILDERNESS. By Margaret Hill McCarter. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35 net.

The Religion of the Spirit.

Dr. Dresser has done his full share of liberalizing work, and now comes another volume full of an able and sincere effort to interpret religion from the point of view of the inner experience. But we wish that Dr. Dresser would now step boldly out from a position that seems to be a compromise between Christian orthodoxy and the mysticism that is found in its most practical forms in the East. What does he mean exactly by the God "within"? If God is "within" how is it that he can have any tolerance for what he calls "objective worship"? And will he not tell us clearly if this inner divinity can manifest itself in us—and by what methods—so that we may attain to a super-intellectual knowledge of the evolutionary mechanism and so set at rest all inquiry, for example, as to ante-natal and post-mortem existence. This claim of an inner God is a tremendous one, and it should result in something more than vague states of consciousness. It should result in some sort of commensurate knowledge, none the less definite and positive because super-intellectual. It is knowledge that we want, and not a vague ecstasy, and we should like to know if such a knowledge is a part of the Dresser philosophy and how such a knowledge is to be obtained.

THE RELIGION OF THE SPIRIT IN MODERN LIFE. By Horatio W. Dresser, Ph. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net.

Beaumont the Dramatist.

Professor Charles Mills Gayley in the preface to a work of distinctive merit tells us that in this period of "resurgent dramatic creativity" it is but natural that playwrights, play-lovers, and scholars should turn to the models afforded by our Elizabethan masters. Unfortunately there is no sign that the modern world has sufficient grace to turn for inspiration to anything save to its own self-conceit and self-sufficiency. Certainly there should be, and there will be, an audience for so competent a work as this, but it will not come from the playwrights.

The author divides his book into two parts. First we have an account of Beaumont's life and a general survey of his place in the Elizabethan galaxy. We are shown his relations with Shakespeare, Jonson, and Sidney, his youth, marriage, and old age. It is excellently done and the proof of a conscientious historical research that has been surprisingly fruitful.

But Professor Gayley is at his best in the

attempt to unravel the knot of the Beaumont and Fletcher collaboration. It is a knot that defied the skill of Coleridge, who said that he could detect no faintest line of demarcation between the plays which we owe mainly to Beaumont and the plays that were the sole work of Fletcher. Swinburne, on the other hand, found that the line could be detected easily, and here he is in agreement with Professor Gayley, who tells us that Swinburne was "marvelously right" and that Beaumont deserves the unhyphenated name as "a personality of passion and of fire, a gracious power in poetry, of effulgent dramatic creativity." Indeed the author gives the palm of moral and literary superiority so emphatically to Beaumont that we sometimes wonder if he does not treat Fletcher a little harshly. He speaks of his "acquiescence in the ethical apathy and cynicism of the time; his indelicacy; his indifference to, if not irreverence for, the dramatic proprieties; his subservience to popular taste and favor." How far this severity is justified the reader may judge for himself, but at least he will find in Professor Gayley's volume a fine example of analytic literary skill and a picture of the Elizabethan literary world that it would be a misfortune to miss.

BEAUMONT THE DRAMATIST. By Charles Mills Gayley, Litt. D., LL. D. New York: The Century Company; \$2 net.

Our Irish Theatre.

In this pleasant, leisurely, rather diffuse work Lady Gregory, so closely identified with the crusade of "The Irish National Theatre Society," tells of the incipency, the creation, the achievements, and the successes of this now well-known organization. She devotes a chapter each to some for the men—J. M. Synge, for instance—who have striven to replace in drama the stage Irishman by a truer representative figure of Ireland's deeper thoughts and ancient idealism, and in so doing includes mention of many noted people. A lengthy account is also given of the American trip of the Irish Players and of the tempest in a teapot over "The Playboy of the Western World," for the silly season that had begun in Dublin and finally through, crossed the ocean, no doubt by the force of bad example, and the fight had to be made over again. Although there is altogether too much correspondence and unimportant minutiae in the volume, it will be of interest to those who wish to clear up any vagueness about the aims of the Irish National Theatre Society, and will, no doubt, interest students of the drama generally.

OUR IRISH THEATRE. By Lady Gregory. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Harper & Brothers have just published three new books: "The Story of Our Navy," by William O. Stevens; "Must Protestantism Adopt Christian Science?" by the Rev. J. Winthrop Hegeman; and "Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales," illustrated by Louis Rhead.

The John Lane Company recently published "The Philosophy of Welsh History," by the Rev. J. Vyrnwy Morgan, D. D. From the mass of ancient and modern legend the author gleams the true attitude of the Welsh mind towards ethics, education, religion, and political economy.

"The real question is not what do the Japanese do and how do they do it, but of what spirit are they and for what do they care most?" These words taken from the first chapter indicate the point of view of Hamilton W. Mabie in his new book, "Japan Today and Tomorrow." Mr. Mabie is not concerned with Japan as the traveler sees it, in its schools, industries, banking, administration, army and navy organization and activity, but rather with the temper of Japanese life. The book is published by the Macmillan Company.

"Art Talks with Ranger," by Raley Husted Bell, which will be published by the Putnams very shortly, deals with the problems of painting from the tonalists' way of seeing and producing pictures. The book incidentally throws new light on the methods of the old masters—their traditions and ideals.

Frederick William Wile, who for a number of years has been the Berlin correspondent of the London *Daily Mail* has just completed a book of particular interest during the European war, which will soon be published under the title "Men Around the Kaiser." Mr. Wile is an American, a native of Indiana, but has spent almost ten years as a newspaper man in Germany. The book is to be published soon by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

What seems to be an entirely new idea in inexpensive gift books comes from the Brown & Howell Company. In their Ooze Leather Christmas Series this firm offers ten little Christmas stories by well-known writers, all copyright and never before published in book form. Each story is printed in large type, on fine paper, beautifully bound in soft, ooze leather, stamped in gold, and put up in a handsome box, and priced at 75 cents. The

ten stories are: "Santa Claus and Little Billee," by John Kendrick Bangs; "Christmas Roses," by Anne O'Hagan; "Dalosa Bonbright's Christmas Gift," by Grace MacGowan Cooke; "The Night Before Christmas," by Lillian Bennett Thompson; "Next Christmas," by Byron E. Beach; "Santa Claus on the Beach," by Robert Dunn; "A Christmas Gift," by T. W. Hall; "Their Christmas," by Lee Bertrand; "Peter's Christmas Present," by Anne Storey Allen, and "When Santa Claus Was Lost," by Bertram Lebar.

"Bamboo Tales" is the title of a dainty little volume from the Paul Elder press. It is from the pen of Lyon Sharman, who has created seven little masterpieces, which are dedicated to China, the land which inspired them. The book is bound in hand-made Fabriano boards of a Chinese green tone, appropriately decorated, and is a handsome holiday gift.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have in press for immediate publication a volume that has been prepared by Douglas Sladen, author of "Egypt and the English," to be issued under the title of, "The Real Truth About Germany: Facts About the War." Mr. Sladen has taken as his text a pamphlet which, while not formally published, has been widely circulated in the United States, entitled "The Truth About Germany." This pamphlet was prepared in Germany. He has taken up one by one the statements of the German writers, and has shown from his viewpoint how little foundation most of these statements have and how misleading are others which contain some element of truth.

The first American text-book and manual of etching is just out, entitled "Etching and Other Graphic Arts," by George T. Plozman, who has studied under Short and the other best masters abroad, and is one of the foremost American etchers. It is published by the John Lane Company.

Among timely books on the European situation are the following, published by the John Lane Company: "The Struggle for Bread," by "A Rifleman"; a strong reply to Mr. Norman Angel's "The Great Illusion," showing the fallacy of the theory that war is impossible. "Gates of the Dolomites," by L. Marion Davidson; a good account of the regions where the whole trouble started. "The Gathering Storm," by "A Rifleman"; in which the author predicts "an epoch of great wars, furious industrial upheavals, and prodigious all-round activity in industrial and military effort, the birth throes of a brilliant period of maturity." "Anglo-French Entente in the XVII Century," by Charles Bastide; the facts of this book are back of, and necessary to, any full understanding of the war of 1914.

Now that world-wide attention is focused on France there is particular interest in Count Vassili's new book, entitled "France from Behind the Veil," which portrays conditions and personalities in that country never to be known again. It is published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company.

"The Laird of Glentyre," by Emma M. Green, is one of the new books in the Little Schoolmate Series, edited by Florence Converse. The Laird of Glentyre, who is an invalid boy, tells Scotland's wonderful history to Jeanie and Jock in legend and story form. Jeanie and Jock explore the ancient castles and act out the different historical events, some of them on almost the same spots where they happened so many years before. The purpose of this book is to tell the children something of the home life, the history, and the geography of Scotland, to interest them and leave a lasting impression.

J. Ellis Barker's fourth revised edition of "Modern Germany" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is practically a new book. Two hundred pages of new matter replace one hundred pages of the original text which had become obsolete. The important chapters, 5, 7, 10, 11, 12, 19, and 30, which treat of Russo-German relations, the Triple Alliance, Germany's policy towards Great Britain, her attempts to defeat imperial reciprocity, the Moroccan crisis of 1911, the Reichstag election of 1912, and recent German industrial conditions are especially explicit.

Dr. Charles Sumner Nash, president of Pacific Theological Seminary, Berkeley, California, has in press for publication by Paul Elder & Co., an essay of spiritual truth, entitled "Our Changed Conception of God." It will be issued in attractive style for the coming holiday season.

J. Ellis Barker, whose book on the political and economic problems of "Modern Germany," her policy, her ambitions, and the causes of her successes and failures, is said to be the best analysis of the sort in print, is the son of an English physician resident in Cologne. He was born in Cologne and educated in German schools, is a journalist in London and the author of a number of important books, among them being "The Rise and Fall of the Netherlands" and "British

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Socialism." The current fourth edition of this work is practically a new book, since some 250 pages have been rewritten to bring to date and supplement 100 pages of the earlier edition. It is published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

Henry Holt & Co. announce for early publication Simeon Strunsky's "Belshazzar Court; or, Village Life in New York City, wherein the author points out the simple cheer in the homely lives of the big-city villagers.

There are few novelists today whose position is more secure than that of Mary S. Watts. She added in "Nathan Burke," "The Legacy," and in "Van Cleve" at least three notable portraits to our literary gallery portraits which are significant in their presentation of American types and important because of their reflection of the essentials of human nature. With the publication of "The Rise of Jennie Cushing" another equally remarkable character is put to bed. Here, as in her previous volumes Mrs. Watt's purpose has been to tell the life story of one individual and to tell that story completely, faithfully, with sympathy and understanding. The story is typically American.

The fiction of the November *Century Magazine* includes the first chapters of James Lan Allen's new novel, "The Sword of Youth," Jennette Lee's "The Serenade," "The Wing of Horus," by Algernon Blackwood, the English writer, and short stories by Philip Frost, Florence Converse, and Francis Buzzell. Professor Edward Alsworth Ross' new series of articles, "South of Panama," will begin in the same number, with a survey of the people and conditions of Western Columbia and Ecuador. A timely introduction to the series has been written by John Barrett, director-general of the Pan-American Union, formerly minister to Siam, Argentina, Columbia, and Panama.



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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The War and America.

If the Allies know their diplomatic business they will resist any attempt to remove Professor Münsterberg from Harvard. Indeed they should be willing to pay a liberal subsidy to the end that the great German psychologist may continue a literary labor so hurtful to the German cause.

The author explains that his book is addressed to "the American mind." For the moment we feel flattered, but presently it becomes clear that the professor's conception of the American mind is an embryonic and rudimentary structure that tends under excitement to become "a mere automatic mechanism in which the thoughts and feelings and impulses of his neighbor control his mind." Elsewhere we are told that the American mind has an "unusual degree of imitativeness and suggestibility." And after a good deal of this sort of thing we begin to perceive the author's delicate intimation that he is addressing an audience whose mentality is of the simian variety, and then we cease to feel surprised at the quality of the arguments selected for its consideration.

Professor Münsterberg's plea becomes important only on the assumption that he has been dowered with a certain political omniscience and that he is absolved from the onus of evidence and proof that rests upon other men. For example, he tells us confidently that Serbia would have acceded to the Austrian demands but for a cipher dispatch from Russia. The cipher dispatch has a fine Machiavellian flavor about it that will doubtless impress the "American mind," unaware that all dispatches are in cipher, but how does the author know of this dispatch? Then again we have the solemn silliness about French officers in Belgium, the inference being that Belgium would not have been invaded but for these officers. Russian, we are told, is merely a synonym for Asia, and so Germany is actually the champion of Europe against Asiatic invasion. All these "arguments" and many others are advanced under full professorial authority, which scorns evidence and which must not be contradicted. In point of fact Professor Münsterberg has a lofty contempt for the American mind, and he says so. He says so directly in words and he says so by implication. In colloquial terminology, "anything goes."

THE WAR AND AMERICA. By Hugo Münsterberg. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1 net.

Briefer Reviews.

"Successful Selling," by E. Leichter (Funk & Wagnalls Company; 50 cents net), is a practical treatise covering the various essentials of selling efficiency in an interesting and common-sense manner.

The charm of originality usually so lacking in books for little children will be found in "The Bugaboo Men," by Louise Rand Bascom (Sully & Kleinteich; \$1 net). The verse is distinctly good and the full-page illustrations in colors lead us first to believe that we are about to learn something of Bugaboo Men and then that we shall never be able to do so.

The John Lane Company has published a new and delightful book for little children. It is entitled "The Universe and the Mayonnaise," by T. Brailsford Robertson (\$1.25 net), and it is made up of eight stories finely illustrated and intended to convey some lesson in science or in history. It is an admirable piece of work, and the many marginal illustrations and the plates in full color are all that they should be.

We are becoming a little shy of "talks" with girls, fearing always that we may see something not intended for the male eye, but here we have a little volume of eminent propriety and sanity. "Talks to Freshman Girls," by Helen Dawes Brown (Houghton Mifflin Company; 75 cents net), is full of sage and kindly advice as to studies and recreation and all the other things that may make college life worth while or a mere waste of time.

Charles Scribner's Sons have just produced the third series of plays by John Galsworthy. It may be remembered that the first volume contained "The Silver Box," "Joy," and "Strife." The second volume contained "The Eldest Son," "The Little Dream," and "Justice." Now comes this concluding volume with "The Fugitive," "The Pigcon," and "The Mob." Admirers of Mr. Galsworthy will do well to see Messrs. Scribner's list of the author's complete works issued in attractive form, well bound and well printed. The price of the present volume is \$1.35 net.

The preface to "The Land of the Caribou," by Paul G. Tomlinson (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net), explains that a few years ago a yawl was purchased by Princeton men as a gift to Dr. Grenfell, the well-known medical missionary. A crew was selected to sail the boat from New York to Labrador, and this crew was made up of undergraduates and the author was among those who were chosen. The present book may be described as the log of this voyage, although certain of the inci-

dents have been modified or changed in detail. It is admirably written and certain of a welcome by boys.

New Books Received.

ONE WOMAN TO ANOTHER. By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net.
A volume of verse.

THE RISE OF JENNIE CUSHING. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.
A novel.

THE ROUT OF THE FROST KING. By Eugene Neustadt. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; 75 cents net.
A volume of verse.

GERMANY'S FIGHTING MACHINE. By Ernest F. Henderson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.
Her army, her navy, her airships, and why she arrayed them against the allied powers of Europe.

A SUMMER SIEGE. By Lucy T. Poor. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net.
A story for girls.

CLEAR WATERS. By A. G. Bradley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2 net.
Trouting days and trouting ways in Wales, the west country, and the Scottish borderland.

SYMBOLIC TEACHING; OR, MASONRY AND ITS MESSAGE. By Thomas Milton Stewart. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$1.25 net.
A volume of essays on Freemasonry.

LIFE AND LAW. By Maude Glasgow, M. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.
The development of the exercise of the sex function, together with a study of the effect of certain natural and human laws, and a consideration of the hygiene of sex.

BORDERLANDS AND THOROUGHFARES. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.
Three plays.

GITANJALI. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.
A new edition. A collection of prose translations made by the author from the original Bengali.

A SYRUP OF THE BEES. By F. W. Bain. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Stories from the Hindoo.

SWORD BLADES AND POPPY SEED. By Amy Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.
A volume of verse.

THE JOYFUL HEART. By Robert Haven Schauffer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.
A volume of essays.

THE TRUE ULYSSES S. GRANT. By General Charles King. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2 net.
A biography.

THE RED MIRAGE. By I. A. R. Wylie. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; 50 cents net.
A novel.

MUST PROTESTANTISM ADOPT CHRISTIAN SCIENCE? By the Rev. J. Winthrop Hegeman, Ph. D. New York: Harper & Brothers; 75 cents net.
A churchman's view.

VALLEY OF A THOUSAND HILLS. By F. E. Mills Young. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.30 net.
A novel.

BUT SHE MEANT WELL. By William Caine. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.30 net.
A novel.

HANS ANDERSON'S FAIRY TALES AND WONDER STORIES. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.
With over one hundred illustrations and decorations by Louis Rhead and an introduction by W. D. Howells.

TEDDY LESTER'S SCHOOLDAYS. By John Finnemore. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.
A school story for boys.

THE RIVER. By Ednah Aiken. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.35 net.
A novel.

DELIGHTFUL DALMATIA. By Alice Lee Moque. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$2 net.
The country and the people.

THE STORY OF OUR NAVY. By William O. Stevens. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50 net.
A history of the American navy.

THE MAN BEHIND THE BARS. By Winifred Louise Taylor. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.
Anecdotes of prisoners and descriptions of the conditions under which they live.

THE BOY EMIGRANTS. By Noah Brooks. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2 net.
An account of early overland travel to California.

THE CRUISE OF THE "JANET NICHOL." Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson's diary of a South Sea cruise. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.75 net.
Part of a diary kept by Mrs. Stevenson during the cruise among the South Sea Islands which she and her husband took in 1890.

MONEY AND CURRENCY. By Joseph French Johnson. New York: Ginn & Co.; \$1.75.
In relation to industry, process, and the rate of interest.

ENGLISH DRAMA. By Felix E. Schelling. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.
The story of English drama from its beginnings in the Miracle Play up to the separation of the

actable play from the purely literary play in the days of Sheridan.

"PERSONS UNKNOWN." By Virginia Tracy. New York: The Century Company; \$1.25 net.
A novel.

LETTERS OF AN OLD FARMER TO HIS SON. By Willard R. Lighton. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1 net.
An old farmer gives the fruits of a lifetime of practical agriculture.

QUINNEY'S. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.
A novel.

EUROPE REVISED. By Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50 net.
Some impressions of the "other side."

THE PRICE OF A SOUL, THE PRINCE OF PEACE, THE VALUE OF AN IDEAL MAN. By William Jennings Bryan. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; 30 cents net each.
Lectures, in five uniform volumes.

THE HONORABLE PERCIVAL. By Alice Hegan Rice. New York: The Century Company; \$1 net.
A story.

FROM DUBLIN TO CHICAGO. By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50 net.
American impressions.

THE FAKERS. By Samuel G. Blythe. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35 net.
A novel.

BLIND EYES. By Margaret Peterson. Chicago: Browne & Howell Company; \$1.30 net.
A novel.

BUSTING 'EM. By Ty. Cobb. New York: Edward J. Clode; \$1 net.
Some big league stories.

NEXT CHRISTMAS. By Byron E. Veatch. Chicago: Browne & Howell Company.
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THE SCIENCE OF SUCCESS. By Julia Seton, M. D. New York: Edward J. Clode; \$1 net.
A volume of New Thought.

FREEDOM TALKS. By Julia Seton, M. D. New York: Edward J. Clode; \$1 net.
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MEN WHO DARED. By Byron E. Veatch. Chicago: Browne & Howell Company; \$1.25 net.
Stories of brave men who faced death and duty. A second edition.

POEMS. By Katherine Howard. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net.
A volume of verse.

CIVIC RIGHTEDNESS AND CIVIC PRIDE. By Newton Marshall Hall, D. D. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net.
A volume of suggestions to reformers.

ARTIST AND PUBLIC. By Kenyon Cox. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.
Essays on art subjects.

A CAPTAIN OF THE KING. By Chester L. Saxby. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.
A story of ancient Israel.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF DIPLOMATIC LIFE. By L. de Hegemann Lindencrone. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2 net.
Reminiscences of a diplomat's wife in five great capitals.

THE AMATEUR GARDEN. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.
Advice for the gardener.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.
A new and complete translation of the greatest of the author's works.

LOST IN THE FUR COUNTRY. By D. Langc. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1 net.
A story for boys.

THE LIFE STORY OF A RUSSIAN EXILE. By Marie Sukloff. New York: The Century Company; \$1.50 net.
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HUMAN HARMONIES AND THE ART OF MAKING THEM. By S. F. Storey. New York: Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc.; 50 cents net.
"Intended to help you disentangle the skein of life, banish discord from it, and perceive the way toward a broader, better, and happier existence."

IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS. By Havelock Ellis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net.
A volume of essays.

TIM. By Ethelbert Talbot. New York: Harper & Brothers; 50 cents net.
The autobiography of a dog.

SICILY ANN. By Fannie Heaslip Lea. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.
A story.

THE THINGS THAT COUNT. By Laurence Eyre. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.
Novelized from the play by the same author.

THE LONE WOLF. By Louis Joseph Vance. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.30 net.
A novel.

THE KING OF THE DARK CHAMBER. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.
A drama.

NED BREWSTER'S CARIBOU HUNT. By Chauncey J. Hawkins. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.20 net.
A story for boys.

DIANE AND HER FRIENDS. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.
A novel.

THE CHARM OF SCANDINAVIA. By Francis E. Clark and Sydney A. Clark. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.50 net.
A general description of the lands and their peoples.

SELECTED LETTERS. Edited by Claude M. Fuess. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.
Some famous correspondence.

UNA MARY. By Una Hunt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net.
The inner life of a child.

JEAN CABOT IN CAP AND GOWN. By Gertrude Fisher Scott. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1 net.
Third volume of the Jean Cabot Series.

MARCHING MEN. By Leonidas Robinson, M. A., Ph. D. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net.
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"THE WHIP."

We have seen English melodramas here before, but never, according to my recollection, fresh from the centre and seat of this line of melodrama, nor presented by a company from the Drury Lane Theatre. No doubt we may be correct in assuming that this exceptional privilege arises from the fact that war times prevailing in England greatly lessen attendance at the London theatres. In this case their loss is our gain, for, although the moving-picture shows would seem to give people a sufficiency of melodrama, yet, after all, film dramas can never take the place of the real thing. They are not so exciting, for one thing; audiences seldom become vocal at these silent performances. For another, it is impossible for the personalities of the players to get over so completely. And, besides, how can the pleasures of hearing be ministered to when the performers are voiceless?

With the company at the Cort part of the pleasure of the performance lies in the pronouncedly English flavor of the whole thing, down to the very grooms who care for the numerous horses that are an essential part of the show.

In regard to the melodramatic aspect of this rooted English institution of the Drury Lane Theatre, it would seem from the impressions gathered from "The Whip," which is a melodrama of English sporting life, that plays of this type are written largely for the delectation of the class that only figure in it as humble caterers to the pleasures of the British aristocracy. There could be but little novelty in "The Whip" to the English gentry, except in so far as they might feel some curiosity concerning the correctness of a dramatic representation of themselves and their pursuits. But as to the Americans, that is quite a different thing. The age of Anglomania is past. Americans of leisure have now, in the matter of pleasures and amusements, fallen upon their own feet. Still there is always a lively curiosity in this country concerning the systematized diversions of what has been generally regarded as the most solidly placed and luxurious aristocracy in Europe. Their most picturesque side is epitomized in the national love of sport. Their ruddy young lords, as a general thing, can ride if they can do nothing else, and their county belles and beauties who follow the hunt on a mount are safe to treble their natural attractions in the eyes of the sporty male. So, as the generality of Americans only know of this life by reading of it, and the London cockneys by hearing of it, these two classes of theatre-goers are thus in a similarly receptive state.

To recur to melodrama again, no matter how sophisticated we become, we theatre-goers never quite emancipate ourselves from a child-like taste for this more primitive side of the art of the theatre. Nevertheless it seems to me that our American melodrama writers and producers do better for a sophisticated palate than the authors of "The Whip," who of course wrote primarily for the London public, and probably the London public of the avowedly "low-brow" type. However, it takes the English to give a sympathetic and intimate portrayal of anything so essentially British as the sporting atmosphere of "The Whip," which is populated by lords and ladies, villagers, trainers, and jockeys, and which includes a large contingent of horseflesh and a pack of hunting hounds. These latter appear only in a meteoric flash. They are returning from the hunt, and bolt straight for their kennel. We see a fascinating group of the dappled hounds, their tossing tails aloft, made familiar to us in English hunting pictures, and except from muffled sounds of satisfaction and occasional eager barkings while they are being fed, they appear no more. They are in the background, as they should be, but they assist in supplying a glow of characteristic color on that background which warms up the whole play.

The horses are more in evidence. The heroine makes her first appearance mounted on "The Whip," a presumably fiery steed whose mettle as a racer causes many dark plots and counter-plots.

There is a horse-show, in which the riders, returning from the exhibition arena, emerge through the big entrance doors five or six abreast. The audience can only catch glimpses through these doors of the painted

crowd presumably witnessing the proud paces of the satiny hrutes with their look of calm usedness to the intricate comings and goings of stage life. But the stage scene in the foreground represents the stables, in which half a dozen horses are seen poking their heads out of their stalls and receiving, with a somewhat cynical expression, the numerous blandishments tendered them by the ladies of the company.

This company is well selected, and except for the decidedly banal comedy contributed by the presence of an unintelligibly bawling urchin in the wax-works scene, does good work, always, he it understood, from the point of view of melodrama. Except, it may be added, for the howling of the young jockey who voiced his wrathful grief, upon the discovery that his sister had been wronged by the villain, in a loud, monotonous, unmodulated roar.

But the villain is the thing! No doubt of that. Mr. Eric Mayne's impersonation has the true flavor of melodramatic rascality, the genteel scoundrelism of the English gentleman without a conscience, who goes back on the ideals of his family, betrays, robs, conspires, destroys, and all without departing for one moment from the well-bred repose of manner immemorably sacred to characters of this type.

Lady Di, the heroine of the play, a lover of horseflesh and a devotee of the hunt, is played quite charmingly by Miss Hilda Honiss, an actress of fresh youth, wholesome attractiveness, and a frank, simple manner which is particularly suited to the character of Lady Di.

The comedy rôle in chief falls to Mr. John L. Shine, who represents a ruddy British trainer in the grip of a gray-haired but romantic attachment to a poor relation of the stately house of the Marquis of Beverley. As the mature but vivacious Mrs. Beamish, beloved of Tom Lambert, the trainer—a departure from social rules which is a concession, doubtless, to the romanticism of lord-loving London commoners—Miss Alice Esden plays up smartly enough opposite Mr. Shine, whose merits, however, are of a more solid character. Mr. Hamilton Dean's attractive Lord Brancaster, Miss Mildred Cottell's hardened adventuress, Mr. Frank Compton's weak-kneed and melancholy sinner, Mr. Rupert Lumley's traditional old English lord, Mr. Eric Hudson's hard-drinking racing sport, and Miss Peggy Dundas's betrayed village maiden, total a series of representations which are of merit appropriate to the pretentious nature of the general production, for "The Whip" is emphatically a production of productions.

The play contains four acts and thirteen scenes. In the first ten minutes we see, at the Falconhurst Kennels, half a dozen horses, with their riders and grooms, a pretty English girl in riding costume entering on her mount, and an automobile—the real thing, apparently—discharging and re-taking its occupants. In the next ten we witness the entrance of the pack, and a lot of people in pink, and the curtain falls on an automobile accident, a wrecked motor, and an apparently smashed passenger; and the whole act is full of completeness of details fully suggestive of the life revolving around the kennels of a hunting county in England.

Other scenes include a view at twilight of one of "the stately homes of England," dominating with lighted windows the foreground where lovers meet, and villains, male and female, plot.

Everybody knows of course of the railroad accident, which in spite of a certain caution characterizing the impact of the colliding train goes like clockwork and sends the box-car that had contained the precious and plotted-against "Whip" into a heap of artistically disposed ruins.

The race, of course, or its duplicate, we have all seen in "The County Fair," but the thunder of the impact of horse's feet, the excitement in the air felt by man and beast, and the primitive thrill of the race, together with the calmer interest attached to surrendering one's self to the illusion of great speed, all combine to make a scene of this kind climactic and thrilling.

In spite of the big houses this play is drawing, an American audience in a first-class theatre like the Cort strikes me as rather condescending to "The Whip," while at the same time frankly enjoying it. At any rate they shouted and cheered during the race scene, and apparently felt much refreshed thereby.

I really think, though, that one of the most enjoyable features in a performance of the kind is that delightful institution, the transit of a company of rip-roaring melodrammers across the stage after a climactic scene. Our San Francisco audience entered into the game with great spirit, applauding the virtuous, showing much favor to the laugh-suppliers, and, still with that air of seeming to throw aside dignity and condescend a little to enjoying a lark, hissing and "booing" the villain quite "à l'anglais," the while that personage, pausing in the centre of the passage-

way with devilish deliberation, lighted a cigar, right in the teeth of the audience, puffed his smoke defiantly in the direction of the noisiest "hoosers," and disappeared with a mocking but eminently elegant inclination of his tall English person.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CONCERT.

On Friday, October 23, the first concert of the season was given by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra under the happiest of auspices. Society and musical people both turned out in force, and the Cort Theatre was crammed. This although Marcella Craft, the vocalist par excellence of this season and a singer of European standing, was not billed to make her appearance at the first concert, and might therefore be counted as a missing attraction.

Although it is some months since the gap between seasons prevented any public ensemble work by the complete orchestra, there has been much preliminary rehearsing in advance, which, together with the benefits derived from their associated experience during the three previous seasons, accounts for the general smoothness and fine union of tone and tempo so noticeable in a first concert. Mr. Henry Hadley has put all of the enthusiasm derived from his youth and his eager temperament into his work on this Coast, and each season shows the improving effect of a sustained policy.

The symphony chosen for the Friday concert was Kalinnikov's Symphony in G minor, and was heard for the first time by many of the auditors, as it was as late as 1898 that the European public first listened to a public representation of this work. Kalinnikov's early death prevented him from surpassing this masterpiece, which truly, as Mr. Hadley expresses it, shows "the claw of the lion." Like all the great artists of Russia Kalinnikov is at once strongly national and intensely individual. In the first movement one notices those harmonies of a tragic, almost cosmic, melancholy that seem to find a birthplace in and an inspiration from contemplation of the vast steppes of the Muscovite empire. But there were also the airiest and most delicate flights upon the wings of the violins, and a melody inexpressibly sad and sweet, a melody of which the simplicity stood out in sweet and tender relief among the rich colorings and radical harmonies of this essentially modern composition.

Sure of himself to the extent of daring to be original in the coloring of the second movement, Kalinnikov introduces therein a searching, questioning note, insistent yet timid, as of a doubting soul struggling toward a solution. Perhaps that later peace and gentleness following the stress of stormy chords, when the strings were hushed to a sweet serenity that soothed and tranquilized, was meant as an answer to that insistent question. But whether or no we uninitiated ones are correct in our divinations when we please ourselves by reading moods into the music, the composer's meaning seemed unmistakable when in the third movement we heard that sweet, sun-warmed, pastoral lay sung by the wood-notes that always lend themselves to the mellow voices of nature. Kalinnikov was no pessimist, and it is probably the voicing of his instinct that he made his music seem to express the beauty and cheer of the afterglow that follows the storm-clouds.

For local reasons the selection of Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture was particularly acceptable to those devotees of artistic enjoyment who like to sort and label their pleas-

ures, more particularly as the composition has many beauties. Brahms' "Variations," however, following hard on the symphony, proved to be rather in the nature of a heavy dish after a rich meal.

Weber's "Euryanthe" was a more felicitous choice. Although it moves, so to speak, in fixed operatic grooves and seemed, in consequence, less passionately original than the more serious works preceding it, yet it is a very attractive and varied composition, and lent a sweetness and almost gaiety to the finale of the programme which sent the unprofessional part of the audience forth in that soothed and happy state which accompanies clear weather after a storm.

As to the ensemble work of his players Mr. Hadley has reason to feel proud and happy. They have grown apt in following his lead in interpreting the deeper meanings of a composer. This enrichment of their execution was especially noticeable in the Kalinnikov work, with which Mr. Hadley himself seemed to feel more particularly sympathetic; and there were many delicious beauties of execution noticeable in the more delicate and ethereal passages, while in the storm and stress of great harmonic complications the balance between the musical groups was admirably preserved.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

OLD FAVORITES.

"A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea."

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

—Allan Cunningham.

"She is Far From the Land."

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her, sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking;
Ah, little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

—Thomas Moore.

Both matinees, Wednesdays and Saturdays, during the engagement of "The Poor Little Rich Girl" will be given at "Pop" prices, ranging from 25 cents to \$1.



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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Poor Little Rich Girl." "The Poor Little Rich Girl," by Eleanor Gates, a widely popular fiction writer, formerly of San Francisco, which Klaw & Erlanger bring to the Columbia Theatre next Monday night, November 2, for the first time on the Pacific Coast, promises to be a novel joy and delight to the most jaded theatre-goer.

It is a play for all ages; not merely a child's play. It tells the story of a "poor little rich girl" who has everything that money can buy and "little that can be obtained through love. Given an overdose of an opiate by a nurse who wants to go out for the evening the little girl falls into delirium, during which she wanders through a fantastic dreamland and sees things as they have always been pictured in the idiomatic language of those about her. Her mother has a "social bee" in her bonnet which she treasures above all else; her father is a "money man"; the policeman is "head over heels" in love with a "two-faced" nurse; and the doctor, "riding a hobby," carries the little girl through her illness back to life and a reawakened home.

This and much more like it, all literally and delightfully depicted, form the theme and the action of the play, which involves a cast of thirty speaking parts and a gorgeous scenic production. Its appeal has been universal, and its enthusiastic reception in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston testifies to a popular desire for wholesome, elevating theatrical entertainment. There is but one company playing "The Poor Little Rich Girl," and the title-role is assumed by Leonie Dana, a young actress of unusual temperament, elfish beauty, and appealing charm.

Matinees during this engagement will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Second Week of "The Whip."

That melodrama is far from dead is being proved nightly at the Cort Theatre by the capacity audiences that are being attracted by "The Whip," which is nothing if not melodrama. But it is melodrama presented as elaborately as any this country has ever known. The production at the Cort is the original Drury Lane, London, offering, and theatre followers know what Drury Lane stands for in massive melodramatic presentation.

"The Whip" is surfeited with plots and plans of the most diabolical nature, with triumphant heroism and discomfited villainy, with hairbreadth escapes and ingenious situations, but it is, of course, chiefly notable for the masterful mechanical effects that dot the spirited action of the piece from the rise of the curtain to its fall and furnish a succession of thrills that is not afforded by any other type of attraction before the public.

An automobile tumbling over an embankment, a railroad collision, a horse-race, a fox-hunt, and numerous other sensations are presented in realistic fashion. Over a hundred people, ten horses, and thirty hunt dogs are seen on the stage.

The second week of the engagement begins Sunday night. The curtain at the evening performances rises promptly at eight o'clock and at two-fifteen at the matinees.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Miss Gertrude Coghlan, an actress famous on the legitimate stage, is meeting with great success in vaudeville and will head the Orpheum bill next week. Miss Coghlan has selected for her Orpheum tour the timely travesty called "Food," by William C. de Mille. As may be inferred, it has to deal with the high cost of living. Its burlesque is ingenious, its mirth delightful, and its satire keen. To tell the plot of it would be to spoil the pleasure of the audience, therefore it is sufficient to say that in "Food" William C. de Mille and Miss Coghlan are at their very best. She will be supported by an excellent company, which includes J. H. Gilmour and John Osgood.

George White, assisted by Isabella Jansen, will present an arrangement of songs and dances. Broadway and Mr. White have been warm friends for many moons and his dancing has been a feature of many of the

most successful musical comedies. Miss Jansen is also a clever and versatile comedienne and the offering presented by the two is thoroughly enjoyable and up to date.

Those two black-face drolls, Swor and Mack, will give their realistic impressions of Southern negroes. They sing with admirable humor and fidelity a number of amusing coon songs. The eccentric dancing of Mack is most ludicrous and the burlesque impersonation of a negress by Swor is funny beyond expression. Mack's silent game of poker is one of the biggest hits of the act.

The standard of animal training is now so high that it is absolutely necessary to accomplish something extraordinary to attract more than passing interest. This is exactly what is done by Meehan's Canines. These four-footed athletes accomplish many astounding feats, but Mr. Meehan specially prides himself on his celebrated leaping hounds, which are simply marvelous.

Next week will be the final one of Theodore Bendix and his Symphony Players, Eunice Burnham and Charles Irwin, Claude Golden, and Joseph Jefferson with Blanche Bender and company in "Poor Old Jim."

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

One of the most sensational playlets that has ever been staged on the Pantages boards is "Ruin," a startling one-act feature which heads the new eight-act bill at the local vaudeville house on Sunday. The sketch deals with a series of prevalent evils existing in a great city. The theme is a daring one, but has been handled with consummate skill by the author, Walter Montague, who wrote that other sensational playlet, "The New Chief of Police." A splendid cast has been specially picked for "Ruin." Charles Edler, Marie Baker, Meta Marksy, and Frederick Green, all well-known stock players, will have the principal roles.

"A Night in Hawaii," revised and more beautiful than ever, will be one of the big features on the new bill. This scenic and singing production, which has been over the Pantages Circuit several times, has two new singers and an additional "hula" dancer. The act has been registering the same big success as it did on its former trips.

Colonel Billy Link and his "Ho-Bo-Can" soldiers will introduce a screamingly funny travesty on the war, entitled "Custer's Last Fight Outdone." Blossom Robinson, a charming singer, will assist Link in his act.

Two acrobatic jesters offer a unique and merry novelty under the billing of "Work and Play."

A duo of bright songsters and patter comedians are Harrison and Henry.

The Vestoff trio in a dancing and musical act, and the Novelty Quartet in songs old and new will complete the balance of the show.

David Warfield in "The Auctioneer" is a December attraction at the Columbia Theatre, and another big offering for the month is the tremendous play success, "The Yellow Ticket." The Columbia Theatre, with its "Disraeli," "The Poor Little Rich Girl," the attractions above named, May Robson, and "Seven Keys to Baldpate," is surely in the public eye, and a great season is in prospect.

Forbes-Robertson, the distinguished English actor, now on his farewell tour of America, will appear at the Cort Theatre in December. "Hamlet," "The Light That Failed," "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," and "Cesar and Cleopatra" are included in his repertory.

"When Dreams Come True," a musical comedy cut from different fabric than the average entertainment of this type, will be an early Cort Theatre attraction. The book is by Philip Bartholomae and the music by Silvio Hein.

The \$10,000 prize offered by the National Federation of Musical Clubs for the best grand opera written in English has been awarded to Professor Horatio Parker of Yale, who composed the music, and Brian Hooker of New York, who wrote the book. The opera's name is "Fairy Land." Under the terms of the competition, in which fifty-four operas were entered, the production will be made at Los Angeles next summer. The authors three years ago won a prize for their opera "Mona," which was said to have been an artistic but not a financial success.

Winthrop Ames, director of the Little Theatre, New York, announces that he will produce Alice Brown's play, "Children of Earth," which won the \$10,000 prize offered by him for the best American play by a native author, about Thanksgiving.

In December Mr. Greenbaum will present the first of the season's violin virtuosi, Arrigo Serato, of Bologna, Italy, whose success has been equally great in Germany, France, England, and Russia. This will be his first American tour.

THE MUSIC SEASON

The San Francisco Quintet Club.

At the Hotel St. Francis this Sunday afternoon, November 1, at two-thirty, the San Francisco Quintet Club will make its first public appearance, and Manager Greenbaum is confident that the organization will score a great success, as the players are all artists of the first class and rehearsals have been going on for many months. Here is the complete and novel programme:

- Serenade for Violin, Viola, and 'Cello...Dohnanyi
- Messrs. Ford, Evans, and De Gomez
- Quartet for Flute and Strings.....Mozart
- Messrs. Hecht, Ford, De Gomez, and Evans
- Quartet for Piano and Strings.....Chausson
- Messrs. Ormay, Ford, Evans, and De Gomez

Both season tickets and single tickets are on sale at the usual Greenbaum box-offices and will be on sale at the St. Francis on Sunday.

Two Great Singers to Be Heard.

Next week music lovers will have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the voices and capable art of two great singers. Mme. Julia Claussen, leading contralto of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, the Royal Grand Opera Company, Covent Garden, London, and the Royal Grand Opera Company, Stockholm, Sweden, will give song recitals at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Wednesday night, November 4, and at the Cort Theatre, Sunday afternoon, November 8. Mme. Claussen has prepared programmes that are filled to the brim and overflowing with good things, including songs by Liszt, Brahms, Strauss, Hildach, Meyerbeer, Ponchielli, Rotoli, Sjogren, Berger, Macfayden, Tuckfield, Saint-Saens, Sibelius, Grieg, and Macdermid.

Marcella Craft, the California girl, who for the past five years has been the leading soprano of the Royal Opera, Munich, will be the "assisting artist" at the concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra at the Cort Theatre, Friday afternoon, November 6. Miss Craft's numbers will include "Un bel di vedremo" ("One Fine Day"), from "Madama Butterfly," and Liszt's "Die Lorelei." The symphony will be Schumann's No. 3, "Rhenish" E flat, Opus 97, and Dukas's Scherzo "La Apprenti Sorcier," which will be given its first performance in San Francisco.

Seats for the above concerts will be on sale Monday morning at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, and the Cort Theatre.

The Rudolph Ganz Concerts.

On Sunday afternoon, November 8, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Mr. Rudolph Ganz, the Swiss piano virtuoso who at one time toured this country with Mme. Sembrich, and who is today ranked among the world's most important pianists, will give his first recital in this city.

At Mr. Ganz's New York recital two weeks ago he scored a great triumph, and as it has been many months since local music lovers have heard a fine piano recital, the Ganz concerts will be welcome. On this occasion the Pacific Music Society has arranged with Manager Greenbaum to have its members attend.

The programme will include the Busoni transcription of the Bach "Chaconne," the rarely played "Sonata" in D major by Haydn, Chopin's "Sonata" in B minor, "The Elves' Dance" by Korngold, and works by Blanchet, Liszt, and Rudolph Ganz.

The second and last concert is announced for Saturday afternoon, November 14, when the offering will include Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," a group of five Chopin gems, two Debussy numbers, and works by Ganz and Maurice Ravel. This programme will end with the wonderful Liszt "Fantasie quasi sonata," inspired by reading Dante.

The sale of seats will open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's next Wednesday morning, where mail orders may now be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum.

Evan Williams, the Welsh Tenor.

The next of the great singers to appear here will be Evan Williams, the Welsh tenor, who will give two concerts at the Columbia Theatre, the dates being Sunday afternoon, November 15 and 22. He is said to be the possessor of a tenor voice of most unusual beauty and power, and is one of those singers who reaches the heart as well as the head. Mr. Williams sings his programmes entirely in English, and it is said that every word can be distinctly understood in even the last seats in the largest auditoriums.

In David Warfield's supporting company when he comes to the Columbia Theatre next December in David Belasco's revival of "The Auctioneer" will be found William Bong, Marie Bates, Marie Reichardt, and Tony Bevan. These players have been associated with Mr. Warfield in "The Music Master," "A Grand Army Man," "The Return of Peter Grimm," and now in "The Auctioneer."

SAN FRANCISCO

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HENRY HADLEY - - - - CONDUCTOR

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3 p. m., Sharp

Cort Theatre

SOLOIST—Miss MARCELLA CRAFT

Soprano, Royal Opera, Munich

Tickets, 75c, \$1, \$1.50, \$2; Box, Loge seats, \$3. On sale Monday at box-offices Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, and Cort Theatre.

SONG RECITALS—JULIA CLAUSSEN

The Great Swedish Contralto

(Local Direction, FRANK W. HEALY)

Scottish Rite Auditorium

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and

Cort Theatre

Sunday, Nov. 8, 3 p. m.

"In Madame Claussen are united all the gifts; commanding presence, figure tall and stately, with grace in every movement, a face which has every shade of emotion, lustrous eyes of unfathomable depth, and a glorious voice of boundless volume. SHE IS UNQUESTIONABLY ONE OF THE GREATEST ARTISTS IN THE WORLD."—Chicago Tribune, January 4, 1914.

Tickets Monday at usual places. Prices, 75c to \$2. Entire gallery Cort Theatre, 50c.

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Beginning Sunday Matinee, Nov. 8

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Sunday aft, Nov. 8, at 2:30

and

Saturday aft, Nov. 14, at 2:30

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STEINWAY PIANO.

Coming—EVAN WILLIAMS, Tenor.

VANITY FAIR.

With our contemporaries in the public prints and elsewhere ever holding up to our frivolities and eccentricities of fashion the mirror of their satire and scorn (says a New York correspondent of the *Oregonian*), it is with a feeling of triumph that we venture to direct their attention to past extremes, an opportunity richly bestowed on us by our considerate ancestors.

We need go no further, for example, than the description of Empress Eugénie's delicate day slippers, or her hootmaker's triumphant cry of self-justification when she had complained, showing him some shoes which revealed holes after one day's wear: "Ah, I see how it is! Madame, you have walked in them!" to know what inactive, languid creatures must have worn these and similar frail footwear.

We all know through quaint old prints and portraits the pseudo-classic mania during the First Consulate in France. It was then that clinging draperies, or rather the lack of them, were carried to an extreme which make our own scanty attire seem but a mild fancy.

Mme. Recamier, as portrayed on her couch, is well known, but a glimpse of her walking in Kensington Gardens, in London, in 1802, in the self-same scant attire is new. She appeared in a thin muslin dress clinging to her figure like the folds of drapery in a statue, her hair in a coil of braids at the back and arranged in short ringlets around her face; a large veil thrown over her head completed an attire which not unnaturally caused her to be followed and stared at.

Mme. Jerome Bonaparte, of whom the following story is credited, was the most daring exponent of clinging draperies of her epoch and famous for her costumes. It was of her wedding gown of sheerest muslin and old lace that a man present at her marriage said he could easily put the whole of it into his pocket.

Another writer of the time deplores the custom in Paris, and after her gossipy fashion descriptions relates that "nothing is to be seen save naked arms and gowns falling off the shoulders, regardless of the season," and "that never before in Paris were pulmonary and nervous complaints so frequent."

It seems a far cry to hoops from these costumes, and as we may readily imagine these monstrosities brought down a torrent of abuse. No longer could the saying of a wit of 1805 hold good—that the change in female dress of late must contribute very much to domestic bliss; no man can surely complain now of petticoat government—for, with hoops, often no less than three or four petticoats were worn.

The present fancy of the dainty Parisienne for wearing furs with her summer finery seems to have had a historic birth in 1800, for many old prints of that period display such combination. The reverse, too, seems to hold true in winter, as a fashion paragraph from the 1803 *Port Folio* says: "The contest between muffs and muslins is at present very severe among the ladies, most of whom condescend to keep their hands warm—though the cold and thin clothing should dye parts of their sweet persons an imperial purple."

For the change of fashion a writer in 1829 sees only charitable and praiseworthy reasons, and writes from such a kindly and lenient point of view, that surely she deserves our gratitude as well as attention. "The history of woman," she says, "is the history of the improvements in the world. Some twenty or thirty years ago, when manual labor performed all the drudgery, some five, six, or seven yards of silk or muslin or gingham would suffice for the fitting and flitting of the most gay and volatile of the sex. But as soon as the powers of steam were applied, and the labor changed from physical to intellectual, the ladies in their charitable regard for the operative class of the community began to desire means for their continued employment, and as the material is produced with half the labor, the equilibrium must be sustained by consuming a double quantity."

Other extremes included the Oldenburg bonnet introduced by the sister of the Emperor of Russia in 1814. Similar bonnets were also very large and often projecting so far over the face that the wearer could neither see to the right nor to the left.

"What makes the fashion?" a fashionable woman once asked the great designer Worth. "What I make and you wear—that is the fashion, madam," he replied.

With that clever anecdote Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, society leader, and herself one of the best-dressed women in New York, expressed her conception of the unique importance of the fashion fête to be held at the Ritz-Carlton November 4, 5, and 6. So, at least, says the New York correspondent of the *Washington Post*. There is no one of the society patronesses of the fête more whole-heartedly interested in its success than is Mrs. Fish. For a long time she has included in her wardrobe

rohe of elaborate and beautiful costumes many that were "made in New York," proving her faith in our native costumers by deed as well as by word. There are those who say that a fashion decreed outside of France is not a fashion at all. They see "la mode" as a sort of fairy that hovers in the atmosphere of the French capital, and that may be captured nowhere else.

Mrs. Fish does not agree with this theory, and answers it with the remark of Worth quoted above. She adds, significantly: "According to the great French dressmaker's personal definition of fashion, we shall have at the fashion fête the factors necessary to fashion."

"At the fashion fête the two essential elements will meet—the gown designed with artistic care, and the fashionable woman who will wear the gown with artistic appreciation of its beauty."

"Now, if ever, is the time and the place and the opportunity for the American people to show what they can contribute to the world of art and dress and entertainment," continued Mrs. Fish. "For years, in all the affairs of art, we have been content to sit at the feet of Europe in the admiring attitude which is proper and becoming to a débutante among the powers."

"We have followed humbly in painting, in music, in drama, in fashion, and even to some extent in sport. This has doubtless been a good and necessary attitude, yet not one we ought to maintain always."

"Had no necessity occurred to rouse us to invention in the matter of dress, we might have been very well content to continue our rôle of careful copyists for a long time to come. I do not think that any one expects this country to offer at once products that can compete with the materials and designs that Europe has been centuries in perfecting, but on the other hand I do believe that we are capable of producing far better things than the average person fancies, once we have dared to turn our fascinated gaze away from that enticing label 'imported,' to encourage our own people, and interest ourselves in the creative arts."

"I shall never forget the remark of a young saleswoman in Paris which shocked me into seeing with clear eyes just the impression we were making upon Europe by incessantly hurrying across the ocean to do our shopping. I happened to mention to this young woman another gown that I had got in New York."

"But you have no shops in New York, have you?" she exclaimed.

"What makes you think that?" I asked in considerable astonishment.

"Why, Americans all come here for big things, little things, and everything," she answered.

"And as I thought it over, her conclusion of no shops at all in New York seemed to me quite natural."

"If all the duchesses and great ladies of England arrived punctually twice a year in New York to buy their entire wardrobes, their lingerie, their gowns, their hats, their veils, and all the dainty odds and ends of their apparel, we would undoubtedly picture England as shopless as a New York suburb."

"America is indeed a young country, and this fashion fête is a young effort; but we are growing up; we must put away open-mouthed, childish acceptance of what is offered us by the Old World, and learn to express ourselves, to make our own contributions."

"In this fête," Mrs. Fish continued, "the two big interests of women—fashions and charity—are united. Giving the proceeds of the exhibition to the committee of mercy means that the fête will directly benefit the women and children of the warring nations, and they are always the keenest and longest sufferers. Those fashionable women abroad who are not turning their homes into hospitals or going into the actual field service of the Red Cross are opening workshops in the larger cities, where they can employ the hundreds of young girls now out of work in making supplies for the war or filling special orders left by their rich friends for embroideries and lingerie."

"The women in this country have felt eager to help not only the soldiers through the Red Cross organization, but those families of soldiers who are left behind need our help, and this fête offers the first big opportunity."

"The designers, too—those who are going to exhibit their original models at the fête here—spoke to me with great enthusiasm of this charitable connection. One in particular, a dressmaker just off Fifth Avenue, when she came back from Paris in the fall, after seeing the sacrifices that the French women were making and the disorganization of all work abroad, said immediately:

"What can I do to help? I feel that I owe Europe so much. I want to do something to aid them now that they need it."

"So you see," Mrs. Fish concluded earnestly, "exhibitors and patronesses are both entering upon this fête in a whole-hearted spirit that is sure to achieve its end."

The Picturesque

Ogden Route

FROM THE
CAR WINDOW

to the EAST

Forty miles of
San Francisco Bay
shore.The foothill orchards
of the Sierras.The gold-fields region
of '49.Canyon of American
River.

Blue Canyon.

Summit of the Sierras
amid Alpine lakes.

Historic Donner Lake.

The Tahoe country.

Truckee River region.

Nevada's mountain
ranges and irrigated
plains.Great Salt Lake Cut-
Off."Going to sea by rail."
Engineering feat of
century.Wahsatch Mountains
in Utah.

Devil's Slide.

Echo and Weber
Canyons.The Green River Val-
ley and range coun-
try of Wyoming.Overland trail of Cal-
ifornia pioneers.Farms of Nebraska,
Iowa and Illinois.Four Through
Daily Trains
San Francisco to
Chicago

"Overland Limited"

Extra Fare \$10
Lv. Ferry Station
4:00 p. m.

"Pacific Limited"

Lv. Ferry Station
10:20 a. m."San Francisco
Limited"Lv. Ferry Station
2:00 p. m.

"Eastern Express"

Lv. Ferry Station
7:00 p. m.Rock Ballast
Heavy Steel Rails
Every Mile
Protected by
Automatic Electric
Block Safety
SignalsFor Fares and Sleeping Car Reservations
Ask any Agent of

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A well-known aviator was not feeling very well, so he thought he would consult a physician, to whom he was a stranger. He told the doctor his symptoms. The doctor examined him carefully and said: "My dear sir, you are all right. What you want is plenty of fresh air."

An interested visitor who was making the final call in the tenement district, rising, said: "Well, my good woman, I must go now. Is there anything I can do for you?" "No, thank ye, mem," replied the submerged one. "Ye mustn't mind it if I don't return the call, will ye? I haven't any time to go slummin' meself."

At a recent election the candidate was "heckled" rather badly by the local butcher. At last he grew rather tired of it, and hinted that the man was wasting time by asking silly questions. The butcher, enraged, retorted: "If I had you in my sausage machine I'd make mince-meat of you." The candidate turned to him, and asked gently: "Is thy servant a dog that thou shouldst do this thing?"

It was in a Glasgow picture theatre, and the two men were agreeably surprised to find a cup of tea and a biscuit given them free by an up-to-date management at four o'clock. Half an hour later one of them broke the silence. "We've seen a' the pictures noo, John," he said. "We might as weel gang awa' oot." To which John, after a minute's thought, replied: "Gang ye awa' gin ye want to, I'm stayin' tae dinner."

Worn out by a long series of appalling French exercises, wherein the blunders were as the sands of the sea, a hapless high school mistress declared her intention of writing to Florence's mother. Florence looked her teacher in the face. "Ma will be awfully angry." "I am afraid she will, but it is my duty to write to her, Florence." "I don't know," said Florence, doubtfully. "You see, mother always does my French for me."

She was about to engage a hutler. A very correct person presented himself—stiff, cold, thin-lipped, and clean shaven save for a pair of handsome muttonchops. After examining him about wines, service, and so forth—and very satisfactory his examination was—she said, remembering her seven little ones: "And have you had any experience with children?" He drew himself up. He pressed his thin lips tighter together. "Oh, no, ma'am! Oh, dear, no, ma'am! I've always worked in the best suffrage families."

One time General Tom Marshall was speaking to a large gathering in Buffalo, when some one present every few moments kept shouting "Louder! louder." Tom stood this for a while, but at last, turning gravely to the presiding officer, he said: "Mr. Chairman, at the last day, when the angel shall with his golden trumpet proclaim that time shall be no longer; when the quick and dead shall appear before the Mercy Seat to be judged, I doubt not, sir, that the solemnity of that solemn and awful scene will be interrupted by some drunken fool from Buffalo, shouting, 'Louder, Lord! louder!'"

A darky preacher was lost in the happy selection of his text, which he repeated in vigorous accents of pleading. "Oh, brethern, at de las' day dere's gwine to be sheep and dere's gwine to be goats. Who's gwine to be de sheep, and who's gwine to be de goats? Let's all try to be like de li'l white lambs, hredern. Shall we be de goats, sisters? Naw, we's gwine to be de sheep. Who's gwine to be de sheep, brethern, an' who's gwine to be de goats. Tak' care oh youh souls, sisters: tak' care ob youh souls. Remember, dere's gwine to be goats an' sheep. Who's gwine to be de sheep an' who's gwine to be de goats?" Just then a solitary Irishman who had been sitting in the back of the church, listening attentively, rose and said: "Oi'll be the goat. Go on; tell us the joke, elder. Oi'll be the goat!"

At a prayer-meeting a good old brother stood up and said he was glad to give the following testimony: "My wife and I," he said, "started in life with hardly a cent in the world. We began at the lowest round of the ladder, but the Lord has been good to us and we have worked up—we have prospered. We bought a little farm and raised good crops. We have a good home and a nice family of children, and," he added with much emphasis, "I am the head of that family." After he sat down his wife promptly arose to corroborate all that he had said. She said that they had started in life with hardly a cent, the Lord had been good to them and they had prospered; they did have a farm

and good crops, and it was true they did have a fine family of children. But she added with satisfaction, "I am the neck that moves the head."

It was a sweet, sad play, and there was hardly a dry handkerchief in the house. But one man in the first balcony irritated his neighbors excessively by refusing to take the performance in the proper spirit. Instead of weeping, he laughed. While others were mopping their eyes and endeavoring to stifle their sobs his own brimmed with merriment and he burst into inappropriate guffaws. At last the lady by his side turned upon him indignantly. "I d-don't know what brought y-you here," she sobbed, with streaming eyes, and pressing her hand against her aching heart; "but if y-you don't like the p-play you might l-let other p-people enjoy it!"

Making the best of a had situation, a campaign orator replied to the claims of a rival candidate for office as follows: "Fellow-citizens, my competitor has told you of the services he rendered in the late war. I will follow his example, and I will tell you of mine. He basely insinuates that I was deaf to the voice of honor in that crisis. The truth is I acted a humble part in that memorable contest. When the tocsin of war summoned the chivalry of the country to rally to the defense of the nation, I, fellow-citizens, animated by that patriotic spirit that glows in every American's bosom, bired a substitute for that war, and the bones of that man, fellow-citizens, now lie bleaching in the valley of the Shenandoah!"

Nat Goodwin once told of an experience he had with a juvenile deadhead in a Western town. Standing outside the theatre a little time before the performance was due to begin, he observed a small hoy with an anxious, forlorn look on his face and a weedy looking pup in his arms. Goodwin inquired what was the matter, and was told that the boy wished to sell the dog so as to raise the price of a seat in the gallery. The actor suspected at once a dodge to secure a pass on the "sympathy racket," but allowing himself to be taken in he gave the hoy a pass. The dog was deposited in a safe place and the boy was able to watch Goodwin as the Gilded Fool from a good seat in the gallery. Next day Goodwin saw the boy again near the theatre, so he asked: "Well, sonny, how did you like the show?" "I'm glad I didn't sell my dog," was the reply.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Trumps.

She has no heart, I know it—
I see it in her face;
And as we're playing auction bridge
I dare not lead an ace.
—Milwaukee News.

Poor Old Farmer.

The Great White Way with joy is rife
Where cut-ups congregate at night.
The farmer leads a quiet life,
An early bed is his delight.
(Poor old farmer!)

The urbanite sleeps late. You see
His social duties make him do it.
The farmer snores till half-past three,
Then beats the morning sunrise to it.
(Poor old farmer!)

The city man wears nice kid gloves
And takes a taxi round the block,
While all day long the farmer shoves
A plough, or reaps, or feeds the stock.
(Poor old farmer!)

The city man, he rarely stops
To think about the rainy day.
The farmer gathers in the crops
And salts three billion bucks away.
(Poor old farmer!)

—H. S. Haskins, in New York Sun.

The Flat.

We've got every space-saving aid and appliance
To add to the joys of our snug little flat;
We've bought all the modern devices of science,
Like an underslung dog and collapsible cat.
The stove is built into the living-room table,
The bath and the bed are constructed en bloc,
And in the piano we always are able
To hang up a couple of coats or a frock.

Each phonograph record serves well as a platter,
The parrot, which suffered last year from the heat,
Is housed in the icebox, but that doesn't matter,
He's not fond of ice, or of butter, or meat.

The kitchen utensils do nicely for flowers,
When company comes and we want the house bright,
And out on the fire escape hours and hours
We try the new dance steps almost every night.

By only one thing is our happiness clouded,
Athwart our fair sunshine falls one ray of gloom.
Despite these inventions, the place is still crowded
For the baby takes up such a big lot of room.

The mantel's no use, that we know of, and maybe
We'll rig up a place for his basinette there,
But if they'd perfect a deflatable baby
We'd feel that at last we had room and to spare!
—J. J. Montague, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.



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Assets.....\$58,656,635.13
Capital actually paid up in Cash.... 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,857,717.65
Employees' Pension Fund..... 177,868.71
Number of Depositors..... 66,367
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Commodore James H. Bull, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Bull, of Santa Barbara, announce the engagement of their daughter, Margery Farquhar Bull, to Mr. Herbert Newhall, of Boston, Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lingard Payne have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Marie Payne, to Mr. George Dudley Bliss, Jr., Wednesday evening, November 11, at their residence on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. William Cary Van Fleet was hostess at a luncheon at the Francisca Club Friday in honor of Miss Kathleen Miller of Santa Rosa, whose engagement to Mr. Clark Van Fleet has recently been announced.

Mr. Edward Simmons was the complimented guest at a dinner Thursday evening at the Bohemian Club. Among the hosts were the Messrs. Joseph Redding, Haig Patigian, and Henry Hadley.

Miss Corona Williams entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Thursday at her home in Berkeley in honor of her house guest, Miss Rosalind Fleming of San Bernardino, and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Jr.

Mrs. Joseph Oyster will be hostess at an informal dance this evening at the Menlo Golf and Country Club in honor of her niece, Miss Emily Tubbs.

Dr. Cullen Welty and Mrs. Welty gave a dinner at their home on Presidio Terrace Wednesday evening preceding the dance given by the Wednesday Night Club.

Mrs. Edgar N. Wilson entertained a number of young people at a tea Wednesday afternoon at her home on Walnut Street. The affair was in honor of her niece, Miss Mary Ncane, and Miss Marian Lee Mailliard.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Heuter gave a dinner-dance Friday evening at their home on Bush Street.

Miss Charlotte Tuttle was hostess at an informal bridge party Friday evening at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. George Tyson was hostess at a bridge-luncheon Friday at her home in Alameda.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden entertained a number of friends over the week-end at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Timothy Coogan and the Misses Marjorie and Helen Coogan have issued invitations to a reception Thursday afternoon, November 5, at their home in Oakland. The affair will be in honor of Mrs. Albert Coogan.

The Duke de Montpensier was the guest of honor at a luncheon Sunday given by Mrs. Eleanor Martin at the Burlingame Country Club. Miss Ruth Perkins was hostess at a luncheon at the Francisca Club Monday, when a number of the debutantes enjoyed her hospitality.

Mrs. Leon Roos entertained a number of friends at a tea Monday afternoon at her home on Jackson Street. The affair was in honor of Mme. Margaret Barry, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Eugene Hale Douglas.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mrs. Charles Deering was hostess at a luncheon Thursday in honor of Mrs. Frank Manley Bonta of Syracuse, New York, who is visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hogan, at their home on Washington Street. Mrs. Bonta was the complimented guest at a similar affair Friday given by Mrs. John P. Wisser at Fort Miley.

Mrs. Seward McNear has issued invitations to

a luncheon Tuesday, November 3, at her home on Broderick Street. The affair will be in honor of her cousin, Miss Louise McNear, who will make her debut this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher will give a the d'ansant Saturday afternoon, November 28, at the Fairmont Hotel, in honor of the latter's daughter, Miss Genevieve Bothin, who will be formally presented to society.

Mr. William H. Crocker entertained a number of friends Monday evening at a dinner and theatre party.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Mann have issued invitations to a dinner Friday evening, November 6, preceding the Assembly dance.

Miss Dorothy Dean was hostess at a dinner Tuesday evening at her home on Vallejo Street. Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich was the complimented guest at a luncheon Wednesday given by Miss Louise Janin at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Baker entertained a number of friends at an informal supper party Monday evening at the Inglefield Golf Club.

Miss Kathleen Farrell was hostess at a bridge-tee at her home on Octavia Street Wednesday afternoon in honor of Miss Alice Warner.

Mrs. Clarence Grange entertained a number of friends at a tea Tuesday afternoon in honor of Mme. Ali Kuli Kahn, who is her house guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stringham gave a dinner Wednesday evening at their home in Berkeley preceding the dance of the Berkeley Assembly.

Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker entertained a number of friends at a theatre and supper party Monday evening. Among others who were hosts and hostesses at similar affairs the same evening were Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young.

Mrs. Isaac Erwin and Mrs. Susan Merriman entertained a number of friends at a dance Friday evening at the Officers' Club at the Presidio. Mrs. Martin Crimmins was hostess at a dinner Friday evening at her home at Fort Scott.

Mrs. William Tobin entertained the members of the Five Hundred Club Tuesday afternoon at her home at Fort Winfield Scott.

The officers of the Thirteenth Infantry entertained a number of friends at a dance Friday evening at the Officers' Club at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Oscar Russell, U. S. A., and Mrs. Russell gave a dinner Tuesday evening at their home at Fort Scott. The affair was in honor of Colonel Stephen Mills Foote, U. S. A., and Mrs. Foote.

Miss Esther Foote was hostess at an informal dinner Tuesday evening at her home at Fort Scott.

Major Henry Whitney, U. S. A., and Mrs. Whitney entertained a number of friends at a progressive dinner-dance Wednesday evening at Fort Scott.

Movements and Whereabouts

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope have returned from a visit in New York and will remain in Burlingame until the middle of November, when they will open their town house for the season. Mrs. Charles E. Maud came up from Monterey early in the week for a few days' visit.

Mrs. George B. Willcutt has returned from Germany, where several months ago she joined her son, Dr. George Hayes Willcutt, who went abroad to spend two years in Berlin and Vienna. Dr. Willcutt accompanied his mother to America and is at present established in Boston.

Mrs. William Babcock is expected home next week from New York, where she has been spending the past three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin, and Miss Phyllis de Young have returned from San Rafael, where they have been spending the summer.

Mrs. Adolph B. Scheld has returned to her home in Sacramento after having spent a week with her sister, Mrs. C. O. Alexander.

Mrs. Francis Coffin and Miss Sara Coffin have closed their home in Ross and are established in the residence on Pacific Avenue of Mrs. Wakefield Baker.

Mrs. William H. Crocker arrived Saturday from New York, where she has been visiting since her return last month from Europe. Mrs. Crocker has taken an apartment in New York for her daughter, Miss Helen Crocker, who will resume her studies with a governess.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin is recovering from a serious operation performed last week in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran spent the week-end in Alma as the guests of Dr. Harry L. Tevis.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan have gone East for a few weeks' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch and their little daughters, the Misses Marie and Florence Welch, will come to town for the winter and will occupy apartments at the Hotel St. Francis.

Dr. Albert Houston, Mrs. Houston, and their children are expected home next month from Boston, where they have been visiting since their arrival from England. At the time of their departure from Palo Alto they intended to remain abroad until the holidays, but the war compelled them to abandon their plans and return to America.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry East Miller have returned to their home in Oakland after several months of European travel, which was terminated by the war.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cudahy of Pasadena have been spending the past two weeks with friends in Oakland and in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear have returned from Ross and are again in their home on Green Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Lawrence and Miss Edna Lawrence have gone East to remain until after the holidays, when they anticipate returning to their apartment in this city.

Mrs. S. R. Rosenstock and her daughter, Mrs.

J. R. K. Nuttall, are contemplating a holiday visit in New York. Mrs. Rosenstock has recovered from her recent illness, which prevented an earlier departure for the East.

Mme. Ali Kuli Khan, wife of Mirza Ali Kuli Khan, Persian chargé d'affaires in Washington, D. C., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Grange at their home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn are established for the winter at the Hotel St. Francis, where Mrs. Josselyn is recovering from a recent accident.

Mrs. Herbert C. Hoover has returned from London, where Mr. Hoover is at present in charge of the American relief work.

Mrs. Truxton Beale and her sister, Miss Alice Oge, have arrived in Washington D. C., and will spend the winter with Mr. Beale at Chevy Chase. Mrs. Oge has gone to Los Angeles to visit friends during her daughter's absence.

Miss Isabel Beaver has gone East to visit friends until the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard C. Chamberlin have returned from Southern California, where they have been spending the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gay Lombard will return from Portland, Oregon, the first week in January and will reside at Stanford Court.

Mrs. Elinor Doe and her daughter, Miss Marguerite Doe, have come from their home in Montecito for a visit at the Fairmont Hotel. Miss Doe has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Elliot Rogers of Santa Barbara.

Mrs. H. R. Warner and Miss Alice Warner have returned to their home in Monterey after a month's visit in town.

Miss Dorothy Kincaid, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Kincaid of Northbrae, is visiting Mrs. Phoebe Hearst in Pleasanton.

Mr. Oscar Maurer and Mrs. Maurer, who have been in San Diego County, have returned to their home in Berkeley for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Boyd and their daughter, Miss Louise Boyd, will close their country home in Ross today and will spend the season in the Minter house on Pacific Avenue.

Captain William H. Peck, U. S. A., will leave for Manila on the transport sailing November 5.

Lieutenant Hugh Johnson, U. S. A., will soon be a guest at the Hotel Carlton in Berkeley. He has been appointed by the War Department to take a course in law at the University of California to be fitted for judge-advocate.

Colonel David C. Shanks, U. S. A., inspector-general of the Western Department, is on a tour of tactical inspection. Colonel Shanks will visit Missoula, Montana, Fort Lawton, and Vancouver Barracks.

Lieutenant-Colonel John P. Findley, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Thirtieth to the Twelfth Infantry and has joined his command at Nogales, Arizona.

Mrs. Gaddis has departed for the East to join her husband, Lieutenant W. L. Gaddis, U. S. N., who has been ordered to Philadelphia for a month's duty.

Mrs. Charles A. Gove left recently for Hanford to visit her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Sargent, and upon her return will spend several weeks in this city before going to Washington, D. C., to join her husband, Admiral Gove, who has been ordered to Washington for treatment and a complete rest.

Colonel Guy Edie and Mrs. Edie (formerly Miss Clementine Kip) will arrive November 12. They are on board the U. S. transport Logan en route from Manila.

Mrs. Young and Miss Polly Young, wife and daughter of Colonel George S. Young, U. S. A., will spend the winter in the East, dividing their time between New York, Washington, D. C., and Cleveland. Colonel Young will join his family for the holidays.

The home at the Presidio of Major Roger F. Brooks, U. S. A., and Mrs. Brooks has been brightened by the advent of a son.

The Berkeley Musical Association.

The council of the Berkeley Musical Association states that practically all the artists have been engaged for the coming season, 1914-1915, but, as most of them have expressed the wish to defer their visit until the opening of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, only one concert will be given by the association before the beginning of next year, probably in the first week of December; the date will be announced at the proper time. The artist will be Arrigo Serato, the Italian violinist. Among the artists in the new year are Mme. Julie Culp, the eminent lieder singer, and the Barrère Ensemble, nine famous musicians who play on wood wind instruments only.

To Read "The Wine Press."

Miss Cora Genevieve Ramsden will read "The Wine Press," by Alfred Noyes, in the art gallery of Paul Elder & Co., Thursday, November 5, at three o'clock. Miss Ramsden also will read a number of the author's shorter poems.

May Robson will bring her new play, "Mary, By the Way," to the Columbia Theatre in the near future. It is said that Miss Robson in her new character offers as delightful a performance as when she appeared for so many seasons in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary."

Panama-Pacific Exposition Lectures.

A course of six lectures on the exterior ornamental features of the main buildings and grounds of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, will be given by Mrs. Morris C. James, at the Forum Club Hall, beginning Saturday morning, November 7, at ten o'clock.

CURRENT VERSE.

Songs to a Soldier.

I.

Oh, when the bugle's blowing,
The stamping horses neigh,
When all stout hearts are glowing
With passion for the fray,

When loyal youths are throwing
Their lusty lives away,
When all brave men are going—
I would not have thee stay.

II.

I wandered alone in the garden
Where once we said good-bye;
I told my heart to harden,
I told my tears to dry.

My heart was hard and dull like lead,
My eyes held back their flood,
I plucked a rose—but the rose was red,
And I saw thy red, red blood.

III.

The banners are waving and trumpets play
With horn and drum and fife—
"The victors are coming," they shout.
"Make way!"
The victors in bitter strife,

"Their praises are ringing on all the earth
Where heroic deeds are told!"
... Ah, what is all this glory worth
When thy dear lips are cold!

—Margarete Muensterberg, in the *International Magazine*.

Time's Vision.

We drifted away in the distance,
Through the cold September rain:
You in the carriage for New Ross,
And I in the Kerry train.

Sad was the heart in my bosom,
More sad than the desolate day,
When Nature seemed sharing the sorrow
I had for your going away.

Gaunt were the trees at the castle
(The lime-trees that shadow the drive),
With a glimpse of sky through the branches
And leaves that yet lingered alive.

You have gone from the place where I knew
you,
The ocean must keep us apart;
But the sight of you lingers forever
In the shrine I have made of my heart.

While Time goes steadily reaping,
And binding the sheaves of the years—
Binding with bands of pleasure
The harvest we watered with tears.

Yet swift is the passing of seasons,
And soon will the new summer be,
When you come over the channel,
And I come over the sea.

And Love will then grant us a vision
Of joy above sorrow and tears;
And God will look down from His heaven,
And Time cease reaping the years.

—Norreys Jephson O'Connor, in *Century Magazine*.

Faith's Supremacy.

I opened wide the portals of my heart,
Love's coming to forestall;
Then sat me down, a little way apart,
Content withal.

Hope, peeping through, beheld the speeding day,
And ventured through.
In vain I called, her footsteps to allay,
As on she flew.

Then turning back I saw within my heart
Fear crouching low.
"I always come," he said, "when Hope departs.
Law plans it so."

"Nay, if you come, I go," I cried and fled
Until I spied
Faith standing so serene and glad,
My steps to guide.

Gently she turned my feet and led me back
So calmly home.
And lo! there Love and Hope in waiting sat,
And Fear had gone.

—Anna L. Derschel, in *Nautilus*.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

John Lyons Romer, a pioneer of 1856, has passed away. Years ago he incorporated the Northwestern Pacific Railroad, founded the town of Sausalito, established the first regular ferry to the Marin shore with the old ferry *Princess*, still in service, and laid plans to extend the line northward to Humboldt Bay. Only a short strip of rail was laid by him, as he sold out to the late Peter Donohue. He represented San Francisco in the state legislature in 1869-1870. In recent years he purchased the right-of-way for the Ocean Shore road and was land agent for the Western Pacific, contracting for the right-of-way across Nevada.

Miss A. Eliza Slavin, formerly principal of the Garfield School for forty years, has been badly injured, having been run down by a horse and buggy. She was taken to St. Mary's Hospital, suffering from concussion of the brain.

Rev. John J. Cantwell, secretary to Archbishop Riordan, has notified the Cemetery Protective Association, which is opposed to cemetery removal, that Calvary Cemetery will be improved soon. His statement reads: "There is not the slightest objection to your assuring any parties who favor the removal of the cemeteries on the grounds of their ill-kept and neglected condition that within a reasonable time the management of Calvary Cemetery will make such improvements in present conditions as will remove every cause of reasonable complaint."

Louis Silverman, Benjamin Pollock, alias H. Heskins, and Samuel Vizhart, who were arrested by the local police in connection with the obtaining of goods from manufacturers by fraud, have been turned over to the Federal authorities and will be tried on the charge of using the mails in a scheme to defraud. It is alleged the men secured in the neighborhood of \$20,000 worth of goods.

Walter E. Schwarz and Ralph H. Schwarz, managers of the Tobin Park Development Company, 246 Monadnock Building, were arrested on Tuesday by Deputy United States Marshal Thomas Mulhall and Postal Inspector W. I. Madeira to answer to the charge of using the mails to defraud. Madeira claims the two men cleaned up about \$10,000 in selling, mostly to immigrants, lots on hillside two miles south of Tobin Station on the Ocean Shore Railroad.

Captain Charles W. Reed, one of the pioneer bar pilots of San Francisco harbor, died of paralysis on Tuesday afternoon at the Buena Vista Sanatorium. For twenty-five years he was a local bar pilot, retiring six years ago.

The fire commission has adopted a rule that probationary members, after being assigned to companies by the chief engineer, with the board's approval, should not be transferred for a period of five months, except at their own request. At the end of the fifth month a probationary man's position shall be posted as vacant, but unless a senior member then applies for transfer to it the probationary member will permanently keep the place.

An unusually bold attempt at robbery, in which two men tried to hold up Jack Cluxton, manager of the Pantages Theatre, and George Apostello, an usher, as the two were leaving the theatre office at 10:55 o'clock Monday night with \$1000 in coin, was frustrated by the struggles and cries of the intended victims. The handits were chased several blocks, and

one of them, who gave the romantic name of Jesse James, was captured.

A petition for letters testamentary in the will of the late Mrs. Fannie Gump, widow of Gustave Gump of the art firm of S. & G. Gump, has been filed in the superior court by Dr. L. H. Hoffman and William Greenwald. Mrs. Gump, who lived at 3014 Washington Street, died October 16, leaving an estate valued at \$45,000. The will bequeathes sums to various relatives.

The strike of the plasterers on the Stockton Street tunnel was settled the first of the week by the board of supervisors appropriating \$3000 for an improvement in the class of work to be done in the tunnel. The plasterers gave as their reason for stopping work that it was of too poor a quality.

The Fort Mason tunnel, accepted by the harbor commission and now an integral part of the state's belt line railroad system, is the first one of the governmental undertakings of the kind to be completed in San Francisco. The 1500-foot bore through the hill has been begun, completed, the walls cemented, and the track laid, all within the present year. The cost of the job was within \$300,000. For 850 feet the bore is cut through solid rock, and at either end it goes through clay and sand.

At the third call for bids for the building of the Twin Peaks tunnel on Wednesday four were received. The lowest bid was that of a local firm, R. C. Storrie & Co., who underbid the original bid of Hans Pedersen of Seattle by \$103,000. The Storrie bid is \$3,372,000.

No bids were received Monday for \$1,700,000 worth of municipal bonds offered for sale and the board of supervisors authorized Treasurer McDougald to sell \$500,000 worth, or such portions of them as he can, over the counter.

Dresden seems to have theatrically solved the problem of long waits, for the Königliches Schauspielhaus brings the technical side of the theatre up to the highest point that has ever been reached. The three principal features are simplicity, rapidity of working, and the liberal allowance for space, air, and light. Instead of having the conventional stage where one scene must be taken down before the next can be set, or of having a revolving stage, the Schauspielhaus is provided with a stage which is lowered hydraulically for the purpose of shifting the scenery. While one scene is being used the second is all set up below on the left-hand side. The stage is then lowered and the first scene is rolled off to the right by electric motors, the new scene at the same time being rolled on. Then the stage is again raised and the play goes on with an interruption of but thirty seconds.

The hill farmers of the Norwegian Fjords have a curious way of drying the grass, or making the hay. They erect three-barred fences, the bars being about a foot apart, at intervals in the fields, and hang the grass on the bars, where it is quickly dried by the sun and wind. These districts are for the most part very sparsely populated, and in many cases the farms are as much as two days' journey from the nearest village.

There recently died in Paris Mme. Bartholdi, widow of Auguste Bartholdi, the sculptor who made the Statue of Liberty presented to this country by the French government and erected in New York harbor.



On October 1 Cocoa Prices Were Reduced

The D. Ghirardelli Co., enabled by the European conflict to purchase the best cocoa beans much cheaper than hitherto, owing to the warring nations being out of the market, is giving the public the full benefit. This became effective on October 1.

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The German Iron Cross.

The German decoration of the Iron Cross, which is similar to the British Victoria Cross, is said to be cast out of guns captured in war. The Prussian order was instituted in 1813 by Frederick Wilhelm III. Its inception was due to Gneisenau, who in 1811 proposed to the king a general rising against Napoleon, and that all men who served with distinction in the field should be decorated with a black and white scarf or a national cockade. The king, however, favored an emblem in the shape of two pieces of black and white ribbon sown in the forms of a cross on the breast of the coat. The designs against Napoleon did not mature until 1813, and in that year the Order of the Iron Cross was instituted, as it was thought that a decoration of metal would be more suitable. Both classes of the Iron Cross have a precisely similar black cross of cast iron with silver edging. On the front there is no inscription. The front face of the cross of 1813 is bare of any insignia. On the reverse of the cross of 1870-71 is a crown and the date 1870. In the centre is a "W," the initial of the Christian name of the then King of Prussia. The cross of 1813 bore the initials "F. W." In the centre of the cross are three oak leaves. The Iron Cross is borne on the standards and colors of the troops, and like the Victoria Cross, its bestowal is not confined to any one rank.

Belgium is a land of many languages. Though Flemish is the native tongue, yet French, English, German, and Dutch are spoken. It is claimed that the average resident of Antwerp speaks all five languages with equal fluency, and he can think in any or all of them, which is the final test. French, of course, is essential. Without it the Antwerp man would be lost in Brussels, where French is spoken almost exclusively. When one gets into the rural districts the situation is different. In the north of Belgium the language is Flemish. The farmers there speak nothing else. But in the south there is little or no Flemish spoken, that section having absorbed just enough of the French language to confuse it hopelessly with their own and evolve a patois that is guaranteed to puzzle any one who has not been raised in the midst of it.

A recent concert given in London by Clara Butt and her husband, Kennerly Rumford, netted the sum of \$25,000 for the Work for Women fund. Now the gifted pair have made the unprecedented offer of contributing the net proceeds of their concerts for the entire autumn to the various British war funds. The concerts will be given throughout the English provinces, Scotland, and Ireland.

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Are you for a \$3.81 rate? \$2.24 is your present rate; \$3.81 may be your rate if the proposed "Home Rule in Taxation Amendment" is passed.

This amendment is nothing more or less than SINGLE TAX, and is backed financially by Eastern single taxpayers.

No State in the Union has the single tax system; several of our neighboring States have rejected it at the polls. Do we want to experiment in California for the benefit of the Eastern single taxpayers?

The proposed measure gives the right to the board of supervisors to exempt from taxation all property except land and franchises. SUCH A MEASURE CAN EXEMPT FROM TAXATION \$221,822,375 WORTH OF PROPERTY IN SAN FRANCISCO ALONE.

This would put the whole tax burden on landowners, including those who have been struggling since the fire to improve their property.

The small owner will suffer most because it releases from taxation all the costly improvements.

The Real Estate Board looks upon Amendment No. 7 as a most pernicious measure, and calculated to destroy investments in San Francisco real estate. It is to your interest not only to vote against Amendment No. 7, but to work against it.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"This plant belongs to the begonia family." "Ah! And you are taking care of it while they are away."—*Boston Times*.

"What in the world made you jilt Reggie?" "Oh, he got on my nerves, always asking permission to kiss me."—*Dallas News*.

The New Maid—In my last place I always took things fairly easy. Cook—Well, it's different here. They keep everything locked up.—*Tit-Bits*.

Dr. Pillem—Are you going to call a consultation? *Dr. Bolus*—I think not. I don't believe the patient has that much money.—*New York Post*.

Ecra—My son has just sent me a message from New York, hut I can't make out whether it says "No funds" or "No fun." *Eben*—What's the difference?—*Judge*.

"I bear your hardships were awful." "Terrible, my dear! Here we are in the midst of autumn." "Yes?" "And I had to come home wearing a summer hat."—*Puck*.

Husband—It seems to me that shrapnel has been the cause of most of the casualties. *Wife*—But, George, isn't be a war correspondent; not a general?—*Punch*.

"Mary," he said excitedly, "the papers say there's a big war going on in Europe!" "Well," she replied, calmly, "they're having fine weather for it."—*Dallas News*.

Cratford—I see that the world's supply of drugs is being imperiled by the war. *Crabshaw*—Don't worry. Perhaps Nature will now get a chance to cure us.—*Puck*.

Sentry (after arresting suspicious character)—An' 'e's an impudent blighter as well, sir; 'e told me 'is name was Wurzelbeimer an' said 'e was a Scotchman!—*London Opinion*.

"I believe in the motto, 'Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.'" "Pay me that \$5 then." "The rule doesn't apply; that's something I can't do today."—*Boston Transcript*.

"I thought you were going to move into a more expensive apartment?" "The landlord saved us the trouble," replied Mrs. Flimgilt. "He raised the rent of the one we have been occupying."—*Washington Star*.

Cadger—Can you spare a pore bloke a trifle, mister? *Minister*—What! A big able-bodied man like you begging? *Cadger*—Well, yer got to be big an strong ter beg these days wivout gettin' 'urt.—*Sydney Bulletin*.

"Papa, what is an escutcheon?" "Why?" "This story says there was a blot on his escutcheon." "Oh, yes! An escutcheon is a light-colored vest. He had probably been carrying a fountain pen."—*Houston Post*.

The Sergeant—Look here, before you're served out with your uniform you'd better nip down to the wash-houses and get a bath. *The Recruit*—Wot? I come 'ere to be a soldier—not a bloomin' mermaid!—*London Opinion*.

"I tell you," said Poots, "there is an indescribable sense of luxury in lying in bed and ringing one's bell for his valet." "You've a valet?" asked Poots's friend. "No," replied Poots; "but I've got a bell."—*Rochester Telegram*.

"I think," said Senator Sorgbum, "that I will go upon the lecture platform." "Have you a message for the world?" "Yes, I've got the message, all right. But I can't satisfy myself whether it is marked 'collect.'"—*Washington Star*.

"I've got something I want to tell you. You haven't heard about the shocking Billingler scandal, have you?" "Yes, I've heard about it at least four times. You're late." "That's funny. It was told at the club for the first time, and everybody there promised not to repeat it."—*Topeka Journal*.

"What could have brought you to this, my poor man? You appear to have seen better days." "Yes, I was once an author, madam. I lost all I owned trying to find a publisher for my last book on 'A Hundred Ways to Get Rich.'" "Think of it! A literary man! And now you're selling shoestrings!"—*Follia*.

"Have you any fresh eggs?" asked the American in London. "Yes, mum, plenty," said the clerk; "them with a hen on 'em are fresh." "I don't see any with a hen on them," said Mrs. X, looking around for a nest. "The letter 'hen,' mum, not the bird. 'Hen' stands for 'noo-laid,' mum."—*New York Sun*.

"Why are you fighting so?" inquired the bystanders, moved at length to curiosity. "To save civilization!" replied the nations severally. Here a dragged figure rose from the mire under the feet of the combatants and limped lamely away. "And who are you?" asked the bystanders, with a disposition to get to the bottom of the matter. "Don't speak to me—I'm civilization!" the figure made answer, somewhat pettishly.—*New York Evening Post*.

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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The National Elections.
The smashing fact of Tuesday's election lies in its demonstration that the national Republican party is a revived and forceful quantity. It has carried New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, reclaimed Connecticut, and exhibited increased strength through the country. The final figures are not available as we write on Wednesday, but this much is certain, namely, that the great Democratic majority in the House of Representatives is cut to a small margin and that there will be a substantial reduction of Democratic power in the Senate. This result is the more emphatic because it comes upon the heels of strenuous efforts by the Administration at Washington in the states which have changed from the Democratic to the Republican column. In New York, for example, the Administration put forth tremendous efforts in behalf of Glynn and Gerard, candidates respectively for the governorship and the senatorship. Half the members of the cabinet went on the stump in New York, and the President himself by letters and personal interviews took an active hand in the campaign. In the face of the returns from New

York and elsewhere it now becomes apparent that the Wilson administration is not the highly approved and popular force that it has been asserted to be. Democratic policies have not won the country; by inference they will not command its support in 1916.

It is not uncommon in off years for the country to give the party in control of the government a shaking-up. But the immediate result means something more than an exercise of salutary discipline. It is in its effect a vote of distrust, an unmistakable and a smashing rebuke. It knocks the props from under that spirit of cocksureness which has inspired the Democratic mind during the past year. It is a practical notification to the President that success with a cowed and submissive Congress is far from being success with the country at large.

Hardly less significant than the revival of the Republican party is the collapse of the Progressive party. In truth there never has been such a thing as a national Progressive party. The movement which assumed that name was one of resentment and emotion, without vital substance or reality. It was based upon no large and commanding principle; it was without the sustaining force of a working plan. Its whole capital was a striking personality, but, as the result shows, a personality of declining effectiveness and of no real authority in the country. At no time and nowhere has the Progressive movement proposed to the country anything which might not with better prospects of success have been sought through the traditional parties.

The failure of Progressivism as an independent movement is interesting chiefly as it exhibits the failure of Mr. Roosevelt in the most important and venturesome phase of his career. Without wisely reckoning all the elements of the situation he undertook to create a new party. The collapse of this movement leaves him a man without a party. He can not now return to his old status in a party which he sought to destroy and there is no place for him in the Democratic party. By this result, too, Mr. Roosevelt's larger pretensions have been exploded. While there must be conceded to him a very positive prowess as a political leader, he lacks, plainly enough, the power of a political organizer. He has not the steadiness of mind nor the sustained moral force essential to the making of a political machine. What Mr. Roosevelt's next enterprise will be is an interesting subject of speculation. Only of this we may be assured, that he will not voluntarily retire to innocuous desuetude. His active spirit, his consuming vanity, will keep him somewhere in the ring of active affairs. Possibly now he will undertake to combine the various elements of opposition to President Wilson. This would not have been difficult if Mr. Roosevelt had had the patience to bide his time. The situation is indeed favorable, since the Republican party is poor in distinguished and aggressive leadership. But that Mr. Roosevelt will be able to turn the trick we can not believe. There are too many Republicans with long memories; too many resentful of his acts; too many distrustful of his character; too many who never under any appeal can be brought again to accept his leadership.

The Result in California.
In the reëlection of Governor Johnson we have the logical outcome of many conditions and circumstances. In the background there was the abiding memory of political grievances in times past. Then there was the force of a political machine, established by an arrant exercise of official favor and fed from the public treasury. Prejudice and fear were combined with the forces of political discipline. On top of all there was a ruck of gross political bargaining. Sinister arrangements are always contrived behind closed doors. But whoever will study the returns and observe the

course of events need be in no doubt as to one factor in the immediate instance. The labor-union vote of San Francisco was given almost entirely to Johnson in return for the support of Johnson's machine in San Francisco municipal politics. If anybody has failed to discover the evidences of this traffic in the past, let him keep an open eye upon the future. He will see Mr. Andrew Gallagher a candidate for mayor next year and he will see all the forces under the hand of Governor Johnson active in his support. Apparently, too, there was a trade between the Johnson and the Phelan managers at the expense of Heney, Progressive candidate for the Senate, and Curtin, the Democratic candidate for governor. Multitudes of Democrats under the Phelan influence voted for Johnson. Other multitudes under the Johnson influence voted in return for Phelan.

There remains to be considered another phase of the situation. Republican sentiment in California was in this campaign without leadership or any kind of support. The party in California, long accustomed to a positive control, has not learned to go alone. The old leaders are out of the game; new leaders have not yet come forward. In short, under the new conditions in California the Republican party has not found itself. It had practically no management in the late campaign, no means of doing anything, little intelligence and less courage. Fredericks had to make his campaign alone. He had no support in money, very little on the part of the newspapers of the state, and none at all on the part of his fellow-citizens. Only one Californian not a candidate for office took the stump. Nobody was brought in from abroad to stimulate party spirit. Fredericks's campaign was vigorous enough, but his voice was a lone one crying in a wilderness.

As we write on Wednesday morning the result as to the United States senatorship is still undetermined. Knowland, Republican, and Phelan, Democrat, are reported by the returns as they come in hour by hour to be in a neck-and-neck contest. We have already suggested one of the means by which Phelan's strength was augmented. Another element in the situation was the lack of speaking power on the part of his chief opponent. Mr. Knowland is an amiable man, a respectable man, a gentleman. But he is not a man of great strength, intellectually or otherwise. And he is at his worst on the stump. Under the new conditions in politics speaking capacity has a high value. Nobody trusts the newspapers any more, and for cause. Our trivial journalism carries to the public no real information of the political activities of the country. The people can judge of a candidate only as they see and hear him. It follows therefore as of the highest importance that if a man would get votes he should have a voice like the Bull of Bashan and an imposing front.

Not even the traditional Philadelphia lawyer will be able these many weeks to come to figure out the precise status of the state legislature. Under our primary system an artful and active politician may get all sorts of party nominations. It has been so in the immediate instance. Some of the men elected to the legislature were candidates on all party tickets. To which, if any, party they will hold themselves bound remains to be seen.

Most important of the many "amcndments" and "initiated measures" was that which proposed a drastic prohibition of the liquor traffic. It is beaten overwhelmingly, as it should have been. It is proper to add that in their extravagance the advocates of temperance lost a fine opportunity. The temper of the state is distinctly unfriendly to the saloon. It is in its worst development a vile thing. No disinterested person defends it. If the promoters of the temperance movcment had been content to put the case to the public on the basis of a rational proposal they would easily have won out. Lu

in the over-zealous spirit which is a common accompaniment of the reforming mind they undertook too much. They tried not only to estop the abuses associated with the use and traffic in liquor, but their legitimate uses. They undertook to inject the force of law in a sphere where it has no mandate in morals or common sense. They tried to make into a crime things which are no crime. And so they disgusted people of reasonable and temperate views; they turned against the movement many who would have supported it gladly if it had been held within reasonable and legitimate limits.

Another proposal properly defeated was that which undertook to establish the eight-hour day universally. It was a proposal which took no stock of times, seasons, or conditions. Employers and employed alike saw its impracticability, its mischievousness. If it had found acceptance sentimentally it would assuredly have been a dead letter practically. The eight-hour day, both reasonable and workable in many occupations, is in others out of the question. Established in rural industries, it would fly in the face of the order and the moods of nature itself. It is worthily beaten.

It will probably take several days to count the vote and definitely report it. The voting was heavy and the ballot was ridiculously long. It is not easy to conceive that anybody of common sense failed to resent the impracticability and the impertinence of a system which puts upon the whole electorate the determination of matters which can only be understood by experts after exhaustive study. The system is wrong. The one thing in connection with it which protects the state from disaster through it is the spirit of disgust which leads multitudes of conscientious but uninformed voters to persistently write No across everything which they can not understand. This habit, we suspect, will increase as time goes on, and ultimately we shall find the courage to so recast the scheme as to eliminate this imposition which presses alike upon the individual voter and the taxpayer and which embodies a persistent menace to the welfare of society.

The Appeal for Cotton.

In the assurance that the incoming Congress is to be dominated by the Democratic party we have the further assurance that a renewed effort will be made in behalf of the cotton-growers of the South, who find themselves with a large crop on their hands but without a market, due to the war in Europe. In the closing hours of the last Congress Representative Henry gave notice to this effect. "My cotton relief bill," he said, "goes to the next session of Congress. * * * The fight has just begun. * * * The very moment our Southern representatives return to Washington we will open up a vigorous fight for the relief to which our people are entitled." Mr. Henry's plan of relief is embodied in a bill which instructs the Secretary of the Treasury to deposit \$250,000,000 in banks of the cotton-producing states to be advanced to the producers of cotton at a rate of interest not exceeding four per cent.

The condition which it is thus proposed to relieve by direct government aid is indeed serious. Cotton continues to be the main commercial crop of the Southern States. There is now harvested and ready for market upwards of 5,000,000 bales which should be worth 12 cents or upward per pound. Last year the average price was 12¾ cents per pound. One week before war was declared in Europe the going rate was 12½ cents per pound. It was expected that the crop of 1914 would bring into the Southern States upwards of \$625,000,000. Cotton still dominates the commercial activities of the South. By September 1st each year the resources of the banks, merchants, and farmers of the South are practically absorbed by the cotton crop. Under ordinary conditions marketing follows and every department of business life in the South gets its share of the return. In the language of Mr. Henry, "Money pours into the market, buyers vie with each other, the producer sells his cotton, pays his debts, and the whole machinery of business goes forward, freshly oiled for the next season. This year the crop was even larger than usual. But the first of September came and there was no market. The first of October came and there was still no market. The debt-paying time had come, and there was not anything to pay with, unless you swapped a bale of cotton for your debt: but each of your creditors was not well provided with a way of taking care of that cotton, and it was a pretty big thing to use for

exchange purposes. The rural sections were absolutely without a medium of exchange and largely are in that condition today."

Upon the basis of this situation the South through its representatives in Congress turned to the government. Traditional Southern theories were forgotten. The South wanted relief and was indifferent as to how it should come, provided only that it did come. The President was appealed to. His wish, of course, was to relieve the situation, especially since the stress of it pressed heavily upon that section of the country which provides the basis of Democratic power. However, he could not see his way to recommend the radical departure from governmental practice involved in the demands of Mr. Henry and other Southern representatives. Beyond a few bland words of encouragement the President did nothing. Congress was permitted to adjourn without doing anything for relief of the cotton-growers.

But this, as we have already seen, has not discouraged the appellants for cotton. Mr. Henry has a letter from the President under date of October 22d declaring his anxiety for a "substantial measure of relief of the South," and he is preparing, as we have already seen, to call the matter up and to employ whatever energies may be enlisted in its behalf to their utmost. In other words, the solid South is coming to Congress as soon as it shall convene again in support of a demand that the government practically provide a market for the Southern staple, unsaleable in the present state of the world's affairs.

The situation is truly serious—in many ways pitiable. The South is really in distress. Yet Congress may well pause before committing the government to a course which must logically make it the purchaser of all surplus and unsaleable products of the country. For if it be a function and duty of the government to provide a market for cotton, then by an easy process of reasoning it becomes an obligation to treat other products in like manner. Thus at every period of commercial stress the government would be asked to step in and lend its resources to the relief of the producer. If the government is to take care of cotton in the present emergency, then it must take care of tobacco and corn and wheat and canned salmon and a thousand other products of a teeming land. And if the bounty of the government be available for original products, why not for manufactured goods? Under such a system the government must become the universal buyer at times when there are no other buyers for whatever is produced by farm, factory, or mine.

The proposal is revolutionary and dangerous. To accept it would be to establish a precedent of incalculable mischief, one that would commit the government to a practice outside the sphere for which it was intended and for which our system provides no safeguards.

German and American Ideals.

Two striking facts present themselves in connection with the American attitude toward the European war. One, an almost universal sympathy on the part of the general public with the Allies; the other, a marked pro-German sentiment on the part of our military men. This anomaly is subject to explanation.

The war in one of its aspects is a clash between German ideals of government and those held by English-speaking peoples. The prevailing scheme of German government may be epitomized in the German word "Verbotten," which meets one everywhere in Germany. The German government forbids, prescribes, regulates. Americans, Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, and Welshmen resent governmental control in all but broad and public relationships. Many of us are entirely willing to forbid the other fellow to do something, but we don't like a too-close scrutiny and direction as applied to ourselves. The most furious agitator for prohibition among us would flare up in a rage if it were proposed to prescribe for him a line of conduct contrary to his taste or propensity. As a people we don't take kindly to the "Verbotten" idea. The German, on the other hand, under motives of temperament and habit accepts with calmness any rules which the government lays down for him.

In recent years our politics very largely has been a struggle between those who want to boss and those who object to being bossed, and this, since we have not a very clear understanding of the thing, has made

recent American politics both illogical and complex. The citizen least willing to be controlled is easily brought through his resentments into schemes of political action in conflict with his fundamental impulses. He may be enlisted in a furious support of the most arrant of bosses (if the boss will only call himself by some other name) in order that he may down somebody whom he has become accustomed to regard as a boss. Now the war in at least one of its phases is a conflict between the German autocratic idea—the idea of being a boss—and the ideas of those who resent bossism and demand freedom of opportunity to blunder along in life—national and individual—as they blooming well please. Anti-German sentiment under analysis is largely a protest against that seeming material success achieved by Germany through her policy of standardizing human life and human effort and through the apparent efficiency that has resulted therefrom.

We come now to the attitude of our military men. Of course no officer may talk in the open about the war, but no presidential order ever issued or to be issued is capable of putting a clamp on the military tongue. In confidential talk army and navy men, like men in general, make little attempt to conceal their views. Even the service newspapers, in spite of studied neutrality, betray the bias of those who write them and those for whom they are written. Just now, although studiously neutral, they plainly betray pro-German sympathies.

The military man has a way of thinking directly connected with his trade. Your soldier believes wars to be inevitable. The world over, military men have been predicting this war in Europe for years. Our military men believe that also inevitable is a war for supremacy in the Pacific. They hold that wars are not made by rulers or cabinets or groups, but by forces and circumstances that civilization can not control. They hold further that of all governments the German is the only one that has recognized this fact, and that has adequately prepared for war. England refused to see the danger and declined to prepare for war, although Lord Roberts and other leaders pointed out the hazard and have been preaching conscription and preparation for years. This war, say the military men, is Germany's justification for her military preparedness, for the efficient military machine that she has created. Without it, they argue, she would today be crushed. Sentimentally many of our officers would like to see the Allies win, but under the influence of professional spirit they are for Germany. That is to say, they are willing if not eager to see the one country which has accepted the military ideals and regulated her practice by them, attain success under them.

There is profound conviction among our military men that a grave danger threatens the republic. Our wants of preparation for war is, in their view, a direct invitation to aggression. Not to be proof against attack, they say, is to invite attack. To be rich, they argue, without means of defense involves a tremendous hazard. Poor nations, they argue, can afford to be weak in a military sense, but a rich nation is under multiplied motives for making itself strong in a military sense.

Within the past few weeks there have developed the beginning of a popular agitation based upon this idea. The speech in the House of Representative Gardner two weeks ago is one indication. The syndicated letters of Mr. Roosevelt may be taken as another. This movement is getting no sympathy from the Administration. Mr. Wilson is a peace man, distinctly and emphatically. He would probably allow aggression to go to very great lengths—as we have already seen in the case of Mexico—before being pushed into war or into serious preparation for it. Secretary Garrison is probably deep down in his heart in sympathy with the new agitation. But he is the only member of the cabinet who is not a pronounced pacifist, and he is not likely to declare himself in a way contrary to Administration sentiment.

A circumstance which indicates that the movement for military preparation is really a serious one is that it has already advanced to the point of employing a press agent at the national capital. He is one of the best-known correspondents, for many years connected with the Associated Press, and has been a frequent contributor to the popular magazines. Gossip at Washington has it that his work is being done under the auspices of the United States Infantry Association, an organiza-

tion sustained by infantry officers of the army and organized militia.

Minor Matters at Washington.

Some two or three weeks ago the country was told of a bit of a row between Vice-President Marshall and Senator Overman due to the fact that the former had arranged without consulting the committee in charge of the Senate chamber that a series of photoplay films be taken of the Senate in working session. Behind this incident there is rather an interesting story. One Frederick Haskin, proprietor of a newspaper syndicate at Washington, is the best salesman of newspaper wares in the business. He can not write, but he has a staff of assistants who produce the stuff, Haskin's function being to go out and sell it. About two years ago the Haskin syndicate produced a series of letters describing in their workings the various branches of the government. Then the energetic Mr. Haskin put these letters into book form, got out a lot of clever advertising matter, and arranged with newspapers all over the country to sell the book as a premium. He got rid of 400,000 books at a profit of ten cents a copy—not at all bad for a lot of cheap stuff worked over a second time.

Now Mr. Haskin is working this old matter over in another form. He has arranged with the Savage moving picture people to illustrate it in films, and in this enterprise he has an efficient assistant in one Louis Brownlow, who is so closely connected up with the Administration that—according to gossip—he is to be appointed a member of the commission which orders the affairs of the District of Columbia in place of one of Mr. Wilson's earlier appointees, who is going to be promoted to the District Supreme Bench. It was Mr. Brownlow who, acting for Mr. Haskin, arranged with the Vice-President and a group of good-natured senators to pose for the scene, "The Senate in Session." The brisk Mr. Brownlow, it appears, had previously got the President to pose in the White House. Also he had worked the matter up with various department chiefs who are to be duly glorified in the stupendous Savage production to be known as "The American Government."

But this is not all. By adroitly working somebody Mr. Brownlow has managed to transform the big Ways and Means Committee room in the House office building into a moving-picture studio, and there he has photographed and filmed individual senators and representatives with various groups, sufficient to make up a "reel" that will soon be exhibited in nickelodeons the country over.

It was quite a stunt. The set of films is now fairly complete and is beyond question worth a very great deal of money. All of which goes to show that there are a lot of people at Washington highly placed whose sensibilities are not very delicate; further, that it is worth while, if you want anything, to cultivate the Administration. In some quarters this photo-play performance is regarded as undignified, and by as many it is even thought to be scandalous.

Many stories have been afloat during the past few weeks to the effect that Andrew Carnegie, Jim Hill, and other men of large fortune have been contributing funds in promotion of the Democratic campaign. None of them are true. This has been a lean year with all parties. Two years from now, if these gentlemen have any money left, and when a presidential campaign is on, they may open up, but they have not done it this year. Nor has the Democratic party in its national organization made any great effort to get money. It has been preserving its credit for use in 1916. The same is true of the Republican organization.

It has, largely speaking, been a mail order campaign this year, and Uncle Sam himself has been paying the bills. Never before has the franking privilege been used so largely on political account. And there has seemed some justification for it. Held as they have been to close attendance at Washington, both senators and representatives seeking reelection have been forced to do their campaigning by mail. The directories on file in the Congressional Library are worn to frazzles through frequent use by clerks in addressing letters to the constituents of their chiefs. Hundreds of tons of speeches, letters soliciting votes, etc., have been sent out under congressional franks.

Another recruit has joined the army of exploiters of

official connections in the person of Miss Genevieve Clark, daughter of the Speaker of the House. Miss Clark was the originator of the "U.S.E. More Cotton" movement. Since this propaganda attained large proportions Miss Clark has been overwhelmed with requests for information about cotton and its uses. Now there has occurred to her the bright idea of writing a book, the title of which is to be, "The Romance of Cotton." It will deal with the history of the cotton plant from the dawn of civilization to the present time. Speaking of her forthcoming book, Miss Clark said the other day: "The cotton plant is the most wonderful and useful plant in the world. It has played an amazing part in the world's history. It is a romance of endeavor and industry, fascinating in the extreme." For sale by all booksellers, etc.

In 1910 there was organized under the auspices of the government what is called the Fine Arts Commission. The purpose behind this organization was and is to make Washington a beautiful city. The commission is authorized to pass on all plans for public buildings and their sites and to exert whatever influence it may upon the architecture and placing of private structures. It would seem that a purpose so worthy would find no difficulties in its path. But there is always in Congress a number of cranks and vulgarians of the Sockless Simpson type, who make a merit of decrying and obstructing anything and everything related to refinement of taste as distinct from severe utilitarianism. One such is Congressman William Howard of Georgia, who loses no occasion to pester the Fine Arts Commission and to put obstacles in its way. The measure of Mr. Howard's genius on its constructive side is fairly well shown in a bill recently introduced by him in Congress to compel the management of the Washington ball park to provide free drinking water for its patrons. It is needless to say that this highly important proposal attained a speedy and quiet death.

Editorial Notes.

A chance remark by Count von Bernstorff, German ambassador at Washington, that the active support given by Canada to Great Britain in the war has nullified any right of Canada under the Monroe Doctrine against foreign invasion was a bit of diplomatic malpractice. It was the height of folly to raise at this time an issue in relation to which American sentiment is and must be a unit. Von Bernstorff sees his mistake. He now declares, "If the government of the United States wants assurances from Germany that, in the event of victory, she will not seek expansion or colonization in North America, including Canada and South America, Germany will give the assurances at once. Germany has not the slightest intention of violating any part or section of the Monroe Doctrine." This, by way of reparation, is probably the best that may be done. None the less the incident has had the effect of stirring sentiment on both sides of the Canadian border. An interesting fact in connection with this incident is the exhibition of open dependence on the part of Canada upon the United States. The Washington government has been directly asked by the Canadian authorities to protest the entrance upon Canadian soil of Austrians or Germans. The significance of this request is plain. Canada, nominally British, is actually American. And if in the outcome of current events England should be beaten, Canada will go, not to the continental victor, but to the United States.

Mexico has a new provisional president, Gutierrez by name, duly commissioned for a term of twenty days by the "peace commission" assembled at Aguas Caliente. But it is doubtful if this new dignitary will be permitted to serve out his term. There is Carranza, whose resignation had a string to it. Then there is Villa, who has not resigned and apparently has no intention of doing so. Taken by and large, the proceedings of the peace conference only go to illustrate the helplessness of the situation. Neither in the conference nor out of it has there been exhibited any real desire for peace. What each of the rival leaders really wants is some form of advantage over the others. Failing to get it, they will continue to fight. And to fight hopelessly so far as the general outcome is concerned, since there is apparently no man in the country capable of reconciling differences and bringing the factions together. Now as before it is evident that if peace is

to come to Mexico it must be imposed from without. It can not come from within. This leaves the situation precisely what it was two years ago. The United States must sooner or later in behalf of the civilized world, as well as in respect of its own interest and duty, assume the task of giving peace and order to the country. The administration at Washington felicitates itself upon having avoided war. What it has really done is merely to postpone the issue.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Sequence of Events.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 2, 1914.
EDITOR ARGONAUT: In an article appearing in the November number of *Sunset* Mr. Herman Ridder advances the contention that the present European war was forced upon Germany and that she is acting purely on the defensive. He bases this contention on the assertion that long prior to the assassination of the Austrian archduke Russia had ordered the mobilization of all her troops for July 1st and their concentration on the German-Austrian frontier, notwithstanding the vigorous protest of Germany. In other words, the *casus belli*, according to Mr. Ridder, was not the Austro-Serbian episode, but the order for mobilization of her troops made by Russia long before that and presumably about the first of the year 1914. The refusal of Russia to desist from this mobilization, it is claimed, compelled Germany to declare war, and hence the war was forced upon her in self-defense.

This early Russian mobilization is all news to me. My understanding of the sequence of events immediately antecedent to the war are: (1) That in consequence of the assassination of the Austrian archduke Austro-Hungary sent an ultimatum to Serbia; (2) that Serbia failed to comply therewith; (3) that Austro-Hungary then declared war against Serbia; (4) that Russia announced her intention of aiding Serbia, and (5) that thereupon Germany declared war against Russia. If these facts are true, then it would appear that the Russian order for mobilization made in the early part of the year was not the cause of the war, and consequently Mr. Ridder's contention fails. But was there any such early mobilization order by Russia, as asserted by Mr. Ridder? I am ignorant on the subject and appeal to the *Argonaut* for enlightenment. I have read all your editorials and the articles of Mr. Coryn relative to the war as they have appeared from time to time, and believe that they have given the fairest and most intelligent account of the controversy to be found anywhere. Indeed I have come to rely almost entirely on Mr. Coryn's articles for knowledge regarding actual operations of the warring armies. Can and will the *Argonaut* give its readers any information regarding Mr. Ridder's assertion of Russian mobilization occurring prior to the Serbian controversy?
JOHN H. MILLER.

[Our correspondent has stated the sequence of events with precision. With all deference to such exclusive information as may be possessed by Mr. Ridder, the official documents show that on July 28th the Russian ambassador at Berlin was informed that his government would on the next day announce "mobilization in the military circumscriptions of Odessa, Kieff, Moscow, and Kazan," and that this was in consequence of the declaration of war on Serbia by Austria-Hungary. On July 29th the German secretary of state announced that he was "much troubled by reports of mobilization in Russia," and on July 31st we learn that the Kaiser had called the attention of the Czar to the menacing character of the Russian mobilization. On the same day the German government, "hearing from their ambassador that the whole Russian army and fleet is being mobilized, announces its intention to proclaim 'Kriegsgefahr.'" These are the earliest references to any Russian mobilization so far as such references appear in the state papers. But the question has actually a much broader base than can be found in the events of the past three months. The history of Germany as written by the military historians of Germany during the last thirty years and more seems to show indisputably that the German government has not only prepared for war, but intended war as an essential and inevitable part of Germanic evolution.—ED. ARGONAUT.]

Though Mexico offers many wonders for the inspection of the traveler none is more interesting or peculiar than the salt-producing lake near Salinas Station, on the Tampico division of the Mexican Central Railway, seventy-two miles west of San Luis Potosi. It may well be termed a two-story lake, for at times there is a lake of fresh water overlying the salt lake. A watertight roof of green mud separates the fresh from the salt water. For a large part of the year there is no fresh-water lake there. The sun licks it up soon after the rainy season is over. The salt secured from this lake goes all over Mexico. The lake has been worked about sixty-five years. The whole town of 5000 people makes its living from the salt. The property is owned by a family or estate, but it is said that not one of the owners has lived there for years.

The wonderful caves of Bellamar, Cuba, to the east of Havana, attract attention of the ambitious tourist. They are located on a plateau as level as a table top which presents no signs of the existence of such caves. After descending into the earth, however, a picture unfolds itself. Then come many passages and at last the great "Gothic Temple," two hundred and fifty feet long and eighty feet wide, where the crystal formations produce a brilliant picture with the electric light bringing out a wonderful color scheme.

The railroad connecting Chile and Bolivia, which crosses the Andes 14,105 feet above sea level, provides oxygen chambers in which passengers can get relief from the rarefied air of the high altitudes.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.

Whether we are disposed to believe that it was military strategy or hard luck that forced General Joffre to fall back from Belgium to within a few miles of Paris we must at least give him full credit for the return to Belgium. It was he who initiated the great race to the north in the effort to turn the German right wing. It was he who practically selected the ground of the desperate fighting of the last ten days on a narrow line, at the greatest possible distance from Paris, and where the issue was certain of definite determination within a relatively short time. The effect of his strategy has been to leave the long battle front that stretches away down to Verdun apparently unaffected. What is now known as the Battle of the Aisne is still in progress. The trenches are there and they are still occupied. The guns thunder their defiance of each other as they were doing a month ago. But actually the scene is wholly altered. A month ago there were vast masses of men moving up and down along the Aisne, hurrying from point to point, alternately defending and attacking. Now the scene is comparatively a quiet one. There are only narrow ribbons of men in the trenches, and of hand-to-hand fighting there seems to be none at all except at a few crucial points. All the available fighting forces have been moved northward into Belgium.

The present battle front may be said to extend from Ypres to Nieuport on the North Sea. It is about thirty miles in length. Nieuport lies half way between Ostend and Dunkirk. Ostend is in German hands, although held weakly. Beyond Dunkirk is Calais, and it is therefore evident that the line from Nieuport to Ypres is the harrier drawn against the German advance to Dunkirk and Calais. But it is not a straight line. Even from the meagre and unreliable reports that are all we have it is clear that the line can be anything but straight. It is also clear that its shape is changed day by day as the furiously fighting masses gain a little here and give a little there. It is a zigzag line. At its northern extremity, that is to say near Nieuport, the Allies are slowly advancing toward Ostend, and they are probably more successful here than anywhere, as they have the aid of the British and French ships, whose fire from the ocean is incessant and destructive. At Dixmude, eight miles south, the Germans have bent the Allied line westward, but still further south at Roulers and Menin the Allies have compelled a considerable curve in the German line to the east. Then the battle tails away southward as far as Arras, but the true carnival of bloodshed is to be found along the Yser Canal, which reaches the sea at Nieuport. The Germans succeeded in crossing the Yser at one point only, and even here their victory was short-lived. The Belgians opened the sluice gates and flooded the German trenches, and at the moment of writing the invaders are to be found nowhere on the west bank of the river. In fact they have abandoned the coast attack altogether and have withdrawn further south in order to concentrate upon Ypres, now defended by British and Indian troops. This does not necessarily mean that they have abandoned the attack upon Calais, but rather that they will seek to approach by another route.

Not only has the scene of the fighting changed, but its character has changed. The ferocity that has been displayed is due not so much to the devil in human nature as to the character of the ground. During the early days of the war the struggle was in open country, where the long range artillery could to a certain extent keep the combatants apart and where movements were comparatively open and unobstructed over level stretches of country. But the north of Belgium is densely populated. Those who have passed through it in the train will remember it as being almost like one continuous city, interspersed with coal mines, ditches, quarries, and canals. The fighters are hidden from each other except in small bodies, although they are so close together that they can hear the shouts and screams of their enemies. Even rifle fire is hampered by the "houses in between." The work must be done at the closest quarters and with the bayonet, and every thrust with the bayonet means a name for the casualty list. There is no such hideous fighting as street fighting, and here we have villages taken and retaken, and the narrow streets serving only to herd men together for slaughter. But there is a limit to this, and the limit must be near. We are now told that the Germans have forsaken the attack close to the sea and are concentrating for another effort further to the south, presumably in the direction of Ypres. We may reasonably believe that if they fail again they must withdraw. They can not afford to wait. There are stories of fresh lines being prepared between Bruges and Brussels, and if so the whole horrid business of street fighting must be repeated. But it is more likely that if they fail now it will mean a general fall back to the Rhine, and it will be a fall back without confusion or rout. The Germans have the supreme military skill that makes every move a timely one.

We are still in doubt as to the extent of the German reverse at Warsaw, but the fact of the reverse is beyond all doubt, since the German war office reports that the Russian army is slowly following their own toward the frontier. It will be remembered that Russia's mobilization being slow she chose a place at a considerable distance from her boundary, and while this had its evident advantages it also gave the German forces an opportunity to penetrate the country and to threaten Warsaw. At the same time Russia protected her flanks by moving against East Prussia in the north and against Galicia in the south. If her victory at Warsaw is at all a considerable one she will easily be able

to invade East Prussia as well as Austria, since the opposing forces here would be compelled automatically to fall back. Indeed we are told that she has already resumed her advance into East Prussia. In the north she can ignore all the fortresses except perhaps those of Koenigsberg and Dantzic, but these can be besieged only with great difficulty, since they are supported from the Baltic Sea. But any occupation of East Prussia would be a very serious matter for Germany. Vast quantities of grain are grown here and their loss would be a severe one. Moreover, East Prussia is celebrated for its horse ranches and Germany can afford to lose neither grain nor horses.

South of Prussia is the province of Posen, and the Russian armies that were successful at Warsaw are now pointed directly at that province, which is practically undefended except by the fortress of Posen. The speed of Russia's direct advance into Posen will be measured by the extent of her recent victory. Unobstructed, she could be there in a very few days. How far the German army can still delay her advance will soon be evident, but it is extremely unlikely that there has been anything like a rout or that the German defensive power has been greatly impaired. It is a part of Germany's magnificent military leadership that she can always draw a broad line between a reverse and a defeat.

But the most important territory is Silesia, which lies to the south of Posen and which also is in the direct line of Russian advance. Silesia is the manufacturing heart of the German Empire. Iron, cotton, and wool are produced here in enormous quantities. Silesia is responsible for 50,000,000 tons of coal annually, and if this supply were cut off the plight of Germany would indeed be a pitiable one. Breslau is the chief city of Silesia, and it lies very near the Russian frontier. Let it be repeated that nothing intervenes between the Russian armies and Prussia, Posen, and Silesia except the German force which has confessedly met with a reverse at Warsaw. The Russian army now advancing westward from Warsaw is the centre of a line of battle that stretches from Augustowo in the north to Premysl in the south.

Let us suppose that the German reverse were actually a rout or that it should presently become one. In that case the Russian army would begin the invasion of Germany at the point nearest to Germany in the course of a few days, while the invasion of East Prussia to the north would begin at once. If the German centre at Warsaw falls back, as it is actually doing, the German flanks north and south must do the same and so leave the road open for instant invasion of their then fully exposed territories.

Under such conditions, and with the German army retreating, how long would it take to reach Berlin? Such a question being answered, we can then make such allowance for retardation as our foresight may dictate. However badly the Germans were worsted they would fall back fighting all the way, and the effectiveness of their resistance is therefore the supreme factor in estimating the speed of the Russian advance to the German capital. But at least we may venture to say this much. Over an unobstructed road the journey of 200 miles from the Russian frontier to Berlin could be accomplished in three weeks. This would be at the rate of ten miles a day, and for purposes of comparison it may be said that General von Kluck advanced toward Paris fighting desperately all the way at a speed of about sixteen miles a day. No one can pretend to foresee the vicissitudes of war, but at the present time there is no military reason in sight why the Russians should not reach Berlin before Christmas if they are successful in the battles that lie ahead of them. It is an "if" of some size, but it does not preclude the possibility. In many respects the Russian soldier is superior to the German soldier, but the Russian officer is very inferior to the German officer. The Russian soldier is docile and fatalistic, and he never retreats or runs away on his own initiative.

The journey to Berlin is a difficult one. There are lakes and forests to be crossed, and large parts of the country can easily be inundated as in Belgium and Holland. But here we have a factor that must be kept in mind. Winter, now fast approaching, will aid Russia and it will hamper Germany. Winter with its ice will bridge the rivers, lakes, and inundations. Moreover, the Russians are inured to cold and have never yet been known to draw back because of winter. The home of the Russian is in the country. The home of the German is in the towns. Let it be remembered, moreover, that the Russians will be welcomed by the Poles of Posen and of Silesia, who are not likely to be deaf to the call of the Slav blood.

It is the Russian menace that explains the feverish industry of the Germans in Belgium and France. This industry is peculiarly noticeable since the Russian success outside Warsaw. If the German armies in the East can not stem the Russian advance—and so far it seems that they can not—there is only one possible course open to the Kaiser. He must withdraw his forces from the west; he must leave behind him sufficient to garrison the Rhine, and with the whole of the remainder he must hurry across Europe to concentrate against the Russians. His real peril is here, and not in France or Belgium. Germany's western frontier is almost impregnable. A relatively small force could guard it against invaders, who must cross the Rhine and face the great chain of fortresses of Strassburg, Mayence, Cologne, and Metz. The Allies would think long and earnestly before attempting the colossal feat of invading Germany, while the German force in the East, thus reinforced with another million and a

half of men, would lie like a dam across the Russian flood.

It is easy to be wise after the event, but we can hardly doubt that the Kaiser would give half his kingdom to be able now to revise his early plan of campaign and to do this very thing. If he had threaded a comparatively small army through the line of his western fortresses he could have lain secure against the attacks of France. Belgium would have been neutral. England would have been practically neutral. And Germany could then have sent some four million men against Russia and could have invaded her in overwhelming force and perhaps have beaten her to her knees. Then she could have turned round and invaded France at her leisure and without that supreme necessity for speed that has wrecked her plan of campaign on the rock of Belgian resistance. It was the Belgians who formed the famous Prætorian Guard of ancient Rome. It was the Belgians who were described by Julius Caesar as the most stubborn people against whom he had ever fought. Evidently they are at it still.

It is too soon to say much of the new war with Turkey. Nominally and politically Turkey is an empire to the far east of Europe. Actually Turkey represents the Mohammedan population of the world. If Turkey should attack Egypt we may be quite sure that Italy would consider this to be an attack also upon Tripoli and would act accordingly. Greece would be nearly sure to enter the fray, and the Balkan states could hardly keep themselves outside of the bloody ring. Turkey would almost certainly bring her enemies with her, and to that extent she would be negligible. But what influence might she not exercise upon the Mohammedan world in general? The Sultan of Turkey is the head of the Mohammedan faith and is therefore in a position to declare a holy war. But to declare a holy war and to produce one are two different things. We can call spirits from the vasty deep, but will they come? Turkey declared a holy war during her struggle with Italy, but no one took much notice. Mohammedan piety is nearly as flaccid as the Christian variety, and even good Episcopals would not go to war at the bidding of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Mohammedanism is split into sects, and divided by dogmas, and the sectarians and the dogmatists do not love each other. England has always been careful in her handling of Turkey from a fear of her Mohammedan peoples in India and elsewhere, who are supposed always to grow restive when the Sultan is in trouble. But India now seems to be extraordinarily loyal, and although Indian seemings are notoriously treacherous the calm is still unbroken. None the less let it be remembered that a universal Mohammedan rising has been one of the awful possibilities for the last twenty years. It is one of the things that are on the cards, and the temptation may now be irresistible. If so the world would be face to face with a calamity before which even the present war would sink into nothingness.

Much has been said of the superiority of the German artillery, but this superiority seems to be confined to the large siege guns, which are evidently irresistible. But there is no reason to assume superiority for the other branches of this arm, and we may believe that putting the siege guns on one side there is elsewhere very much of an equality. Indeed the British naval guns were said to have done surprising work at Nieuport, and they have certainly established their value on the few occasions when British and German ships have been face to face. But when all is said and done it is the rifle that counts. The rifle can go wherever the man can go. It does its deadly work by day and night, and of all other weapons it is the one that best reflects the spirit and courage and temper of the man who carries it.

Where is the German navy? No one knows except the German authorities, but it is generally supposed that the ships are somewhere in the vicinity of Heligoland or Wilhelmshaven under the protection of the land batteries. But it seems far more likely that they are somewhere in the Kiel Canal, grouped either at the North Sea end or the Baltic end. A glance at the map shows the Kiel Canal to lie to the south of Denmark, connecting the North Sea with the Baltic Sea. Therefore the German ships could emerge at either end, and in this connection it will be remembered that the Russian fleet is in the Baltic and that it is very inferior to the German. Now the British fleet is almost powerless to attack under such conditions. If it sought to enter the canal at the North Sea end the German fleet would make its exit into the Baltic. If the British passed to the north of Denmark through the Cattegat in order to attack at the Baltic end the Germans would make their exit into the North Sea. If the British divided their fleet in order to attack at both ends each of the halves would be inferior to the German whole. Just as the Panama Canal has doubled the strength of the American fleet, so the Kiel Canal has doubled the strength of the German fleet. But it would be a mistake to suppose that the British fleet is therefore nullified. It has kept the sea open to trade. It has made a bridge over which the steady marching of men to France and Belgium is continued.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 4, 1914.

During the year 1913 in Arkansas one diamond-washing plant was in operation about three months and recovered several hundred diamonds, and the construction of another plant was practically completed.

Forest fires in California during the past season did damage to the extent of \$76,524. In all 1234 fires were discovered.

SIDNEY CORYN.

THE GREWSOME WAITER.

A Man Possessed of the Angel of Death.

The quality of his voice first attracted my attention, although with it came the uncomfortable sensation that I had been stolen upon unawares. Some one came and stood behind my chair, and said: "I think, sir, you will find a seat over there by the window preferable to this."

At all times given to be slightly nervous, I positively jumped on being thus spoken to. First, I say, because of the quality of the voice. It was heavy and deep, like one of the bourdon pipes of an organ, and was of such volume and vibratory power that it sounded painfully in my ears, as though this same organ-pipe had been leveled at them. Then, too, there was the suddenness of the thing. To be sure, the speaker might have worn soft slippers, as is the custom of many waiters, but even then there would have been a shuffling sound as he moved over the polished wood floor of the great dining-room.

I turned quickly, and then it was his appearance that effaced all preceding sensations. He was unusually tall, of massive though angular frame, but it was his face that was the point of attraction. Upon shoulders of that peculiar breadth and squareness which often mark the consumptive was set a head of such disproportionate smallness that it looked like a little apple on a big limb. The face was even small for the small head, but, as though nature had been seized with a fit of whimsical compensation, the features were grotesquely large. The eyes, of so pale a blue as to be almost colorless, occupied such a wide space that they seemed actually to intrude upon the root of the nose, which jutted forward like an eagle's beak. The mouth was extensive and ragged in outline, while the ears stuck out like the handles of an antique vase. Of hair he had scarcely any, the few remaining wisps being of the color of well-dried hay.

I see I have used the word "grotesque" in attempting to describe the man's appearance. This is wrong, for I should rather have said appalling; and as I looked at him I found myself wondering how the shrewd manager of the San Juan Capistrano Hotel could have engaged so repulsive a creature. Before many days had passed, however, I found that there was good reason for the employment. His service was about as near perfect as I ever experienced, and I found, too, that behind that distressing mask there lay an intelligence of a peculiarly high order.

"I am the son of an English clergyman," he told me one day. I had spilled the salt, and as I did so I said: "Dear me, that means bad luck, I suppose."

"Never mind, sir," he said, "throw a little over your left shoulder and say 'Abracadabra.'"

"Where in the world did you hear that form of conjuration?" I asked.

"In the 'Ingoldsby Legends,' as well as I remember," he answered, and then came a short conversation on reading—for I am not of the exclusive order—out of which grew the remark about his being the son of an English clergyman.

"I know, of course," he said, in that great bellow of his, "that there is a fine chestnut flavor about this statement—still, it is strictly true. It is also true, sir, that you will find my name on the books of Brazeuse College, at Oxford."

"Well, then, my good fellow," I said, "what in the name of all that's unpleasant brings you here as a waiter at a California seaside hotel in the dead season?"

"Drink," was the laconic reply.

"Ah, the old story," I said.

"No," he replied, in quite a spirited manner; "by no means the old story."

"What is it, then?" I persisted.

"Don't ask me, please," he pleaded, and in the mirror, which was at the foot of the table, I saw that his eyes were drawn down as if in pain, and that his huge mouth was all of a tremble.

I was interested. I must confess, but at the same time I was also a little chagrined to think that I might possibly be allowing a smart impostor to play upon my feelings. I therefore shrugged my shoulders with a gesture that meant something near disgust. He was quick to read the sign.

"Don't think I am attempting to excuse myself or impose on you, sir," he said; "let me come to your room this evening—I shall not make the privilege an excuse for the least attempt at intimacy, sir—and I shall be able to explain myself fully."

I hesitated and then consented.

I was sitting out on the balcony smoking a cigar, listening to the slop-slop of the Pacific on the sands and watching the fog-bank slowly settling down over Point Loma, when he rapped at my door. He had exchanged his waiter's togs for a loose suit of tweed, and the change of attire was much to the advantage of his appearance, though nothing could soften the shocking character of his face. He asked permission to bring another chair outside my window, and then, having lit a cigar, he spoke as follows:

"I need not go over the story of who I am, or tell you what my real name is, sir. You know all that is necessary on those points, and all that you would care

to know. It will be enough now for me to assure you that I am an English gentleman, born and bred, and to repeat that I owe my present debased condition to drink. Yet I am not a drunkard by choice, or by vicious inclinations, but one made so by a hideous fate. Don't smile, sir, for it's the God's truth I'm telling you.

"I was not always the abominable-looking creature I am now, although I was never more than passably good-looking. Up to my twentieth year I had never tasted spirits, although our family table had always been provided with wine and my dear father invariably drank a toddy before going to bed. One night, it was in the long vacation, I was sitting with him in the library when the servant brought in the decanter and hot water. As she set them down on the table an agonizing sense of fear came over me, then a numbness and the feeling that I was turned to ice. The coldness seemed to come from without rather than from within me, and glancing shiveringly around to see if the window was open, I saw behind my chair the figure of one draped in flowing white garments and having a face of such unutterable stoniness that my heart stood still at the very sight. I knew this to be the Angel of Death, and felt that I was summoned. But there was a worse fate for me, sir. Seizing my shaking hand in his, the angel thrust it forward until it lay upon my father's heart, and then there came the tumultuous sound of many voices within me, and one came rushing up and cried, 'You die where you sit.' And as I cried, my father's eyes seemed to start from their sockets, he gave a groan, stiffened, and was dead. As he died the numbness left me, but not the fear, and reaching out I seized the decanter, drained it, and tumbled forward in a fit.

"From that time on I felt myself accursed, and passed the next few months in a series of drunken excesses. Then there came a great longing to tell some one the story of what I had gone through. This lasted for weeks, and at last I gave my sister my fatal confidence. We were walking in the garden, and after much nervous hesitation I began my dreadful story. I had but commenced when the warm sun seemed to have suddenly disappeared, and an icy wind swept across the tulip-bed and blasted the flowers as though they had been struck by a frost. My sister shivered and cried out as though in pain, upon which I put my arms about her and asked in God's name what was the matter? On the instant of my doing so I felt two icy arms enfold me, and over my shoulder was thrust the stony face of the Angel of Death. The mortal numbness once more seized me and was again transmitted to another, for as I held my sister she sighed but once and died."

He was silent for a moment, and glancing at him with not the most comfortable feelings in the world, I could see by the light which came through the open window that he had covered his eyes with his hand.

He went on without taking down his hand. "It was heart disease in both cases, they said," he continued, "and it was proved to every one's satisfaction, except mine, that the malady was in the family. Of course I knew better, and in the horror that this new tragedy brought upon me I flew to drink. The debauch lasted so long, and was attended by such distressing circumstances, that my friends concluded the best thing they could do was to ship me to this country. I thought it a good thing, too, for when I had come to my senses I reasoned that the further I was removed from the dear ones that were left the less chance there would be of ill happening to them through my malign influence. I arrived in New York about three years ago and came on at once as far West as I could get, to San Francisco. I had been in this latter city but a few months when, one day while walking along Kearny Street, I was seized once more with that deadly chill and horror. As though running from an enemy, I dashed into a saloon and drank until the barkeeper refused to let me have any more liquor. There were other places, though, where the conditions of the customers was not so tenderly considered, and I had no difficulty in finding them and getting all the vile poison I asked for. I remember staggering down to the water-front, and then all was a blank until I opened my eyes and found myself with a bandaged head and slashed shoulder in the surgical ward of the city and county hospital. I had to lie on my left side because of the cut, and so lying I could see that in the bed next to mine there was propped up a boy with the bedclothes raised over a framework about his legs. I learned afterward that the framework covered where his legs should have been, for the little chap had had them both cut off. He was a newsboy, he told me, and had tried to get on a car to sell his papers, when he missed his footing and fell beneath the wheels. He did not know what he was going to do without his legs, he said, but he guessed things would turn out all right, especially as he had survived the shock of the operation. He was very pale, but very patient; very helpless, but very hopeful; and the doctor, in making his rounds in the afternoon, said there was no reason why he should not be using a go-cart in another week or two. I swear to you, sir, that I heard the doctor say so with unalloyed pleasure and with the belief that he spoke the truth, yet that very night the boy died, and I was instrumental in his death.

"It must have been about three o'clock in the morning when I awoke all in a shiver. The little fellow was sitting up and crying. I asked him the matter, and he said he did not know, but that he was miserably afraid

of something and asked me to take his hand. As I reached out to do this I felt the old awfulness come over me, and, knowing what this meant, I drew back my hand with a cry and prepared to leap out of bed and run—anywhere. With my first movement, however, there glided into view from behind me the pallid-faced Angel of Death. Coming between the beds with no sound in the sweep of its shroud-like garments, and with no relenting in its marble eyes, it seized my hand and laid it in that of the wondering boy. Even as I took the poor, thin hand in mine it grew numb, but the weeping ceased, and with a faint cry of 'Mother!' the little fellow smiled and passed."

Again he was silent, and I was silent, too. What, I thought, does the fellow mean? Is he taking me for a credulous old man; is he in earnest, or is he a murdering lunatic? The latter idea was impressively persistent, and I concluded that it was wise to be as quiet as I could and to get rid of him as speedily as possible. So I got up, threw the end of my cigar away and yawned, as I said: "Very remarkable story, but—"

Then he rose, too. "Don't say anything further, sir," he said; "I understand exactly your sentiments, or, rather, I should say, your doubts. You doubt my truthfulness, perhaps my innocence, and possibly my sanity."

Now this was getting too close to mind-reading to be comfortable, so I tried another tack.

"Now, look here," I said, plainly, "do you mean to tell me that your story is a true one?"

"I began by telling you that, sir," he said; "it is as sadly and unaffectedly true as that nature is man's bitterest enemy; or if that is too argumentative a protest, then let me say that it is as true as that we stand here. I am a miserable man, possessed of the Angel of Death."

"Then, for heaven's sake," I exclaimed with some excitement, "why do you tell me your story when, at the same time, you know the dangers that hang to the relation? Are you experimenting in some devilish way on me?"

With that a strange thing occurred. He leaped in a peculiar way backwards and then to the top of the piazza railing, steadying himself there by grasping one of the uprights. Waving the disengaged hand toward my open window, he called aloud in his great booming voice: "Get in, sir, and bolt your window and lock your door, too. Go quick, and remember this: *When next you see me, shun me as you would the rider of the pale horse himself.*"

I may as well tell the truth: I got into my room in very short order, and I took especial pains to secure every means of ingress. The fact of the matter is I had a bad case of nervous disorganization—funk we used to call it when I was a boy. I did not even go to bed that night, but sat up with the lights burning, waiting for I did not exactly know what. I do know, though, that when the morning came I had my things packed, and went quaking down the stairs and took the early train for San Francisco.

Just before we reached San Fernando I went into the smoker, where three lively drummers were making the air blue with tobacco and tough yarns.

Apprised by the whistle's shrill toot that the big tunnel was quite near I started up to see that my section window was closed, and had got around into the aisle, when to my disgust I saw a tall man planking down a big valise in my seat. I hastened forward in no very good humor, and had just reached the fellow when the whistle gave a last shriek and the train rushed into the tunnel. As it did so the tall man straightened up, and then my blood stagnated in my veins, for there in the half-light the ghastly face of the grewsome waiter gleamed down upon me. With a sort of groan I turned and tottered in the direction of the car-door. My idea, I believe, was to get out and jump off, but I only got as far as the door, when my knees gave way and I sank in a swoon.

I was shaken into consciousness by a terrific crash which seemed to stagger the car as though it had been struck by a thunderbolt. There were cries from within, the bell-cord over my head was violently shaken, and with a sudden shock and rasping the train slackened up and stood still. I staggered to my feet and saw that we were yet in the tunnel. Lanterns were flying here and there, and one trainman was coming through the cars, asking if any one was hurt. Then I heard the voice of our porter call out something in a quick, sharp way. The drummers and trainmen made a rush, carrying me with them, and we soon saw what had happened. A rock, fully a ton in weight, had fallen from the roof of the tunnel and had crashed into the side of the car. It was wedged in between the broken timbers and splintered seats, and, as I am a sinner, the spot where all this ruin lay was my section!

But there was something more than crushed wood-work and shattered glass underneath the murderous rock. There was a dead man there, and I did not need to see the strangely quiet face to know who it was for whom the Angel of Death had come.

THOMAS J. VIVIAN.

Pennsylvania and New Jersey lead all other states in the quantity of wood used for making tobacco pipes, and utilize apple wood, French brier, ebony, birch, red gum, and olive wood.

CONQUEST OF AMERICA.

An Elaborate Scheme from "Oversea Operations," by General von Edelsheim.

Among the various schemes for the conquest of America that have been elaborated by the war authorities of Germany, and doubtless of other European countries, one of the most interesting is that of General von Edelsheim. It is entitled "Overseas Operations," and it is quoted at length by Mr. J. Ellis Barker in his "Modern Germany." The following are the salient features of the plan:

"Operations against the United States of North America would have to be conducted in a different manner. During the last years political friction with that state, especially friction arising from commercial causes, has not been lacking, and the difficulties that have arisen have mostly been settled by our giving way. As this obliging attitude has its limits, we have to ask ourselves what force we can possibly bring to bear in order to meet the attacks of the United States against our interests and to impose our will. Our fleet will probably be able to defeat the naval forces of the United States, which are distributed over two oceans and over long distances. But it would be a mistake to suppose that the defeat of their fleet will force the United States with its immense resources into concluding peace.

"In view of the small number of American merchantmen, in view of the small value of the American colonies, which are not even pacified, in view of the excellent fortifications with which the great American seaports are provided, and which can not be taken except with very heavy losses, and in view of the large number of American seaports, all of which we can not blockade at the same time, our fleet has no means to force that opponent through successful maritime operations to conclude a peace on our terms.

"The possibility must be taken into account that the fleet of the United States will at first not venture into battle, but that it will withdraw into fortified harbors, in order to wait for a favorable opportunity of achieving minor successes. Therefore it is clear that naval action will not be decisive against the United States, but that combined action of navy and army will be required. Considering the great extent of the United States, the conquest of the country by an army of invasion is not possible. But there is every reason to believe that victorious enterprises on the Atlantic coast, and the conquest of the most important arteries through which imports and exports pass, will create such an unbearable state of affairs in the whole country that the government will readily offer acceptable conditions in order to obtain peace.

"If Germany begins preparing a fleet of transports and troops for landing purposes at the moment when the battle fleet steams out of our harbors, we may conclude that operations on American soil can begin after about four weeks, and it can not be doubted that the United States will not be able to oppose to us within that time an army equivalent to our own.

"At present the regular army of the United States amounts to 65,000 men, of whom only about 30,000 could be disposed of. Of these at least 10,000 are required for watching the Indian territories and for guarding the fortifications on the sea coast. Therefore only about 20,000 men of the regular army are ready for war. Besides, about 100,000 militia are in existence, of whom the larger part did not come up when they were called out during the last war. Lastly the militia is not efficient; it is partly armed with muzzle loaders, and its training is worse than its armament.

"As an operation by surprise against America is impossible, on account of the length of time during which the transports are on the way, only the landing can be effected by surprise. Nevertheless, stress must be laid on the fact that the rapidity of the invasion will considerably facilitate victory against the United States, owing to the absence of methodical preparation for mobilization, owing to the inexperience of the personnel, and owing to the weakness of the regular army.

"In order to occupy permanently a considerable portion of the United States and to protect our lines of operation so as to enable us to fight successfully against all forces which that country, in the course of time, can oppose to us, considerable forces would be required. Such an operation would be greatly hampered by the fact that it would require a second passage of the transport fleet in order to ship the necessary troops that long distance. However, it seems questionable whether it would be advantageous to occupy a great stretch of country for a considerable time. The Americans will not feel inclined to conclude peace because one or two provinces are occupied by an army of invasion, but because of the enormous material losses which the whole country will suffer if the Atlantic harbor towns, in which the threads of the whole prosperity of the United States are concentrated, are torn away from them one after the other.

"Therefore the task of the fleet would be to undertake a series of large landing operations, through which we are able to take several of these important and wealthy towns within a brief space of time. By interrupting their communications, by destroying all buildings serving the state, commerce, and the defense,

by taking away all material for war and commerce, and, lastly, by levying heavy contributions, we should be able to inflict damage on the United States.

"For such enterprises a small military force will suffice. Nevertheless, the American defense will find it difficult to undertake a successful enterprise against that kind of warfare. Though an extremely well-developed railway system enables them to concentrate troops within a short time on the different points on the coast, the concentration of the troops and the time which is lost until it is recognized which of the many threatened points of landing will really be utilized will, as a rule, make it possible for the army of invasion to carry out its operation with success under the cooperation of the fleet at the point chosen. The corps landed can either take the offensive against gathering hostile forces or withdraw to the transports in order to land at another place."

From time immemorial the town of Whitby, England, has marketed the world's best jet, which in the past enjoyed an unusual vogue, though the Whitby pits are now far from being the busy scenes of former years. In the height of its prosperity Whitby gave employment to fully 2000 designers, carvers, and polishers, and some of the leading artificers earned a rather extravagant wage, for it is recorded that as high as \$20 a week was made. The Whitby industry dates back to the pre-Roman occupancy. Gloomy holes are the old jetticks or jet-workings along the cliffs about Whitby. They were driven straight into the face of the cliff at different levels to suit the winding stratum, being sometimes under a beetling projection, sometimes perilously near the waves, and often difficult of access. Owing to the valuable nature of the black substance when Whitby was altogether taken up with the industry, prospecting for jet became about as much of a lottery as gold-digging in other lands; but away in the Cleveland hills there were mine-owners, lessees of mines, and regularly employed workmen called "jetters" living in every village spread over a wide area. When the price of jet was up, and the article itself prominent enough for speculators to gamble in, many able-bodied coast dwellers about Whitby invested their savings in, or borrowed money on easy terms for, a little lease to work the jet zone of Lias to a certain distance. A father and his sons would come to their daily labor by the directest route—which might be a rope thrown over a cliff face—and labor strenuously with pickaxe, shovel, and barrow for long enough without finding the smallest sign of jet. Or, after hewing out tons of rock and shale, they might unexpectedly come to treasure at last, only to find it brittle or soft, and worth not more than two shillings a pound. While many a little band of prospectors toiled in vain till arm and back were weary, and heart and hope were lost, some other solitary single-handed late-comer would by luck go straight to heavy pockets of hard jet worth ten shillings a pound. The last piece taken of any size was the prize of 1877, its weight being eighty-four pounds, but it was proclaimed "soft," and therefore of little value.

Marble, Colorado, has become a town of 1200 population in three years owing to the development of the business from which the place derives its name. An expenditure of \$4,000,000 has been made in developing and perfecting the marble-quarrying industry there, and from this deposit will come the white marble to be used in the construction of the Lincoln memorial monument on the shore of the Potomac River. For many years this deposit of marble has been known, but its inaccessibility retarded its development. It is located in the wildest section of the Rocky Mountain region in Colorado, in the Gunnison natural forest reserve, on the north slope of the great mountain range which divides the valley of the Gunnison River from that of the Roaring Fork, a branch of the Grand River. To make the deposit accessible it was necessary to build a branch railroad from Redstone, in Pitkin County, a distance of twelve miles. The deposit stands out strongly for a distance of a mile, at an elevation of 9000 feet, and is easily quarried, as it is fully exposed.

Foreign students to the number of 4222 were in attendance at colleges and universities of this country last year. These students are not concentrated at the larger and better-known institutions, as might be expected, but are distributed over 275 different colleges, universities, and schools of technology. The number given includes only regular students of college or graduate grade. There were 594 Chinese students and a much larger number from Japan.

Cherry is the wood most used as a backing for the metal plates from which illustrations are printed in magazines and periodicals. It is chosen above all others because it holds its shape, does not warp or twist, works smoothly and does not split.

Some 200,000 gypsies wander about Hungary and are regarded a dangerous community. So notorious are their thieving propensities that they are not allowed inside the towns, while the villages tolerate them for only two days.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

S. V. Dvoynikov, the Czar's oldest soldier, born in 1811, recently walked a distance of 120 miles with the avowed intention of enlisting as a volunteer, though he was not accepted. He lives in the village where he was born, and has in his time taken part in many campaigns, having begun his military career under the Emperor Nicholas I. For his valor in the Polish war he was raised to the rank of sub-lieutenant.

Ramsford D. Buckman, on whom the eyes of the world will be riveted, now that Turkey has entered into the European conflict, is an American who has risen to the rank of rear-admiral in the Turkish navy. He went to Turkey in 1901, navigating the new cruiser *Abdul Medjidia* from the Cramps shipyard. His work has done much to account for the efficiency of the Turkish naval training school graduates.

Thodore Dubois, the distinguished organist and composer, who is one of the most prominent figures in the music world of France, has been made honorary president of the Guilmand Organ School, New York. Mr. Dubois held the post of organist of the Madeleine, Paris, for many years, resigning the position to become, director of the Paris Conservatoire. As a prolific composer he is widely known in this country.

Edmund Gosse, about to retire from the librarianship of the House of Lords, under the superannuation rule, was appointed in 1904. He was made junior assistant to the printed books department in the British Museum in 1867, and transferred, at the request of the board of trade, to their department in 1875. The length of his public service will entitle him to a pension equivalent to two-thirds of his present salary. Apart from his position as House of Lords librarian Mr. Gosse is well known for his varied and scholarly literary works.

Baron Fisher, first baron of Kilverstone, who succeeds Prince Louis of Battenberg as first sea lord of the admiralty, held the same position for six years beginning with 1904. He began his navy career in 1854, and six years later had risen to the post of lieutenant. He is a veteran of the Crimean war, of the China and Egyptian wars, and commanded the *Inflexible* during the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882. During his long service he has held many high offices, and as a sea-fighter he is akin to Kitchener on land, ruthless, relentless.

Viscount Kanetaka Oura, Japan's minister of agriculture and commerce, whose efforts have resulted in pronounced Japanese advancement in these lines, began his official career as sergeant of police when the modern system was adopted in Tokyo in 1871. Advanced to junior inspector, he resigned to join the army, becoming a section commander in the Formosa expedition of 1874. He again entered the police service at Tokyo, but resigned in 1901. He was Japanese president of the Anglo-Japanese exhibition in 1910, going to London. Two years later he became minister for home affairs.

Dean Shailer Mathews, of the Divinity School at the University of Chicago, who received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from Brown University at the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its founding, October 15, has been connected with the University of Chicago for twenty years, and became dean of the Divinity School in 1908. Dr. Mathews will spend the winter quarter in Japan as the representative of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, in lecturing at the universities and visiting the centres of Christian activity in that country.

Colonel Maurice George Moore, who has been appointed to the supreme command of the Military Council of the Nationalist Volunteers, is the son of an Irish politician who was a leader of the tenant-right movement half a century ago. For many years Colonel Moore was in the Connaught Rangers, and during the South African campaign he succeeded to the command of the First Battalion. Soon after his promotion he helped to remedy the scarcity of mounted men among the British force. Mounting and training some 500 of the Rangers, Colonel Moore formed a mounted column with them, and this did excellent work during the later stages of the war. It is eight years since Colonel Moore left the active list.

Professor Westel Woodbury Willoughby, whom Princeton University has selected for the McCormick professorship of jurisprudence for the next two years, the chair of President Wilson when he was at Princeton, is a native of Virginia and was admitted to the bar in 1891. He practiced at Washington for six years, and then went to Stanford University as assistant professor in political science. Since 1897 he has been professor of political science at Johns Hopkins University. He is widely known for his writings and has published a number of works of importance, including "The Supreme Court of the United States—Its History and Administrative Importance," "Government and Administration of the United States," and "The Political Theories of the Ancient World." He is also the managing editor of the *American Political Science Review*.

GERMANY AND ENGLAND.

Professor Cramb Writes of the Conflict of National Ideals Underlying the Great War.

At a time when the whole world is in dispute about mobilization orders, state papers, and the sequence of events during a period of four months it is gratifying to find such a book as that of Professor Cramb, which seeks the causes of conflict in the antagonisms, not of men and measures, but of the national genius and ideals. Professor Cramb is an historian and a philosopher. With a profound admiration for the heroic spirit of Germany he asks us at least to understand the German point of view and to believe that even in militarism, as in religion, there may be something of the super-rational that is not to be criticized by the standards of commerce. If Germany and England are enemies on the field of battle it is not because of Serbia or Belgium, but because of a long precedent conflict in the world of thought and aspiration. German thought and aspiration have been created by Nietzsche and Treitschke and Von Bernhardi, and under that tuition Germany has asked herself wherein she has been barred from the path of empire and by whom. And the answer has always been England, whose national spirit has defied her own:

It is true that amongst Germans of every rank and class there are men willing to acknowledge the part which England has played in the past, who are perfectly willing to admire our Shakespeare, our dramatists, some of our historians, and are even willing to extend a kind of tolerant contempt to some of our philosophers. But there are Germans of another kind, men of the type of Eisenhart and Bley, and, above all, of the type of Treitschke, whose attitude towards England is totally different. These men, as the justification for this war, this "nächste Krieg," point to the broad fact—broad enough, assuredly!—that the English race is the possessor, "by theft," as Treitschke described it, of one-fifth of the habitable globe. And they ask: "By what right? By the right first of craft, then of violence!" German indignation then takes the place of German analysis. Cooped up between the North Sea and the Danube, the Rhine and the plains of Poland, conscious of our strength, exerting an ever stronger pressure upon our frontiers—can we or ought we, it is asked, to acquiesce in England's possession of one-fifth of the globe?

Germany has studied England and learned to despise her. She despises her government, her army, her education, her laws, and everything that is hers. And finally she despises her women:

And finally, turning to English society, the indictment centres upon that movement towards woman suffrage which has characterized English life during the last two years. "Does not the suffragette, loud-voiced, coarse-minded, stealing about like a thief with a hammer up her sleeve, represent English women to the civilized world?" To this caricature they oppose the picture of the German woman, her virtues, her dignity, and her simplicity. They cite the magnificent answer of the Prussian mother in the War of Liberation of 1813: "Who is the noblest woman?" "She who has given most sons to die for the Fatherland." Or they quote Queen Luise: "The children's world, that is world enough for me." Yet she was capable of appreciating Goethe. German women, too, they assert, have gone to war; but German women make war, not against flower-beds or golf links, insensate pill-boxes or shop windows, but like soldiers against soldiers. They quote those tragic and pathetic incidents which occurred during the great *Befreiungskrieg* exactly a hundred years ago; and from that they go back four years earlier to those incidents which marked the battlefields in the heroic rising of the Prussian Schill in 1809, when in more than one instance, as the helmet of the dead were removed, a flood of golden hair rolled down from under the helmet to the waist of the fallen. That, they say, is how German women go to war.

The author believes that Lord Salisbury was the greatest statesman in English history since the eighteenth century, and Lord Salisbury foresaw the development of Germany and the conflict that even then appeared to him to be inevitable:

And in delivering one of the last and, I think, one of the greatest of his speeches, Lord Salisbury must have felt the futility of his insight. He might, if Greek tragedy had been as familiar to him as the laws of metals, have cited the verses of Teresias: "Alas, how dreadful to have wisdom where it profits not the wise!" The thought must have been in his mind. Yet he was to the last a fighter, an Englishman who never doubted his country's ultimate victory, temperate, a master of under-statement, a man whom, upon the whole, it is a greater achievement for a nation to have produced than to have produced a Bismarck.

And the words which Lord Salisbury spoke that day? If ever a great warning was given to a people it was contained in those words, in his reference to dying empires and dying nations, to the passing of kingdoms, the vicissitudes of states and the mutation in things; and, above all, in his appeal to Englishmen to arm and prepare themselves for war, for a war which might be on them at any hour, and a war for their very existence as a nation and as a race. And he quoted with deep meaning and deep purpose—for as an orator Lord Salisbury seldom strayed into the past of history without meaning to the utmost every word he said—he quoted the downfall of Carthage.

England's anxiety to disarm was regarded by Germany but as a proof of cowardice. The war for the world being over, England was willing to be at peace, but the German reply was that the war was not over:

That is the significance of Germany's reply to the offer of the British government in 1907 to reduce her programme from three Dreadnoughts to two. Her answer was to increase her estimates and accelerate her programme. That is the significance of her answer in 1908, when England laid down only two Dreadnoughts and Germany retorted by laying down four. That, above all, is the significance of Germany's action in 1911, when, amid all the froth and loathsome sentiment and empty vaporing around President Taft's "Message"—when it seemed as if humanity, in politics, at least, had forgotten its own semblance—suddenly a man's voice, human at last, announced itself in the courage and common sense of Bethmann-Hollweg's utterance (March, 1911), "The vital

strength of a nation is the only measure of that nation's armaments." And that, in 1913, is still the significance of Germany's answer to the egregious proposal of "a naval holiday": a war levy of £52,000,000 to be expended on fortresses, aircraft, and barracks; the peace strength of the army to be raised from six hundred thousand to between eight and nine hundred thousand men.

The author has no smiles for the dream of the pacifists. They are men of one idea, cranks and utopianists, no matter on what ground they base their pleas:

Again, there is a whole crowd, to whom I need not refer individually, of lesser names, publicists, journalists, novelists, and mere cranks, to whom this phantasm appears the one thing worthy to concern men in any serious manner—all of them having the peculiar characteristic that they approach the plain man, the man in the street, with a slightly truculent air: "Now, why don't you help us to bring about this good of ours?" And there is nothing for the plain man to answer unless this: "The thing you are trying to bring about does not exist—it is simply a nothing. If, as Bismarck did at the Congress of Berlin, you attempt to bring about peace between any two individual nations, that, of course, is a matter within the scope of common sense; but this other—this 'universal peace'—what is it?" And then they can only reiterate their belief in the passing away of war, when all our swords shall be turned to reaping-hooks, our barracks into granaries, and, I suppose, all our howitzers into fire-irons!

But what can he said in answer to the pacifists' minute descriptions of the horrors of war? To throw wide the field hospitals and exhibit doctors and dressers at work on the wounded; to point to the dead and dying hurried into the trenches; to assert, "This is war; this is reality," is as convincing and as reasonable as to point to a regiment on parade with band playing and colors flying and to say: "This is the reality." War will never be abolished by such denunciation of isolated features. For in war there is always a series of intricate and complex phenomena, extending from the period of apparent peace to the inception of the idea of conflict, on through the corresponding changes in the mind and purposes of the government and nation to the conflict itself, the battlefield, the sequel, the terms.

Pacifism can never win in a young and virile nation, but to an old nation it may be fraught with very terrible consequences. Certainly Germany shows no signs of being "turned from heroism":

In regard to Germany we are confronted by certain circumstances that indisputably merit our consideration here in England. There is, for instance, the annual appearance in Germany of nearly seven hundred books dealing with war as a science. This points, at once, to an extreme preoccupation in that nation with the idea of war. I doubt whether twenty books a year on the art of war appear in this country, and whether their circulation, when they do appear, is much more than twenty!

There is, again, the German way of regarding war. What is the attitude of mind towards war of Treitschke, for example, a man whose spirit still controls German youth, German patriotism, a man who has a power in Germany, as a thinker and as a writer, that you might compare to the power exercised by Carlyle and by Macaulay put together in this country? To him the army is simply the natural expression of the vital forces of the nation; and just as those vital forces of the nation increase so shall the German army and the German navy increase. A nation's military efficiency is the exact coefficient of a nation's idealism. That is Treitschke's solution of the matter. His answer to all our talk about the limitation of armaments is: Germany shall increase to the utmost of her power, irrespective of any proposals made to her by England or by Russia, or by any other state upon this earth. And I confess it is a magnificent and a manly answer, an answer worthy of a man whose spirit of sincerity, of regard for the reality of things, is as great as Carlyle's.

To end war is not only beyond human power, but against human will, "since in war there is some secret possession or lingering human glory to which man clings with an unchangeable persistence":

A Greek orator has recorded an incident in the life of the Emperor Julian, when, confronting certain Teutonic tribes along the Rhine, he remonstrated with them on their restlessness, predatory, and warlike habits, and one of their ambassadors, answering the charge, summed up his defense with the assertion: "But in war itself we see life's greatest felicity." And five centuries of almost uninterrupted war forged the unity of England. But no English historian or thinker has spoken of war quite as Treitschke has spoken of it. I do not recollect a single passage in his writings in which the conventional regrets are expressed, or where conventional phrases such as, "the scourge of mankind," "the barrier to human progress," occur as descriptions of war. From an early period of his literary career, on the other hand, phrases of a quite different order abound in his writings, phrases in which war appears, if not as "the supreme felicity of mankind," at least as a great factor in the onward strife towards perfection; whilst any attempt at its abolition is characterized as unwise and immoral.

A war between Germany and France or Germany and Russia would be merely incidental to a war with England. Between Germany and England alone do we find the great clash of national ideals:

Other contingencies than war with England are possible in the immediate future. A war with France, as a military critic insists, may break out at any moment, and, assuming that England stand cynically aloof, that war, if France is permitted to work out her three-years system, may end in a drawn game, though by its savage fury leaving both nations so weak from hemorrhage that a quarter of a century will be necessary for either to recover its prestige. On the other hand, Germany may decide not to await the development of the three-years system in France, and, trusting to diplomats and to her present enormous superiority in numbers, may strike France without a declaration of war and overwhelm her by sheer weight.

This is Bernhardi's interpretation of Germany's duty, for it would leave Germany front to front with England. France humiliated, the incorporation, on advantageous terms, of Holland with the German Empire would be easy. The submission or annexation of Belgium would follow of itself.

With regard to the enmity between Russia and Germany, in Germany's antagonism to Russia there is nothing fateful, nothing organic. It is a wound that, as Bismarck once very profoundly said, can be cauterized at any moment, because there is not and never has been any innate cause for war between Germany and Russia. Germany does not seek Constantinople; her patronage of Turkey was the natural reply to the unnatural alliance of France and Russia. But the enmity of

England and Germany is like one of those springs that rise from the nether deep; the more you try to fill them up the wider they become.

The author makes the tremendous assertion that there are now two forces warring throughout the world for the allegiance of the human mind. The two forces are Christ and Napoleon:

In Europe, I say, this conflict between Christ and Napoleon for the mastery over the minds of men is the most significant spiritual phenomenon of the twentieth century. You meet with it in England and in America, as in Austria and Spain. You meet with it even in Italy. In Russia Tolstoy's furious attacks are a proof of its increasing sway. The new spirit in France is its unacknowledged derivative. But it is in Germany alone that as yet Napoleonism has acquired something of the clearness and self-consistency of a formulated creed, above all in Berlin and in the cities and towns that come most within the influence of Berlin. They have not forgotten 1806 and the years of hideous humiliation which followed; they have not forgotten the German conscripts who were compelled to fight under the banners of their conqueror; they have not forgotten the 297,000 men of German blood, who under the Corsican's leadership, had, in 1812, to march against Russia; nor have they forgotten 1813 and the tremulous awful hour when the destinies of Europe and, so to speak, of the world, hung in the balance at Dresden, at Kulm, at Katzbach, and at Leipzig. But, whilst abjuring the tyrant of Germany and the oppressor of Europe, they have gradually acquired a profound and ever profounder reverence for the creed and the religion towards which that great and solitary spirit, perhaps the loneliest amongst the children of men, still struggled amid the tumults and desolations, the triumphs and the glories, the victory and the disaster of his tragic and brief career—a world-tragedy, his, at once the Man of Destiny and the Antagonist of Destiny.

Alexander the Great, warned never to forget that he was a Greek and to draw always the line between Greek and barbarian, replied that, on the contrary, the object of his victories should be to make all men Hellenes:

In the same manner, if I were asked how one could describe in a sentence the general aim of British imperialism during the last two centuries and a half, I should answer in the spirit of Dionysius: To give all men within its bounds an English mind; to give all who come within its sway the power to look at the things of man's life, at the past, at the future, from the standpoint of an Englishman; to diffuse within its bounds that high tolerance in religion which has marked this empire from its foundation; that reverence yet boldness before the mysteriousness of life and death, characteristic of our great poets and our great thinkers; that love of free institutions, that pursuit of an ever-higher justice and a larger freedom which, rightly or wrongly, we associate with the temper and character of our race wherever it is dominant and secure.

This conception of British imperialism began long ago, as long ago perhaps as the days of Cromwell:

If finally I were asked when this conception of empire began to take imaginative possession of the mind of a great statesman, I should point, perhaps arbitrarily, to Cromwell. And I should further point to Edmund Burke's great impeachment of Warren Hastings in 1788 as the period when, from being the possession of statesmen, it becomes the possession of the nation, shaping its counsel henceforth. For, if Burke is a reactionary in constitutional politics, in his impeachment of Hastings he is the prophet of a new era, the enunciator of an ideal which the later nineteenth century slowly endeavors to realize—an empire resting, not on violence, but on justice and freedom. That impeachment anticipates our present policy in India and in Egypt, just as Burke's speeches on the American colonies anticipate the policy which underlies our treatment of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa at the present day, a policy which has almost reversed an article of faith in the eighteenth century—that every colony must, in the long run, like ripe fruit, detach itself from the parent stem.

The author's concluding words are worth quoting as an indication of the spirit of his book. Assuredly at the present juncture they have a fateful significance:

And if the dire event of a war with Germany—if it is a dire event—should ever occur, there shall be seen upon this earth of ours a conflict which, beyond all others, will recall that description of the great Greek wars:

Heroes in battle with heroes,

And above them the wrathful gods.

And one can imagine the ancient, mighty deity of all the Teutonic kindred, throned above the clouds, looking serenely down upon that conflict, upon his favorite children, the English and the Germans, locked in a death struggle, smiling upon the heroism of that struggle, the heroism of the children of Odin the War-god!

Professor Cramb's book is one of those that should be read. For its vision and its philosophy it should perhaps come first upon the list.

GERMANY AND ENGLAND. By J. A. Cramb. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

Some of the most valuable discoveries have been accidental, or when search was under way in some other field. Florida's great beds of fuller's earth—the greatest in this country—were brought to light about twenty years ago in a manner entirely accidental, resulting from an unsuccessful attempt to make brick from clay found near Quincy. The resemblance of the material to German fuller's earth was recognized by an employee of the company, and tests developed the fact that in many respects the material was equal to the imported earth. Mining of the deposit began in 1895.

In the extraction of camphor the Chinese use a most primitive still, which at the same time proves of considerable more efficacy than might be expected. The leaves are placed in a wicker basket, which is fixed over an iron caldron containing water. On the top of the basket a basin of cold water is placed. The steam from the caldron passes through the leaves of the basket and carries over the camphor vapor, which is deposited in the form of camphor on the cool under surface of the basin.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Street of Seven Stars.

Those who expect from Mrs. Rinehart a feast of pure fun will be disappointed by her latest novel. But the discriminating will see in it a distinct advance in the art of the novelist, a very vivid piece of creative work, with balance, harmony, and style.

The scene is laid in Vienna and among a colony of Americans who are learning all sorts of things from art to medicine. The heroine is Harmony Wells, whose original circle has broken up and who now finds herself practically alone in the Austrian capital and under the necessity to earn money if she is to continue her music studies. Harmony makes the chance acquaintance of Dr. Peter Byrne, who is just about as poor as she is, and as they are mutually congenial they start housekeeping together with a middle-aged lady doctor whose presence is supposed to satisfy the conventions. Byrne is anxious to marry Harmony, but Harmony lives for her art alone, or thinks she does, so that there are all kinds of disappointments and perplexities until nature finally asserts herself in her usual domineering way.

The story itself is a simple one, and its actual value is not so much in the doings of a couple of particularly winning and attractive young people as in the general depiction of American life in Vienna, a life not likely to be resumed for some time to come. The author makes one mistake only. The story would have been better without little Jimmy, the sick boy whom Peter and Harmony abduct from the hospital in order to save from the suddenly aroused affection of a worthless mother. We are rather tired of melodramatic little boys who are doomed to die, and of the attendant souls that are always a little artificial. Far more effective are the too few glimpses of the heroic little Bulgarian spy who loves Harmony and goes to his death like a gentleman. Very well done, too, is the picture of little Marie, the daughter of the people, who lives, not innocently, with Stewart, the American student, and whose murderous jealousy is—unfortunately—frustrated. We shall remember Marie with affection and with the hope that all goes well with her. Mrs. Rinehart's story "ends well." May she never permit herself to end a story in any other way. We do not believe that she could if she tried. We may express also the wish that she may write many stories such as this and with the same gracious humanity and humor.

THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

Plays of Old Japan.

The list of honors and titles of the author sufficiently indicates the scholarly nature of the work. The volume, which is handsomely printed, contains six or seven illustrations of characters or settings of these plays, or ancient Japanese lyric dramas.

All of the "No" dramas were written before the sixteenth century, and only a few of these literary gateways into the soul of old Japan have been translated. The plays are delicate fantasies, and the authors admit the difficulty of conveying to Western minds the beauty of the originals, which are pronounced to be "among the great things of our world, elemental in their simplicity." The people in Japan who are interested in the "No" dramas are the nobility, scholars, poets, statesmen, and the professional classes.

The beauty, simplicity, and a tendency to musical repetition in the text suggest an analogy to Maeterlinck, but, in fact, the "No" dramas represent the work of many authors and a literary epoch in Japan, and as such they can not fail to be of the deepest interest to the student striving to sound the depths of the soul of the Far East.

PLAYS OF OLD JAPAN: THE "NO." By Marie C. Stokes, D. Sc., Ph. D., F. L. S., together with translations of the dramas by M. C. Stokes and Professor Joji Sakurai, D. Sc., LL. D. With a preface by His Excellency Baron Kato, Japanese ambassador. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.75 net.

Egyptian History.

Dr. E. A. Wallis Budge is probably the greatest living authority on Egyptian history, and therefore a volume from his competent pen should be welcomed by students of what is perhaps the most fascinating page of antiquity. It is notable that less than twenty pages are devoted to pre-dynastic Egypt, and this may be taken to indicate the paucity of our knowledge of a period that was certainly not barbarous. The pre-dynastic Egyptian, says the author, made pottery that has never been equaled. He weaved flax and he had a sense of beauty. He used copper, and his cylinder seals may almost be regarded as rudimentary printing presses. It may well be that further discoveries of pre-dynastic Egypt will disclose the existence of a knowledge and a civilization not yet suspected.

Let if prehistoric Egypt receives a necessarily brief notice we have full compensation in the eight chapters devoted to the Egypt

that came after Mena. These are devoted to "The Beginnings of Egyptian History," "The Ancient Empire," "The Middle Empire," "The New Empire," "Egyptian Magic and Religion," "The Daily Life of the Egyptians," and a concluding examination of funerary ceremonies and the worship of the dead. In spite of some misunderstood texts there seems no reason to suppose that the Egyptians worshiped the dead. The archaeologist four thousand years hence would find far better reasons to ascribe the same practice to ourselves.

A HISTORY OF THE EGYPTIAN PEOPLE. By E. A. Wallis Budge, M. A., Litt. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

H. G. Wells has chosen a difficult theme in his latest novel, "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman," the life of a modern woman. He has made Lady Harman a person of absorbing interest and he has put into his book at least two other equally fascinating people—Sir Isaac, the proprietor of the International Bread and Cake Stores, and Mr. Bromley, a man of letters. The novel, which appeared October 28, is published by the Macmillan Company.

Like its predecessors, Hulbert Footner's new novel, "The Sealed Valley," is laid in the Canadian Northwest and gives a striking picture of the life of the Indian and white man of that section. An interesting feature in the book is a contour map of Cariboo County, with a part of Athabaska, showing the rivers and other significant places in the story. It is illustrated by W. Sherman Potts, and is published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

A new novel that is certain to arouse a good deal of comment in this country is "The Wonderful Romance," by Pierre de Coulevain, published by Dodd, Mead & Co. It is the author's last message to the world, completed just before her death, and, as though realizing the imminence of her end, she has put into her book all the accumulated observations, philosophy, love of humanity, and abounding faith of her life. In France, prior to the opening of the war, the book had gone through forty-seven editions.

"Yosemite and Its High Sierra," another elaborately illustrated mountain book by John H. Williams of Tacoma, the author and publisher of "The Mountain That Was 'God'" and "The Guardians of the Columbia," is now on the press in San Francisco. Advance proofs show that in text and illustrations the new volume will be quite up to the standard set by its predecessors. The Bohemian Club has permitted Mr. Williams to reproduce its fine painting by Chris Jorgensen of "Yosemite Valley from Inspiration Point." There will also be other color plates from paintings done by Mr. Jorgensen especially for the book, and more than 200 halftones showing the Yosemite National Park as a whole. These illustrations will be a revelation to Californians. Yosemite Valley has long been known through fine pictures, though never before so fully exhibited as in this book; but the rest of the park is now for the first time to be shown in all its wonder of snow-peak, cañon, waterfall, lake, and forest.

An addition to the literature hearing on the present war which promises to be of special importance is "Neutral Nations and the War," by James Bryce, former ambassador from England to the United States and author of "The American Commonwealth," "South America: Observations and Impressions," etc. This is a concise little pamphlet of some twenty pages, in which the distinguished diplomatist answers the doctrines set forth by General von Bernhardt in his book, "Germany and the Next War," which has found many interested readers in this country, and also indicates the conditions which should govern the conduct of nations in times of trouble. It is published by the Macmillan Company.

No authentic biography of the Duchess de Chevreuse has appeared since Cousin's, over fifty years ago, and now Louis Batiffol, a French critic and author, having discovered many new documents relating to the period, and especially to the character of Mme. de Chevreuse, is bringing out this fall a thorough and interesting account of this woman's life. His book is called "The Duchesse de Chevreuse: A Life of Intrigue and Adventure in the Days of Louis XIII" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). Invertebrate novel readers will remember that it was the Duchesse de Chevreuse who was the friend of Aramis in Dumas's "The Three Musketeers," and to such good purpose that it was her contributions that often saved the four friends serious financial embarrassment.

It is a matter of encouragement amid the cries of distress from English authors and American publishers who import considerable of their wares from England that the John Lane Company, although an international firm with a house in London, has put through practically all its fall plans on schedule. No English author on its list is starving because

his book, contracted to appear this fall, is held up in England by war or in America by conditions resulting therefrom. Neither has any American Lane author, whose book was scheduled for England as well, been obliged to content himself with America alone.

"Paris War Day," the diary of an American, by Charles Inman Barnard (Little, Brown & Co.), is the first intimate account of Paris during the crucial days of the war. Mr. Barnard, the veteran journalist, has for seventeen years represented the New York *Tribune* at the French capital. "This is not a story of the world-wide war," he says in his preface. "These notes, jotted down at odd moments in a diary, are published with the idea of recording day by day the aspect, temper, mood, and humor of Paris, when the active manhood of France responds with profound spontaneous patriotism to the call of mobilization in defense of national existence."

The following books were published by the Houghton Mifflin Company Saturday, October 24: "The Witch," by Mary Johnston; a life of Rutherford B. Hayes, by Charles Richard Williams; "Open-Air Politics and the Conversion of Governor Soothem," by Junius Jay; "Round the World in Any Number of Days," by Maurice Baring; "Boy Fugitives in Mexico," by L. Worthington Green. One of the most unusual and interesting biographies of the season is Winifred Holt's "A Beacon for the Blind," published this month by the same company.

The Century Company on October 23 issued, in addition to Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice's "The Honorable Percival," Virginia Tracy's mystery story, "Persons Unknown," Ruby Ross Goodnow's "The Honest House," written in collaboration with Rayne Adams, the architect, Marie Sukloff's "The Life-Story of a Russian Exile," Eunice Fuller's "The Book of Friendly Giants," and Arnold Bennett's "From the Log of the Velsa," with illustrations by Rickards.

"Germany and the Germans," by Price Collier, written a year before the present European crisis, contains the following significant and apparently prophetic sentence: "We shall have war when the German Kaiser touches a button and gives an order, and the German people will have no more to say in the matter than you and I." In view of the popularity of this book since the beginning of the war its publishers, Charles Scribner's

The White House

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GERMANY AND ENGLAND

By Prof. J. A. CRAMB \$1.00 net
Of "Germany and England" Field Marshall Earl Roberts writes: "I hope that every one who wishes to understand the present crisis will read this book." Full page review in this issue of the ARGONAUT.

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Sons, have decided to publish it in a new and cheaper edition, the price of which will be 75 cents net. Because of the European situation, the reading public will also be interested in a new and cheaper edition of Sir Henry Norman's "All the Russias," also by the Scribners, the price of which will be \$2 instead of its former price of \$4.

The new edition of "Foster's Complete Hoyle" has been revised completely up to date, and includes the latest rules and tactics of all indoor games, including the new forms of Auction Bridge. This book has for years been the standard authority, and has been officially adopted by many of the leading clubs. Mr. Foster, who has for a long time been card and problem editor for the New York *Sun*, is the inventor of the "Rule of Eleven" at bridge, and is the author of many single books on card games. It is published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

MACMILLAN'S LISTS of HOLIDAY GIFT BOOKS

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Little Eve Edgarton.

This amusing sketch is based on the idea that the girl who is actually worth while is usually the inconspicuous girl whose values are out of sight and who is therefore neglected. The Older Man, elaborating this truth to the Younger Man, says: "You're the sort of fellow, at a party, who just out of sheer fool-instinct will go trampling down every other man in sight just for the sheer fool-joy of trying to get the first dance with the most conspicuously showy-looking, most conspicuously artificial-looking girl in the room—who always and invariably 'bores you to death' before the evening is over. And while you and the rest of your kind are battling together—year after year—for this special privilege of being 'bored to death,' the 'real girl' that you're asking about, the marvelous girl, the girl with the big, beautiful, unspoken thoughts in her head, the girl with the big, brave, undone deeds in her heart, the girl that stories are made of, the girl whom you call 'improbable'—is moping off alone in some dark, cold corner, or sitting forlornly, part-nerless, against the bleak wall of the ball-room—or hiding slyly up in the dressing-room—waiting to be discovered." The story shows how "Little Eve Edgarton" is just this sort of a girl and how the Younger Man discovered her for himself. It is worth telling and well told. We intend to watch out for this sort of girl.

LITTLE EVE EDGARTON. By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. New York: The Century Company.

Shakespeare.

This substantial and handsome volume will satisfactorily answer a need for an edition of Shakespeare that makes no dubious claim to be "complete," that none the less contains all the plays that the average reader will wish to read. Twenty plays have been included, the introduction to each play containing a full account of its stage history and also a survey of the important Shakespearean revivals on both sides of the Atlantic. The text is based on that of the First Folio, with modernized spelling, and the original stage directions have been retained as far as possible. The volume is in every way a competent one in arrangement, notes, and introductions, while the typographical appearance is everything that the fastidious can wish for.

SHAKESPEARE'S PRINCIPAL PLAYS. Edited with introduction and notes by Tucker Brooke, John William Cunliffe, and Henry Noble MacCracken. New York: The Century Company.

A Knight on Wheels.

Ian Hay has written better novels than this but as his standard has always been a high one a very slight fall from grace will imply no loss of interest. His most remarkable character is Uncle Joseph, a retired officer of the English army who carries on an extensive system of begging letters. Our disgust is hardly lessened by the fact that he does actually give away in charity most of his receipts. The hero is Uncle Joseph's nephew Philip, who runs away from home, develops a strong mechanical bent, and passes through many improbable vicissitudes until at length he marries the little girl to whom he once made love in his very early youth. It is all very simple and we are genuinely amused by some of the begging letter episodes, but there is hardly purpose enough in the story to give it the vitality that it should have.

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS. By Ian Hay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35 net.

Festival Plays.

Seven festival days are celebrated in this volume by one-act juvenile plays commemorative of New Year's Day, Valentine's Day, Easter, Birthdays, Hallowe'en, and Christmas. One or two fairy plays, another of historical interest, located in the fifth century, a merry comedy, couched in the most obsolete and picturesque speech of the time of the round table, a pretty miracle play, are among the varieties of theme used. This popular playwright has used her facile pen to good advantage, and the language is as charming as the fancies are pretty. A picture of a gift-distributing Santa Claus on the cover would seem to suggest it as appropriate for a gift book.

FESTIVAL PLAYS. By Marguerite Merrington. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Brief Reviews.

Among recent novels of the Great West is "The River," by Ednah Aiken (Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.35 net), which will be reviewed in our next issue.

The Macmillan Company has published a new edition of "Golden Deeds on the Field of Honor," by Annah Robinson Watson (50 cents net). They are real stories of real boys, whose heroic deeds were performed during the Civil War. The stories are told energetically and inspiringly.

James Otis is already well and favorably known as the author of books of adventure

for boys. Therefore no recommendation is needed for the latest volume from his pen, and one that is fully up to his high standard. It is entitled "Across the Prairie and Other Stories," and it comes from Harper & Brothers (60 cents). There are eight short stories in the volume and they are all of the best kind.

The calendar is perhaps one of the last marks of a literary popularity, and this has now been attained by William J. Locke. The John Lane Company has just published "The William J. Locke Calendar," compiled by Emma M. Pope (\$1 net). The quotations are well selected and the book is handsomely printed and bound.

"A Guide to Good English," by Robert Pal-frey Utter, Ph. D. (Harper & Brothers; \$1.20 net), is divided into three parts, the first dealing with spelling, punctuation, grammar, sentence and paragraph construction, and choice of words; the second dealing with method; and the third containing a chapter on prosody and an outline review of English grammar. The author lays his finger unerringly on the more common uglinesses of popular usage, and his book may be strongly recommended to those who wish to avoid them.

Mr. J. Alden Loring, author of "African Adventure Stories" (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net), was the field naturalist to the Roosevelt African expedition, and he now relates some of his adventures, and relates them graphically and well. Mr. Roosevelt in a foreword says: "What he describes as fact may unhesitatingly be accepted as such; and in the preface he clearly differentiates between the experiences in which he records fact and those in which he tells stories merely founded on fact."

So far as we are aware there has so far been no anthology for campers, but this deficiency has now been made good by Pauline Goldmark and Mary Hopkins, whose "The Gypsy Trail" has just been issued by Mitchell Kennerley (\$1.25 net). That the compilers have fully explored the poetic field is evidenced by the fact that their anthology contains various biblical extracts that are supposed to bear upon the life of the camper. The book is nicely printed and bound, and as it is of convenient pocket size it should find a place around the campfire.

Those who have followed the progress of G. A. Birmingham will welcome the publication by the George H. Doran Company of "The Bad Times." This is one of the earliest of Mr. Birmingham's novels, and is included in this uniform edition by its author's special request. It is a novel based upon the hereditary incapacity of Englishmen and Irishmen to understand each other, and therefore it is perhaps one of the most valuable of the author's stories. Mr. Birmingham has probably done more than any man living to interpret the Irish character. There is more political light in one of his novels than in a score of state papers.

New Books Received.

THE STORY OF DARTMOUTH. By Wilder Dwight Quint. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
A history of a famous college.

THE LURE OF LONDON. By Lilian Whiting. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$3 net.

"The aim of Miss Whiting's book is to interpret the life of the hour in the English capital, to set forth the present aspects of social, artistic, literary, and ethical life in London."

SOCIAL LIFE IN OLD NEW ENGLAND. By Mary Caroline Crawford. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.50 net.

"Sets vividly before us life as our forefathers lived it in New England from the time the Pilgrims landed on these shores to about the middle of the last century."

OPEN-AIR POLITICS. By Junius Jay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

An anonymous writer discusses some of the political topics of the day.

FOOTNOTES TO LIFE. By Dr. Frank Crane. New York: John Lane Company; \$1 net.

A volume of short essays.

PIERRE VINTON. By Edward C. Venable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net.

A novel.

ADVENTURES WITH A SKETCH BOOK. By Donald Maxwell. New York: John Lane Company; \$3 net.

With over 200 notes in line and color reproduced in facsimile from the original sketches.

ETCHING AND OTHER GRAPHIC ARTS. By George T. Plowman. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net.

An illustrated treatise.

THE THEATRE OF TODAY. By Hiram Kelly Moderwell. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net.

A description and explanation of the new forces that have entered into theatrical production in the last ten years.

PAGAN POEMS. By Franklin Henry Giddings. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net.

A volume of verse.

NULLO AUCTION. By Florence Irwin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

Together with "The Laws of Auction" as

adopted by the Whist Club and differences between these and the English laws.

THE WIFE OF SIR ISAAC HARMAN. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

A novel.

NIGHT WATCHES. By W. W. Jacobs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net.

Some short stories.

ONE CLEAR CALL. By Frances Nimmo Greene. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

SOCIAL CHRISTIANITY IN THE ORIENT. By John E. Clough, D. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

The story of a man, a mission, and a movement.

ESSAYS ON BOOKS. By William Lyon Phelps. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

A discussion of Richardson, Jane Austen, Dickens, Whittier, Schopenhauer, and others.

THE ABOLITION OF POVERTY. By Jacob H. Hollander, Ph. D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 75 cents net.

Issued in Live Books on Current Social and Economic Problems.

WAR'S AFTERMATH. By David Starr Jordan and Harvey Ernest Jordan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 75 cents net.

A study of the effect of the Civil War on the quality of manhood in the South.

THE STORY OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. By Annie Matheson. New York: Sully & Kleinteich.

A new biography of the "lady with the lamp" written specially for young readers.

ESSAYS POLITICAL AND HISTORICAL. By Charles-magne Tower, LL. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net.

Essays dealing mainly with the United States as a world power.

PREHISTORIC MAN AND HIS STORY. By Professor G. F. Scott Elliott, M. A., B. Sc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2 net.

A history of early humanity.

THE MYSTERY OF THE ORIENTAL RUG. By Dr. G. Griffin Lewis. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net.

How to read the language of weave, design, and color.

HONEST BUSINESS. By Amos Kidder Fiske. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

Factors that control its organization and principles that must direct its conduct.

THE REAL "TRUTH ABOUT GERMANY." By Douglas Sladen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.

From the English point of view. With an appendix, "Great Britain and the War," by A. Maurice Low, M. A.

THE WITCH. By Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.40 net.

A novel.

CHARACTER READING THROUGH ANALYSIS OF THE FEATURES. By Gerald Elton Foshrooke. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50 net.

Intended to incite to inquiry, criticism, and research.

POLITICAL HISTORY OF SECESSION. By Daniel Wait Howe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

To the beginning of the Civil War.

ROUND THE WORLD IN ANY NUMBER OF DAYS. By Maurice Baring. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

A humorous account of a voyage.

BIBLICAL LIBRARIES. By Ernest Cushing Richardson. Princeton: Princeton University Press; \$1.25 net.

A sketch of library history from 3400 B. C. to A. D. 150.

THE HONEST HOUSE. By Ruby Ross Goodnow, in collaboration with Rayne Adams. New York: The Century Company.

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SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU. By Christian Gauss. Princeton: Princeton University Press.

Edited for the use of college classes, with an introduction and notes.

THE DOCTRINE OF JUDICIAL REVIEW. By Edward S. Corwin. Princeton: Princeton University Press; \$1.50 net.

Its legal and historical basis and other essays.

APPEARANCES. By G. Lowes Dickinson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1 net.

Notes of travel, east and west.

A SOLDIER OF THE LEGION. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A romance of Algiers and the desert.

WAR AND INSURANCE. By Josiah Royce. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net.

A plan for insuring peace.

WHERE BUGLES CALL. By Elizabeth Powers Merrill. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

A volume of verse.

SALAMBO. By George Morrison von Sebrader. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

A tragedy in four acts.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CHRIST'S TEMPTATION. By George Stephen Painter, Ph. D. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.50 net.

An attempt at interpretation.

NEIGHBORHOOD STORIES. By Zona Gale. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

New stories of "Friendship Village."

JAPAN TODAY AND TOMORROW. By Hamilton Wright Mahie. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

A description of Japan and a forecast.

FROM THE LOG OF THE "VELSA." By Arnold Bennett. New York: The Century Company.

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"THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL."

"The Poor Little Rich Girl" is, as its title indicates, a brief for the neglected children of the rich. Eleanor Gates, the author of this original and unusual departure from dramatic stereotype, has achieved a bit of stage pathos which, while it is mainly aimed at the sensibilities of the rich, may show some good marksmanship among parents less highly placed financially. For neglect and incomprehension of the child heart and child mind is not altogether confined to those parents who possess the means to engage hirelings to assume their own duties.

Miss Gates shows us in the first act the normal environment of the poor little rich girl, a lonely little being whose only diversion is a daily outing in a hated motor, and who longs for the society of little children. Her father and mother are but fugitive glimpses in her daily life, the care of her up-bringing being virtually entrusted to a governess and tutors. Little Gwendolyn is but eight, and full of the intelligent curiosities of childhood. Her hired instructors being altogether too immersed in their own affairs to solve the daily perplexities of the neglected child, they are left huzzing in her brain to assume fantastic and visible shapes when the fever and delirium of sickness lay her prostrate during all of the ensuing scenes. We do not, however, see little Gwendolyn in her bed until the last act, which, like the first, represents realities, the intermediate scenes depicting, with much ingenuity both of conception and mechanical treatment, the embodying of the clouds of sick fancies which are tormenting the almost dying child. Through these groups of fantastic beings the two-faced maid, the huge-eared hutter, the capering teddy-bear, the little bird that tells things, the hissing, writhing governess whom Gwendolyn had heard stigmatized as "a snake in the grass," moves the frail little body of the sick child, racked by fears and soothed by fancies. The spectator easily grasps the idea that he is viewing this odd, fantastic procession of people and events through the curtain of delirium which clouds the child's faculties. Her greatest friend is the doctor, forever by her side, patient, soothing, and a refuge from fantastic terrors. She hears him tell off her temperature at regular intervals and her spirits, like his, rise and fall, but in inverse ratio, because she ambitiously believes that he is measuring her growing height. Sometimes she sees her mother and father, and she longs for their caresses, but though she hears her mother's agonized voice pleading to the doctor for hope and relief, she can never attain the longed-for caresses because of "the social bee in her bonnet" of which she had heard the servants gossip, and which always frightens her away. Her father, perpetually "too busy" to speak to her, is fastened to a great money machine, and automatically counts money, which in turn resolves itself into the "ducks and drakes" of which she had heard the maid and the hutter whisper. And so it goes on; dozens of sick fancies materialized; candles "burning at both ends"; a troupe of "them," the puzzlingly unreal society group that she had seen her mother receive, who pass and repass through her cloud of puzzling fancies, repeating automatically as she had so often heard them in her mother's drawing-room, the conventional nothings of polite society.

It seems as if the author must have really looked into some child mind that evolved these fever-inspired fantasies, or perhaps she has had stamped upon her own consciousness the visions that delirium sends. For it was no small feat to construct this conception of fever fancies, to give it the stamp of childhood, and to plan it all out for dramatic representation. And with all of this to so endue the whole conception with pathos as to bring pitying tears to the eyes of the tender-hearted, even while the weepers smile in amusement at the strange antics of democratic little Gwendolyn's dream-friends.

The pathos of the piece is fully conveyed, in spite of the automatic quality in the acting of a certain proportion of the company, on account of the remarkable fitness of little Leonie Dana for the rôle of Gwendolyn. It is tenderly appealing little juvenile actress is almost mature in her instinctive adaptation of herself to her rôle. She has a lovely

face, thoughtful-eyed, wistful, and delicately featured, a tiny, frail body, a plaintive voice, and the appealing pose and gesture of a child who is habitually denied a child's mental necessities. One could detect at times the impression of her stage tutor, but her natural charm is so great that she rises above the deadening effects of too literal coaching, as exemplified in the less accomplished half of the company, and during every moment of her presence, which was practically throughout the whole course of the play, she gave us the impression of docile, impressionable, imaginative childhood; childhood which is made sweetly pathetic by being denied its full right of love, sympathy, and comprehension.

The cast being quite large, the company naturally divides itself into two parts, the more important part consisting of actors who know their business, while other rôles, requiring the purely conventional type of acting, such as that in the rôle of the father, are filled by curiously amorphous beings who part with their last rag of individuality in surrendering themselves to the guidance of the stage director. Of such, beside the father and, in some degree at least, the doctor, are the teachers and the society group, the latter being, no doubt, profoundly unconscious of the character of the entertainment derived from their histrionic efforts by a proportion of the audience, especially from the linguistic hurrst from the young man who quite broke up the gravity of the French contingent in the audience and reminded us some of the "Alice in Wonderland" verses when he said, "Je ne sois personne." The father is an exceedingly good-looking and able-bodied young man who owes his engagement, I should say, to one talent, that of looking melancholy.

However, although these people rather detract from the artistic effect of the whole, there are plenty of good players in the company. Viola Fortescue, for instance, gives an excellent personation of the sinuous and honeyed governess, and still further adds to its merits by the striking character she gives to the "snake-in-the-grass" aspect of the character as developed in Gwendolyn's delirium-inspired fancies. Helen Gurney's red-haired, hulking nurse is realistic. Eric Jewett's plumber is at once sympathetic and amusing, and Joseph Burman's old hutter feelingly expresses the virtues of affection and fidelity. The organ-grinder who could "play dog," the teddy-bear who when alive, as seen through the medium of Gwendolyn's tormenting dreams, could be tossed around like her beloved toy bear and alight unperturbed, the "King's English" whose ventriloquism made "a little bird" tell secrets, were cleverly specialized by Messrs. Collins, Grady, and Alphonse, and two or three other minor characters were suitably represented. The mother, although verging on the automatic style of acting, played with considerable feeling in the last act, awakening sufficient response to cause the audience to contribute some sympathetic dew to her remorseful tears.

There are several charming stage effects, notably in the imaginary landscape of Gwendolyn's dreams, the land of all outdoors, in which an emancipated little rich girl runs around harefooted and delightfully clad in the gingham of the poor. The epilogue tableau is also very prettily composed and lighted, so that we see the reunited and happy family enjoying the simple pleasures of Gwendolyn's longings in a dim, pure light, partly of fantasy, partly of idealism.

There seems to be some doubt in people's minds as to whether the play is aimed at grown-ups or children. As a matter of fact it is aimed more particularly at grown-ups, the psychology of the piece being rather above a child's comprehension. However, children will derive great pleasure from the story, from the personation of Gwendolyn by Leonie Dana, and from the quaint presentations of Gwendolyn's embodied visions, the pathos of which can not, and indeed need not, reach them. Stage pathos is not meant for children, who have quantities of child imaginativeness, and who will have a lot of pleasure in seeing the ingenious and amusing materialization of Gwendolyn's thronging fancies.

THE ORPHEUM.

Among the Orpheum acts of routine character this week several stand out by their general excellence, chief among them being a performance of William de Mille's playlet "Food," which patrons of the Columbia Theatre saw during the recent engagement of Holbrook Blinn's "Princess Players." Excellent as this organization proved to be, brilliant high comedy rather than burlesque characterized the lighter side of its work. "Food," however, calls for burlesque acting, a sort of high-class burlesque. Both Miss Gertrude Coghlan (of the Coghlan family of actors) and her leading man, Mr. J. H. Gilmour, showed themselves at once as possessed of complete understanding of the spirit in which rightly to convey the full humor of "Food." Their methods were broadened sufficiently to

carry the burlesque over, to the steady accompaniment of appreciative laughter. A slight change at the end makes a better finale, and altogether the act went brilliantly.

It may be remembered that the action of this piece is supposed to transpire fifty years hence, when a mighty food trust is developed, and nourishment is taken, even by the rich in homeopathic morsels. In spite of the curious resemblance between the comedy aspects of "Food" and the present tragedy developed by the European conflict, the audience, only too glad probably to escape from gloomy thoughts of war into the cheer of vaudeville, surrendered itself to the most appreciative enjoyment of the humor of the piece. Handsome stage appointments, the sumptuous costume of the egg-eating wife, and the gorgeous, gold-embroidered uniform of the agent of the Food Trust, all are adhered to as prescribed by the author, who wishes to indicate that fifty years hence the world is deluged with wealth and luxury while running short of food.

The piece is meant as a travesty on the high cost of living, and seems to intimate from the fact that the multimillionaire herself spreads the family meal consisting of a homeopathic dose of cracker and milk that cooks will be dispensed with when steaks and puddings go. And who knows? Perhaps liver complaints and stomachic revolts will go with them.

Another representative of a famous theatrical family is present on the Orpheum hill this week in the person of Joseph Jefferson, a comedian who is appearing with Miss Blanche Bender in another De Mille playlet, entitled "Poor Old Jim." The piece is a farce, and a very good one of its kind, but although Mr. Jefferson played with great physical vivacity and energy, he gives no impression of having inherited very ample folds of the family mantle of histrionism. Attitude and gesture in expressing the desperate state of a jagged youth whose holdly presence his would-be reformers persist in overlooking in order to work a cure, are good, but that mysterious, unanalyzable something which makes for the mental side of humor is not very palpable in Mr. Jefferson's impersonation. Yet although his work is not brilliant it is good, and the piece makes good its claim to being a headliner. The idea of the farce, that of a live man to whose presence his friends and family are deaf, dumb, and blind, lends itself very readily to farcical treatment, and the situations developed, as well as the dialogues accompanying them, are well worth the farcical treatment accorded them. Miss Bender, an exceedingly competent and reliable young actress, gave excellent support.

From the point of view of interest, more particularly as keenly aroused in the men of the audience, the act by Claude Golden, the Australian card expert, was, if not the most, one of the most successful of the entire programme. Mr. Golden is a sort of walking miracle with the cards, and even to the tyro in card-playing makes it plain that he is one of those mathematical geniuses who has supplemented a natural gift with the keen study of a remarkably retentive mind. Everything he does is quite out of the rut, and it almost seems as if the only explanation of his remarkable feats is that, while he shuffles the cards, he can observe and remember their position or the position of large groups of them in the pack with reference to each other. No confederate in the audience, no outside aid, could account for the miracles of mind that he wrought. His hands are as quick and dextrous as his memory is unerring, and to

supplement these abilities he has a gift of comedy, having cleverly worked up his act to a carefully progressive climax in which is humorously depicted the gradual evolution of a doubting and rather foolish Thomas into a brilliant and unequalled specialist.

The Theodore Bendix musical act is well arranged, the more classic numbers which head off the programme being wisely reinforced by a brilliant Faust accompaniment and a potpourri of Irish airs which are both simple and beautiful. Brilliant technic relieved by tenderness of sentiment will infallibly capture the average audience, and Mr. Bendix and his three able assistants have reason to congratulate themselves that the variety and good taste of their offering was received with such appreciation.

The usual dancing act is this week of particularly good quality, the White-Jasen couple being not only personally attractive, but as light and graceful in the dance as falling leaves. Like falling leaves, the sport of winds, too, they show us some whirling that almost makes one giddy to look at, so sure, swift, and prolonged are the dizzy rotations of the young couple. The young man did not shine so much when he took to speech, but he is so nice-looking, so good-looking, and so pleasingly ingenious in his delivery of the exceedingly limping and labored doggerel with which he bridges over the costume changes of his dainty partner that the audience overlooked the verse, and rather petted the versifier.

Meehan has come back with his performing dogs and leaping hounds, giving us, in the latter part of the act, quite the prettiest and most exciting canine act we ever see on the Orpheum Circuit. The earlier phases are much like the performances gotten up by other dog trainers—meek toy dogs dressed up in the gear of humans, wheeling miniature vehicles, dancing, scammersaulting, and decanizing their poor little reluctant selves by assuming the perpendicular, to the tune of numerous yelps of instinctive revolt, with an occasional suggestion of satisfaction when two upright partners find a brief escape from the strain of maintaining the perpendicular by falling with convulsive relief upon the grateful prop of each other's forequarters, or a canine nursemaid finds a stay for her dangling forepaws on the welcome handle of the property baby-huggy. In contrast to these meek ones is the rebellious Hamlet at the end of the row, who diversifies the performance with numerous sympathetic yaps and yelps, occasionally demanding desperately in unmistakably comprehensible dog language, "Oh, what's the use?" But the hounds are silent and serene, their nervous systems evidently maintaining a peaceful equilibrium. They are Mr. Meehan's stars, their long, sinewy, graceful shapes, built for lightness and speed, showing to advantage in the leaping contests, which make a spectacular and downright exciting wind-up to the act. It is the prettiest thing in the world to see these intelligent beasts adjusting the swift rush of their light shapes to the gradually rising height of the barrier over which they leap and to note that curious effect which their bodies give of soaring, with graceful, easy, sustained balance, over its dizzy summit.

Other acts are the song sketch at the piano of Eunice Burnham and Charles Irwin, the latter running to humorous Scotch monologues, and a clever take-off on Southern negroes by Swor and Mack, who have changed their former act but little, as it still holds the amused attention of the audience.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Second Week of "The Poor Little Rich Girl."

"The Poor Little Rich Girl" at the Columbia is different. Not for a long time has San Francisco had so delightful a dramatic novelty or responded to it with more cordial enthusiasm. Its fascinated audiences laugh, weep, and applaud in turn, and sometimes do all three at once. Eleanor Gates, who belongs to the California school of writers, calls the play a blend of fact and fancy, but it is more. It is comedy, tragedy, satire, and spectacle all in one, with not too much of either. Its appeal goes straight to the heart of every one who loves a child. Leonie Dana, as the little girl of riches and sorrows, is exquisite, like the Maude Adams of a quarter-century ago. Klaw & Erlanger have contributed a beautiful equipment of scenic and lighting effects. "The Poor Little Rich Girl" begins its second week next Monday night.

Matinees during the engagement of "The Poor Little Rich Girl" at the Columbia are given on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and performances are given on Sunday evenings.

The next attraction at the Columbia Theatre will be May Rohson, who won the hearts of many a theatre-goer during the four seasons in which she appeared in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary." It is announced that "Martha, By-the-Day," Miss Rohson's latest vehicle, is a worthy successor to "Aunt Mary."

Gertrude Hoffman, Orpheum Headliner.

Gertrude Hoffman, probably America's most versatile artist, and the greatest danseuse that this country has ever produced, will be the extraordinary attraction at the Orpheum next week. Miss Hoffman will appear at the head of her own company of fifty, mostly girls, in her own revue in twelve scenes. The production, which runs for over an hour, is said to be the most sumptuous, beautiful, elaborate, and perfect ever produced on any vaudeville stage. Twenty extra stage hands are required for the arduous task of swiftly changing the sets, for two carloads of special scenery come with the act.

Miss Hoffman as an artist requires neither eulogy nor introduction. Her revue this year, which is originated and staged by her, is entirely new and much more magnificent and perfect than anything she has attempted before. Among the new dances she has devised are "Zoheide's Dream" and "Blue Danube," both of which are particularly spectacular. Besides she has many new impersonations to add to her popular gallery of imitations. She also has a company of the prettiest girls that could be found in New York to support her.

Through the medium of the phonograph many who have never heard Will Oakland have come to admire his fine tenor voice. In none of his records, however, does his merit stand out with such splendid effect as in the melodious musical novelty "At the Club," arranged by Jean C. Havez and George L. Botsford, in which he and a sterling quartet are now appearing. A gathering of cluemen in search of amusement indulge in song. And a neat comedy number is introduced in their travesty on the movies.

Tony Hunting and Corinne Francis will appear in "A Love Lozenger," in which they create an abundance of fun.

The holdovers will be Swor and Mack, Meehan's canines, and Gertrude Coghlan in William C. de Mille's travesty on the high cost of living, "Food."

Strong Bill at the Pantages Theatre.

Another one of Walter Montague's twenty-minute thrillers will head a new eight-act show at the Pantages, beginning tomorrow—Sunday. "Twenty Minutes with the Board of Supervisors" is the title of the dramalet, which deals with actual incidents which have come before the city fathers during the past year. Montague has not written a satire nor a travesty, but has handled the various discussions brought before the board in an impersonal manner. A big cast of thirty will be used to interpret the different characters. Eighteen actors will be cast to enact the members of the board. Special scenery has been constructed which represents an exact replica of the present chambers of the supervisory quarters.

"The Wreck of the Titanic," one of the most spectacular scenic productions that has played the circuit, is a big feature on the bill. This production has never been seen here, but has created a tremendous success in the East. The act opens with the ill-fated steamer leaving Southampton. Then are shown the *Titanic* in mid-ocean, the collision, and the sinking of the vessel amidst the floating icebergs.

The ever-popular Pollard kiddies will return for a special engagement with a breezy and brand new tahloid operetta called "The Election." Teddy McNamara and Queenie Williams are still the leading lights of this great company of juvenile performers.

Suanders and Van Kuntz will offer refresh-

ing hits of songs and eccentric dancing, introducing their original travesties on present-day ballroom dances.

The Rosdell Singers have an act which earned them the billing of "vaudeville's classiest singers."

Lockhardt and Laddie in acrobatic novelty live up to their billing of "a brave attempt at suicide."

Madeline Farilla, a dainty magician, will present a genuine novelty.

Closing Week of "The Whip."

The third and what must be the closing week of "The Whip" at the Cort Theatre will begin with Sunday night's performance. The original engagement of "The Whip" was for two weeks, but so great has been its success and so gratifying the business done that an extension of one week was arranged, after considerable manipulation of previous bookings of the thrilling Drury Lane melodrama.

"The Whip" had been much-heralded and much was expected of this first of the Drury Lane spectacles to visit here. In every way it has lived up to its reputation. The play is put on in elaborate fashion and the "thirteen thrills to thirteen scenes" are conspicuously in evidence. Here is a play that possesses the really novel quality of being a straightway, old-fashioned melodrama, played for all it is worth by an excellent English organization of players. The theatre-goers of the world never really lost their love for melodrama and "The Whip" represents a return to the principles of two decades ago. There are the deep, dark plottings, the low lights, the villain who chuckles and smokes cigarettes incessantly, the tremolo music, the "papers," and other old friends.

The evening performances begin at eight and the matinees at two-fifteen.

Richard Walton Tully's "The Bird of Paradise," produced by Oliver Morosco, comes on Sunday, November 15, for one week only.

"The Auctioneer," when it comes to the Columbia Theatre early next month with David Warfield, will he found to have been changed in many respects since it was played eleven years ago. David Belasco has entirely rewritten the play, bringing it down to date and injecting more comedy until now it is said to be a much more satisfactory play than formerly.

One of the early attractions for the Columbia Theatre is the sensational New York success, "The Yellow Ticket." San Francisco will be particularly interested in this play, for the company is an immensely popular one.

THE MUSIC SEASON

The Ganz Piano Concerts.

Rudolph Ganz, the Swiss piano virtuoso, will appear for the first time in San Francisco as a recitalist this Sunday afternoon, November 8, at Scottish Rite Auditorium. Mr. Ganz is accepted as by the foremost critics of Europe as a master-player and his programme is so interesting and beautiful that it should attract every music lover in this vicinity. His offerings include the Bach-Busoni "Chaconne," Chopin's glorious "Sonata" in B flat minor, novelties by the young Swiss composer Blanchet, a work by Eric Korngold, the young Viennese composer whose works astonished the world before the lad was twelve years old, two compositions by Mr. Ganz, and Liszt's transcriptions of his own song, "Mignon," and the inspiring national march of Hungary, "The Rakoczy."

Next Saturday afternoon, November 14, Mr. Ganz will give a special teachers' and students' programme, to which the music teachers have been given special rates for their pupils. On this occasion Beethoven's "Appassionata" Sonata, a group of Chopin compositions, and works by Ganz, Maurice Ravel, and Liszt will be offered.

Tickets for both events may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, as well as at the hall on Sunday.

The Pacific Musical Society will attend the opening concert.

The Clausen Concert Tomorrow.

Mme. Julia Clausen, the great Swedish contralto, will, with Mr. Uda Waldrop, the accompanist, give the following programme at the Cort Theatre tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock sharp:

Aria from "Samson et Dalila".....Saint-Saëns
Heimkehr (Homeward).....Strauss
Feldensamkeit (In Summer Fields).....Brahms
Wienlied (Cradle Song).....Brahms
Heimliche Aufforderung (The Lover's Pledge).
I drommen du ar mig nara (In dreams thou art ever near me).....Sjogren
Till Majdag (To the May Day).....Berger
Skogsdufvans toner (Voice of the Wood Cuckoo).....Merikanto
Fra Monte Pincio (From Monte Pincio).....Grieg
Et Syn (A Vision).....Grieg
Drifting.....Grieg
Sacrament.....Macedermid
Little Playmates.....Tuckfield

The seats will be on sale at the box-office of the Cort Theatre.

Opening Programme of Evan Williams.

Evan Williams, the Welsh tenor, will make his first appearance in California at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday afternoon, November 15. Evan Williams ranks among the five greatest tenors on the concert stage.

At his first concert he will sing three of the Handel "Arias," in which he stands without a peer, "Where E'er You Walk," "Total Eclipse," and "Siuna an Alarm," Schubert's "Wandering," Jensen's exquisite "Murmuring Zephyrs," Haydn's "Spirit Song," Ware's "Wind and Lyre," a group of three gems by Protheroe, the Welsh melodies, "Adieu to Dear Cambria," "Y Deryn Pur," and "Mentra Gwen," besides the beautiful song cycle, "Eliland," by Vcn Fielitz, which has not been heard here in public since Nordica introduced it ten years ago.

The second Williams concert will be given Sunday afternoon, November 22, with a complete change of programme.

The sale of seats for both concerts opens next Wednesday, November 10, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's, and the Columbia Theatre.

Course of Concerts for Petaluma.

Manager Will Greenbaum has completed arrangements with a committee of music lovers of Petaluma for a series of concerts of the highest class. The artist to open the season will be Evan Williams, on Tuesday night, November 17. Later Steindorff and a fine concert orchestra will give a programme, and the famous Metropolitan Opera House prima donna, Alma Gluck, will be the final offering.

Many Orchestras Playing Hadley Compositions.

The compositions of Henry Hadley, conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, find representation this season on the programmes of many symphony orchestras of America. Mr. Hadley's symphonic poem, "Lucifer," which is soon to be given its first New York performance by the Philharmonic Orchestra (Joseph Stransky, conductor), was composed in San Francisco last year. "Lucifer" was written by Vondel, the "Dutch Shakespeare," before Milton wrote "Paradise Lost." It was translated into English by Von Noppen, who held a post as professor at Columbia University. The tragic story, which has to do with an uprising of discontented angels who long for earthly Paradise and are jealous of Adam and Eve, and who under the leadership of Lucifer attempt to wage war in the skies against God's army, lends itself to dramatic musical treatment. Dr. Muck will produce this work with the Boston Symphony Orchestra next April and has invited Mr. Hadley to conduct two performances. Mr. Hadley's name appears three times on the programmes of the Minneapolis Symphony during the coming season. The works chosen for performance are the "Angelus" from his Symphony No. 3, and overture, "In Bohemia."

Although Arrigo Serato, the Italian violin virtuoso, is making his first American tour this year, the demand for his services are enormous, for his reputation has preceded him. Mr. Will Greenbaum has arranged concerts for him in both Berkeley and Stanford, and his opening concert in this city, Sunday afternoon, December 6, at the Columbia, will be for the benefit of the Vittoria Colonna Charities. The Vittoria Colonna is a club of one hundred prominent Italian women who do a great deal of good among the poor regardless of nationality.

Dr. H. J. Stewart has been appointed official organist at San Diego and will preside at the instrument presented to the city by Mr. John D. Spreckels. The organ will be used daily during the Panama-California Exposition, and it will remain a permanent addition to San Diego's musical attractions after the exposition has closed. One unique feature of the new organ is that the recitals will be given to an audience seated in the open air. Dr. Stewart will dedicate the new instrument on January 1, 1915.

After asking the question, "Which is the world's most famous song?" a London paper made the unexpected answer, namely, that it is not "Auld Lang Syne," "Annie Laurie," "Home, Sweet Home," "God Save the King," "America," "The Watch on the Rhine," "The Marseillaise," or "The Last Rose of Summer," all of which would seem to be probable candidates for the honor. The answer to the question is "Malbrook," whose refrains "We Won't Go Home Till Morning" and "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," are equally familiar in Europe and in America. The air of the song has been sung in Europe since the time of the crusades, when it was carried to the East and so became familiar to Turks and Arabs. The modernization of the song dates from some time after the battle of Malplaquet, when it was first sung by a French nurse at Versailles, whence it spread to Paris and throughout France, and gave the great Duke of Marlborough more celebrity than all his victories.

Winners of the Pavlowa Contest.

Mlle. Pavlowa will this season dance to the music of the four young American composers who have just been awarded prizes for their efforts. Some months ago Mlle. Pavlowa announced that she would select the best productions submitted, and 313 manuscripts were forwarded. The total number of individuals sending piano scores to be judged numbered 289. Edward C. Moore of Chicago and Philip I. Jacoby of San Francisco divided honors for first place, the former composing music for the new social dance, Pavlowana, which the Russian premiere danseuse originated last summer, and the latter writing the music which Pavlowa will use for her equally new social dance, the Gavotte Renaissance. The third honor is to be divided between Henry B. Ackley of Waukesha and Harry R. Auracher of Chicago, these young men appearing as collaborators in the music to be used by Pavlowa in the third of her new social dances, the Pavlowa waltz. Mr. Jacoby recently wrote the prize-winning composition, Nineteen Fifteen. Mr. Moore has for five years been music editor of the Chicago Daily Journal.

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VANITY FAIR.

There can be no doubt that the government should establish a news censorship over the income-tax returns. At all costs we must prevent Europe from learning the true facts of our indigency. For many years we have been sedulously cultivating the conviction abroad that all Americans are millionaires and that the mystic letters "U. S. A." in the hotel registers of Paris and London are indications of wealth that would make Midas look like forty cents. And now comes the income-tax commissioner to humble our pride by telling us that there are only about forty persons in the whole country whose income is a million dollars a year. For the moment we were afraid that he would publish the names and so expose our rags, so to speak, to the derision of the world. But he is merciful. We can still pretend that our names are among the forty and that we actually paid cash for the automobile and could even buy a perambulator if we only knew some way to get a baby to put in it. Of course a million dollars a year is a good deal of money, but then we have been talking pretty large, come to think of it.

Of course some of these people may have understated their income through a dread of ostentation. That also is a distinctive national characteristic. We have felt the same thing when making out our personal property return, a sort of sudden craving for the simple life and for the right to proclaim proudly that our face is our fortune and that a quiet conscience is above rubies. We never noticed anything about faces or consciences on the tax schedule. So far they are not taxable or we should have been ruined long since. Now there were ninety-one people in the land of the free and the home of the brave who coyly confessed to incomes between \$500,000 and \$1,000,000 a year, and some of these wee, modest daisies might have entered themselves among the higher-ups but for that unconquerable hashfulness already noted. But suppose there were thirty people who for democratic reasons preferred to travel steerage when they might have gone saloon. We should then have some seventy income millionaires, and this would still be a pretty heggarly showing if the truth must be told. Let us hope that some way will be found to keep it dark.

New York is to hold a charity fashion fête in aid of the war widows of Europe. The fête will be followed by a dance, and as we wish to be charitable ourselves we will not suggest the incongruity between these festive proceedings and their supposed objects. Most of the ladies concerned could easily draw their checks for the whole of the prospective profits and never know it. Some of them will spend as much money in an afternoon's shopping.

But there is one clause in the published announcement that arouses our wrath. We are told that "there will be more than a hundred models displayed, all of them on living manikins." Now what do they mean by manikins? Do they mean young women who earn their livelihood by showing how beautiful dresses will look upon beautiful bodies, bodies far more beautiful than any that are likely ever to wear those dresses? If so, why do they not say young women instead of selecting a term that is ridiculous and offensive? The dictionary tells us that a manikin is a "model of the human body made of papier-maché or other material and in detachable parts." But it seems that these are to be "living manikins," not human beings, you understand, but just models of the human body that happen to be alive. And therefore we may assume that the parts are not detachable. Now how long will women continue to use or to tolerate this disgusting word, a word carrying, and intended to carry, a sense of derision, a word selected with that aim? Imagine a body of men workers professionally designated, for example, as "jackanapes" or "counter-jumpers." At a time when women were assumed, even by themselves, to be ever ready to scald and crucify each other the use of such a word as this would be insignificant. But seeing that women are now everywhere professing to be the champions of their own sex against male discrimination and insult we may reasonably ask why they continue to use this offensive word. But the question answers itself. Women use this word because it is offensive.

Some time ago we went to a fashion show of this kind. It was not in aid of war widows, but honestly in aid of the dress-making people who got it up. They needed the money. The "manikins" walked up and down an aisle before the spectators just as it is announced that they will do at this charity-sanctified show in New York. Now being of the male sex through no known fault of our own, we are a little sensitive to such matters, and we felt rather ashamed of ourselves. Of course it was quite absurd, but there seemed to be just a suggestion of the slave market about the whole business. We had to remind ourselves that the girls themselves were not for sale, but

only the clothes they were wearing. Otherwise we would have tried to buy some of those girls in order to set them free. They seemed so superior in every way to the horrid-looking crew of perspiring, lorgnetted, ill-behaved women who were watching them. Doubtless we were foolishly sympathetic with girls forced to make a commodity of their faces and figures, but then that is due to our sex, which we can never sufficiently deplore, but which we are powerless to change. Any way we do not like the word manikin.

The latest fad in society (says the *Troy Chief*) is the tub cure. In this the patient arises just as the crisp air of the morning is mellowed by the first sunbeam. An ordinary washtub is then filled with hot water and soap suds, into which various articles of linen are thrown. After they are thoroughly saturated the patient takes them up one at a time and rubs them briskly up and down on a washboard placed in the tub. This is kept up until the hands, arms, and face are glowing pink. The patient then goes into the open air and hangs all the linen articles on a line stretched for that purpose. The one completing the task first announces the time to the others over the telephone and is entitled to a prize. It is exciting sport and also invigorating exercise.

"Where are the women going to?"
Said Files-on-Parade;
"They're going to the voting booths,"
The big policeman said;
"Why are they all so smartly dressed?"
Said Files-on-Parade;
"They hold receptions at the polls,"
The big policeman said;
"For the women are receiving and they're casting votes today,
And they're serving tea in pretty gowns of mauve and silver gray,
And they're buying votes with tickets to a near-by matinee,
For that's the way they work it in the morning!"
—Truth.

The war has dealt a staggering blow at American fashions, and incidentally it has produced a vast amount of patriotic gush and flubdub for which may heaven forgive us. Tearfully we are implored to patronize home industries. Gleelessly we are warned that we must now do so whether we will or not, since European industries are just now confined to cut throats and mangled limbs.

To say that the European trade in fashion stuffs is merely a custom and a fad is to say the thing that is not so. Of course there is a certain number of silly women who shop in Paris merely because it is the thing to do and who have no eye either for beauty or for value. But the actual and fundamental cause of Paris dominance has been Paris superiority. Who, for example, will pretend that any people on earth can make such perfumes as the French? If people in general buy French perfumes it is because they are the best. If we can now set to work and make better perfumes we shall get the trade. But to tell us that it is patriotic to buy inferior goods is sheer nasty nonsense.

The same may be said of the fashions in women's dresses. France has made more beautiful things and more original things than America and consequently she has kept her trade. To demand of American women in the name of patriotism that they buy inferior things is to ask that all economic laws, all laws of good sense, be abrogated. Mr. Joseph H. Appel, writing in the *Review of Reviews*, says very sensibly:

"So far France has produced the most artistic fashions in millinery, in dresses, in wraps, in blouses, and France gets the business. It is futile to deny this. American manufacturers would be the last to deny this, for they know how much they depend upon France for ideas and fashions and how helpless they would be without this inspiration. Really, America gets a great deal more from France than she pays for, because for every one original French dress we buy and wear in this country we copy and reproduce at least a hundred.

"'Made in America' is a fine slogan, and it is fine patriotism to support home industries. But it is still finer patriotism to produce the world's finest merchandise. It is finer patriotism to create a scientific tariff that will protect American manufacturers against cheap labor abroad and enable them to produce the finest merchandise.

"To do patriotic things is better than to talk patriotism. In certain cigar stores over the land I see signs that read, 'Buy American-Made Goods.' And when I buy a cigar there and tear off the band I find in small type underneath the gold label the words, 'Made in Germany.' We can not get rid of the law of the survival of the fittest. The best and cheapest merchandise, quality for quality, will always find its market."

Angry Householder—Why don't you stop? The fire is all out. *Captain of the Village Hose Company*—I allow it is; but there's three winders not broke yet.—*Dallas News*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An absent-minded husband was asked by his wife to stop in a store on his way downtown and buy her three articles of feminine wear. Of course, when he reached the store he had forgotten what they were. So the young clerk behind the first counter was amazed to hear: "Excuse me, my wife told me to come in here and get her some things to wear and I've forgotten what they are. Would you mind naming over a few things?"

The father of a Germantown lad had given him a ten-cent piece and a quarter of a dollar, telling him that he might put one or the other on the church's contribution plate. At dinner the father asked the boy which coin he had given. "Well, father," exclaimed the youngster, "at first it seemed to me that I ought to put the quarter on the plate; but just in time I remembered the saying, 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver,' and I knew I could give the ten-cent piece a great deal more cheerfully. So I put that in."

Old Farmer Weed was the most miserly man in his whole county. One night as the evening meal was about to be served he said to his five small sons, as he held knife and fork over a juicy steak: "How many of you will take five cents apiece and go to bed without supper?" With visions of tops, marbles, candies, and other things dear to the youthful heart they answered in chorus: "I!" In the morning they appeared ravenously hungry. Whereupon Farmer Weed asked: "And now who will give five cents for his breakfast?"

Jock MacTavish and two English friends went out on the loch on a fishing trip, and it was agreed that the first man to catch a fish should later stand treat at the inn. As MacTavish was known to be the best fisherman thereabouts, his friends took considerable delight in assuring him that he had as good as lost already. "An', d'ye ken," said Jock in speaking of it afterward, "haith o' them had a guid hite, an' wis sae mean they wadna' pu' in." "Then you lost?" asked the listener. "Oh, no. I didna' pit ony hait on my hook."

A hooking agent for a Chautauqua bureau visited a small town in the Middle West. He called on a man who said that in order to introduce a Chautauqua it would be necessary to see the most prominent man of the town. Together they called on the "first citizen" and the hooking agent was introduced. "Mr. Jones," said he, "I called to see you in regard to a Chautauqua." "Won't do ye no good," spoke up the prominent man of the town. "Me and my wife heen pestered to death with automobile agents fer six months, an' now, hy jing, we've ordered a machine we seen in a catalogue."

In a certain county where the Quakers were numerous the entire body on one occasion gathered together for one of their periodical meetings. After the exercises of the morning a public luncheon was held, at which all the Friends attended. The conversation turned to matrimony. "Hannah," said an unmanly youthful member of the society, speaking across the crowded table to a prim, elderly maiden lady, "wilt thou tell me why thou hast never married?" "Certainly, friend William," responded Hannah, in a voice audible over the room. "'Tis because I am not so easily pleased as thy wife was."

The collector was after a dead heat, and there were rumors that he was in more serious trouble even than owing debts. The collector was told to get after him at once and run him down before anybody else got hold of him. So he chose a time of day when the d. h. would be most likely to be at home and went to his house and rang the bell. The man's wife came to the door. "Your husband is in?" he said, sternly—he made a statement rather than a question of it. She looked scared and answered, "Y—yes, sir." "I want to see him at once," he went on, very severely. "Why, you can't see him," she answered. "He's in, and yet I can't see him? I'd like to know why I can't!" "Because he's in for six months!" she sobbed, and shut the door in his face.

Just before the Civil War so much counterfeit money was in circulation that business men found it advantageous to use a counterfeit hanknote detector. A storekeeper in a New Hampshire village came into possession of a hanknote which he strongly suspected to be counterfeit, so he sent it to a nearby city in charge of an old stage-driver for examination. On two successive trips the old fellow forgot this particular errand. A third time he was charged with it in terms unmistakably strong. Again he forgot. Fearing to confess his carelessness, he resolved to have it out somehow. "Well," said the storekeeper, anxiously, "did they say it was a bad bill?"

"Why, no," responded the stage-driver, de-liberately, "not exactly." "Not exactly?" ejaculated the other. "What do you mean? Was it good?" "No, not exactly that, either—" and the old man brightened a little. "They said they guessed it was 'hout middlin'."

Dr. Henry Coward, the lecturer on music, tells a story of his early days concerning a quartet which he organized among warehouse workers in a northern city. He approached a showman who was visiting the district and suggested to him that a party of singers would be an attraction to his show. "Kin they sing?" asked the showman. "Yes, very well." "Have they dress suits? Them's necessary." "Yes." "How much will it cost for such an engagement?" "A dollar and a quarter each per night, I think, will do it." "I know," said the entertainer; "hut how much will it cost? How many are there in this 'ere quartet?"

Marie Caslova, the violinist, tells of a reception at which she was to be the soloist, which was given by a woman whose sudden wealth had not brought her musical knowledge. "When I called her up five hours before the reception to ask about the condition of the piano, she exclaimed: 'I sent the piano back to the factory last week for repairs. Can't you play something without one?' The only things I had at my finger's ends for violin alone were some Bach sonatas. This gave me an inspiration. 'Certainly,' I answered, 'I can play the Chaconne.' After a moment's silence a disappointed voice replied: 'But, my dear, I would so much rather you played the violin.'"

He was an arrogant and quarrelsome old farmer, and the only person of any importance who had managed to avoid clashing with him was the mild-mannered vicar. But even this forbearing gentleman lost his temper when the farmer impudently turned his horses loose in the churchyard and refused to take them out again. High words ensued, and the vicar so far forgot himself as to call the farmer "a broken-down old mule." Off went the farmer on the instant, and crashed noisily into the village lawyer's office. "Mr. W., the vicar has just called me a broken-down old mule," he howled. "What am I to do?" Now the lawyer had once received a severe rebuff from the farmer, and had waited for a chance to repay it. Here was his opportunity, and he seized it with both hands. "Don't come to me about that," he said, coolly. "I can't patch you up. I'm no veterinary surgeon."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Campaign Cigar.
I see he the pa-apers
Thot Tammany Hall
An' Raypublican divils
An' Moosers an' all,
The aigle an' hell,
An' the hammer an' shtar
Daypind for their votes
On the campaign cigar.

I'm mindin' the day—
'Tis a far wan, avick!—
Whin I hated McGann,
The ould Tammany kick,
An' wan morning he came;
'Twas the worrud that he spoke:
'How are yez, O'Toole;
Will yez hov a good shmoke?"

Now McGann hod a map
Thot wud scare the wee birruds,
But somehow, I dinna,
As he gave me fair worruds,
An' I watched through the shmoke,
In a minute, ochone!
His map, it looked human,
The same as me own.

An' I think if the divil
Came up from his place
Wid a "Greetin's, O'Toole!
Here's a weed for yer face!"
I'd vote for the bucko,
Forgettin' the han,
The same as I voted
For Misher McGann!
—New York Sun.

Depression.

"In vain I ask that you will rise
Above the thing that makes you sad;
My sanguine nature you despise
—When I implore you to be glad.

Look up, for you were made, I know,
To be light-hearted, dainty, sweet;
Alas! that you should sink so low
And answer with such reckless heat.

My fault? Ah no, it can not be;
Rise, rise, if only for my sake!"
The baking powder frenziedly
Besought and begged the heavy cake!
—Town Topics.

Elegy of the Auto.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power
And all that beauty of the fine machine
Give way alike in the inevitable hour,
When suddenly you're out of gasoline.
—Milwaukee News.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The wedding of Miss Frances Ramsey and Lieutenant Herbert Whitewall Underwood, U. S. N., took place Tuesday evening at the home in Alameda of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Montague Ramsey. Mrs. Philip Bliss and Mrs. Harry Johnson were the matrons of honor and the bridesmaids were the Misses Vera Talbot, Pauline Painter, Mary Helen Finnell, Priscilla Ellicott, Orytha Gatch, and Roberta Lion. Ensign Donald Beary, U. S. N., attended Lieutenant Underwood as best man. The ushers included Ensigns Thomas Gatch, William Baubman, Elroy Vandergloot, Arthur Walton, Walter Henry, Edward Bowden, and Quinan. Upon their return from their wedding trip the young couple will reside at Mare Island.

The wedding of Miss Martha Foster and Mr. Samuel Leonard Abbott, Jr., took place Wednesday at the home in San Rafael of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster. Miss Louisiana Foster was her sister's maid of honor and the little flower girls were the bride's nieces, the Misses Jean and Sally Foster. Mr. Edward Eyre, Jr., attended Mr. Abbott as best man. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Abbott will reside in their home on Steiner Street.

The wedding of Miss Otilla Laine and Mr. Clinton La Montagne will take place Monday, November 24, at the home on Broadway of the bride's mother, Mrs. J. R. Laine. The chosen bridesmaids are the Misses Julia Galpin, Julia Van Fleet, Katherine Redding, and Elizabeth Fee. Mr. Harry Hastings will be his cousin's best man and the ushers will be the Messrs. George Nickel, John Hartigan, Herman Wieland, and Thomas Doud of Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel Remington Fithian entertained their friends at a reception Thursday at their home in Carpinteria.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ootbout gave a farewell luncheon Sunday at the Santa Barbara Country Club. They left Tuesday to spend the holiday season in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Mann entertained a number of friends at dinner Friday evening preceding the Assembly dance. Among others who gave similar affairs the same evening were the Misses Helen Johnson, Dorothy Allen, and Elizabeth Brice.

Mr. S. Leonard Abbott, Jr., gave a stag dinner Friday evening at the home on Buchanan Street of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Leonard Abbott.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl have issued invitations to a dinner Friday evening, November 20, at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Miss Ruth Welsh, a debutante of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore entertained a number of friends at dinner Thursday evening at their home on Washington Street. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tenney of Honolulu.

Miss Alyce Miller gave a Hallowe'en party Friday evening at her studio on Clay Street in honor of her nephew, Allen Knight, Jr.

The members of the San Francisco Yacht Club entertained their friends at a Hallowe'en party Friday evening at their club house.

Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton was the guest of

honor at a luncheon Tuesday given by Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. Harry L. Tevis entertained a number of friends at a Hallowe'en party Friday evening at his home at Alma.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kellam entertained a number of friends Monday evening at a theatre and supper party.

Dr. Herbert Allen and Mrs. Allen were the complimented guest at a dinner Monday evening given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick at their home on Vallejo Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Tubbs have issued invitations to a ball Tuesday evening, November 17, at the Fairmont Hotel. The affair will be in honor of their daughter, Miss Emily Tubbs, who on this occasion will be formally presented to society. Miss Tubbs was the guest of honor at a luncheon Thursday given by Mrs. Charles Tuttle at her home on Pacific Avenue.

The Duc de Montpensier was the complimented guest at a duck shooting party at Suisun recently given by the Messrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, Gordon Armsby, and Henry Foster Dutton.

Miss Beatrice Nickel entertained a number of friends over the week-end at the Miller ranch at Gilroy.

Mrs. Caroline Van Vorst was hostess at a luncheon Thursday at her home on Vallejo Street. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Philip Coxon of New Zealand.

Miss Jean Wheeler gave a luncheon Thursday at the residence on Washington Street of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler. The affair was in honor of Miss Otilla Laine.

Mrs. Augustus Taylor entertained a number of friends at a bridge-luncheon Monday at the Francisca Club.

Mrs. Willard Chamberlin was hostess at an informal luncheon Wednesday at her home in San Mateo.

Owing to the death of her father, Mr. Charles Bandman, Miss Florence Bandman has recalled her invitations to a luncheon Monday, November 16, in honor of her cousin, Miss Genevieve Bothin.

Mrs. Eugene Hale Douglas was hostess at a thé d'ansant Wednesday at her home at Yerba Buena. The affair was in honor of Miss Edith Peakes and her fiancé, Lieutenant Herman Trench Vulté, U. S. M. C.

Mrs. Charles Humphrey entertained a number of friends at a bridge-luncheon Tuesday at her home at the Presidio.

Captain Franklin Hutton U. S. A. and Mrs. Hutton gave a bouse party over the week-end at their home at Fort McDowell.

Mrs. Henry Lee Kinnison was hostess at a dinner Tuesday evening at her home at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Frank Van Horn, U. S. A., gave a tea Monday afternoon at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of his sister, Mrs. Benjamin Foulois.

Captain George Grimes, U. S. A., and Mrs. Grimes entertained a number of friends at a reception Tuesday afternoon at their home at the Presidio.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. George Rodman Shreve and her daughters, the Misses Rebecca, Elizabeth, and Agnes Shreve, left last Saturday for Utica, New York, where

they will spend the winter. Mrs. Frank L. Winn departed the same day, accompanied by Miss Isabelle Beaver, who will visit friends, until after the holidays.

Miss Elizabeth Ashe is visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Sewall, at their home in Bath, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor will spend the winter in town, having rented a house on Scott Street for the season.

Mrs. Adam Grant has gone to Santa Barbara to spend the winter.

The Misses Edith and Helen Chesbrough and Miss Kate Dillon moved Monday to San Mateo Park, where they will reside indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Banderson are established for the winter in the Chesbrough residence on Clay Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent closed their country home in Woodside Thursday and are again occupying their residence on Washington Street.

Mrs. S. R. Rosenstock and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall left Monday for New York, where they will spend several weeks.

Mrs. Fletcher Ryer and her daughter, Miss Doris Ryer, have recently been visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Hayes Hammond at White Sulphur Springs, Virginia.

The Misses Isabelle and Ella O'Connor were at last accounts visiting the Honorable Robin Boyle and Mrs. Boyle in England.

Mrs. Charles Huse has arrived from Europe and is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George R. Wells, in this city.

Miss Dorothy Baker has returned from San Diego, where she has been spending the past month with Miss Ruth Richards.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith will give up their apartments at the Fairmont Hotel next week and will take possession of the home on Pacific Avenue of Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson.

Judge and Mrs. Frederick Henshaw and their daughter, Miss Elinor Tay, have closed their country home and moved to 1315 Taylor Street for the winter.

Mrs. Ferdinand Bain and her daughter, Miss Beatrice Miller, have returned to their home in New York after having spent the summer in Montecito. A new home is in the course of construction in Montecito that will necessitate another visit from Mrs. Bain before the holidays.

Mrs. Stow Fithian and her daughter, Miss Dorothy Fithian, have arrived in New York from Europe, having sailed on the *St. Louis* from Liverpool.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Cadwalader are again occupying their home on Jackson Street after having spent the summer in Burlingame with Mrs. Cadwalader's mother, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson.

Miss Olive Wheeler is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Lusk at their home in Missoula, Montana.

Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McPean will sail today for Honolulu, where they will spend a few weeks. Their home on Washington Street will be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. P. McG. McBean, who will take charge of young Peter McBean during his parents' absence.

Mrs. Robert Chester Fonte and her daughter, Miss Augusta Fonte, have reached Sweden safely, having traveled from London with American Ambassador George T. Maye, Jr., and Mrs. Maye. Mrs. and Miss Fonte have no definite plans as to their return home.

Mrs. George W. McNear, Jr., has returned from New York, where she placed her daughter, Miss Einnim McNear, in school. Mr. and Mrs. McNear and Miss Ernestine McNear will spend the winter in the home on Pacific Avenue of Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Theriot.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Babcock departed Tuesday for the East, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. Harold Dillingham arrived last week from Honolulu for a brief visit in this city.

Mrs. Robert J. Currey and her daughter, Miss Laura Currey, came down from Dixon last week to visit friends in Oakland and in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred B. Ford have taken an apartment on California Street for the winter, having rented their home to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffin.

Miss Julia Galpin has returned from Mill Valley, where she has been visiting the Misses Agnes and Lucy Cushing.

Mrs. W. H. Le Boyteaux has gone East to spend several weeks with relatives.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson returned Monday from Burlingame, where she has been spending the summer, and is established for the season in her home on Pacific Avenue. Mrs. Wilson is anticipating the arrival of her sister, Mrs. S. L. Dutton, who is en route from Rome, where she has been residing for several years.

Mrs. Richard Hammond is visiting Miss Sara Cunningham at her home in New York, where they were joined a few days ago by Mrs. James Cunningham and Miss Elizabeth Cunningham, who returned East last Saturday after having spent the summer in Woodside.

Mrs. Mary A. Huntington and Miss Marion Huntington have arrived in New York from Europe.

Dr. Lovell Langstroth and Mrs. Langstroth have been spending the past two weeks in Miramar.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt, Jr., and their two little sons returned Monday from their ranch in Chico, where they have been spending the past six weeks.

Mr. Henry T. Scott arrived Monday from New York after a three weeks' absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph King arrived recently from Idaho and have been the guests of Mr. King's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. King. They have decided to reside permanently in San Mateo.

Major Harold Cloke and Dr. Oliver, U. S. A., are on a hunting trip in Canada and will return about November 15.

Captain Harold Geiger and Mrs. Geiger (formerly Miss Frances Bridges) have returned from the Atlantic coast and have taken a cottage at Coronado.

Mrs. Nulsen, wife of Lieutenant Charles K.

Nulsen, U. S. A., left Monday for El Paso to join her husband, who is at present stationed on the border.

Mrs. Foulois, wife of Captain Benjamin Foulois, Aviator Corps, U. S. A., is the guest of Mrs. Stephen Fuqua at her home in the Presidio.

Lieutenant Max Garber, U. S. A., and Mrs. Garber (formerly Miss Etelka Williar), who have been stationed here for the last two years, have been ordered to Idaho.

Captain Augustus F. Fechteler, U. S. N., has been ordered from Washington, D. C., where he has been for the last two years, to the Naval War College at Newport.

Captain F. M. Bennett, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bennett have issued invitations to a dance Tuesday evening, November 10, at Mare Island. The affair will be in honor of their daughter, who will make her formal debut.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt Baker has been frightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Baker was formerly Miss Ramona Danner.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Durkee has been frightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Durkee was formerly Miss Marian Lally.

Geoffrey Snead-Cox, aged nineteen, a second lieutenant in the Welsh Fusiliers, son of J. G. Snead-Cox of Broxwood Court, Herefordshire, was killed in action on October 20. His brother, Richard, who left Oxford to take up arms, holding a commission in the Royal Scots, was killed in action October 28. The mother of the young officers, the former Mary Hale Porteous, was at one time well known in San Francisco. The young men were nephews of Walter Cox, the local artist.

Supper Dansants at Hotel Oakland.

Invitations are being issued this week to a series of Wednesday evening supper dansants in the ivory hallroom of the Hotel Oakland. The first dansant will be given on November 18, and the others will follow on alternate Wednesdays throughout the season. Miss Louise La Gai and Mr. Quentin Tod will be present at the dansants, giving exhibition dances and assisting in the direction of affairs.

Aid Asked for Suffering Belgians.

Relief for the stricken Belgians is asked by the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, which has taken the matter in hand. Over a million people are in the bread line in Belgium, and the number is daily increasing. Money and foodstuffs are required at once. Of the latter, non-perishable products are urged. In a letter to the public the chamber says: "Please impress upon your community the urgent need and report your collections to Belgian Relief Headquarters, Chamber of Commerce, San Francisco, in order that arrangements may be made for their transportation to the seahoard."

Franz Lehar, the Viennese musical-comedy composer, is serving with the Austrian army at the front as a nurse. One of Lehar's patients is his own brother, a major of infantry, who is seriously wounded.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

George Gray has filed a petition in bankruptcy, showing liabilities at \$163,000 and assets nothing. Gray is president of the Washington Development Syndicate and a member of the local contracting firm of Gray Brothers.

Dr. Manuel Fernando, at one time a philanthropist well known in this city, died recently at the County Relief Home at the age of eighty-four. The doctor in his younger days devoted a fortune to the upbringing and education of nearly a score of homeless children.

Deputy United States Marshal Paul Arnerich resigned on Monday after five years of active service in the marshal's office. His place was taken by James W. Jensen.

Five Russians, alleged to be members of an extensive counterfeiting ring, were captured Sunday afternoon by Secret Service Agent Harry Moffitt, Detectives Frank Black and George Richards and a posse in a cottage at 342 Alabama Street, on Scotch Hill. The prisoners gave the names of John Sleeposnakoff, 1051 Rhode Island Street; Mike Pohovoff, John Cherentaeff, Fred Shranoff, and John Simon, all of 342 Alabama Street. For weeks Moffitt has been trailing the alleged counterfeiters, following the discovery that bogus dollars were appearing in the Russian colony.

Charles J. Bandmann, well-known mining engineer, who lived at 2900 Van Ness Avenue and had offices in the Monadnock Building, died at his home early this week of heart trouble. The end came without warning, although for a few days past he had been complaining of feeling badly. He was the son of the late Julius Bandmann, who was prominently identified with the early business life of this city.

In a letter to his friend, Augustin Lueinchi, editor of the *Franco-Californien*, Paul Verdier, first vice-president of the City of Paris and at present a soldier of the French republic, tells how he was struck by bursting shrapnel in the fighting at Verdun. Verdier's life was saved by a heavy pocketbook in his breast pocket. He was not injured and still serves

under the tricolor as a private in the Two Hundred and Seventy-Sixth Regiment of Infantry.

After a fusillade of pistol shots that aroused the entire neighborhood, two armed burglars who were looting the home of John S. Dunnigan, clerk of the board of supervisors, at 703 Broderick Street early Sunday night, were captured through the bravery of Dunnigan's seventeen-year-old son, Ross, and the boy's grandmother, Mrs. J. Ross Jackson.

Officials of the state, city, and federal governments, representatives of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, members of the state harbor commission, and invited guests rode underground to the Exposition last Saturday on the first train through the new tunnel under Fort Mason, giving a land connection between the Belt Line and the Exposition Terminal railways.

James A. Moreland, Pacific Coast agent for the large wholesale dry goods house of Mills & Gibb, New York, for thirty-two years, died at the German Hospital on Tuesday morning, following an operation. He was born fifty-nine years ago in Ireland, and came to this country while a young man. He leaves a widow.

Admiral Pond received orders from the Navy Department Wednesday to parole Lieutenants E. Pretzel and Wilhelm Sauerbeck and two petty officers, all members of the German navy, who arrived on the *Korea* last Monday from Honolulu. The officers were allowed to leave the United States cruiser *Cleveland*, where they were detained, and go ashore. Under the parole conditions they can not leave this city until the European war is over.

Frederick W. Fickert, eighty-five years old, father of District Attorney Charles M. Fickert, died on Tuesday afternoon at his ranch in Kern County, following a brief illness induced by complications due to his age. He was one of California's pioneer residents, having come here in 1849.

United States Attorney John W. Preston has announced that about fifty complaints would be substituted for the "blanket" com-

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plaint filed against the Western Fuel Company two months ago for the recovery of \$861,576.95, claimed by the government under the forfeiture law. Pending the preparation of the big batch of complaints court proceedings will be postponed. It is hinted that the matter of the forfeiture of the value of the coal it is alleged was fraudulently weighed may never get into court at all.

The board of works has invited bids for paving Corbett Avenue from Stanford Heights to the United Railroad tracks at Sloat Boulevard. The pavement will be asphalt on a concrete base. The board has directed that two island parks, fourteen feet wide and one hundred feet long, be laid out on Stockton Street between Bush and Pine over the tunnel. The cost will be paid by property-owners.

Franz Lehar, composer of "The Merry Widow" and other light operas, had grand opera ambitions in the beginning, but with such undertakings he had no success. Dvorak, he explains, advised him to turn his attention to composing. Lehar tells how he came to meet Dvorak, and to properly lead up to the event, goes back to his earliest childhood: "My mother often told me that I always could find as a four-year-old boy to each melody the right accompaniment on a piano. I composed my first song at six years and dedicated it to my mother. When eleven years old I left the house of my parents to study at a German gymnasium at Sternberg. It very often happened that I fainted in the streets from hunger, but as my mother visited me once in Prague I had the courage not to complain. My director observed that I neglected my violin and he recommended me to study with Dvorak. In 1887 I submitted to Dvorak two compositions, 'Sonata à l'Antique' in G major and 'Sonata à l'Antique' in D minor. Dvorak looked at the work and said: 'Hang your fiddle on a nail and write a composition.' This was spoken out of the soul, but my father insisted that I become a first-class violinist. Weber said once: 'The first dogs and the first operas belong in the water.' This also refers to my first opera. In April, 1894, I was musical director of the Austrian navy band and conducted a concert for Emperor William II, who expressed great satisfaction. On November 28, 1896, my opera 'Kukuska,' later called 'Tatjana,' was produced for the first time in Leipsic, but was no success. I had to give up my position as conductor of the navy band on account of financial difficulties and had to take my jewels to the pawnshop. I accepted a position as conductor in Trieste. I was sick and tired of composing operas and now started composing operettas."

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—Do you think actresses should marry?
She—Why, yes. How else could they get a
divorce.—Puck.

"I hear young Spriggins has taken a part-
ner for life." "Not necessarily, but he's mar-
ried."—Livingston Lonce.

"Are they well mated?" "Perfectly. She's
afraid of automobiles and he can't afford
one."—Detroit Free Press.

"I think he is foolish to start buying a
motor-car on his salary." "He's not half so
foolish as the agent."—Cleveland Plain
Dealer.

"My daughter is wild about Rudyard Kip-
ling now." "Don't be uneasy. These summer
flirtations never amount to much."—Kansas
City Journal.

"Now they've got a new contrivance for
reducing adiposity." "Dear me! There won't
be a city in Europe when this awful war is
over."—Buffalo Express.

Mr. McNab (to urchin)—What's the mat-
ter, laddie? Urchin—I've lost my 'apenny!
Mr. McNab—Aye, dinna grieve. Here's a
match to find it.—London Opinion.

"If I could get some one to invest a thou-
sand dollars in that scheme of mine I could
make some money." "How much could you
make?" "Why, a thousand dollars."—Boston
Transcript.

The Flotterer—But don't you think your
son is wasting his talents in this little burg?
The Magnote (caustically)—Of course he is,
but he might as well waste them here as
somewhere else.—Life.

"Just tired of him, eh?" asked the lawyer.
The actress nodded. "Well, I wouldn't ad-
vise you to sue at this time. The war is
crowding everything else off the front pages."
—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"What do the suffragettes want, anyhow?"
"We want to sweep the country, dad." "Well,
do not despise small beginnings. Suppose
you make a start with the dining-room, my
dear."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Where the statesman," he said, "sees in
vision a bronze statue of himself by Mac-
Monnies or Rodin the politician sees a brown-
stone front, two automobiles, and champagne
for dinner."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Algy—Did you enjoy yourself roughing it
this summer, old top? Lionel—No, blasted
luck. First the chef took sick, then some
one stole our safety razors, and, to cap it all
the pianola broke down.—Club-Fellow.

"I want you to understand," said young
Spender, "that I got my money by hard work."
"Why, I thought it was left to you by your
rich uncle." "So it was, but I had hard work
to get it away from the lawyers."—Life.

Fashionable Regor—Of course you are
praying for peace, Brother Millyns? Richest
Porshioner—Well, no! My daughter is en-
gaged to a count, who is on the firing line.
At last reports he was still alive.—Puck.

Dr. Curren—You will find your dyspepsia
greatly alleviated, Mr. Peck, by cheerful and
agreeable conversation at your meals. Mr.
Peck—That's good advice, doc, but my in-
come will not permit me to eat away from
home.—Terre Haute Express.

A Pennsylvania farmer was complaining of
his difficulty in keeping his boy on the farm.
"Has city ideas, eh?" asked the city boarder.
"Yes," said the farmer; "he's always wantin'
to be over to the railroad station and see the
trains pull in."—New York Sun.

Testy Old Woman—There now! I guess
you won't go around poking your nose into
other people's business after the raking I just
gave you. Repairer—Well, don't get proud
about it, madam; you didn't hurt my feelings
much. I've been insulted by experts.—Life.

"So you went to church last Sunday?"
asked the doubtful one. "Then to prove it,
what was the text?" "The text was 'He
giveth his beloved sleep.'" "You're all right.
How many of the congregation were there?"
"All the beloved, it seemed to me."—Cleve-
land Plain Dealer.

"What do you want the 10 cents for?"
asked the minister. "Booze," replied the
bleary beggar, shamelessly. "I need it awful
bad—it's jest about killin' me." "Isn't there
any way you can get rid of that terrible ap-
petite for drink?" "Yep—I kin do it in a
holy minute if you'll lemme have that dime."
—Toledo Blade.

"How is it," inquired a young bride of an
older married friend, "that you always manage
to have such delicious beef?" "It's very
simple," said the older woman. "I first select
a good, honest butcher, and then I stand by
him." "You mean that you give him all your
trade?" "No; I mean that I stand by him
while he is cutting the meat."—New York
Globe.



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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Governor Hiram Johnson.

The success of Governor Johnson in last week's election, notable by the magnitude of his majority, is the more emphatic because every citizen who voted for him had to move out from the party relationships of his life in order to do it. It was not a party triumph, because practically Mr. Johnson has no party. It was the triumph of a man and of a personal organization which that man has created.

If this decisive personal victory had come about in conjunction with general success of the Progressive movement in the country at large it would, for the moment at least, have made Mr. Johnson a national figure, nothing less in truth than the foremost man in his party. But coming as it does along with the collapse of Progressivism as a national movement, it leaves Mr. Johnson in the position of one who has achieved a conspicuous personal success, but a success without other than local significance. It does not establish Mr. Johnson as a national figure, because the movement with which his name stands associated has in its national aspects petered out. There is little point

in speculating as to whether or not Mr. Johnson might under more favoring circumstances have become a presidential figure. Most certainly this can not be under conditions as they are. No man not closely connected with a national party organization can hope to make head as a presidential aspirant.

This is far from saying that Mr. Johnson's career in California is ended. A man of his obvious personal strength and with a four years' mandate as the governor of a great state in his hand is in a strong position. In many respects it is a position similar to that held during the past several years, and until just now, by Mr. La Follette of Wisconsin. Strong as he was, successful as he was, ambitious as he was, La Follette was not able to make himself a potential figure outside of his own state. A similar fate would seem to be that of Mr. Johnson.

Two courses lie before Governor Johnson. One is an independent status based upon personal popularity and sustained for the present at least by a strong state machine. The other is a diplomatic course aiming at reaffiliation with the Republican party in California. Possibly by either of these courses Mr. Johnson might be able to get himself elected a senator two years from now to succeed Senator Perkins. This would appear to be the limit of possible personal achievement; and even this is not an assurance. We say it is not an assurance for two reasons. First because personal popularity, especially a popularity founded upon negative policies, is always an uncertain quantity; second, because of the widespread resentments which may make it difficult or impossible for Mr. Johnson to get back into the Republican party in the character of a potential leader. Parties are always eager to bring in effective men, but a party which has been betrayed commonly has scant regard for one who has betrayed it under circumstances so flagrant as those of the past two years in California. It is hardly likely, even though Governor Johnson should work himself back into a Republican relationship, that he could command as a leader the full support of the Republican group in California.

Governor Johnson has for the moment a positive strength in the machine he has brought into existence. But the Johnson machine lacks fundamental vitality. Its basic sentiment is a protest against conditions past and gone rather than a power founded in affirmative moral purpose. Its outlook is backward rather than forward, and it probably has now about exhausted itself. Its other and more immediate element of strength lies in the official authority of the governorship. This will continue as long as Mr. Johnson has the means of rewarding his adherents and penalizing those who decline to follow him—in other words, so long as he has favors to bestow. But the power of official patronage is an unstable thing. Even those now holding office by Governor Johnson's favor, seeing the handwriting on the wall, will soon be looking out for themselves. Observing the collapse of Bull-Mooseism they will, secretly or openly, be looking for ways and means to re-establish themselves in one or the other of the traditional parties.

Popular and successful figure as Mr. Johnson is at this moment, the scope and climax of his political career are easily in view. He can not even if he should wish it again be governor. Possibly, as we have already suggested, he may in the temporary and chaotic state of California politics become a senator. But the future, we think, holds nothing more for him. No man can continue a supreme and sustained success upon a foundation of political resentment in alliance with mere personality. Furthermore Mr. Johnson is not qualified for an expanding political career. He lacks knowledge of national affairs and he has no connections of an effective sort outside of California. His temperament is provincial; his personal manners, as they stand

related to other than parish standards, are not engaging. He repels rather than wins where the more delicate conventions are respected and required. He is without the kind of capability calculated to sustain his prestige further than the carrying power of his individual voice. He has never given utterance to a sentiment, never made a phrase nor established a relationship calculated to clinch a place in the national arena. His temperament, his propensity, his methods are destructive. Mr. of this type not infrequently go brilliantly and successfully forward for a time within a limited range. But no man of Mr. Johnson's limitations ever goes far—ever attains a position of commanding national leadership—ever plays a sustained part on the stage of wide and large affairs.

Senator James D. Phelan.

The considerations and circumstances through which have come about the election to the United States Senate of Mr. James D. Phelan, a Democrat, in a state nominally Republican, are in plain view. Foremost perhaps is the demoralized state of party politics under influences which need not here be discussed. Demonstration lies in the fact that neither of the candidates opposing Mr. Phelan had anything like the normal support of his party or loyal coöperation on the part of his leading associates on the party ticket.

Mr. Phelan was even before the campaign a widely advertised man. His three terms as mayor of San Francisco, however his career in the mayoralty may have reacted upon his standing at home, had made his name a familiar one in a political connection of real importance. Mr. Phelan's personal abilities and accomplishments had much to do with it. If not precisely an orator, he is an effective speaker; likewise he is an impressive writer. Whether one likes Mr. Phelan or not, the fact nevertheless must be admitted that he is a man with many of the elements of individual strength. A rich man by inheritance, Mr. Phelan has been a ready and generous giver, and has contrived by means not unworthy to associate his name with many beneficent movements. Always active in party affairs, and usually the largest contributor to party funds, Mr. Phelan had naturally the gratitude of the party with its full and cordial support.

For years Mr. Phelan has diligently sought the senatorship, neglecting no chance to augment his prestige in fraternal, social, and other spheres of political influence. In the campaign just ended Mr. Phelan (or somebody for him) was obviously free with ready money, not perhaps in illegitimate ways, none the less in ways tending to wide publicity and effective promotion—ways in which opposing candidates of limited means were unable to match him. The favor of the Administration at Washington ostentatiously exerted in his behalf brought him votes. Another factor in his success was a trade, very obvious under analysis of the election returns, between the promoters of his candidacy and promoters of that of Governor Johnson. Comparison of the returns of election, make it very plain that Hcney, the Progressive candidate for the Senate, and Curtin the Democratic candidate for the governorship, were "dumped" in the interest of Johnson and Phelan. It was not a nice transaction. It does not speak well for the loyalty the dignity, or the honor of politics in California as "reformed" under the influences which now dominate our affairs. None the less it sufficed—Mr. Johnson is re-elected governor and Mr. Phelan is elected to the Senate.

Not all these considerations and conditions taken together, even including the trade just mentioned, could have assured Mr. Phelan's success if he had had to face strong opposing candidates. It was his fortune to stand against men in many ways inferior to himself. This condition came about under the new

fashion in political nominations by which strong and positive party figures are at a disadvantage when opposed by trafficking self-seekers and adroit trimmers. If the Republican party had been able to nominate a man like Frank Short, if the Progressive party had been able to nominate a man like Chester Rowell, there might in the final account have been another story to tell. But as it worked out the Republican nomination fell to a man of small calibre, no personal force, no power to arouse enthusiasm or even to set forth effectively the principles and aims of the party. The Progressive candidate was a wild extremist properly discredited on the score of his blustering vulgarity and his obvious lack of all the qualifications essential in the senatorship. If in the place of Knowland and Heney, Mr. Phelan had faced men of another sort—men of heavier guns and longer range—he would almost certainly have failed. By all normal tests California is Republican; it would have gone Republican in this election if there had been a bold and effective candidate. But a man who could not be brought to declare himself upon any controverted issue, a cringing trimmer whose whole plea was that in Congress he had begged for appropriations for California and striven in a losing fight for free tolls at Panama—such a man merely served as a foil to Mr. Phelan.

We see many reasons why Mr. Phelan should carry himself effectively at Washington. He is at once old enough and not too old for judicious and effective work. He has something to gain in the way of esteem at home, and everything to gain in the national sphere. He has a wide acquaintance with men and things and he has the accomplishments and the manners which command personal acceptance. He has the means to sustain any position which he may be able to attain and he ought to be under motives stimulating to a man of intellect and inspiring to a man of ambition. In the immediate situation he has the advantage of an established relationship with the national administration.

We have said that Mr. Phelan has something to gain in the way of esteem at home. It should be added that matters in connection with which he has been criticised—and not without reason—have been incidental to our local and municipal politics. He now moves into a higher sphere, into clearer air. And in the change there is for Mr. Phelan opportunity to amend his political practice and his associations. A senator of the United States, if he rightly understands and values his dignities, must do some things and he may not do other things. No man may at once be a statesman and a ward politician. If Mr. Phelan is to make the most of his opportunities, he must rise with the rise of his fortunes, he must live in the atmosphere of large affairs and stimulating associations—and in none other.

Mr. Phelan got many a vote upon the theory that at Washington he could be "helpful" to California. He himself or those who spoke in his name widely exploited this hopeful prophecy. We trust Mr. Phelan will not resent it if the *Argonaut* ventures to suggest the manner in which he may be helpful. We venture to say to him that a senator whose ideals are limited to "getting things" for his state is at best a poor creature. To get things is to traffic in official appointments, to be both busy and noisy in the grabbing for local appropriations, to keep up a persistent clatter over trivial matters. But there are larger things to be "got" for California. And first and foremost of them all is the exercise of a discreet and forceful influence in the broad policies of the national government. This is the proper business of a senator. A man of parts—and Mr. Phelan is a man of parts—will "get" infinitely more to the advantage of his state by addressing himself to the great problems of government than by maintaining a bureau at Washington for the purveyance of garden seeds, the running of departmental errands, and the ten thousand other trivialities which the importunities of thoughtless persons too often impose upon a willing and subservient senator.

We shall be glad to see Senator Phelan take a position of real dignity and power in the national councils. Making no profession of personal approval or liking, and wishing no favors, the *Argonaut* none the less will be glad to see him make little of the inconsequential privileges of his high office and make much of its large responsibilities. He goes to Washington under circumstances in many ways more favorable for really effective service and to a really important career than any man who has recently preceded him. We are glad

to be able in good faith to wish Mr. Phelan well in his senatorial career.

Looking to Japan.

A report from Peking that "enticing offers" have been made to Japan by agents of the Allies "to induce the Mikado to throw 200,000 of his troops into the European theatre of war" is unofficial and therefore to be taken for what it may be worth. Yet it seems likely. The Allies have money in plenty, but they are shy of soldiers. Of men eager to fight they have more than enough, but it takes something besides numbers of recruits and a militant spirit to make armies.

Outside the lines of the nations now engaged actively in warfare on land there are two available groups of seasoned soldiers. One is in Japan, consisting of some half-million or more of men still of effective military age who saw service in the Japanese-Russian war. The other is in Italy, whose armies recently engaged in the war with Turkey are still under arms. That the Allies should seek by any and every possible means to bring these forces into the conflict is necessarily within the logic of the situation.

In the case of the Japanese protests more or less sentimental have been urged. But such objections are not likely to weigh heavily against the need for augmented forces on the battle line. Nations arrayed in deadly conflict care little for sentimental scruples. They make use of whatever forces may be available, as witness a thousand instances in, which the more advanced or more pretentious nations have drawn to their aid alien and even barbaric forces. In the wars on this continent which preceded the Revolution, and again in the wars which followed, England availed herself of the service of native auxiliaries. Today she is being supported in the war zone of western Europe by troops brought from India and she is in active alliance with Japan in the Pacific. Under these conditions it is practically futile to urge racial considerations against the employment of Japanese troops in Europe. England will make use of whatever forces she may be able to draw from any source. The question lies, not in her consent to use Japanese, but in her ability to get them.

There are obvious reasons why Japan should be open to "enticing offers" from her European ally. Aside from a consuming ambition for "recognition" in the Western world, she is positively identified with the cause of the Allies. Her recent adventure in China makes her a natural object of the enmity of Germany; and if the latter country shall succeed in the present war, it will be only a matter of time when she will seek revenge for Tsing Tau. For good or ill Japan is bound up in her interests with the Allies, and any help she may give them will surely be forthcoming.

The project of transporting 200,000 Japanese to the battle line either of the east or the west is an interesting one. If considered with reference to the eastern theatre of war it involves transportation over eight hundred miles of water to Vladivostok, thence fifty-five hundred miles over a single-track railroad in a Siberian winter, thence over interior Russian routes a thousand miles or more to the actual fighting ground. If the movement should be projected toward the western field of warfare the movement would call for transportation over six thousand miles of ocean to Vancouver, thence something more than three thousand miles by land to some Canadian Atlantic port, thence three thousand miles or more by sea to France or Belgium. Or if by the Panama Canal route, which by existing treaties is available, it would involve an ocean journey of from ten to twelve thousand miles. The only analogous movement in the history of the world was the transport of British troops to South Africa in the Boer war, but the distance traversed was only about half of that in contemplation in the present project.

In carrying the Canadian contingent of 30,000 men to England last month the service of thirty-two transports was required. Applying this ratio to the immediate ease it would take anywhere from two hundred to two hundred and twenty-five ships to do the business. And since the distance to be traversed is four times greater, calling for immensely larger supplies, it would probably take a greater number of ships. The journey from start to finish could hardly be made by so vast a fleet in less than two months. And when to this physical problem there are added the hazards imposed by war, the enterprise becomes colossal beyond precedent. It could be done, of course, and the Allies could

easily find the ships to do it, but that it might be done within reasonable or serviceable limits of time appears doubtful.

Consideration of this proposal carries suggestions significant in connection with a much-discussed project in nowise related to the present war. It emphasizes the difficulties which lie in the path of any nation, either in Europe or in Asia, which might at some future time undertake an offensive movement against the United States. Such a movement could not possibly be carried out with secrecy or with an expedition involving the element of surprise. Long before any considerable hostile force could start either from the eastern shore of the Atlantic or the western shore of the Pacific we should be fully informed and so warned for what was coming with full two months at the least to arrange for its reception. Those who talk glibly of the possibility of invasion of the United States commonly assume the oversea journey on the part of an aggressive force as an easy adventure. They have minimized the multitudinous problems which lie in the path of any movement involving the transportation across wide oceans of an overwhelming military force.

A Handwriting on the Wall.

The prohibition movement has failed in California because it attempted too much. It intruded upon a sphere not properly subject to public regulation, namely, the sphere of private and domestic life. Therefore it arrayed against itself the large element of public sentiment which objects to any scheme permitting some people to meddle in the private affairs of other people. Then it proposed to destroy one of our great basic industries, an industry of traditional legitimacy and of world-wide respect. It went beyond mere abuses, and sought to eradicate the liquor traffic root and branch, allowing for no differences or distinctions between what is harmless and legitimate and what is gross and demoralizing. Common sense joined with economic interest in regarding the proposal as impertinent, whimsical, vicious.

There is a phase of the liquor traffic concerning which pretty much all men are agreed. Apart from criminal interests and criminal sympathies, nobody is a friend of the low saloon. The mischiefs which grow out of this social cesspool are easily traced in communities both large and small. It picks the pocket, corrupts the body, debases the mind of whoever has to do with it. There is no reason why the low saloon should be tolerated, and all reasonable men are of the mind that it ought not to be tolerated. But a movement upon the low saloon ought not either in common sense or in tactical prudence to be so defined as to include those phases of the liquor traffic which are neither harmful nor unworthy. In other words, the multitudes who use liquors or wine harmlessly or helpfully ought not to be penalized by the movement to suppress the low saloon. Limit this movement to the objects against which it may be legitimately aimed, and it will carry California triumphantly as it has other states.

In California and elsewhere the strength of prohibition relates to a very great extent to the vicious activities of those who carry on the liquor traffic. Liquor dealers and brewers have not been content to meet the normal and not illegitimate demand for their merchandise, but have been offensively energetic in working up the business. They have put behind the promotion end of the traffic the aggressive force of large capital. They have leased "corners" adapted to the trade, sought out men calculated for success on the basis of social influence and have set them up in business. They have neglected no chance to develop the trade by promoting the appetite for liquors. They have inaugurated, financed, and in other ways supported movements in our towns and cities to extend the area of the traffic and have lent their support in politics to the end of increasing the number of liquor licenses and in opposition to regulatory proposals. All this has given offense, not only to the extremists, who condemn the liquor traffic in all its phases, good, bad, and indifferent, but to persons of more liberal mind, who view the liquor traffic with a more discriminating judgment. Many of us who on principle voted against an indiscriminate prohibition would have been glad of the opportunity to vote against those phases of the liquor traffic which in the interest of morality and social order ought to be proscribed.

As related to the vicious phases of the liquor traffic

sentiment in California is quite as positive as it is in any of our neighboring states which have voted prohibition up precisely as we have voted it down. Prohibition, reasonably defined, has a profound moral basis, and it is supported by a growing sentiment. There is a handwriting on the wall which all men may read, that prohibition in its regulatory phases is bound to come. Only let those in charge of the movement put before the people of California a scheme that will lock the door of the low saloon, place the traffic in responsible hands, and limit its scope within the bounds of legitimacy, and it will go like wildfire. We venture to say that half of those who voted last week against the radical and intemperate proposals involved in Amendment No. 2 would, if they had had the opportunity, have given their support to a discreetly planned scheme of restriction and regulation.

There is, too, a handwriting on the wall for the agents and promoters of the liquor traffic. They we repeat are largely to blame for some evils which inspire universal disgust; and they have only to thank the extreme proposals of the prohibition movement as it has been developed here in California for the fact that Amendment No. 2 failed. But a time has come when the liquor traffic can not protect itself by aggressive courses. If it would have leave to exist its study must be to conciliate public sentiment by the adoption of moderate and reasonable policies. The one practicable course open for the traffic now is to so reorganize itself, to so modify its methods, that it may not offend common morality and decent public sentiment. The development of the traffic through promotion of the drinking habit will not be tolerated. The mixing of the liquor traffic in politics is another scandal which can not endure. Promotion and defense of the low saloon is an offense against society which society has come to despise and will not long permit. The liquor traffic will have to hold its activities within limits which reasonable men can respect.

If those who control the traffic in California shall continue the policies which they have practiced during the past few years—namely, policies tending to augment and emphasize the evil side of the business—they will further augment the sentiment for prohibition, even in its radical and extravagant phases. Those who opposed prohibition on principle as an invasion of private rights and because of the destruction which it proposed to a great industry, even these will not permanently support a cause which puts them in alliance with an element whose activities menace the moral stability of society. Even those who wish to be conservative, if they shall be forced into radicalism on one side or on the other, will ultimately stand against the liquor traffic rather than with it. Mr. Distiller, Mr. Brewer, Mr. Wine Merchant—every man-jack of you—bear you in mind that if you do not reform your methods of business, the moral forces of California will smash you!

What the Election Means.

The New York Sun thus summarizes the lesson of the election of last week:

The Bull Moose has vamoosed. Mr. Wilson, whose seal and certificate were everywhere relied upon as the prime credentials of Democratic candidates, appears again in his actual position as a minority President. These ineluctable facts stand out to every eye in the election returns. What are the causes of the state of mind in the electorate that the vote of Tuesday reveals?

From the beginning of the war the Sun, in common with most of the rest of the American press, has refrained from partisan strictures, sometimes too well deserved, upon Mr. Wilson. It has shared in the feeling of comprehensive and unselfish patriotism which united Americans. The reflex of the European disaster brought exigencies and responsibilities and necessitated expedients of national scope. Party fences were broken down. A common need required a common effort. The Administration, protected by an artificial and temporary want of opposition, seemed stronger than it was. But if the people and the press were mostly silent, they had their opinions, expressed so vigorously on Tuesday. They have not forgotten that when international relations were most brittle and international questions most momentous, the Secretary of State, inserted into the cabinet and kept there solely for reasons of political expediency, was but a Chautauquan spouter, as ill-equipped as a man well can be for the high and subtle duties of his post. They have not forgotten that the Secretary of the Treasury in the midst of the gravest disturbances of the financial and commercial world was a loquacious and cocksure amateur with an explosive temperament.

These gentlemen might be forgiven; but the tariff, passed like most of the other important legislation of the Long Congress by the personal direction and voice of the President, made lean the pocketbook of North, East, and West, parts of the country not always within the vision of the Democrats at Washington. Factories nailed up, workmen without work; a tariff for a deficit only; on top of the business depression "war" taxes not due to war, the offspring of Democratic extravagance and tariff hanging.

It is the sage babble of the paladins of the only constitutional tariff to sneer at "the empty dinner pail." All the same, it makes a full Republican voting urn at times.

If the North and the East and the West are cold to the

blessings of the new tariff, the whole country, with the possible exception of regions of the South which seek or receive a special aid from the government, is sick of the long, costly war against business. The evil practices, once not so regarded, that grew up in great corporations have been abandoned. The men who carry on, as far as the Federal hushbodies will let them, the industries whose prosperity is vital to that of the nation are eager to comply with the laws. Yet the spirit of persecution still rages against them. Business is still to be boosted by "sending somebody to jail." Remarkable business talent and success are still a crime. Mere malice ordains proceedings for old offenses or suspicion. The energies of the government are still turned to the injury, and not the benefit, of business. In short, the Democratic party has not got over its Populist infection.

Business demands to be let alone, to make money lawfully, to go its way on its own initiative and without the everlasting injection of Federal interference. Politics has been kicking business for years. Business took its revenge by kicking politics last Tuesday. Everybody is ready to do justice to Mr. Wilson's admirable and noble qualities. But the work of Congress is his work. The renaissance of the Republican party proves that that work has not satisfied, has greatly dissatisfied, millions of voters. And they are dissatisfied because they see that with all this fine intention and all these fine words at Washington, it is become harder and not easier to make a living.

Editorial Notes.

We are glad to hear from Mayor Rolph a definite and outspoken declaration against the so-called "street carnivals" which are running a vicious course throughout the city. These "carnivals" are mere clap-trap schemes gotten up by street fakirs and gamblers to the end of promoting a low and unsavory business. They contrive under one pretense or another to enlist the coöperation of local merchants, but invariably they end in disappointment and disgust. They are, as the mayor truly says, illegitimate and demoralizing from every point of view.

San Francisco's answer to the call from Belgium in the name of humanity is characteristic. Upwards of \$100,000 was subscribed in an hour, and the fund thus started rapidly grows. Other sections of the state are giving freely of money and foodstuffs in bulk. In the end it is expected that a relief ship from California to the Belgians will go out through the Golden Gate fully laden. Persons having knowledge of the eastern theatre of the European war suggest that we shall soon be called upon in behalf of innocent sufferers there. This demand, if it shall come, will in its turn be duly heeded.

It is a surprising fact that the German government, through whose policies the impoverishment of Belgium has been brought about, and which now claims the country as an integral part of its empire, should not contrive to relieve the prevailing acute distress. It would seem that the admirable arrangements by which the German army in and beyond Belgium is supplied should be expanded to include the provisioning of a population driven from its homes and bereft of all means of self help. Germany appears anxious to conciliate American judgment. An effective way to do it would be at least to succor the distress among non-combatant populations which the aggressive phases of German strategy have created.

In the preliminary campaign of last spring for party nominations various estimable women, married to various candidates for office, got out upon the political stump and spied in a blithe way. Again in the final campaign just ended there was a further display of wifely devotion on the stump, in meetings of women's clubs, and elsewhere. In no single instance that we can recall was the candidate thus aided successful. In several instances that we might name distinct prejudice was created by the activities of domestic sympathy. Whatever the future may hold for woman in politics, obviously the time has not come when a man may get anything in the way of vital help through the campaign activities of a spelling wife. Somehow there attaches a suggestion of upon strings to a man who appeals for votes through the vociferosity of the nearest and dearest of his domestic connections.

Recent events ought to impress even upon the dull and timid mind of the average politician that in politics as in other spheres positive character is a vital asset. In the late campaign this principle was emphatically made manifest. Governor Johnson, however we may estimate his virtues or his faults, is a positive man. Everybody knows what he stands for. In the campaign he played no tricks of evasion, he dodged no issues. For the things he stood for he stood boldly. Remembering this, observe the returns! Likewise Mr. Phelan stood openly and without apology for the things associated with his party policy. He dodged no

issues. If he stood wrong, at least he had the merit of standing straight. Again, observe the returns! Mr. Knowland, on the other hand, stood for nothing that anybody could put his hand on. His campaign announcement was positive only upon one point—that of his undying devotion to the cause of woman suffrage, an issue which in the evolution of events had ceased to be any issue at all in that it stood as an accomplished fact. On the stump his supreme "point" was that he had in Congress waged a losing war against President Wilson on the canal tolls issue. All the vital issues he dodged. Again, observe the returns! Mr. Fredericks likewise was a man-afraid. He dodged every real issue, slid around every controverted question. Still again, observe the returns!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Note from the War Zone.

We are permitted to print the following private letter to a citizen of San Francisco by a friend (also of San Francisco) residing in Munich:

MUNICH, October 7, 1914.

MY DEAR MR. S.: It was only the end of September that I received yours of August 12th, but since then letters have been pouring in from Switzerland. Two of them looked as though they had been lying in water; they were drenched and had been dried again, but could be deciphered. The clippings met with interest all around—news from the outside world being scarce. I heard there were about \$90,000 in Berlin, sent over for people who had left in haste, not waiting for their orders. People left here in a regular panic and rushed to Holland and England, but got into the worst mess there they ever dreamed of. One friend wrote me not to attempt to come over with mamma, adding "she would simply die" in such a crowd, that had lost its head completely. On the other hand, the steamers from Genoa are very poor and just as crowded, so we will quietly remain where we are for the present.

On the whole, we don't notice much of the war. Although there are now five or six million men in the field there seem to be plenty left, both in town and in the barracks; Germany really seems to have an unlimited supply of soldiers to draw on. They march out to war with songs on their lips and unshaken confidence in their strength and discipline and their just cause, and when they come back they relate heroic deeds with pride and modesty. Fine fellows, most of them, whom we go to visit in the hospitals, taking them food or whatever articles they may be in need of. And they are so grateful for the least little present! It was touching to hear a young fellow with his arm in a sling say, as he refused a pipe and tobacco a lady offered him: "I have no right to accept it because I was not wounded in battle, but was kicked by a horse during the march." They are an honest, upright people, who are dreadfully wronged by the lies French and English papers spread about them. I am glad to hear America's sympathies are at last turned towards Germany, for they are wasted on the Russians, Belgians, and English. For the French even their enemies feel nothing but pity, they simply being pushed into the fight by England. Opinions differ greatly as to the possible duration of the war. Some think it may be ended in spring, others says there's no telling when.

Sincerely, MIMI H. LAYMAN.

Army Sentiment and the War.

NOVEMBER 10, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: In your last number you discuss editorially the attitude of American army officers to this war, and you express the belief that they sympathize with Germany. I believe you are mistaken, and I beg you to inform yourself carefully. I have just been thrown most intimately with three full regiments of our army. At the club of an afternoon, where all met regularly, the war was the great topic of conversation. Amongst all the officers one showed what Robert Louis Stevenson calls "a lukewarm preference" for the Germans, explaining it by saying he came of German stock. Another and a very able man was emphatically pro-German. All the others without exception sympathized with the Allies and hoped they would win. Whenever news of German failures arrived we all poked fun at our pro-German comrade. These officers admired German preparedness, which is a characteristic of their form of government and national ideals; they all admired French skill and gallantry in fighting, which is a characteristic of their race.

Do not imagine, sir, that our army officers have a different standard of morality due to their profession. In this international as in all other matters they are merely American citizens, working at a specialty which no more dims their moral vision than yours or that of other professional men is colored by your trade. American army officers, like other Americans, are against Germany in this war because she has acted dishonorably and brutally. Very respectfully yours,

FAIR PLAY.

The fact that teakwood is coarse-grained, greasy to the touch, and possesses an offensive odor kept it in disrepute with English shipbuilders until 1897, when British shipbuilding and railway interests began to recognize the value of Indian teak. During the next seven years all the shipbuilding countries in the world joined in an ever-increasing demand for this timber until its prices were forced up to a figure much beyond their normal rates. It has practically become the staple of the local wood industry for the greater part of the entire Indian continent. Teak is being freely planted by the Indian Forestry Service in the important civil stations all over India, even as far north as Saharanpur, Dehra Dun, and Lahore.

The British government has purchased 900,000 tons of raw sugar at about \$97.33 per ton, the transaction involving an outlay of about \$87,597,000. The sugar has been purchased in Demerara, Java, Mauritius, and other places. This is by far the largest purchase of sugar which has ever been made. The sugar is to be sold virtually at cost price to the refiners, who by arrangement with the government have agreed to sell the commodity when refined to the dealer at a fixed price based upon the cost of the article, plus a fair profit.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.

The critical news of the day continues to come from Russia rather than from Belgium. The fighting in Belgium and France is more spectacular, but the struggle in the east is actually more vital. Two weeks ago we were suddenly invited to behold a great German army in the vicinity of Warsaw. In deference to what may be called the German myth it was promptly assumed that Warsaw was about to fall into the hands of its enemies and that Russia had been seriously stabbed at a vulnerable point. Then came the tardy recognition that Warsaw was the centre of the long Russian lines that stretched from north to south of her frontier, that Warsaw had been chosen as the mobilization point because it was far removed from the boundary and that the German army was not only expected to come to Warsaw, but was intended to do so. Then came the story of a battle around Warsaw and of a Russian victory. The story came from Russian sources only, and it described a German retreat westward away from Warsaw and in the direction of Posen in Germany. But the reports invited us not to expect too much. The Germans, it said, were undoubtedly in retreat, but there was no knowing how far the retreat would go. They might turn around at any moment and offer effective resistance. It was a curiously conservative bulletin as such things go nowadays.

A few days later came the story of another victory. This time it was in the south. We were told that Jaroslav had been taken, that the Austrian army was in full retreat to the south and was being squeezed up against the Carpathian Mountains. On this occasion we were not warned to reserve our judgments. We were told that it was the greatest success of the Russian campaign and that the road was open to Cracow. At the same time another reference was made to the operations in the centre of the line at Warsaw. The retreating Germans, who might be expected to turn around at any moment, had not done so. They were still pushing on for their own frontier with the Russians still in close pursuit. And although the Berlin reports had made no reference to this grave reverse they practically confirmed it by referring to their army as being in the neighborhood of the River Warta instead of in the neighborhood of Warsaw. Now the River Warta is about seventy miles to the west of Warsaw, and as the Russians said that they had advanced for seventy miles the two reports may be regarded as in agreement and as confirming the fact of the reverse and the retreat.

And now comes a third report from Petrograd with a survey of the situation along the whole line. That line now stretches from Wirballen on the frontier of East Prussia in the far north to the Carpathian Mountains in the south. Before the battle at Warsaw it was a nearly straight line, but the advance of the Russian centre westward from Warsaw has given it a crescent formation. Germany has now been invaded at two points. The Russians have practically reached the frontier in East Prussia, while their cavalry have pierced the German lines at the River Warta and have penetrated into Posen. To the south the Russian left wing has invaded Austria and has attacked Cracow. Last week it was suggested in this column that the Russians might be able to advance at the rate of ten miles a day. Up to the present time the centre, pushing on toward Posen with the retreating German army in front of it, has covered fourteen miles a day. At the moment of writing both armies are still on Russian territory, but the Cossacks, as has been said, are reported to have pierced the German lines ahead of them and to be raiding on German soil. The Russian centre may be described as practically in Germany and headed straight for Berlin, two hundred miles away. That is to say they are nearly as close to Berlin as Von Kluck's army was to Paris at the beginning of the great drive. And Von Kluck advanced at the rate of sixteen miles a day.

Now whether the Russians will push their centre straight on into Posen and toward Berlin remains to be seen. They may decide to halt their centre so as to allow the straightening of the line by the further invasion of East Prussia to the north and Austria to the south. The reports say that Cracow has already been invested, while other reports speak of a Russian reverse on the right flank far to the north in East Prussia. But events in East Prussia are probably negligible so long as there is a sufficient Russian force there to prevent a German attack upon the Russian rear. It is obvious that a German army can not remain on the frontier of East Prussia while the Russian centre is advancing to the west and consequently to the German rear. The great issues lie with the centre in the direction of Posen and the left around Cracow. The centre has a retreating German army in front of it, the army of General von Hindenberg, and the left has a beaten Austrian army before it. The German army is of course a formidable one, and no one can foresee what resistance it may presently make. It has been in no sense routed, and it is undoubtedly making for some definite objective. It is retreating, but it is not running away. It may now be repeated that an unobstructed Russian army situated as the Russian centre is now situated could reach Berlin easily in three weeks. But of course the Russian centre is not unobstructed. A German army lies ahead of it, an army that has been forced into a protracted retreat, but that has not been beaten. So that we must ask first if Russia intends to push straight on to Berlin, and secondly to what extent she can be delayed by the force that is opposing her and that she has already worsted in front of Warsaw. If Russia intends to push straight forward the outlook for Germany is a most discouraging one. The winter is worth a million men to Russia.

But there are vague reports that Russia intends to delay her advance against Germany until she has squared accounts with Turkey. In this connection we may remember profitably that one of the cardinal principles of Russian diplomacy is to secure control of Constantinople and the Dardanelles, and it may be that she now sees an opportunity to do this that may not occur again. But it is hard to believe that she intends to halt all her operations in the north and to concentrate her vast armies upon such a scheme as this. And it may be said furthermore that if these rumors are well founded, if Russia intends to give paramountcy to her attack upon Turkey and to halt her other operations until this has been done, it will mean her practical abandonment of the cause of her allies. And that seems to be unthinkable. At the moment of writing there is no sign of any slackening in her offensive.

The situation in the west shows no distinct change. The German effort to force a way along the sea coast from Ostend to Dunkirk and Calais has been foiled, first by the resistance of the Belgians, secondly by the fire of the French and British warships, and thirdly by the opening of the dykes and the flooding of the ground. Under these conditions the Germans have transferred their attack further south, where they are out of reach of the warships and of the inundations, and so the battle is now raging around Ypres and La Bassée. The battle line in this vicinity is some thirty miles in length, and it is a sharp and constantly changing zig-zag in shape. The German determination to break the line at this point seems unchanged, and we hear of reinforcements constantly arriving, although they seem in the main to be reinforcements of young and old men. Another point of fierce German attacks is at Soissons, where the battle lines are at their closest to Paris. But the lines are now very thin everywhere except at their termination in Belgium, and it is hard to see the reason for this spirited assault upon Soissons. Even should they succeed there could be no attack upon Paris by the comparatively small forces that are upon the spot. Paris may now be said to be beyond the sphere of military operations and very unlikely to reënter them.

Indeed the whole German plan of campaign is mysterious, and there is more than one among the military experts of Europe to say that there is no plan of campaign, and that the Germans, having failed in their first grand project to capture Paris, are hitting more or less blindly at any spot that seems to be a vulnerable one. Their armies are now completely surrounded by the enemy, by the ocean, and by their own frontiers. An advance anywhere into France would be preferable to the intolerable strain of a pure defensive, even if a pure defensive were allowed to them. They must break through somewhere or they must fall back, and perhaps therefore it is a mistake to assume some definite project to account for each move. Any success anywhere along the line would relieve the process of strangulation that any army must feel in hostile territory and without the power to advance. Such an army can draw nothing more from the exhausted country, and everything that it needs, from a howitzer gun to a bootlace, must be sent from home. In the meantime we may note the apparently contradictory reports that the Germans have already begun their move to the rear and also that they are sending large reinforcements to the west. These reports speak positively of considerable bodies of troops that are moving in both directions. The probable explanation is that the veterans are being sent back to the Russian frontier and that the new and raw levies are coming forward into Belgium. There need be no doubt that the Russian situation is giving far more anxiety to Berlin than the Belgian. If the worst should come to the worst the forces in Belgium can always fall back upon their own frontier and find effective refuge and support from the great German fortresses. But there is no such possibility in the east. Either the Russian forces that are now in German territory must be effectively beaten, or at least held, or they will advance toward Berlin. It is quite easy to produce a stalemate in the west, but there can be no stalemate in the east. An invasion of Germany from the west would be almost, although not quite, a military impossibility. An invasion of Germany from the east is already an accomplished fact.

Although the Germans may have now no large-scale plan of campaign in Belgium it is easy to see that the capture of Calais might be turned to good account in an attempted invasion of England, which would follow a successful attempt to destroy the British fleet. There need not be much doubt that the attempt will be made. All the signs point that way. A recent report says that the Germans are building two Zeppelins a day, and while that is no doubt an absurd exaggeration, we may be quite sure that they are building as many as they can. So far the Zeppelins have done practically nothing. No one knows where they are, but they will certainly be in evidence when the German naval authorities deem that the time is ripe for a sortie from Kiel or Wilhelmshaven. The ships will probably come forth escorted by a swarm of submarines under the water, and of Zeppelins over the water, but inasmuch as Zeppelins have never yet been in action since the creation of the world we may reasonably withhold a judgment as to their capacities. But what they may try to do is to throw bombs on the British warships underneath while the warships will be equally assiduous in throwing bombs from their own guns at the Zeppelins overhead. Now it would be a very difficult thing to hit a warship from the height at which these airships would have to fly to secure any reasonable amount of safety for themselves. A warship would be a very tiny target at such a distance. Moreover, it would be a moving target, and the Zeppelin herself would be moving. We may also remember that there is only one spot in the immensity of space at which a Zeppelin would

be effective, and that is the spot directly overhead of her target. At all other places she would be as harmless as a seagull. On the other hand the warship could begin her attack on the Zeppelin the moment she came in sight, and could continue the attack as long as she remained in sight. The Zeppelin would also be exposed to the attack of aeroplanes, who would do their best to ram her. Altogether we may suppose that life on a Zeppelin would not be a happy one. On the other hand, if the Zeppelin were to throw over large numbers of bombs it is extremely probable that some of them would strike and a single bomb might easily destroy a dreadnought.

It is hard to resist the conviction that a sortie of the German navy would be something in the nature of a desperate and last resort. In ships alone they would have to meet a foe of twice their own strength, perhaps three times. They would instantly invite the attack of a fleet of submarines many times more numerous than their own. Their single advantage would be in Zeppelins, and the Zeppelins, besides being an entirely unknown quantity, would be assailed by swarms of aeroplanes as well as by a continuous rifle and artillery fire from the warships. It would be the height of folly to predict the fortunes of such a fight as this, where very much must depend upon winds and waves, but it would certainly be a heroic enterprise, and one that would seem to be almost hopeless. None the less it may be tried.

On the other hand the Zeppelins may be intended for a direct raid upon England. But even here it is hard to understand how such a raid could be profitable. But it could be done. There need be no doubt of that. There is nothing to prevent the attempt from being made at almost any moment. The whole fleet of Zeppelins could probably reach the British coast without the slightest difficulty, and they could make their way to London without any very serious losses. But what then? Let us suppose that they threw several hundred or thousand bombs down upon the city. It would certainly be very uncomfortable, and we may believe that large numbers of people would be killed and injured, and perhaps many buildings destroyed. But once more, what then? Cities have been bombarded by great siege guns and for weeks at a time, while the Zeppelins could remain only for a few hours at most. If they remained at a level low enough to enable them to aim their bombs with any amount of accuracy they would be well within the fire from artillery and they would be subject to the deadly attacks of the aeroplanes. If they rose high enough to escape the artillery and the aeroplanes they would be so high that their aim would be mere guesswork. The balloon of the Zeppelin is made in airtight compartments so that it could be pierced in many places without bringing it to the ground, but no Zeppelin could stand a continuous rifle fire from companies of men. To be rammed by an aeroplane would probably be fatal to both, but it would be easier for the aeroplane to compel the encounter than for the Zeppelin to avoid it. But even if the Zeppelins were to make their raid with impunity and to throw bombs to their heart's content it would not shorten the war by five minutes. It would not have the faintest effect, not even upon that mysterious something that is called morale. If the Zeppelins can destroy warships or forts they will have justified their existence, but if they are intended only to terrify or to drive a civil population to panic they are just about on a par with the dreadful painted pictures of dragons and monsters that the Chinese used to display for the same purpose.

In spite of England's naval losses her strength in warships is now about the same as it was at the beginning of the war. At the outbreak of hostilities there were three big battleships under construction in British yards for the Turkish government. These ships are now practically ready, and of course they have been seized and added to the British navy. They are said to be equal in every way to the best dreadnoughts. On the other hand Turkey has gained two ships, the *Goeben* and *Breslau*, which were sold to the Turks by Germany in order to avoid capture. The *Goeben* is very fast and she is armed with eleven-inch guns and manned and officered entirely by Germans. These ships would, of course, very soon be brought into action if it were practicable for the Allies to send ships into the Black Sea, and while this would be by no means impossible it would be a very risky undertaking in view of the fortifications of the Dardanelles.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 11, 1914.

SIDNEY CORYN.

In this country Brazil nuts are almost as well known as walnuts, yet few know the manner of their growth and the steps taken in their collection and marketing. The tree itself is the most majestic in the valley of the Amazon, where it attains a height ranging from fifty to one hundred feet. Generally several hundred trees are found in a group. The control of the best producing districts long ago passed to private individuals, hence the natives are not free to pick and sell the nuts at will. The Brazil-nut tree does not begin to bear fruit until it attains the age of fifty years or thereabouts, and continues to produce crops intermittently almost forever; at least, trees known to be hundreds of years old have produced crops. The pods in which the nuts are contained drop in November and December. These pods are very hard and weigh several pounds, consequently the trees are studiously avoided during the period in which the pods are dropping, since it would be extremely hazardous for the gatherers to expose themselves to the danger of having the pods fall on them from such a great height. Each pod is at least seven inches in diameter, and is full of nuts. The pod is usually opened with a machete.

MADRE MARIA'S MAGIC.

Carlos, the Torero, Tastes the Fruit of The Charm.

On the very corner of Calle de los Pescaditos Blancos (Street of the Little White Fish), just where it juts into the little Plaza de San Pablo, is the shop of Doña Antonia. It is a clean, tidy little place, and in it you can buy the best cigarettes to be found in all Mexico. Doña Antonia herself waits on her varied customers.

Things were different when Carlos, the torero, was there—good-looking, swaggering Carlos, in his gaudy bullfighter's shirt and tight trousers, with his pig-tailed head surmounted by the flat torero hat—but Carlos has most cruelly been banished. Not that he ever did any work in the shop, the gods of bullfighters forbid! But he at least was always willing to lounge in the door or against the counter, thereby scaring away robbers, and even on some occasions so far unbent his dignity as to serve the chocolate to customers of his own fraternity, while Doña Antonia beamed from afar. For she worshipped Carlos with the adoration that only a fat and homely woman of forty can feel for a young and handsome man.

Ever since bullfighting had gone out in Mexico, three years before, she had waited on Carlos, hand and foot, giving him cheerfully and lovingly from her savings, and working doubly hard in order that he might appear gorgeous on feast days and Sundays. Finally all this magnificence and luxury was taken away from him, through his own fault, and that of Panchita.

Not that Carlos cared for pretty, coquettish Panchita; not a bit of it! Carlos loved no one but his own lazy, good-looking self, and nothing but his own ease and comfort. For Doña Antonia, who furnished him with the good things of life which he so much cared for and appreciated, he had a kindly, fraternal regard; being, moreover, aware of the furious temper which lurked beneath Doña Antonia's good-natured exterior, he had always been careful to avoid entanglements with younger and handsomer women, or, at least, to keep such affairs from her sharp and very suspicious ears.

In the case of Panchita, however, it was a difficult matter, for she was either too careless or too much in love to dissemble. She could not or would not refrain from casting coquettish glances at the bull-fighter, even when Doña Antonia was by, and finally even took to purchasing her thread and needles and other supplies from Doña Antonia's shop, refusing there to be served by any one but Carlos himself.

Naturally this state of affairs could not last for long, and things came to a crisis one day when Doña Antonia overheard Panchita addressing some coquettish remarks to the torero, and, moreover, caught him in the very act of kissing her pretty though needle-worn hands. After which there was a scene, and very nearly battle, murder, and sudden death. Doña Antonia, being a very powerful woman, and, moreover, greatly infuriated, scrupled not to fall upon the luckless couple, tooth and nail. Carlos managed to escape with his life and a blackened eye, while Panchita, at the end of the fray, was minus one tooth and what seemed at first sight to be fully half of her pretty black hair. The noise of the fight naturally attracted attention, and the combatants were finally separated, much the worse for wear, but, nevertheless, still breathing forth defiance and slaughterings. Carlos had most unaccountably disappeared after the first two rounds and could not now be found; pitying neighbors escorted homeward the battered and wailing Panchita, while the equally wailing Doña Antonia barred her shop-door in the very face of gaping customers and locked the kitchen-door upon herself. No, not even that graceless Carlos should enter, if, as was always his custom, he came home penitent and entreating at supper time. For once Carlos should be severely handled and taught sense and decent behavior.

That was at eight o'clock. At nine Carlos had not yet returned; at ten there was still no sign of him, and Doña Antonia was beginning to grow very uneasy. Something must have happened, for no matter what was wrong he always came for his meals. At eleven he was still missing; so at twelve the poor woman put on her *tapalo* and went forth in search of the delinquent.

At the Cantina del Tio Pepe she found him, weeping bitterly in the midst of sympathetic comrades, who reproached the lady for her cruel treatment of poor Carlos. Truly, she had not seen what every one else well knew—that Carlos loved no one but her. "All the world" knew that the shameless Panchita pursued him with her coquetries. Fie upon Doña Antonia to so ill-treat poor, faithful Carlos, who had been driven to drink and threatened suicide through her hardness of heart!

Two comrades carried homeward the incapacitated Carlos, with Doña Antonia weeping remorsefully behind them, and sundry other toreros winking and chuckling in turn behind her back. For while in luck Carlos was as generous a torero as ever lived, and it would not do, for their own sakes, to have Doña Antonia cut off his supplies. And so as the cortege wended its way toward the little shop of Doña Antonia one shameless bullfighter after another poured into her ear tales of poor Carlos's persecution at the hands of Panchita. Well knew the Virgin, they declared solemnly, that Carlos cared for no woman but his own adored Antonia. Had he not sworn it to them many a

time and oft? And was it his fault if infatuated girls would make unwanted love to him?

Nothing is easier to deceive than a woman who wishes to be deceived, and Doña Antonia believed devoutly every word of the waggish toreros. Carlos was put tenderly to bed, the bullfighters feasted gayly on white bread, sardines, garlic, and Spanish wine, while Doña Antonia, with contrite face and reddened eyes, beamed upon them from the door of Carlos's room. They had opened her eyes to the real character of that disgraceful Panchita, whom she had credited time and again on her thread and needles and wool. How foolish a woman she had been not to realize before the devotion of Carlos and the evil behavior of Panchita!

Before the noisy departure of the toreros Doña Antonia's plans for vengeance had been completed. When she went to sleep that night she said several *padre nuestros* before the image of *la Virgen* and promised to burn long and costly candles before her picture every day of the year if certain prayers were granted. And then, wisely believing that God (and also the Virgin) helps those who help themselves, the wily shopkeeper made her plans for an early visit next morning to old Madre Maria, the witch, who would tell her, for a consideration, what she should do with that graceless Panchita.

Madre Maria lived in a small, dark, smelly tenement far out. Here Doña Antonia found her at dawn, and into the sympathetic ear of the shriveled old woman she unfolded her tale of woe, while Madre Maria smoked away steadily at her cigar stub, nodding her white head at intervals as she listened.

Good! Then what the *niña* wanted was a *cosita*—a small charm, that is to say—for the shameless Panchita? Something not dangerous, the *niña* understood; merely a little thing that would, after taking it, cause her to lose any love for Don Carlos? *Aie*, but it would be easy! And only a matter of five days at that; if the *niña* would listen, paying to her *pobre madre* first the small number of eight reales, she would tell her what to do.

Half an hour later, with a wee bottle of black fluid in her pocket, and a thin, black chicken muffled up in her *rebozo*, Doña Antonia spread briskly toward the Street of the Little White Fish. Joy and hope once more shone in her eyes and beamed from her fat, red face, even though the advice and charm of Madre Maria had cost one dollar and eighty cents.

Most assuredly it was old Maria's "day." Hardly was the broad hack of Doña Antonia turned than another client appeared upon the scene, also bespeaking advice and a mild charm that would destroy the love of a rival woman. In the same manner did Madre Maria advise the second applicant—no less a person than Panchita—selling her, in turn, some white fluid and an attenuated white chicken, the mate of the black one sold to Doña Antonia. "Of a truth did the chicken come somewhat high," the old witch had stated to each applicant, "but figure to yourself, *niña mia*, that it is a charmed one, wherein great power lies, and it has, moreover, eaten for weeks only charmed food given it by the hand of your Madre Maria!" As a fact both chickens had been stolen by mendacious Maria in the dark of last night's moon—but no matter!

So Panchita, her mind at ease, and also believing that all of her sorrows were now soon to be ended, hurried joyfully home, with bottle and chicken hidden safely in the depths of her blue *rebozo*. Meanwhile at intervals during that entire day chuckles of hearty and most unwonted mirth issued from the dark room of Madre Maria, who, while not ordinarily a merry personage, seemed mightily amused over something.

Never in his life had the astonished Carlos been more kindly and generously treated than during the next few days. Doña Antonia seemed to think that nothing was good enough for him, and filling his pockets with coins, fairly pushed him into the streets, with injunctions that he enjoy himself with his companions. Had the torero been a suspicious man he might have thought Doña Antonia was engaged in secret pursuits of which she wished him to know nothing. Not being suspicious, however, he hastened to obey her commands and have a joyous time.

As a matter of fact there was nothing evil in the actions of Doña Antonia, once left alone, save that one might have accused her of foolishly pampering and overfeeding a debilitated black chicken, which she had housed in the charcoal-box and fed thrice daily on black zapotes and tortillas made from dark meal. But no one—Carlos least of all—ever saw the chicken.

Now in the great tenement-house just across the street this same chicken-pampering process was secretly being gone through with by pretty Panchita, save that her fowl was fed solely on white zapotes and light-colored tortillas. As in the case of Doña Antonia's chicken, which flourished and day by day waxed fatter and fatter, her white chicken also thrived and grew plump until by the end of the fourth day you would not have recognized either of these "charmed chickens."

On the evening of this same fourth day Doña Antonia arrayed herself in her best purple skirt and black lace mantilla, with the announcement to dumfounded Carlos that she was going to the house of Panchita for the purpose of asking her and her mother to eat the midday meal with them the next day, since it would be a fiesta and Panchita accordingly at leisure.

For many months it had been the custom of good-hearted Doña Antonia to invite Panchita and her blind old mother to her own savory feast-day dinners. In view of last week's quarrel, however, Panchita's mother was even now tearfully lamenting that their dinner would have to be of tortillas and beans. So that, driven to it by her mother's tears and her own urgent desire to break bread with Doña Antonia, Panchita was about to start on a mission of peace, when that person herself appeared, with jovial expressions of sorrow that any misunderstanding had arisen between the two families and her desire that her two good friends should join her next day for the usual fiesta meal. Of a verity they must come. Carlos had promised to go with some companions to the Naucapam bullfight, wherefore she would be all alone and sad if they did not come to eat with her.

Peace was restored in full, and soon Doña Antonia bustled home to prepare for the next day's feast. Poor Carlos was hustled incontinently out of the house, while Doña Antonia, doors and windows carefully shut and locked, proceeded to kill and boil the black chicken, first carefully burying its feathers and bones. All that night the mortal remains of the charmed chicken simmered away in a tiny *olla*. The resultant broth was carefully collected next morning by Doña Antonia, and with the black fluid from the little bottle of Madre Maria was mixed into a very savory soup, flavored with sherry and garnished with aguacates—of which there was only one plateful. Not that any one of the trio had to do without soup, however—far from it. Soup of the very best, also made of chicken, with sherry and tiny bits of garlic flavoring it, was to be served to herself and Panchita's blind mother.

The dinner was a great success, despite the fact that only the three women were present and that the hostess was called away from the table at least four times to speak to customers out in the shop. The first one of these calls gave Panchita her opportunity, for Panchita also had killed a chicken that previous night, and in a small bottle, carried in her pocket, was the hoiled-down result thereof. The door between the dining-room and the shop had been carefully closed by Doña Antonia, so that her guests might not be molested by noises from without—never was there a better chance. In two seconds Panchita had uncorked her hottle and emptied its contents hastily into Doña Antonia's soup. Then, concealing the bottle, she was unconcernedly swallowing her own soup when Doña Antonia returned to the table. Neither of the two women for a moment suspected that they were partaking of charmed soup, made in identically the same manner from the charmed chickens of Madre Maria and warranted to kill the love of any man, woman, or child on the terrestrial globe.

Now few of us place overmuch credence in signs, tokens, and, least of all, charms. For which reason I am loath to tell you the final result of the charms so ingeniously and unsuspectingly exchanged between these two jealous women; still, if you are incredulous, it is not my fault.

That very same night, reaching home and in a somewhat intoxicated condition, poor Carlos tasted the first fruits of the charm. For in spite of all blandishments and words that should have melted even the heart of a stone image, Doña Antonia fell upon the luckless torero and with abuse of the strongest literally smote him hip and thigh, after which she cast him forth into the outer darkness of the Street of the Little White Fish, cruelly bolting the door in his face and announcing that she had now washed her hands of him and his shiftless comrades.

This from the woman who had adored him during three long years; this from the woman who had that very morning given him all her available money and entreated him to come home early. Poor Carlos! For even though he returned several times to tearfully beg for mercy, there was shown him only freezing contempt and coldness, with at last the announcement that his next call would be watched by the gendarme at the corner, for which reason he had best keep away for good and all from the shop of Doña Antonia.

Being, as it were, off with the old love, the hapless torero hethought himself of a new. Was there not pretty Panchita, for whom he had always entertained a fondness? Doubtless even yet she was fretting her heart out over him and his neglect. He would go to her and console her.

How Panchita received him deponent sayeth not; of how she sped him on his departure admiring neighbors in the tenement-house still speak, though of the order of his going Carlos remembers little more than a vision of multitudinous bright stars, and a "hump, bump" that seemingly lasted for centuries, meanwhile his surprised and helpless body hit the steep stairs at the rate of sixty times a minute, with Panchita and the neighbors cheering from above.

The "charm" was complete. Never more was the torero, Carlos Garcia, seen in the Street of the Little White Fish, and never were better friends than Doña Antonia and the girl Panchita, who, strange to say, have never realized just how the thing really occurred, and have, in fact, forgotten all about old Madre Maria and the black and white chickens.

G. CUNYNGHAM TELLY.

A ROYAL QUARREL.

"Piccadilly" Writes About Prince Louis of Battenberg and the Causes of His Fall.

Fast flying rumor is so light-headed in these strange and portentous English days that it was not content with obliterating Prince Louis of Battenberg from the admiralty, but it must needs also have him shot as a traitor by direct order of Lord Kitchener. Now there is no doubt that Lord Kitchener's power to have people shot is both enviable and extensive. In fact it is limited only by the range of the modern rifle, but as a matter of fact Prince Louis was not shot and there is no reason to suppose that Lord Kitchener believed him to be a traitor. Nor does there seem to be any one else who believes such a thing. But there are a great many people who believe that Prince Louis would never have found his way to the head of the British admiralty but for the fact that he was born in the purple, and these same people ask why such tremendous issues should be placed in the hands of a German merely because he happens to be a prince. And it does seem strange, come to think of it. And it seems still stranger when we remember that the alternative to Prince Louis is Lord Fisher, who is one of the best sea fighters England ever produced. So Prince Louis has been quietly shelved and Lord Fisher reigns in his stead. It was this same Lord Fisher who once promised Queen Victoria that at her request he would be exceedingly nice to a certain French admiral, but that under no circumstances could he consent to kiss him. And certainly Lord Fisher is not a kissable man.

The downfall of Prince Louis was not due entirely to his nationality, since a general crusade against German blood might find itself carried to inconveniently lofty altitudes. We have here another case of *cherchez la femme* and of those deadly feminine amenities that not even statecraft can assuage. Princess Henry of Battenberg, who is sister-in-law of Prince Louis, is not exactly pro-German, but she can not for the life of her understand why these little difficulties between nations should be allowed to interrupt the happy concords of family life. She was filled with grieved amazement that there should be any interruption to the domestic relationships between the British and German courts, and that King George should allow such a triviality as a mere vulgar plebeian war to affect his personal relationships with his kinsman in Berlin. And being of this opinion she expressed it, which was bad enough, but she expressed it to Queen Mary, which was worse. Now it is not given to us to know the terms in which the quarrel was waged nor the extent to which royal ladies allow themselves the use of the vernacular for the settlement of their differences. Probably there is a good deal of human nature about, even in courts, but it is generally believed that Queen Mary suggested to Princess Henry that she mobilize her household as soon as possible and execute a strategic retreat into Germany, where it was evident that she had already placed her heart.

Now Queen Mary is doubtless patriotic, although it may be remembered that she was a Princess of Teck, but her dislike of Princess Henry is not exactly a patriotic dislike. It is purely domestic, like all feminine dislikes. Queen Mary, who was then the Princess of Wales, was strongly opposed to the marriage between Princess Henry's daughter and the King of Spain, and she spoke her mind about it—*cela va sans dire*. She disliked the whole business on religious grounds, and when you have a combination in the same woman of domestic and religious prejudices there is likely to be a coolness, if the word coolness should be applied to a temperature that is anything but cool. Moreover, Princess Henry of Battenberg occupies two royal residences that Queen Mary would much like to apply to other purposes. Need one say more?

But Queen Mary has also her personal quarrel with the Kaiser. She simply can not bear him, and this is tantamount to saying that King George can not bear him either. Of course there could be no expression of this dislike during peace, since domestic bickerings between the Lord's anointed would be setting a lamentable example to lesser and unanointed folk. But when the war broke out both King George and Queen Mary began to say things that in ordinary human beings would be considered quite spiteful. King George promptly returned to the Kaiser a whole cargo of jeweled junk that had been bestowed upon him in the form of orders. He said he had no further use for them. But he did something worse than this. He convened a special chapter of the Garter and the Kaiser was solemnly expelled, King George himself signing the expulsion order. No one was ever expelled before, at least not for hundreds of years, and so, all unwittingly, the Kaiser received one more unique distinction. He must go garterless for the rest of his days, which must be quite embarrassing, but he is the only living human being who can show the mark where the garter once was.

Of course this animosity is all personal and domestic. It is just a family quarrel, and it is quite easy to believe that there would be family quarrels where Queen Mary and the Kaiser were brought into personal contact. For one thing they both believe in God, and the Kaiser and his God and Queen Mary and her God are hostile combinations in restraint of trade,

although of course the Sherman act does not run in Europe or Heaven. Then the Kaiser once said something rude about the Tecks when they first settled in England. He said they were poor in spirit and in purse. When Queen Mary became engaged to King George after the death of the Duke of Clarence it was necessary for some inscrutable reason to obtain the sanction of the Kaiser, and he wired: "I welcome the idea, but could not May have mourned for Albert a while longer." There were many other incidents of a like kind, the sort of incidents that a woman never forgets nor forgives. In point of fact the Kaiser has always been regarded as the head of the family, and we all know how we hate the head of the family, especially when he reminds us too often of his status and exacts what he considers to be an appropriate deference. But all this goes to show why Prince Louis of Battenberg was allowed to understand that his room at the admiralty was preferable to his company and that he had ceased to be either useful or ornamental.

LONDON, October 29, 1914. PICCADILLY.

Although the chrysanthemum has reached its highest form of development in Japan, and is still revered as the imperial emblem, it was taken to Japan from China, where it has been cultivated for more than 2000 years. Scientists in the course of investigations have found evidence that it was grown in Egypt practically a thousand years before its mention in China, though the Chinese regard it as a product of the Far East. But it is in Japan where it has been brought to its highest state of cultivation. At the Imperial Chrysanthemum Party given by his majesty the Emperor of Japan in November every year one sees the most marvelous blossoms known to the floriculturist. The number of blossoms from one root is amazing. In one case no less than 700 flowers were seen growing from one plant. The festival of the chrysanthemum dates back to the Heian era, when the great ones of the empire used to call at the imperial palace and drink to the health of the imperial house from sake cups in which floated petals of the beautiful flower. The Japanese are also extremely clever at disposing the flowers so as to produce tableaux representing scenes from old plays or from history, the roots being skillfully hidden and the blossoms made to grow in such a manner as to bring out all the colors and forms of a picture from their own natural colors alone. One sees warships in action, with the commanders in position, the sea breaking in a white foam of bloom all round. After the Russo-Japanese war a tribute to the enemy was produced in the shape of a figure of the famous Admiral Makaroff, the officer standing, sword in hand, on the bridge of his sinking ship, the engulfing waves white-crested with blossoms sprinkled with red ones. It was introduced into England about 125 years ago, and was then known as the "golden flower" or "chrysanthemum." In England today its popularity ranks second to none except perhaps the rose as a universal favorite. Long after the majority of summer flowers have withered and gone the chrysanthemum flourishes in ravishing beauty through the autumn and even into the chill days of winter. Its exquisite form and wide range of color causes it to be as much a favorite for decorative purposes as it is in Japan.

The great rock salt mines of Hungary are among the wonders of the world, for the illimitable deposit of practically pure salt enables the workmen to cut it out in heavy blocks, much as marble is quarried, after which it is loaded on trucks and sent to the mills for grinding. Rock salt, it may be said, constitutes the world's principal supply of refined salt, and the Hungarian mines furnish a considerable portion of this commercial necessity. Underground passages of considerable width, resembling streets, have been cut at regular intervals, and the whole is well lighted. In one of the mines near the Roumanian boundary a large chamber, with benches and seats, has been cut, where occasional gatherings are held, and perhaps in honor of this fact it is known as the "ballroom." Here the colorings are beautiful, the walls of the cavern or hall partaking of the many shades of rare marble and color-grained onyx.

At Lakeside, Utah, the mountain is gradually being cut away and dumped into Great Salt Lake to extend the solid fill of the Southern Pacific Company's Lucin cut-off. The work was begun in 1901. Since 1905 over 1,125,000 cubic yards of rock and limestone formation have been put in place at a cost of over \$2,000,000. The solid fill is now over twenty miles long, and in some places has a depth of thirty-five feet. An interesting feature of the work is the discovery that piles that have been "pickled" in the lake show no signs of decay, the salt of the water having acted as an excellent preservative.

Between England and Scotland stand the ruins of the old Roman wall, known as the Devil's Wall, owing to the belief of the peasantry that, on account of the firmness of the mortar and the imperishability of the stones, Satan had a hand in its construction.

The Panama Canal officials now operate three hotels, one being fourteen miles out in the Pacific.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Davilmor Theodor, leader of the recent successful revolution against the administration of President Zamora, has been elected president of the Haitian Republic by Congress.

Dr. Joseph S. Halstead, once Henry Clay's physician, is still active and in good health at the age of ninety-six years. He still takes much interest in civic and political affairs.

Eulalio Gutierrez, chosen by the Aguas Calientes conference for the position of provisional president of Mexico, has been provisional governor of the State of San Luis since the beginning of the constitutional revolution. He comes of the lower middle classes. Before he became a revolutionist he was a grocer.

George E. Roberts, who has resigned as director of the United States mint at Washington, will return to the banking business, which he left in 1910 to become director of the mint for the second time. His first service in that office was from 1898 to 1907. He left to become president of the Commercial National Bank of Chicago.

General von Massow, commanding the Ninth German Army Corps, has lived a life of unusual interest, for in his younger years he was a member of Mosby's guerilla band in the Civil War. He came to this country in 1863, a young Prussian lieutenant of cavalry seeking adventure, and enlisted under Mosby. He was shot through the lungs in 1864, and eventually returned home to resume his army career.

Bishop Evdokim Eudokimos, appointed by the Czar of Russia as Archbishop of North America of the Orthodox Eastern Church, is one of Russia's best-known churchmen, and a man of great force of character. He will succeed Archbishop Platon, who was recalled last spring and made archbishop of the ancient diocese of Kishenev. At present Mgr. Eudokimos is suffragan to the Bishop of Thua, Russia. He will not come to this country until the war is ended.

George E. Vincent, whom the Association of American Universities at its recent conference elected president, is president of the University of Minnesota. He is a native of Illinois, a graduate of Yale University, and has degrees from other prominent institutions. He was the editor of the *Chautauqua Press* in 1886, and for the last sixteen years has been vice-principal of the Chautauqua system. Several books, including "Social Mind and Education," have come from his pen.

Henry P. Fletcher, recently appointed as the first ambassador of this country to Chile, has been minister to Chile since 1909. He was born in Pennsylvania and is a lawyer by profession. He entered the diplomatic service as second secretary of the legation at Havana in 1902 and was transferred to Peking the following year. In 1905 he was made first secretary of the legation at Lisbon, and two years later was again sent to Peking, this time as first secretary. After two years of service at that post he was honored with the position of envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Chile.

Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Jex-Blake Percival, son of the Bishop of Hereford, England, has been decorated with the Legion of Honor. He entered the army in 1892, and has had a distinguished career. He was in the Soudan War of 1898, for which he received a British medal and the Khedive's medal and clasp. During the South African campaign of 1899-1902 he took part in the advance on Kimberley, and was awarded the Distinguished Service Order, besides receiving the Queen's medal and four clasps and the King's medal and two clasps. From 1905 to 1906 he was again in the Soudan under Lord Kitchener.

A. A. Balakshin, a Russian, is at the head of the greatest farmers' union in the world, a most remarkable organization composed of the Russian peasantry covering a vast stretch of fertile land from the Ural Mountains to the confines of Mongolia. The chief industry is butter-making, and almost the entire output has found ready market in England. M. Balakshin assumed the task of organizing the farmers some years ago, and has succeeded to an extent not dreamed of at the beginning. He is regarded with loving reverence by the 300,000 souls to whose well-being he has devoted his life, and by whom he is affectionately spoken of as "the little grandfather."

Richard E. Miller, whose painting, "Nude," recently won the Potter Palmer gold medal at the annual exhibition of American oil painting and sculpture at the Chicago Art Institute, and which has since been barred from the mails, is an artist of international reputation. He was born in St. Louis, but finished his art studies in Paris. His first picture exhibited in Paris was awarded the Salon gold medal in 1901. In 1904 he was awarded the second gold medal at the Salon. At Liège, Belgium, he also received a medal. The French government has since purchased his Salon pictures for the Luxembourg galleries. In addition to being represented in various galleries in this country and in Paris, his work is also to be seen in Florence and Venice, Italy. He is a member of American and international art societies, and is a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

ON THE TRACK OF THE GREAT.

Auhrey Stanhope Writes Some of His Recollections as a Special Correspondent.

Mr. Aubrey Stanhope succumbs to the solicitations of distinguished persons and writes a volume of his recollections as a special correspondent. He tells us something of his early days as a clerk in the Bank of England—he admits that he was not a good clerk—and so brings us quickly to the day of his arrival in New York and the beginning of six months of vain effort to secure work. Eventually he was engaged as a reporter by the *Evening Telegram*, and he was just on the point of a decision that seven dollars a week could not be considered as a living wage when he attracted the attention of John P. Jackson of the *Herald* and may be said to have begun his career at that moment. He tells us of his relations with James Gordon Bennett, his appointment as special London correspondent of the *Herald*, and of a hundred interesting events in which he was concerned. He went to Greece to represent his newspaper at the wedding of King Constantine to Princess Sophie of Hohenzollern, the sister of the Kaiser, who had then only just ascended the throne upon the death of his father:

King Edward was then but Prince of Wales. The Kaiser, full of bumptiousness, made all the talking, and found the greatest pleasure in continually bantering at the expense of his uncle. This annoyed the British heir to the throne immensely. For, as all who knew him as I did are aware, that whereas he was very fond of making fun at the expense of others—a trait which appears common amongst nearly all the crowned heads and royalties I have met—he was particularly sensitive to any kind of liberty taken with himself. But that did not appear to have any weight with Wilhelm the Second, who, brimming over with spirits and vitality, kept his uncle on tenterhooks by chaffing him nearly all the time.

We have some amusing stories of other royalties, and among them of King George of Greece, who seems to have had some shrewd commercial instincts:

"And what do you do in Athens to pass your time?" asked King George.

"Your majesty," I answered, as I knew all about his private life, "I do much the same as yourself. We have about like habits."

"In what way?"

"Well, your majesty, I, like yourself, take long walks, and an evening drink good red wine. But your majesty drinks excellent port which is sent you from Copenhagen, and I drink Greek claret."

"You seem to know a good deal about my habits, Mr. Stanhope. As I am a wine-grower myself, it interests me to know what Greek red wine you drink."

I used to invite a number of friends to a neighboring café each evening, and there a considerable number of bottles disappeared at each sitting.

"I have earned the reputation of being the greatest consumer of red wine in Athens, and I drink only Tatoi wine of your majesty's make," I replied.

The next morning I was invited to call at the Foreign Office. There the minister informed me, smilingly, that the king had been very pleased with the audience I had had with him the day before, and that his majesty had expressed the gracious desire to confer upon me the decoration of St. Saviour.

It was my turn to smile. King George had the well-earned reputation of being a keen business man.

As soon as the royal wedding was over the author was sent post haste to Lisbon to meet the Emperor of Brazil, who had just been expelled from his country. Passing through Madrid he had an experience of Spanish hospitality and generosity and also a lesson in reciprocity:

On returning to my hotel after my first round of visits in Madrid, I was met by a friend, Mr. Dwight T. Reed, an expatriate, then in charge of the New York Life Insurance Company's business. He asked me what had impressed me most amongst the Spaniards. I replied, their extraordinary generosity and hospitality.

I noticed him raise his eyebrows in amazement. I then explained to him that in almost every house I had visited, and where I had admired a picture, a piece of furniture, and so on, the owner had at once expressed a desire to make me a present of the article. That, indeed, one whose house I had admired had offered to give me the mansion as it stood, an excess of generosity which quite took my breath away. And, I concluded, every single one of them asked me to dine.

"And, of course, you refused?"

"Not a bit of it. I accepted all; why not?"

"It only shows that you do not know anything about the habits of the country. All those proposed gifts, all those invitations to dinner, are purely forms of speech which you are not intended to take seriously. According to Spanish ideas you have been strangely lacking in manners. Just as you declined to take the house and the valuable pictures offered you, so also you must sit down and excuse yourself from dinners which it was never meant you should accept." And knowing my friend as one who had lived in Spain the greater part of his life, and married to a Spanish lady, I did as he said.

This story was subsequently capped by Commander Raymond Rogers, whom the author met at Homberg and who had been naval attaché in Madrid:

"What happened to me," he said, "was this. I had a good friend, and we used to go out walks together around Madrid. He was a Spaniard. One day he pulled out a very ancient-looking watch, which I admired.

"You like it?" he said.

"I think it's a beauty. I would like to have one like it!"

"Then it's yours!" he replied effusively, and insisted upon my accepting it.

"I pondered over the incident, and feeling very guilty, I took the opportunity, at the next walk, to bring out a fine watch I had, and show it. 'A lovely thing!' he exclaimed.

"It's yours!" I said, handing it him, and he took it with thanks. I was sorry to lose it, because it was a family heirloom. But how could I do otherwise? But when I got home I found that his watch, which I was quite sure I had had in my pocket, had also disappeared."

At that time the streets of Madrid were infested with pick-

pockets. Their mode of operation was to shove up against a passer-by and apologize profusely. Later on the owner of the watch would find it missing.

Mr. Stanhope was given a particularly disagreeable and indefensible mission by the *Herald*. This was to interview Henry M. Stanley and to ask him whether the reports circulated in America as to his unhappy marital relations were true:

In those times there was no railroad up the mountain, and the journey had to be accomplished on donkey-back, and was very rough. On arrival at the top I found Stanley and his party at luncheon, so waited a little. When the great explorer heard of the nature of my mission, he, as I had expected, got exceedingly angry, and asked how I dared come and ask him such a question. I let him rage a while, and then said to him quite quietly, "Suppose you go and ask the women what they say about it. They instinctively know what is best to do in such matters."

"Yes," he said; "perhaps you are right." And with that he went into the next room, where his wife and sister, Mrs. Meyers, were. They consulted, and then Stanley came back and said, "We deny the whole statement as utterly false."

"You must give it me in handwriting," I said, "otherwise it may not be believed."

Another family consultation, and in a little while Stanley returned with a signed paper, written by himself in a firm, small, upright handwriting, and which read as follows:

"The report published in America, concerning myself and wife, about a separation and domestic infidelity in my married life, is absolutely false and without any foundation whatever. I have no hesitation in saying that each day of our married life has been one of pure content and unalloyed happiness.—Henry M. Stanley."

The author succeeded also in getting a similar letter from Mrs. Stanley, a double triumph alike for his discretion and his tact.

Mr. Stanhope was much in contact with King Edward, then Prince of Wales, at Homberg, and he tells us an amusing incident in connection with the "Dutch treat" which, it seems, was introduced by the prince himself:

The prince was the first to introduce the system known originally as the "Dutch treat," but which afterwards changed into the "Homberg lunch." For those who do not understand what that means, it is simply that a party would be organized for a meal, generally a luncheon, and each one paid his share. A few "Homberg dinners" were also given, but they were less common. Some people like it, others thought it did away with the general sentiment of hospitality.

Anyhow, the "Homberg lunch" had its disadvantages. One day, for instance, the prince had organized one such at his favorite corner of Ritter's terrace, and to it were invited some thirty or so of guests. Most of them, as you might expect, were people of ample means, who did not care what they spent, and could afford expensive luxuries.

But amongst those who sat down was a well-known subsidiary foreign service messenger, who was then getting the generous salary of some sixty or so of English pounds sterling per annum. To him it was a mighty important matter, finding it was to be a "Homberg lunch," to make his account at the end of the luncheon as small as possible. Accordingly he ordered sparingly and of the cheapest. At the termination of the meal, when the waiters were about to make out the bills, judge the dismay of the subsidiary messenger at hearing the prince say, "No use making out so many bills, just give us a general total and we will each pay our share."

And there was the necessarily thrifty messenger suddenly and unexpectedly have to average up the cost of his meagre lunch with a whole lot of people to whom money was of no consequence, and paid accordingly and as though he had fed luxuriously.

The prince led a strenuous life at Homberg, carrying out the régime to the letter and making himself popular by his good temper and enjoyment of everything:

The one particular person who amused him most was that dear old Irishman "Billy" Russell, whose fund of spontaneous and original wit made of him one of the most agreeable companions it would be possible for any one to know.

"Billy" Russell's strong Irish accent added very much to heighten the comical effect of the stories he told, and he always had one ready for every occasion.

One day we were lunching together, and I hewed the constant mistakes made in newspaper offices with copy sent in, which very often made the correspondent appear highly ridiculous.

"Ah me bhoys," he said; "what I suffered in India when I went there with de Prince of Wales was awful, a-w-f-u-l!"

"Billy" had been specially commissioned by the London Times to accompany the prince on his trip to India.

"Whenever mail day came round, I used to go up country to get out of the way. There was sure to be some terrible mistake. On one such day I had returned of an evening and was just sinking in by the back door to escape observation, when an equerry caught sight of me and said, 'Billy, the prince wants to see you the moment ye come in; he's awful angry.'"

"So I had to go. And when I entered his presence he looked so angry that I trembled. And he held the Times in his hand and shook it at me and said, 'Billy, you rascal, what is the meaning of this?' And there I read: 'The prince was drunk as usual last night.' And of course I had never sent any such thing. I had cabled, 'The health of the prince was drunk as usual last night.' And the princess, she telegraphed: 'Billy, even if it were true, you shouldn't have said so.'"

As is often the case with the great ones of the earth King Edward was superstitious and allowed himself to be influenced by fortune-tellers and soothsayers:

Maybe it is not generally known that for many years King Edward had the firmest conviction that he would not succeed to the throne, and that Queen Victoria would outlive him. This was entirely owing to superstition, with which he was very fairly imbued. He had been taken by Miss Margie Chandos Pole, a great favorite of his, on account of her remarkable beauty and brightness, up to see a strange old woman at Homberg, a Wahrsagerin, what the French call a clairvoyante, and in English a fortune-teller. This aged and uncouth-looking person had made a deep impression upon his royal highness by some very remarkable and accurate statements she made him concerning things which he had supposed were only known to himself. And she assured the prince that on his horoscope, and the position of the stars at the time of his birth, it was clearly written that he never would live to inherit a great position which would have been his by right. To my knowledge that prediction for some years weighed seriously with his royal highness, so far that it made him

live a quite different life to that which he would have done had he felt assured of the succession.

Mr. Stanhope tells us of a remarkable message to America given to him by M. de Plehwe of Russia with reference to the Russian Jews and the sympathy with their plight evoked in America:

M. de Plehwe once gave me an extraordinary message to convey to the United States. It was in the course of an interview, during which I had broached the subject of the indignation existing in America regarding the treatment of the Jews in Russia. After going at length into the causes which made the segregation of the Jews a necessity in Russia, he said, "Out of the ten millions of Jews inhabiting the world, some half of the number live in Russia. The Americans are constantly making a fuss about our treatment of the Jews. Why we act towards them as we do, I have told you. It is necessary, owing to the conditions existing in our country. But I will make the following proposition to the United States, namely, if the government of that country has all the sympathy it professes for the Jews of Russia, that I, in the name of my country, am prepared to pay the voyage of every Jew in Russia to the United States, in case America will take them. We certainly would gladly be rid of them."

We have a horrible account of the great catastrophe at the coronation of the Czar. The bodies were placed in the centre of the square formed by the booths and under a sweltering sun. There were some three thousand corpses lying there:

Never shall I forget that awful odor of stale beer, leather, and corpses all mixed up together, and all under the heat of a burning sun.

And those unfortunate bodies, having been squashed well-nigh to a pulp, began to decompose with visible rapidity. Those poor faces swelled to twice their natural size. Tongues bulged forth from their mouths, forced out by the pressure which killed their owners. So the same with eyes, in most cases forced from their sockets, features in almost all cases terribly distorted, as of those who have died in intense agony and fierce struggle. Many with scalps completely gone, arising from cases in which the long-haired Moudjik had been clutched by the despairing hand of another in the grip of death. The victims were also bitten and scratched in the most terrible manner. Later I went over the ground with General Prince Belloselski Belloserski, and we counted scores of scalps lying about.

Another curious story relates to the war between Russia and Japan, and helps us to understand the value of diplomatic assurances and the sources from which contemporary history is written:

I remember once, being at that time correspondent in Petersburg, and being on very friendly terms with Marquis Nishi, the Japanese minister, and one day, after I had communicated to that diplomat some news of special interest to his country, he said, "I know I can trust you to keep silent. In eight years' time Japan will make war upon Russia!"

My astonishment was immense. "What!" I said, "Japan make war on Russia!"

"Yes," he replied, "inevitably. And you will see, that when it takes place, Russia will be found utterly unprepared."

Eight years later I was again in Petersburg. This time the Japanese minister was M. Kurino. "There is going to be no war," he assured me.

"There is going to be war, your excellency!"

M. Kurino gave a quick, sharp look. He had just returned from the Foreign Office, where he had assured Count Lamsdorff that Japan had no warlike intentions.

"What makes you say that?"

"Because Marquis Nishi told me, eight years ago, that Japan would make war on Russia in eight years' time!"

"It was told you in confidence—keep it as such," he replied.

At that moment Marquis Nishi was in Tokyo, and formed part of the ministry which was organizing the details of the sudden attack upon Russia which occurred a few days later. And, as Nishi had said, Japan found Russia quite unprepared.

A concluding incident relates to the Kaiser. The author tells us that he has never sought an interview with him, but he once exchanged some words with him:

One afternoon I had come aboard a friend's yacht from Kiel to Eckenförde. I had landed to take a walk. The water there is very shallow, and a narrow plank jetty is built, extending many hundreds of yards out into the bay, for the convenience of those wishing to land from rowboats. I had gone about half length towards the water when, of a sudden, I looked up and saw the emperor, in plain serge yachting suit, coming along within a few yards. As he came up to me, his imperial majesty stopped, drew himself up, saluted, and said in German, "Good-day!"

Not knowing exactly what to do, I suddenly had the happy thought, "When amongst the Germans, do as the Germans do!" Now, when a German salutes you, he gives his name, and etiquette makes it incumbent upon you to give yours.

Kaiser Wilhelm, I thought, might easily think the salute enough, counting upon it that I knew his name.

So I just said, "Your majesty, my name is Stanhope."

The Kaiser, who appeared in a hurry, replied quickly, "Good-afternoon, Mr. Stanhope, I hope you are enjoying yourself!" And with that he passed on. This small incident struck me as a most courteous example of spontaneous good nature on the part of the German emperor.

Mr. Stanhope asks the reader if he would like to be a special correspondent. That, he says, is the question before the house. Those who are in favor say "Ay"; those who are of the contrary opinion say "No." And Mr. Stanhope thinks that the "Noes" have it. But after reading his delightful book we are not so sure of this.

ON THE TRACK OF THE GREAT. By Aubrey Stanhope. New York: John Lane Company; \$2.50 net.

Undertaking to breed roosters with but one aim in view, that of lengthening the tail feathers, the natives of the Island of Shikoku, Japan, have produced, after a hundred years of patient efforts, some marvelous results. It is of record that tail feathers eighteen feet in length are to be seen on the island.

A modern rifle can kill an aviator at 3000 feet and disable him at 6000.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The River.

The revolt of the Colorado River and its final conquest is already an old story in the annals of the engineer. Now at last the story has found its way into fiction, and we are inclined to wonder that it has been so long upon the road. It is a good story, both as history and as romance. It is one of those stories that only America can produce, a story of nature in her most titanic moods shackled and fettered by human skill. There are very few engineering feats in the annals of the world to compare with the closing of the break in the Colorado River banks and the saving of the Imperial Valley from inundation.

The author tells her story with notable success and skill. With the insurgent river for a background she shows us something of what life in the Imperial Valley means, and she seems to do it with careful accuracy and without genuflections to the promoter. She tells us something about arid regions and of the treasures that they hide, and if she has also something to say about the wind and the desert dust it is only as parts of a picture that we feel to be a true one. The would-be settler who has some thoughts of "going in" might do worse than read this novel, and if it is not wholly *couleur de rose* it is because accuracy has been allowed to assert its legitimate claims.

The hero of the story is K. C. Rickard, a young engineer who comes to Tucson on the invitation of the Overland Pacific, and without knowing the nature of the job assigned to him. This is explained to him by Marshall, who is "the controlling hand in Arizona politics; the maker of governors, the arbiter of big corporations":

"His eyes followed the shutting of the door, then turned square upon Rickard. 'I need you. It's a hell of a mess.'"

The engineer wanted to know what kind of a "mess" it was.

"That river. It's running away from them. It's always going to run away from them. I'm going to send you down to stop it."

"The Colorado," exclaimed Rickard. It was no hose to be turned, simply, off from a garden bed.

"Of course you've been following it? It's one of the biggest things that's happened in this part of the world. Too big for the men who have been trying to swing it. You've followed it?"

Then Rickard finds that Hardin, the man whom he is to supplant, is an old acquaintance, in fact the man who married the girl with whom Rickard himself was once in love and with whom he is to find that he is still in love, and she with him. It is a capital stage and well set in every way with the rival engineers, the wife who has chosen wrongly and who would remedy one disaster by another, and the great river with its elemental riot and turbulence.

Mrs. Aiken shows an enviable combination of capacities as a novelist. She knows her ground, she is on terms of intimate familiarity with her characters, and she has a well-sustained sense of proportion and value. She has written a pioneer novel of the Imperial Valley and she must have abundant material for others. Assuredly we shall watch for them.

It may be said appropriately that this novel should carry with it some special appeal to Californians, not only because it is a good novel and a California novel, but because it is the work of the widow of the late Charles E. Aiken, editor of *Sunset*, whose untimely death was a loss to the literature of the state and to the state itself.

THE RIVER. By Ednah Aiken. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.35 net.

Railway Misrule.

The author might have been well advised to import a little more suavity into the title of a book that is intended as a plea for very radical changes in the governmental system of the country. The plea is neither for private nor for government ownership, but rather for a method whereby the advantages of the government's superior credit could be secured as a basis for low rate-making and at the same time retain those advantages that arise from the expectation of individual profits. The plan is referred to as "compulsory unification with a controlling government interest." No doubt the suggestion will take its proper place in the debates of the day, and it may at last be said that the author gives to it a clear and adequate presentation.

RAILWAY MISRULE. By Edward Dudley Kenna. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Two of the best boy scout books that have so far been written are by Marshall Jenkins, the ex-scout master. They are "The Doings of Troop Five" and "Troop Five at Camp." They are published by D. Appleton & Co.

James Stephens's new book, published October 30 by the Macmillan Company, is entitled "The Demi-Gods." To define it is almost impossible. It is remarkably written with all the power of delineation, the delicate

humor and keen insight into human nature that distinguished "The Crock of Gold" and "Here Are Ladies." The demi-gods are three angels who come to earth and are for a period the close companions of one Patsy McCann and his daughter Mary. These are a pair of Irish tramps who, with donkey and cart, travel up and down the country in happy, careless fashion, engrossed only with one occupation, that of "a hunt for food."

A most alluring appetizing "giftie" hook has just been published by Paul Elder & Co. under the title of "Midnight Feasts." It is a practical cook book of delicious possibilities—two hundred and two recipes for salads and chafing-dish concoctions, presenting almost innumerable suggestions of correct combinations for late suppers, each one guaranteed against the after effects that might bring doleful repentance. It is a dainty volume, illuminated throughout in bright blue, with a mounted frontispiece picturing "a happy time." It is compiled by May E. Southworth.

"California, An Intimate History," by Gertrude Atherton, has just been published by the Harpers. Mrs. Atherton, herself California-born, describes the varied history of the state from its earliest geological beginnings down to the California of 1915, with its building of the missions, the gay and romantic era of the Spaniards before the Americans came, the discovery of gold, the San Francisco of the early 'fifties and later, and its political drama. There are many light touches of social life, scenery, and personal reminiscences scattered throughout the book.

On October 31 E. P. Dutton & Co. published "The German Enigma," by Georges Bourhon, and Vance Thompson's "The Ego Book." On Tuesday, November 3, this company published "The Awakening," by Henry Bordeaux, translated from the ninety-fifth French edition by Ruth Helen Davis. Frederick W. Whitridge's "One American's Opinion of the War" is now ready. Announced for early publication by this firm is a new cook book by Maria McIlvaine Gillmore, entitled "Meatless Cookery."

The George H. Doran Company is announcing for immediate publication several important additions to their already extensive list of timely books on the great war. The new books include "The British Army from Within," by E. Charles Vivian, the novelist, author of "Divided Ways," who formerly served in that army; "The French Army from Within," by an ex-soldier of France; "France and the Next War," by Commandant J. Colin, which is at once an answer to Bernhardi's "Germany and the Next War," and a frank account of France's long preparations; and "Jena or Sedan?" (i. e., French victory or German?), by Franz Beyerlein.

That cheese deserves a larger place in the daily bill of fare is the theory of Maria McIlvaine Gillmore, whose "Meatless Cookery" (Dutton) brings vegetarianism within the reach of many to whom it has hitherto seemed impracticable. "In Jonson's time," says Mrs. Gillmore, "cheese was used as we use meat now, for the principal dish of the meal, but it has come to be used as a relish or side dish. And when nature rebels against a hearty meal of proteins with cheese added, we say complacently that it was the cheese that caused the trouble, and relegate it to the list of indigestibles."

Professor Roland G. Usher's "Pan-Germanism" is in its thirteenth printing. Few books can claim such a unique record as this. Published almost two years ago, it attracted no more attention than dozens of other books, and more than one reviewer inclined to think it overdrawn, hardly to be regarded seriously. It is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

"Amazing Grace," the latest production from the pen of Kate Trimble Sharber, the popular Southern novelist, is fiction out of whole cloth, with entertainment as its ultimate purpose, and that alone. It does not burden the reader's capacity, nor tax his imagination. The heroine is vivacious, interesting, utterly pleasing, and sympathetic, and the "supporting company" gathered about her consists of quite a group of cleverly depicted characters, each with a part to play. The setting is in the South; the plot holds the interest. It is published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

One of the most popular works that Jacob Riis ever wrote was "How the Other Half Lives." Commended for the simplicity with which it was told, a simplicity which at once marked it as real literature, it was equally valuable as a picture of real life. A new book which follows much the line of that earlier volume is "Neighbors," the manuscript of which Mr. Riis completed just before his death. It is a collection of little human-interest stories in which are reflected the laughter and tears of those who make up the great undercurrent of every big city. The book is published by the Macmillan Company.

Books published by the Houghton Mifflin Company on October 31 include the following: A dramatic version of "The Birds'

Christmas Carol," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; "The Abolition of Poverty," by Jacob H. Hollander; "The Doers," by W. J. Hopkins; "Meditations on Votes for Women," by Samuel McChord Crothers; "Byways in Bookland," by Walter A. Mursell; "The Judicial Veto," by Horace A. Davis; "Is Conscience an Emotion?" by Hastings Rashdall; "The Boys' Book of Battles," a collection of famous battle stories compiled from the literature of all countries and ages; and a limited edition of "Hans Breitmann's Ballads," by Charles Godfrey Leland, with an introduction by Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

"Of all modern inventions that help the soldier, barbed wire may be said to be one of the most useful, and no army will ever again take the field without wagon-loads of it. No position will ever be entrenched unless the foreground bristles with barbed-wire entanglements, and even outposts in camp, when on the line of march, will never let the sun set without first surrounding the post with a few strands of wire. The wire is almost invisible in daylight, and at night it is impossible to know where to expect it. A few old tin cans hung on the wire serve the purpose of an alarm, warning the defenders of the presence of an enemy, and once a soldier has the misfortune to step, even with one foot, in a barbed-wire entanglement, his fate is certain."—From "The Wonder Book of Soldiers," published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce new editions in handsome leather binding of "Bob, Son of Battle," by Alfred Ollivant, illustrated; "The Best Stories in the World," by Thomas L. Masson, boxed; "A Journey to Nature," by J. P. Mowbray, boxed; "Songs of Nature," by John Burroughs.

"What Germany Wants" is the title of a much-needed book to be published immediately by Little, Brown & Co. of Boston. The author is Dr. Edmund von Mach, an American and a graduate of Harvard, though of Prussian birth and, in the main, of Prussian training, a resident of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and well known both by his writings and by his former presidency of the "Bostoner Deutsche Gesellschaft." Dr. von Mach writes in a non-controversial spirit in an attempt to answer the one question on every American lip, "What does Germany want?" His object is to put at the command of the reader a short, handy, and clear-cut statement of Germany's position up to and preceding the outbreak of

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the war. With these facts before him the reader can interpret correctly the diplomatic and military acts with which Germany opened hostilities. The volume is published by Little, Brown & Co.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have in press for immediate publication a volume containing a symposium of papers which have been prepared, under the editorial supervision of Professor Naichi Masaoka of Tokyo, by statesmen and other leaders of thought in Japan. It is entitled "The Message of Japan to America." The book is issued under the auspices of the Japanese Society and contains an introduction by Lindsay Russell, president of the society. It gives first-hand information as to present conditions in Japan, as to the ideals and policies of Japanese leaders, and on the all-important matter of the state of public opinion in Japan in regard to the continuing interest of the empire in maintaining peaceful relations with the United States.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Responsibility.

M. Emile Faguet is inspired mainly by the political system of his own country, but perhaps for that very reason his writings should receive attention in the sister republic of America. Democracy, says M. Faguet, is now at the judgment bar and awaiting the adverse verdict of mankind. Indeed such a verdict is already audible in America, where the short ballot and the commission government are evidences of the failure of communities to govern themselves by a method where no one is responsible for anything and where laws have become mere happy thoughts or negligible experiments. In point of fact the world will have to choose between self-government and good government, and inasmuch as no society can exist without good government the result is a foregone conclusion. Government, says M. Faguet, must be by aristocracies, although he is careful to show that his aristocracies must be free from the reproach of having their own special interests to defend or of being the representatives of a class or caste. He believes that such an aristocracy could be found, and he suggests that we look to the bench, the bar, the army, the chambers of commerce, and the labor syndicates for its constituents. The criminal system as one of the results of democracy comes in for special flagellation at the author's hands. Crime and public office, he says, are the two occupations that of all other are the most remunerative and the most safe. "The profession of murder, while not offering (we must admit) absolute security, is at least one of the safest; public office and murder are the only trades that mean almost complete repose. This turns a great number of serious minds towards crime and public office, and away from industry." The author's power of close and cogent reasoning and the charm of his style, as well as the fact that he has something definite and vital to say should combine to find him an audience in America.

THE DREAD OF RESPONSIBILITY. By Emile Faguet. Translated by Emily James Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

Lyrics and Dramas.

A small volume, but nevertheless containing many lyrics and three short plays, two founded on historical events and one on the idea originally advanced in dramatic form of a man seeing his own double.

The lyrics include a number which show eloquently the author's fear of modern utilities lessening the graces of nature. There are many that have a beautiful simplicity both of thought and form. But the volume, while the work of a genuine poet, makes no notable contribution to the world's finest treasures of poetry.

LYRICS AND DRAMAS. By Stephen Phillips. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

Social and Economical Forces.

The twenty-eight chapters in this book have been contributed by the authors of the twenty-seven volumes of "The American Nation," under the editorship of Professor Hart. The chapters have been arranged in chronological order so as to afford a general outline of the varying phases of American life. Thus the first chapter is devoted to "Early New England Life," by Lyon Gardiner Tyler, LL. D., and covers the period 1624 to 1652, while the last chapter is entitled "Intellectual Life," by Albert Bushnell Hart, LL. D. Other impor-

tant chapters are "Causes of the Revolution" (1763-1775), by Claude Halstead Van Tync, Ph. D.; "Social and Economic Development of the West" (1820-1830), by Frederick Jackson Turner, and "The New Spirit of '76" (1876-1877), by Edwin Erle Sparks, Ph. D. But it would be invidious to single out individual sections where all alike are marked by high scholarship and historical competence. As a sociological and economic history the volume is unique.

SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC FORCES IN AMERICAN HISTORY. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50 net.

Briefer Reviews.

The Macmillan Company has published a new edition of "Golden Deeds on the Field of Honor," by Annah Robinson Watson. They are stories of real boys who did great things during the Civil War, and the author tells them vividly and well.

The boy who is interested in the making and use of electrical apparatus will find a mine of fascinating instruction in "Harper's Every-Day Electricity," by Don Cameron Shafer (Harper & Brothers; \$1 net). All sorts of household appliances are described, and from a hasty survey of the reading matter and the illustrations we have been led to the conviction that we could make some of these things ourselves. At least we should like to try.

It is a relief to turn from the literary drivel now offered to the modern child to such a book as "Stories from Northern Myths," by Emilie Kip Baker (Macmillan Company, \$1.25 net). The stories include many of the fine old sagas that perhaps have a meaning more profound than is usually supposed, and that must at least stimulate the imagination in the most wholesome of all ways. The author shows a felicity of style that accords well with her subject and that gives an added delight to her stories. The illustrations are both attractive and distinctive.

Sick nerves must be very prevalent, if we may judge from the number of books devoted to a cure. Among the latest of these is "New Nerves for Old," by Arthur E. Carey (Little, Brown & Co.; \$1 net). The author seems to think that our nervous condition is well within our control, as of course it is, and so he lays down a number of seemingly admirable exercises, from calisthenics to religion, and including the training and exercise of the will. Perhaps he is a little too fond of conventional expressions, such as "Man's duty to God is loving obedience," but his theology is always broad and tolerant.

New Books Received.

THE GREAT WAR. By Frank H. Simonds. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.25 net.

A history from the assassination of the arch-duke to the fall of Antwerp.

STORIES FROM ROBERT BROWNING. By Verney Cameron Turnbull. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50 net.

Intended as a grounding for younger readers.

SHAKESPEARIAN SYNOPSIS. By J. W. McSpadden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 75 cents net.

Containing in terse, story-telling style, the plots of all the thirty-seven plays commonly attributed to Shakespeare.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN. By Oliver Huckel. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 75 cents net.

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THE STORY OF BEOWULF. By Ernest J. B. Kirrtlan. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50 net.

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BEFORE THE BABY COMES. By Marianna Wheeler. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

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A story of the Alps.

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A personal narrative, to a large extent disengaged from history.

THE HOUSE WE LIVE IN. By William Elliot Griffis, D. D., LL. H. D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; 60 cents net.

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COLONIAL MANSIONS OF MARYLAND AND DELAWARE. By John Martin Hammond. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$5 net.

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THE CLAUSSEN CONCERT.

Mme. Julia Claussen has already been seen to striking advantage, here in San Francisco, in opera. As a concert star she exhibits her superbly beautiful contralto in unlesioned power, but lessened effect. Evidently it requires opera to set her northern temperament aflame. Nevertheless so full of power and beauty is her voice, with such fine control is it guided and displayed, and so intelligent and complete is the expression with which its grand organ tones are charged, that the auditor's comparative calmness of response becomes a matter of surprise when her concert is over. As a concert singer Mme. Claussen compels profound appreciation, intense admiration, but a comparative absence of emotional response.

This is difficult to understand in a singer of such regal endowment and splendid accomplishment, and I can only attribute it to the need of the inspiration of opera. For there was no lack of the challenge that Scandinavian music is sure to offer the Swedish singer, her Sunday programme including three Grieg numbers and one each by Sjogren, by Merikanto, and by P. son Beyer. Brahms and Strauss were well represented on the programme, which, on account of the comparative unfamiliarity of the Scandinavian music, gave, speaking generally, an effect of severe classicism, in spite of the presence of a few simple ballads.

As a contrast to the comparative transcendentalism of the majority of her numbers Mme. Claussen, adopting the custom of many of the great singers on concert tours, sang an artless Tuckfield ballad, entitled "Little Playmates," which was altogether beneath her powers. To see a noble-looking woman of the Brunhilde type stand before us pouring forth a broad, even flood, of beautiful notes on such twaddle as:

I've lost my pocket hankey, and have only got the sleeve
Of my coat to wipe my eyes on, Billy boy,
is really disconcerting.

I don't in the least doubt that Mme. Claussen, concealing her amazed disdain of American standards, accepted this number on the suggestion of some friendly adviser who knew that some of the selections of northern origin would prove caviare to the general. I confess myself to having felt a little lonesome among the numerous unknown selections and to falling upon the old familiar Brahms Lullaby with the warm welcome that one gives to an old friend in a strange land. But for this feeling of strangeness "Billy boy," with his "pain beneath his pinnie," was no consolation.

However, Mme. Claussen's commendable custom of having printed on the programme translations of all songs cast in unknown tongues gave her auditors full opportunity to appreciate the fine shades and variety of expression with which she rendered the dozen or more selections which constituted the programme. A Sunday audience, being of heterogeneous elements, generally includes quite a proportion of auditors who long for something on the programme that they know and love. But there was, besides, a very appreciable number of listeners who gave the singer the trained appreciation for which the artist is grateful and who plainly realized to the full the presence of a singer of unusual endowment.

Perhaps the most dramatically rendered number was the operatic aria that the singer gave as an encore, which, by the way, was in French. But in spite of her tremendous volume of vocal power Mme. Claussen in the other selections showed an infinity of the utmost delicacy of execution, to which her unusual power of sustained breath control greatly contributes.

With these more ethereal expressions of the art of song Uda Waldrop showed himself in fullest sympathy—almost too much so, in fact—as listeners in the more remote tiers of upper circles found to their cost; but nevertheless as an accompanist Mr. Waldrop shows himself possessed of that graceful art which simultaneously subordinates and contributes.

THE ORPHEUM.

Almost half of the Orpheum hall is taken up this week with Gertrude Hoffman's "Revue," the convenient name bestowed upon an

entertainment consisting largely of dancing, but which has a sufficiency of novelties to it to hold the interest and pleasure of the audience during every minute given to the whirlwind rush of Gertrude Hoffman and her fairies on the boards.

Presumably the head of this lively aggregation prizes her sinuous slenderness, for she shows a preference for slimmness in the selection of her band of beauties. I must say I share it with her, for slimmness goes with youth, and when the chorus or dancing girl has become thickened, battered, hardened, and frazzled by time, and paint, and a hard life, the contemplation of her becomes a sorrow instead of a joy. Gertrude Hoffman has caught her girls young. Their faces have the winsomeness of extreme youth, their shapes are of the daintiest, and their young beauties are set off with the prettiest and most chic of costumes. I realize that this is the place to become sarcastic and say, "At least when they wear any." But providing our conventions are reasonably considered, we have only to see dancers tripping blithely in fleet circles, with filmy draperies streaming gracefully on the wind of their flight, leaving their elastic limbs uncovered, to realize that dancing only rises to its fullest beauty when the body is free and unfettered. The Russian ballet taught us that, and also how foolish it is to think of the human body, in artistic or symbolic dance, as anything more than a beautiful, pliant, and modestly ordered instrument, unless, indeed, it be degraded by impure suggestion.

There isn't really, in Gertrude Hoffman's entire troupe, including its leader, a single dancer who has been trained professionally from childhood up. At least, such are the indications. And yet in that last Isadore Duncan dance, when the dainty band of garlanded fays, led by Gertrude Hoffman, flew around the stage in what seemed like a sort of spring-time ecstasy, it was a picture of ancient Greece that we saw; of Greece when physical grace and freedom were a universal cult, and when the dancing movements of the body were so free and beautiful that great artists immortalized them in statuary and in the decorations of their rarest and costliest vessels. It did not require the highest form of the art of the dance to give us this beautiful picture; youth, grace, beauty, drapery artistically bestowed, a harmonious, one-toned background, and the swift, free, graceful movements of youthful figures sufficed. In the matter of taste and beauty this "Beautiful Blue Danube," after Isadore Duncan, is the highest flight to which Gertrude Hoffman and her troupe attain.

However, Miss Hoffman has a good husiness head, ingenuity in evolving novelties that hit the taste of the public, a fine sense of color and of costuming, and a knowledge of the best way to spend her money. As she showed judgment in the selection of her dancing girls, she showed good business sense in hiring her troupe of tumblers. Foreigners they are, Asiatics of some kind by the look of them, and with their tawny tints and strong, sinewy, elastic bodies set off with rich and vari-colored costumes, they made a picturesque adjunct to "Zobeide's Dream." They set the pulses of the audience bounding by the exhilaration experienced in seeing the human body adapting itself so wonderfully to feats of strength and agility. We are habituated enough, in vaudeville houses, to feats of the kind to take them calmly, but this time there was a difference. The picturesque setting, with its hues and tints suggestive of the burning desert, the wild cries of the men, and the almost frenzied competition circles that they accomplished in complicated leaps, tumblings, and somersaults had an exciting effect, and gave a foreignness and an individuality to the general effect which made it blend in with the rather shadowy story to which it formed a picturesque accessory.

These were the more ambitious features of Gertrude Hoffman's "revue." Besides these there were numerous other features; lively, novel, amusing. A lot of personified advertisements, a subway platform during the rush hours, when the entire company appears, and dancing perpetually, goes through the motions of entering, carrying parcels, greeting friends, rushing for the train, boarding it, and departing, with a lively incident for an appropriate wind-up. There is also a scene at the "Moulin Rouge," in which the audience sustained the long-sought-for shock at the sight of the "statue"; this, by the way, is a species of uncoveredness that amounts to a vulgar, crass appeal for the entertainment to be derived from nudity—for it is virtually that—as nudity, and which is displeasing for the idea it represents.

Gertrude Hoffman will never set the world on fire by her imitations, as she has been impolitely assured many times, but with the clever accessories that she contrives, the effective and costly costuming, and the entertaining "business," she makes good somehow, even while people are saying inwardly, "She's no great shakes at it." Her imitation of Harry Lauder is very feminine, of Anna Held not bad, but isn't this Anna Held business pretty old and stale? Added to which Anna

Held is altogether too easy to imitate to get up any excitement over the result. She gave rather a good suggestion of Gaby Deslys, both in costume, mannerisms, and general bearing, but the best thing she did was her entrance into the orchestra and assumption of the duties of the percussion specialist. She gave a lively series of turns at various instruments devoted to the accomplishment of musically jingling or explosively punctuating noises, showing the infallible sense of rhythm which makes of her a dancer in love with her profession.

THE PANTAGES THEATRE.

They have a novelty at the Pantages Theatre this week which while being something of the nature of a complicated mechanical toy went off so well that it is evident the grown-ups derived from it ample entertainment. It consists of a reproduction of the *Titanic* tragedy, very ingeniously contrived by means of miniature pasteboard ships, effective lighting, and a heaving main which has a foreground, middle distance, and background, and which sways and surges quite seismically; quite enough so to affect our plastic imaginations, which are quite wonderful at retaining their freshness when it is considered how steadily they are besieged in the world of public entertainment. Mr. Klein, who presumably invented his ingenious contrivance, succeeds better in its actual representation of the sinking of the *Titanic* than in the picture of peaceful harbor life. There his yachts, sloops, and schooners are very automatic, and his toy seems more suitable for children, who, by the way, would derive an enormous amount of entertainment from it. But when he gets down to business, sets the ocean billows to swaying, and depicts the gigantic liner in the dimmed light which represents twilight, sailing proudly, showing her lights, and running, with a sympathetic crash from the orchestra, into the pictured icebergs, a hush comes over the audience, and one sees that they are reliving their first emotions of almost incredulous horror when the news first reached us of the calamity. We see the signals of distress thrown up, hear the snapping and crackling of "wireless," and see the lifeboats—which detract a little from the realism—lowered over the side. The ship lists and the number of lifeboats increases. A final explosion, and the great vessel rears and sinks, as the orchestra—presumably on the *Titanic*—plays "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Really quite a success, partly because the ingenuity of it entertains and partly because it sets the imagination to work and revives the sympathies which attended the actual calamity.

The playlet of the week sounds as if it had been thrown into shape since election time. It is, really, more a gallery of portraits than a play, portraits, however, not of individuals, but of types. "Twenty Minutes with the Board of Supervisors" is the literal title of this literal play, and it goes so realistically that at first one thinks skeptically, "Why, this is just the same thing as going to a supervisory meeting." However, Mr. Montague has eliminated the waits and the prosiness of municipal eloquence, and perhaps his playlet will stimulate the public to take in the real thing itself, and incidentally feel a keener interest in the workings of the municipal organization. The play represents a board of local solons "of any large city," presided over by a mayor, discussing, orating, contesting, and defending various questions and causes that are brought up to be acted on. A few actors who are realistic in method

and make the play go well carry the action of the speech, and a heatedly eloquent citizen in a box contributes a further element of reality.

The programme is rounded out with the usual comedy and singing couples, and the Teddy McNamara Company give a Pollard tabloid musical comedy, or musical comedy tabloid, take your choice.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Ganz's Farewell Piano Recital.

This Saturday afternoon at Scottish Rite Auditorium at 2:30 Rudolph Ganz, whose absolute mastery of the art of piano-playing has been the main topic of conversation in musical circles this week, will give his final programme. It will be a special teachers' and students' afternoon, and a large crowd is expected. The programme will include Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," a group of four important Chopin works, compositions by Ganz, Maurice Ravel, and Debussy, and Liszt's "After Reading Dante."

Tickets may be secured at the usual music stores and at the hall after one o'clock on Saturday afternoon.

"The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman."

When H. G. Wells sets out to write a novel he looks around him for those things in which people are at the time most interested, questions which are involving the citizens of the day, questions which are being discussed in the home and on the platform; and when he has got the real fundamentals of these issues, has tested the temper of the human race, he constructs a story which shall reflect these vital matters vividly. And so it is not surprising to find that "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman," his latest work, which was published in October, is a graphic picture of many much mooted affairs, painted in a manner most compelling.

But Mr. Wells is always definite. He does not lose himself in generalizing. The story which he has told in "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman," while it takes cognizance of the day and hour, is concerned with specific individuals. First of all and of commanding importance is Lady Harman, young, beautiful to look at, eager for life, and second only to her, her husband, Sir Isaac, proprietor of the International Bread and Cake Stores, old, crochety, domineering, and jealous. Besides these two there are a number of others by whom the reader is fascinated, notably Mr. Bromley, a man of letters and an ardent admirer of Lady Harman. The novel, as might be expected from the placing together of such types as these, has largely to do with the relationship of Lady Harman and her husband, and one feels in reading the tale that Mr. Wells has kept asking himself, What does marriage involve? In how far must a wife abide by her husband's code?

At first Lady Harman is quite content to regulate her life by her husband's, but ultimately the conditions which he imposes become so impossible, the monotony so unbearable, that she strikes out for herself. The consequences of this act and of her subsequent endeavors to free herself from conventional prescriptions make up the hook. It is gripping in theme and fearless in its handling of such subjects as feminism, capitalism, socialism, suffrage, woman's emancipation, and the like.

"The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman" is Mr. Wells at his best, and the many readers of a long line of popular volumes know how good that best is.



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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Bird of Paradise" at the Cort.

Among the many attractions that were seen in this city last season "The Bird of Paradise," Richard Walton Tully's romance of Hawaii, was received with strong favorable comment. This charming story of the Hawaiian Islands will again be presented at the Cort Theatre for one week only, commencing next Sunday evening, November 15.

The story of the play deals with the lives of two men and two women. One man comes to the islands with the highest of ideals, meets a little Hawaiian princess, with whom he falls madly in love, and eventually marries. He discovers in a short time that marriages of this sort are not of the binding kind, so he casts her off. The other man, who has lived on the island for years and has become a drunkard, also meets a woman, an American girl, who finally shows him the "light" and lifts him up, and he goes forth and accomplishes what the other man had come to the islands for.

Oliver Morosco, the well-known California producer, will again present the same cast as was seen here last season, headed by Miss Lenore Ulrich in the leading rôle of Luana. Others in the cast are William Desmond, Mary Grey, David Landau, Laura Adams, Robert Morris, and Dave Hartford, and the original band of Hawaiian singers and players.

Scenically the piece is said to be a series of stage pictures that are conceded to be the most faithful reproductions of views of the islands of Hawaii ever seen on any stage. The engagement will be for one week only, with the usual popular matinee on Wednesday and the regular matinée Saturday.

Final Week "Poor Little Rich Girl."

How quickly the interest of the community is aroused in real theatrical novelty is significantly demonstrated by the enthusiastic crowds that flock to the Columbia Theatre to accompany "The Poor Little Rich Girl" in her fantastic wanderings through dreamland. On numerous occasions the attendance has exceeded the seating capacity and late comers have been reluctantly turned away.

The third and last week of Eleanor Gates's delightful and novel play begins tomorrow evening—Sunday. Its appeal is alike to young and old, to rich and poor. It is one of those occasional offerings in the theatre which one can not afford to miss. It blends humor, humanity, pathos, fantasy, satire, sentiment, and spectacle, and the delightful acting of Leonie Dana as the child is irresistible. There are matinees at the Columbia Theatre on Wednesday and Saturday. The final performance of "The Poor Little Rich Girl" is announced for Saturday night, November 21.

The next attraction at the Columbia Theatre will be the popular star, May Robson, who has produced with success this season a new comedy called "Martha-by-the-Day," taken from Julia Lipman's novel of the same name. It is replete with sweetest humor. Miss Robson is bringing to San Francisco her entire Eastern cast.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Gertrude Hoffman is indeed proving a vaudeville revelation, for no other artist that has appeared at the Orpheum has scored such a triumph as this San Francisco genius. Miss Hoffman and her company of fifty are a delight to both eye and ear, and in spite of the fact that their act lasts an hour and a quarter there is not a dull or tiresome minute in it. Next week will be the last of Miss Hoffman's engagement.

The programme for the coming week will include several acts of extraordinary merit. The "Great Asahi," assisted by a quintet of Japanese, will present an act that far exceeds any exhibition of its kind that has ever migrated from Japan. They perform a number of marvelous magic stunts, but their greatest hit is the human fountain.

Edward Miller and Helene Vincent will introduce one of the best singing acts in vaudeville. They are young, handsome, and talented, and always popular.

Jane Ward and Billie Cullen will offer what they call a "Pianosongolog," in which they introduce some novel singing, piano playing, and witty and amusing dialogue.

Libby and Barton style their act "Thrills and Fun on Tires." They are skillful tricksters on bicycles and also genuine comedians. They perform a variety of daring and astounding feats with the utmost nonchalance.

Tony Hunting and Corinne Francis will repeat their entertaining skit, "A Love Lozenger."

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

Jimmy Clabby, "the Indiana Cyclone," who wrested the middleweight crown from George Chip at Daly City last week, has been specially engaged for a three weeks' tour of the Pantages Circuit. He will bloom forth as a real live actor, appearing as the hero in a melodramatic effort written for the champion by his manager, Larny Lichenstein. The champion will introduce a short sparring bout

with George Welling, a protégé of Clabby's and Lichenstein. "Sunny Jim" Coffroth will personally present Clabby with a diamond-studded belt at the theatre on Tuesday evening.

The regular circuit headliner is an aggregation of frolicsome singing and dancing girls styled "The Colonial Minstrel Maids." There are fifteen maids who take part in the "first part," with Frankie Seigel and Florence Finn as the principal funmakers. One of the bright features of the act is the dancing number of the "Colonial Trio" and the three Grey sisters.

The big comedy hit of the bill is Hugo Lutgens in an impersonation of a Swedish minister giving his first sermon. There is nothing in his monologue to offend, and Lutgens is careful to eliminate all reference to religion during his talk.

Leon and the Adeline Sisters have a great novelty, introducing juggling, dancing, and playing on musical instruments.

Elwood and Snow will offer a novelty ventriloquial act.

May Woods, well known locally, sings operatic and popular song hits.

Carl Munz, who bills himself "the Belgian Whistler," with another comedy movie, will complete the bill.

THE MUSIC SEASON

Evan Williams to Be Heard Tomorrow.

This Sunday afternoon, November 15, at the Columbia Theatre, Manager Will Greenbaum will present Evan Williams, the Welsh tenor, whose reputation reached us long ago, but who has never before had the time to visit the Far West. He is ranked among the world's five greatest tenors. He sings his programmes in English, and like John McCormack, possesses the power of reaching the very hearts of all who hear him.

The programme he will offer is a most attractive one and will include the beautiful song cycle, "Eiland," by Von Fielitz, in which are depicted the emotions of a young priest who has fallen in love and who is compelled to renounce his feelings and end his days in a convent cell. Then there will be some Handel "Arias," a line of work in which Evan Williams stands without a peer, and some delightful "lieder" by Schubert, Jensen, and Haydn, and songs by Protheroe, Ware, and also some in the Welsh language.

The second and farewell Williams concert will be given a week later, Sunday afternoon, November 22, with an entire change of programme.

Popular prices of \$1.50 and \$1 will prevail.

Arrigo Serato, Italy's Greatest Violinist.

The first appearance on the Coast of Arrigo Serato, the only great violin virtuoso Italy has produced since the days of Paganini, will be at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday afternoon, December 6, for the benefit of the charities of the Vittoria Colonna Club. This organization is composed of about one hundred Italian women who devote much of their time to doing practical charity work where it is most needed, irrespective of nationality or creed. The ladies who are actively interested in the success of this benefit include Dr. Marriano Bertola, the president of the Vittoria Colonna; Mesdames G. Cagliari, A. E. Sbarbieri, Henry Sartori, E. Martinoni, Masoeram E. Maggini, Mark Fontana, Lovetti, Maria Beronio, Gherini, L. Scatena, B. J. Brun, Chichizola, Zanolini, P. C. Rossi, Emilia Tojetti, and Miss Laura Musto. The committee in direct charge of the Serato concert consists of Miss Eda Beronio and Mrs. Douglas Cushman.

The programme will be a specially fine one, and every music lover who attends will be assisting a most worthy cause, besides enjoying a concert by an artist of whom Fritz Kreisler told Manager Greenbaum, "I have never known a greater talent than Serato's."

Serato's final concert will be given Sunday afternoon, December 13.

The Craft and Lerner Concerts.

The San Francisco debut, at the Cort Theatre Sunday afternoon, November 29, in song recital of Marcella Craft and the return here Sunday afternoon, November 29, at the Cort Theatre, of Tina Lerner, the Russian pianist, will be the musical features of the next two weeks. Believing that the public attend recitals to be "entertained" and not to be "educated," Miss Craft has arranged the following programme of songs, all of which have been chosen for their intrinsic excellence: Old Italian songs—"O del mio dolce ardor," Gluck; "Se Florindo e Fedele," Scarlatti; "Violette," Scarlatti; "Caro mio ben," Giordano; American songs—"Exaltation," Mrs. H. H. Beach; "Song of Love"; German lieder—"Du meines Herzens Knecht," Strauss; "Schlagende Herzen," Strauss; "Wieder moecht ich dir Begegnen," Weingartner; operatic arias—"Euzanna Lied," "Rauch Lied," Wolf-Ferrari; arias from "Madama Butterfly"—"Butterfly's Entrance," "Butterfly's Narrative," "Butterfly's Song to the Baby," "Butterfly's Farewell to the Baby." Uda Waldrop will be the accompanist.

Eight composers are represented on the programme which Miss Lerner will play at her first piano recital. This will be the Russian pianist's first appearance in two years, as she devoted the past two seasons to a tour of Europe. Miss Lerner's first programme follows: "Minuetto," "Rondo," Padree Martini; "Gavotte," Giovanni Sgambati; "Ecosaisse," Beethoven-Busoni; Sonata in B minor, Liszt; Impromptu in A flat, Nocturne in F minor, three Etudes, Polinaise Fantaisie, Chopin; Prelude, G minor, Rachmanioff; "Humoresque," Tscherepnine; "Scherzo," Balakireff.

Mail orders to Frank W. Healy will be filled now, and seats will be on sale Mondays preceding the recitals at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., the Cort Theatre, and Kohler & Chase.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

It would seem at this time, that while so little is being said on the currency question, and especially by the men who really control the currency, that a word from me would not be out of place.

At this period in the history of our country there seems to be a general stringency, and many are in the stringency business who were never that way before. Everything seems to be demoralized. The demonetization of groceries is doing as much toward the general wiggly palsy of trade as anything I know of.

But I may say, in alluding briefly to the silver dollar, that there are worse calamities than the silver dollar. Other things may occur in our lives which, in the way of sadness and three-cornered gloom, makes the large, robust dollar look like an old-fashioned half-dime.

I met a man the other day who, two years ago, was running a small paper at Larrabee's Slough. He was then in his meridian as a journalist, and his paper was frequently quoted by such widely read publications as the *Knight of Labor at Work*, a humorous semi-monthly journal. He had boldly assailed the silver dollar, and with his trenchant pen he wrote such burning words of denunciation that the printer had to set them on ice before he could use the copy.

Last week I met him on a Milwaukee and St. Paul train. He was very thin in flesh, and the fire of defiance was no longer in his eye. I asked him how he came on with the paper at Larrabee's Slough. He said it was no more.

"It started out," said he, "in a fearless way, but it was not sustained."

He then paused in a low tone of voice, gulped, and proceeded:

"Folks told me when I began that I ought to attack almost everything. Make the paper non-partisan, but aggressive—that was their idea. Sail into everything, and the paper would soon be a power in the land. So I aggressed."

"Friends came in very kindly and told me what to attack. They would neglect their own business in order to tell me of corruption in somebody else. I went on that way for some time in a defiant mood, attacking anything that happened to suggest itself."

"Finally I thought I would attack the silver dollar. I did so. I thought that friends would come to me and praise me for my many words, and that I could afford to lose the friendship of the dollar, provided I could win friends."

"In six months I took an unexpired annual pass over our Larrabee Slough Narrow-gauge, or Orphan road, and with nothing else but the clothes I wore, I told the plaintiff how to jerk the old Washington press and went away. The dear old Washington press that had more than once squatted my burning words into the pure white page. The dear old towel on which I had wiped my soiled hands for years, till it had almost become a part of myself, the dark-blue Gordon press with its large fly-wheel and intermittent chattel mortgage, a press to which I had contributed the first joint of my front finger; the editor's chair; the samples of large business cards printed in green with an inflamed red border, which showed that we could do colored work at Larrabee's Slough just as well as they could in the large cities: the files of our paper; the large, wilted potato that Mr. Alonzo G. Pinkham, of Erin Corners, kindly laid on our table—all, all had to go."

"I fled out into the great, hollow, mocking world of people who had requested me to aggress. They were people who had called my attention to various things which I ought to attack. I had attacked those things. I had also attacked the Larrabee Slough Narrow-gauge Railroad, but the manager did not see the attack, and so my pass was good."

"What could I do?"

"I had attacked everything, and more especially the silver dollar, and now I was helpless. For fourteen weeks I rode up the narrow-gauge road one day and back the next, subsisting solely on the sample of nice pecan meat that the newsboy puts in each passenger's lap."

"You look incredulous, I see, but it is true."

"I feel differently towards the currency now, and I wish I could undo what I have done. Were I called upon again to jerk the Archimedean lever, I would not be so aggressive, especially as regards the currency. Whether it is inflated or not, silver dollars, paper certificates of deposit, or silver bullion, it does not matter to me."

"I yearn for two or three adult doughnuts and one of those thick, dappled slabs of gingerbread, or a slat of pie with gooseberries in it. I presume that I could write a scathing editorial on the abuses of our currency yet, but I am not so much in the seethe business as I used to be."

"I wish you would state, if you will, through some great metropolitan journal, that my views in relation to the silver coinage and the currency question have undergone a radical change, and that any plan whatever, by which to make the American dollar less skittish, will meet with my hearty approval."

"If I have done anything at all through my paper to injure or repress the flow of our currency, and I fear I have, I now take this occasion to cheerfully regret it." He then wrung my hand and passed from my sight.—*Bill Nye in Boston Globe.*

AMUSEMENTS

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The Play of a Woman's Soul
The Dramatic Novelty of the Decade
Nights and Sat. mat., 50c to \$1.50; BEST SEATS \$1 AT WED. MAT.
Next—Com. Sun., Nov. 22, JOSEPH SANTELEY in "When Dreams Come True."

PANTAGES MARKET STREET
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JIMMY CLABBY, WORLD'S MIDDLE-WEIGHT CHAMPION, assisted by Larny Lichenstein and Company; Pepple and Elliott present the 15 **COLONIAL MINSTREL MAIDS** in an All Girl Minstrel First Part; HUGO LUTGENS, Swedish Dialect Comedian; MAY WOODS, the California Lark; LEON and THE ADELIN SISTERS; ELWOOD and SNOW, Ventriloquial Entertainers; CARL MUNZ, the Belgian Whistler.

VANITY FAIR.

A manuscript of the status of women has been found among the papers of the late Myrtle Reed, and of course it has been promptly published by G. P. Putnam's Sons under the mysterious conviction that the writings of people who are dead are so much more valuable than the writings of people who are alive. If Myrtle Reed had wished her reflections on this subject to be given to the world she would doubtless have so arranged.

But they are interesting, although with some exceptions we have read them before. We all know that woman's status is an intolerable one, that there is hardly a woman in civilization who has not at some time tasted the shameful ignominy of discovering that there are occasions when she can not do exactly what she wants and how she wants. It is a hideous confession, but it must be made. Consider the case, says Myrtle, of the wife of the business man. He goes to his day's work "with a laugh and a kiss," and is then obliterated, from the domestic point of view, for some eight or nine hours. The gay dog. We all know how he fills those jolly, care-free hours, lounging around the cafés and wheedling the nimble dollar by quip and badinage. We all know how he saunters through the sunny day with those light footsteps that know nothing of the shadows of life. The nasty beast.

But how about the poor slave at home? She has risen from her couch feeling that it is good to be alive or, in the so chaste words of Myrtle, "great thoughts rise within you, ready to be expressed in song or story as soon as the coast is clear." But do they get expressed? They do not, thank heaven. First you order dinner. Does the husband have to bother about dinner? He does not. All he does is to eat it. Already he is dallying with the futilities of the stock exchange or flirting with the market reports. Then you must telephone to some friends who want you at the bridge party and are offended because you will not come. Then there is a crash from the kitchen and you find that it is your best salad bowl, and that the Scandinavian nymph at the sink is using a fine linen napkin for a dish towel. And so, says Myrtle, "the song or story has now become only a memory. Your creative impulse is as dead as though it had never been." Now what do you think of that? Would that not make your blood boil? Is it believable that in this so-called twentieth century the women of this blessed land should be expected to do anything, that they should be cabined, fettered, and confined by the duties that they voluntarily undertook? There ought to be a law against it. There ought to be an initiative, or a referendum, or a recall, or whatever it is that people do under such circumstances. How can women be expected to find their souls, or to express their inner individualities, while rampant tyrannies of this sort are allowed to stalk through the land?

But Myrtle admits that there is something to be said on the other side. The woman might be a little more successful with her "career" if she could only take her mind from the bodily torments of her clothing. And did you ever stop to think that the average woman must be in positive pain half her time, physical pain as well as mental pain? Man, says Myrtle, is not obliged to wear collars so high that his eyes bulge out and he can not bow. He is not so constricted at the waist line that he can hold only an ice-cream soda for his luncheon. His hat is not so heavy as to make his head ache.

These are some of the physical torments which tend to hamper the progress of the woman toward her "career." She can not be intent on the expression of her inner individuality, while at a dozen different points of her anatomy she is being speared, impaled, racked, compressed, and generally tortured. But there are mental agonies even more severe and unrelenting, says our author. If the woman stoops to pick up a magazine she must pause to remember that the "steels" are not so flexible this year as they were last. This is a little vague to the male mind, but it seems to refer to the rear elevation, and to certain kinds of self-expression that the woman does not cultivate. Now the man can stoop as much as he likes without embarrassing revelations. It is discrimination of the worst kind and there are others. The man does not suffer from spring-halt—whatever that may be—because his garters are too tight, nor is he compelled to stand continually because his new corset will slide up if he sits down. He is not bothered with pink and blue ribbons in his underwear, nor will he shiver with apprehension at the thought that some other man will have a suit just like his own, or that he has been having his last year's suit dyed.

Now there are some points here that interest us and we should like to know more about them. The garters, for instance. We were under the impression that women wore a curious contraption something like the

cords that connect the balloon car with the balloon. Now if these cords were too short we could understand that something would have to give, but we can not quite figure out the effect upon locomotion. We shall have to consult the illustrations in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Then there is the corset which is apt to "slide up" if the woman sits down. Now what happens when the corset slides up? How does it manifest? Are we to understand that the corset makes its appearance in some way under the chin, that there is a sudden irruption of corset where no corset should be? But we were under the impression that the corset, the garters, and the stockings were mutually supporting, shackled fore and aft, so to speak, to one another. The life-size models in the shop-windows and the advertisements in the street-cars certainly point that way and we can not see how the corset can slide up without rupturing the aforesaid cords or tearing away the edge of the stocking. Is it possible that the advertisements and the shop models are misleading and that we have been deceived in such a matter as this? We shall have to pursue our inquiries elsewhere and so hunt this dark mystery to its lair. As a last resource we shall have to depute some unscrupulous acquaintance who is without a conscience to take observations of the X-Ray gown on a sunny day or to choose some post of vantage at a street-car station during the shopping hours. Whatever is invisible upon such occasions may be assumed to be non-existent.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Sun* says that the trunks of two German officers who were captured revealed astonishing outfits. In the first trunk were four tablecloths marked "M. S.," one chemise marked "M. B.," two undershirts, one white and pink corset cover marked with the name of a firm in Louvain, two blouses, one velvet skirt and jacket, several fur garments, one pedestal top, two silver teapots, one silver coffeepot, one piece of porcelain, one teacup, eight silver-handled table-knives, and one dessert-knife.

The second trunk contained a bronze representing a Cossack with a Russian inscription, four cases of table-knives, one silver platter, two nickel candlesticks, one small mirror, two revolvers, four sabres, seventeen pairs of women's shoes, two pairs of skates, eight undershirts, four of which were marked "L. S.," two muffis, five corsets, one of which was from a Louvain firm; one black evening cloak, one woman's nightgown, marked "M. B.," two tablecloths, two ostrich plumes, one evening gown, one baby's embroidered dress, and four pairs of stockings.

Explanations are now in order from these German officers. May we suspect them of an intention to get married on their return from the wars? If so, it may be said that their foresight in the matter of the baby dresses was worthy of the best traditions of the German army.

Señora de Baralt, who is sent as a delegate from the Havana Women's Club to the Domestic Science and Pure Food Exposition held in Boston this month, laughs a little at the furor which is stirred up by "feminists" in this country when they declare that they wish to keep their maiden name after marriage.

"That isn't such a startling or unheard-of plan," said the señora in an interview with a New York *Evening Post* representative. "A Spanish woman never gives up her maiden name at marriage. She merely adds her husband's name to her own, and to her intimate friends she is more often known by her maiden name than by that of her husband. In Spanish the prefix 'de' does not signify nobility as it does in some other countries. It is simply the link that tacks on the name of a husband.

"Before marriage, one is known both by one's mother's and father's names. My son, for instance, is known as Louis Baralt y Zacharie, Zacharie being my maiden name, the 'y' meaning 'and.' That is his formal title; he is commonly called Baralt.

"A Smith is not lost in a maze of Smiths in my country, for he is 'Smith y Brown,' which tells you at once he is no ordinary Smith. To avoid confusion after marriage, the mother's name is dropped, and the father's retained with the husband's added after the 'de.'

"The progress of the Cuban women dates only from the American occupation in 1898," says Señora Baralt. "Native Cuban women began to come to Harvard Summer School in 1900 to train for teachers. Now there are over 4000 women teachers. This year 100 women graduated from the School of Pharmacy. Cuba boasts a woman lawyer who has been so successful that she is now given government assignments."

Señora de Baralt is a New York woman who married a Cuban and has lived in Havana for twenty-five years. She is widely known as a writer and lecturer on Spanish literature, music, poetry, and Spanish-American women. She is a linguist and a doctor of philosophy.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A certain major in the Philippines man-
aged in some way always to get leave just
before trouble with the natives was due. His
colonel suspected him of having no stomach
for fighting. "Some day," remarked the
colonel, "they'll want to give that fellow a
decoration and I'll suggest one. It will be a
wreath of leaves of absence."

One of the cotroom boys of a big Broad-
way hotel plaintively told of the rough-house
treatment that he had received in the early
hours of the previous morning from the en-
thusiastic guests of a hilarious dinner party.
"What kind of a dinner was it?" asked a sym-
pathetic listener. "Why, it was given by one
of them college aluminum societies."

The late Justice Brewer was with a party
of New York friends on a fishing trip in the
Adirondacks, and around the campfire one
evening the talk naturally ran on big fish.
When it came his turn the jurist began, un-
certain as to how he was going to come out:
"We were fishing one time on the Grand
Banks for—er—for—" "Whales," some-
body suggested. "No," said the justice, "we
were baiting with whales."

On the third day of his Aunt Jane's visit
to the city Jones took her for a ride in his
high-powered motor. They had proceeded
only a mile or so when something happened.
"Bless the luck!" exclaimed Jones. "Good-
ness! What's wrong?" said Aunt Jane.
"Engine's missing," was the terse reply.
"Dear me," said Aunt Jane, "I do hope it's
been found by an honest person. Where do
you suppose we dropped it?"

The London consul of a continental king-
dom was informed by his government that
one of his countrywomen, supposed to be liv-
ing in Great Britain, had been left a large
fortune. After advertising without result he
applied to the police, and a clever young de-
tective was set to work. A few weeks later
his chief asked how he was getting on. "I've
found the lady, sir." "Good! Where is
she?" "At my place. I married her yester-
day."

Donald was an old Scotch beadle who of-
ficiated in a Highland kirk where the minis-
ter, never a bright star at any time, believed
in long, rambling sermons. A stranger once
asked him his opinion of the sermons. "Ah,
weel," replied Donald, "you'll no' get me to
say anything against them, for they're a'
very guid; but I'll just remark this much,
'The beginnin's aye ower far frae the end,
and it wad greatly improve the force of it if
he left out a' that cam' in atween.'"

It was a little country town, and Mr. Good-
man, excellent citizen and kind-hearted man,
allowed himself, much against his will, to be
elected to the mayoral chair for the fourth
year in succession. After the event he met
Mr. Jones, an enthusiastic though rather
dense admirer, who shook him warmly by
the hand. "I'm right sorry, Mr. Mayor," said
the worthy man, "that they've putten on you
the trouble of officiating for another term,
with all your many calls and worries of busi-
ness. A far worse man would have suited
us."

A special constable, one bitter night, tried
to restore his circulation by slipping into a
private bar which happened to be on his
beat, and digesting a warming half-pint of
ale. As luck would have it on leaving he
ran straight into the arms of his inspector
and sergeant. "What d'ye mean," thundered
the superior, "by goin' into a pub while
you're on duty? Didn't ye see me and the
sergeant comin' down the street?" "Oh, I
saw you all right," retorted the constable,
mindful of the proverb touching the relative
values of sheep and lambs, "but I only had
twopence."

J. Stanley Todd, the New York portrait
painter, was talking about the heggars of dif-
ferent lands. "I have met," said Mr. Todd,
"beggars of every description—shy beggars,
blustering ones, old beggars, robust ones—
but the most remarkable beggar of the lot was
a man whom I never met, yet whom I never
assuredly will forget. All I saw of this beg-
gar was his hat and chair. The chair stood
on a corner of the Rue St. Lazare in Paris.
The hat lay on the chair, with a few coppers
in it, and behind the hat was a placard read-
ing: 'Please don't forget the beggar, who is
now taking his luncheon.'"

The good parson was preaching out of
town and he went into a barber shop and
got a shave. The porter brushed a hat and
handed it to the parson, who donned it in an
absent-minded way. The parson dined at the

home of a pillar of the church that evening
and the guests were all strict church mem-
bers. When the guests were leaving the host
handed them their hats. He looked inside
one hat to see the name and seemed deeply
shocked. "Is this your hat?" asked the host.
"Yes," replied the parson. "That is mine."
The host handed the hat to the parson and
he glanced at the inside of the band before
donning it. And there, pasted into the crown
of the hat, was a card bearing this legend:
"No, you d— fool. This aint your hat!"

There was a certain bishop who had a
pleasant habit of chatting with anybody he
might meet during his country walks. One
day he came across a foolish lad who was
looking after some pigs by the roadside, and
the bishop paused to ask him what he was
doing, that being his usual way of opening
a conversation. "Moindin' swoine," the lad
replied stolidly. The bishop nodded thought-
fully. "Ah, is that so?" he commented.
"And how much do you earn a week?" "Two
shillin'," was the reply. "Only two shillings?"
remarked the bishop. Then he continued
pleasantly, "I, too, am a shepherd, but I get
more than two shillings." The lad looked at
him suspiciously for a minute. Then he said
slowly: "Mebbe you gets more swoine nor
me to moind."

Some years ago a troopship was making
its way across the Pacific, bound for the
Philippines, carrying a squadron of the
Ninth Cavalry (colored). The ship arrived
at the 180th meridian on Saturday evening,
and there was no Sunday that week, the
calendar skipping from Saturday to Monday.
The colored soldiers were much puzzled by
this remarkable occurrence, and many discus-
sions arose among them as to the explana-
tion. A wise old sergeant sitting on deck
smoking his pipe, was listening to a group
of disputants discussing the question from
every angle. Finally he could stand it no
longer, and spoke up: "If yuh niggahs 'll
shut up fo' a minute, and quit 'splayin' yo'
ignan'ce, I'll 'splain de mattah to yuh, so's
even yuh can und'stain it." "How is it, ser-
geant?" asked one of the disputants. "Well,"
said the sergeant, "hit's dis way. De yearth
has a North Pole, a South Pole, a Eas' Pole,
an' a Wes' Pole; yest'day we passed de Wes'
Pole, an' we got out of Christian an' into
heathen lands, an' we aint goin' to have no
mo' Sundays."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Dove of Peace piped up once more
And said: "What shall I do?
The cannon fierce so loudly roar
No one can hear me coo."
—Washington Star.

Three Words.

There are three words, the sweetest words
In all of human speech—
More sweet than are the songs of birds
Or pages poets preach.

This life may be a vale of tears,
A sad and dreary thing—
Three words, and trouble disappears
And birds begin to sing.

Three words will dissipate the gloom
The sun begins to shine.
Three words will dissipate the gloom
And water turn to wine.

Three words will cheer the saddest days.
"I love you"? Wrong, by heck!—
It is another, sweeter phrase,
"Enclosed find check."
—Douglas Malloch, in American Lumberman.

Sunrise Sonnets.

I.

O chanticleer of brazen voice and proud
That dost awake me when the dawn's first
glance
Falls modestly upon my legless pants
That listlessly recline and half enshroud
The chair beside my bed, art thou endowed
With some fell spirit of inane romance
That thou dost voice such wild exuberance?
Thy rusty crow's intolerably loud,
Has thou a mission to the world redeem,
To make the laggard leap from slothful rest,
To warn that time is passing like a dream
(Oh, would it were!) and morning hours are
best.

Or dost thou merely strive to make it plain
That I should rise to catch my early train?

II.

Presumptuous bird, what impudence is thine!
Thy fate awaits thee with a sharpened axe;
At thee would I with joy take sundry whacks
E'en now, were not this lengthened frame of
mine
So prone to linger, drowsy and supine,
So enervated and exceeding lax!
Ah, me! why is the morning will like wax?
Why loth the midnight stimulate like wine?
Yes, I remember that, when but a lad,
I used to hail the rooster's morning call
And wonder why my slightly peevish dad
Would shout, "You imp, shut up your fiendish
bawl!"

Ah, well, I doze—be-waz-zesh-of-men
Great Scott! I've missed that early train again!
—New York Sun.



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Capital actually paid up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,857,717.65
Employees' Pension Fund..... 177,868.71
Number of Depositors..... 66,367

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naut..... 6.00
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Argonaut..... 4.25
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Walter have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Marian Walter, and Mr. Edgar Sinsheimer.

News comes from New York of the announcement of the engagement of Miss Metha McMahon to Mr. Ernest Leopold Hechner. Miss McMahon is the daughter of Mrs. Eugene Bresse of this city. The wedding will take place Tuesday, November 17, in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris Cebert Capwell have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Phyllis Capwell, and Lieutenant Frederick Seydel, U. S. A., Wednesday evening, November 18, at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Oakland. Miss Dorothy Capwell will be her sister's maid of honor and the chosen bridesmaids are the Misses Pauline Painter, Pauline Adams, Marguerite Morhro, and Phyllis Lovell. Lieutenant Rex Coxroft, U. S. A., will be Lieutenant Seydel's best man.

The wedding of Miss Edith Pearkes and Lieutenant Herman French Vulté, U. S. M. C., took place Tuesday afternoon at the home in San Mateo of the bride's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Saba. Miss Laura Pearkes and Ensign Howard Bode, U. S. N., were the only attendants.

The wedding of Miss Marguerite Le Breton and Mr. Ralph Rainsford took place Monday evening at the home in Washington, D. C., of the bride's brother, Lieutenant David Le Breton, U. S. N.

Mrs. William Hinkley Taylor was hostess at an informal luncheon recently at her home in Piedmont.

Mrs. Curtis Redfern and her sister, Miss Lillian Van Vorst, were the complimented guests at a luncheon Tuesday given by Mrs. Harold Law at her home at Atherton.

The members of the Marin County Golf and Country Club gave a card party Thursday afternoon for the benefit of the American Red Cross.

Mrs. William La Boyteaux was hostess at a luncheon recently at her home on Pacific Avenue. Mrs. Seward McNear gave a luncheon Tuesday in honor of her niece, Miss Louise McNear, who will be one of the season's debutantes.

Mrs. Wendell P. Hammon was hostess Friday at a luncheon preceding the symphony concert at the Cori Theatre.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope entertained a number of friends at a dinner-dance Thursday evening at their home in Burlingame.

The members of the Burlingame Country Club will give a dinner-dance tonight and will entertain a large number of guests.

Mr. Herbert Schmidt was the complimented guest at a dinner Saturday evening given by the Young Turks at the Bohemian Club.

Mrs. William Desnon was hostess at a luncheon Thursday at the Francisca Club and later accompanied her guests to the Orpheum.

Mrs. Paul Fagan was the complimented guest at a luncheon Tuesday given by Miss Marie Hathaway at her home on Gough Street.

Miss Dorothy Allen was hostess at a dinner Friday evening at her home on Washington Street. The affair was in honor of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Allen, who have recently returned from their wedding trip.

Miss Helen Hughson was the complimented guest at a dinner Friday evening given by Miss Eugenie Masten at her home on Washington Street.

Dr. Julius Rosenstirn was host at a dinner Saturday evening in the red room at the Bohemian Club. The affair was in honor of Mr. Arthur Conradi, the violinist.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore entertained a number of friends at a dinner Tuesday evening in honor of Consul-General Numan and Mrs. Numan of Tokyo.

Miss Otilla Laine and her fiancé, Mr. Clinton La Montagne, were the guests of honor at an informal dance Thursday evening, given by Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young at their home on California Street.

Mrs. Norman MacLaren and Mrs. Carter Pitkin Pomerooy entertained a number of young people informally Thursday evening at the latter's home on Clay Street. The affair was in honor of the Misses Emily Tubbs and Marian Lee Mailliard.

Mrs. Andrew Welch was hostess at a luncheon Saturday at the Hotel Bellevue in honor of Mrs. Edward Tenney of Honolulu.

Mr. Frederick Van Sicken entertained a number of friends over the week-end at the home in Alameda of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Van Sicken.

Miss Gertrude O'Brien was hostess at a theatre and supper party Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Emily Tubbs.

Miss Otilla Laine was the complimented guest at a luncheon Wednesday given by Miss Lillian Van Vorst at her home on Vallejo Street.

Miss Jean Wheeler has issued invitations to a dinner Tuesday evening, November 17, preceding the dance given by Mr. and Mrs. William B. Tubbs at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Lucie May Hayes was hostess at a bridge-tee Wednesday at her home in Oakland. The affair was in honor of Miss Florence Henshaw and Miss Jane Hotaling.

The Misses Emily and Hannah Du Bois were the complimented guests at a dinner Saturday evening given by Miss Rhoda Niellling.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall entertained a number of friends at dinner Saturday evening at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. William Pringle gave a dinner at their home in San Mateo Saturday evening preceding the ball at the Peninsula Hotel.

Miss Genevieve Bothin will be the complimented guest at a luncheon Wednesday to be given by Miss Linda Bryan at her home on Vallejo Street.

Mrs. James Kelleher and Mrs. Allan Greer gave a Chinese party Tuesday evening at the Officers' Club at the Presidio.

Lieutenant-Commander Wallace Bertholf, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bertholf entertained a number of friends at a tug party and supper Tuesday evening at Yerba Buena.

Mrs. William Tobin was hostess at an informal five hundred party Tuesday afternoon at her home at the Presidio.

Captain William H. Monroe, U. S. A., and Mrs. Monroe gave a dinner Tuesday evening at their home at Fort Scott.

Brigadier-General John P. Wisser, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wisser entertained a number of friends at a dinner Tuesday evening at their home at Fort Scott.

Colonel Stephen Mills Foote, U. S. A., and Mrs. Foote gave a reception Friday afternoon at their home at Fort Scott.

Mrs. Frank McCoy and her daughter, Miss W. McCoy, entertained a number of friends at an informal tea Tuesday afternoon at their home at the Presidio.

Captain Henry Holden Sheen, U. S. A., and Mrs. Sheen gave a supper-dance Tuesday evening at their home at Fort Scott.

Mrs. William C. Butler was hostess at a bridge party Wednesday afternoon at her home on Pierce Street.

Major William Brooke, U. S. A., and Mrs. Brooke were the complimented guests at a reception Monday evening given by Captain George Grimes, U. S. A., and Mrs. Grimes and the latter's mother, Mrs. C. R. Bennett, at their home at the Presidio.

Lieutenant George Speer, U. S. A., and Mrs. Speer entertained a number of friends at a dinner Friday evening at their home at the Presidio.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dearborn of New York arrived last week to spend their honeymoon in California. Mrs. Dearborn, who was formerly Miss Margaret Bowers, is a sister of Mr. Raymond Bowers of this city. Mr. Dearborn is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Dearborn and is related to Mr. and Mrs. Warren Dearborn Clark, who went East to attend the wedding, which took place at Oyster Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard will depart today for New York, where they will spend several weeks. They will be accompanied by Mrs. George

H. Lent, who will be joined later by Mr. Lent. Mrs. Henry Schmiedell and her daughter, Mrs. George H. Howard, left Monday for a holiday visit in New York.

Mrs. J. D. Sproul, her son and daughter, Mr. Stanley Sproul and Miss Marian Sproul, arrived last week from their home in Chico and will spend several weeks in this city en route to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy will leave today for New York, where they will spend several weeks.

Mrs. Richard Derby is en route to the Philippines to visit her son-in-law and daughter, Lieutenant Henry Bergin, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bergin.

Mrs. McNutt Potter has returned from Aspen, Colorado, where she has been spending the summer. She was accompanied home by her niece, Miss Dorothea Coon, who has been her guest for several weeks.

At last accounts Mr. and Mrs. William Bowers Bourn and their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent, had left Ireland and were in London for an indefinite visit.

Mrs. Arthur Fennimore has returned from Waco, Texas, where she has been visiting her relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith are established in the home on Pacific Avenue of Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, having recently moved from the Fairmont Hotel, where they have resided several years. Their little son, Nicol, is rapidly recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. Harriet Peterson Miller has come from Santa Barbara and will spend the winter in this city.

Miss Genevieve Bothin has returned to San Mateo after a visit with Miss Leslie Miller at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Marie Louise Black is home again after an extended visit in New York with her uncle, Mr. James Black.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin have come to town for the winter and are residing on Pacific Avenue near Buchanan Street. Their home in Burlingame will be occupied after the first of the year by Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Payne.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Higgins left last week for a brief visit in New York, expecting to be home for the holidays. En route East they will spend several days with friends in Salt Lake City.

Mrs. George Barr Baker left Wednesday for her home in New York after a six weeks' visit with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Roy M. Pike. Mrs. Baker was accompanied by Mrs. John C. Wilson, who will spend two weeks in New York with Mr. and Mrs. Baker.

Dr. Lovell Langstroth and Mrs. Langstroth (formerly Miss Dora Boardman) have returned from their wedding trip to Southern California and are residing with Mrs. Langstroth's grandmother, Mrs. George C. Boardman, at her home on California and Octavia Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt are expected home today from the East, where they have been spending the past month.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pond and their children have come from San Mateo, where they have been spending the summer, and are temporarily established on California Street, where they will remain until their new home on Scott Street is ready for occupancy.

Mrs. Marvin Curtis and her daughter, Miss Gertrude Curtis, have gone to Southern California to spend the winter, hoping the mild climate may benefit the health of Mrs. Curtis, who has been ill several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Haskett Derby are again occupying their home on Gough Street, having returned recently from a summer outing in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. P. McG. McBean returned last week from a visit in the East and will remain with their little grandson, Peter McBean, during the absence of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean, who sailed Saturday for Honolulu.

Miss Marian Stone has returned from Beowawe, Nevada, where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Grayson Hinkley.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell have opened their town house on Sacramento Street after having spent the summer in their country home at Woodside.

Miss Ethel Crocker will leave today for Merced to visit Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker has returned from New York, where she has been spending the past two months.

Mrs. Morton Mitchell has returned from Paso Robles, where she has been spending two weeks, and is established for the winter at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Emmeline Childs has come from Los Angeles to make a brief visit in this city. She has been spending the past week with Mrs. Lansing Kellogg at her home on Jackson Street.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Buckingham has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Buckingham was formerly Miss Dorothy Page, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page.

David Warfield's engagement at the Columbia Theatre will open early next month. He is appearing in his revival of "The Auctioneer." As many of the original cast as could be secured have been cast in the production. David Belasco has rewritten the play and brought it thoroughly up to date.

Eleanor Gates, the author of "The Poor Little Rich Girl," now being played at the Columbia Theatre, is to furnish a new play in which Charles Frohman will star Blanche Bates.

Adaptable college woman—not a stenographer—wants position with cultured people in any home-making or business capacity where integrity, judgment, and tact would be appreciated—companion, chaperon, secretary, tutor, or office. Address Box 10, Argonaut office.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Dead Singer.

Here let the wood-dove softly coo,
Here let the willow weep,
Here where the winds and waters woo,
The singer dreams in sleep.

The music of his magic lute
Aroused the world to song,
Now that the singer's lips are mute,
About his hier they throng.

He hears, he feels, in sleep he smiles,
Through dusk and dawning dim,
Adown the hushed forest aisles
They bring their songs to him.

—Robert Loveman, in *Smart Set*.

Who Cometh

No queen is she, hut a vagrant lass,
In a gown of changeable hue,
Buds gem the grass where her hare feet pass,
And her eyes are bluest blue.

A joyous waif in the bushland old,
She strays where Winter lingers,
And boughs unfold their green and gold
Beneath her fairy fingers.

She calls at my window, "Awake, awake,
And wander away with me,
With a half heart-break for an old joy's sake,
And laughter for joys to be."

"Come out, come out. With me a rover,
Such bliss to thy heart I'll bring:
For never lover the wide world over,
Was sweet as an Austral Spring."

—A. M. Bowyer-Rosman, in *British-Australian*.

The Prayer of the Army Men.

At the going, when we stumble up the gangway
To the ship,
While we wish, and curse the wish, that we
Could stay;

On the Channel, as we watch the yearning cliffs
Of England dip,
Help us, Lord, to hide our sickened hearts away!

On the marches—on the marches with the histers
On our feet,
When our kits weigh not much less than half a
ton,

And our one idea of Heaven is a place to sleep
and eat—
Give us strength, Lord, 'til our thirty miles are
done!

Through the weary, starlit vigils when we guard
the sleeping tents,
Where they huddle gray behind us in the
gloom,

Bid us challenge every phantom that our fear of
death invents;
Keep our ears alert to hear the creeping Doom!

In the trenches, with the bullet-ridden earthworks
spurring dust,
And the peering rifle muzzles spitting flame;
In the sweating bayonet charges, with the thrust
and wrench and thrust,

Hear us, when we, dying, call upon Thy name!

In the winning, in the losing, in the triumph, the
despair,
Be we victors or the holders of defeat,
Keep us mindful of the honor of a nation that
we bear;

Let our souls, Lord, be above the fate we
meet!
—Kenneth Proctor Littauer in *Leslie's Maga-*
zine.

The Lovely Land.

There is a land that lies beyond the narrow city
street,
Of rock and river, pine and pond, of woods and
waters sweet,
Where Nature wields her fairy wand and God and
mortals meet.

There is a land that lies away out yonder in the
hills,
A land where flashing minnows play and happy
singer trills—
The robin redbreast in the day, by night the whip-

poor-wills.

'Tis not a land of empty ease, this lovely land of
mine;
I hear an ax-hlow in the trees, a splash where
waters shine,

The crosscut's swishy melodies, the falling of a
pine.

The ax makes music on the land, with sturdy
swing it gleams;
The peavey in the driver's hand is merry in the
streams;

The day is made for labor and the night is made
for dreams.

For these are men of might who toil where woods
and waters are,—
Who battle with a common soil and look upon a
star,

With hands to labor in the moil and eyes to look
afar.

I would, O prisoners of town, we might at morn
arise,
Might leave the avenues of brown where love,
where laughter dies,

Might come at night to lay us down beneath those
starry skies—

Might lay us down when day was late, when
labor's day was done,
Forgetting strife, forgetting hate, and, brothers
ev'ry one,

Beside the woods and waters wait the summons
of the sun.

—Douglas Malloch, in *American Lumberman*.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Next Monday, November 16, the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco District will open its doors in the Merchants' Bank Building on New Montgomery Street, south of Market Street, as one of the twelve regional institutions in the new Federal Reserve banking system.

The funeral of the late Colonel John C. Kirkpatrick, manager of the Sharon estate and of the Palace and Fairmont hotels, took place last Saturday morning from the Fairmont Hotel. Interment was made in Mount Olivet cemetery. The burial service was read by the Rev. Dr. W. K. Guthrie. The following served as pall-bearers: Frederick Sharon, Francis G. Newlands, William Sproule, William F. Herrin, M. F. Michael, F. S. Moody, Carter P. Pomeroy, Kenneth Macdonald, Sr., Rudolph Herrold, Obadiah Rich, Charles A. Cooke, Colonel George H. Pippy. Colonel Kirkpatrick passed away early Thursday morning of last week.

In a general meeting on the floor of the Merchants' Exchange the sum of \$100,000 was raised to aid the hungry and destitute people of Belgium.

The old tangle over the Home Telephone Company's franchise has probably been settled, the supervisors having adopted a compromise agreement allowing the Pacific Company to purchase the Home Company's franchise, paying to the city two per cent of the gross revenues. At the present rate of business this would amount to about \$72,000 a year.

Paul Seiler, a pioneer electrician and inventor of the Pacific Coast, died the first of the week at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Louise Malone, on Buchanan Street, after a lingering illness. For forty years he was prominent in the electrical appliance business in San Francisco and procured over thirty patents on signals, semaphores, wireless keys, and other devices.

George F. Gray of Gray Brothers, local contractors, was shot and killed at Twenty-Ninth and Castro Streets on Tuesday by Joseph Lococo, a former employee, during an argument over Lococo's wages. Lococo was arrested. He, with a hungry wife and two children at 784 Arkansas Street, pleaded with Gray for his wages of \$17.50 and finally shot, when as he declares, Gray advanced toward him, after refusing to pay him.

The mammoth pipe organ for the Panama-Pacific Exposition, the fourth largest in the world, has arrived in San Francisco from Hartford, Connecticut, five freight cars being required to transport the instrument with its companion echo organ. Under the supervision of Edward Lemare, who has been se-

cured for 100 concerts next year, the 7000 pipes of the organ will be installed, tested, and tuned in the course of the next two months.

The funeral of Dr. James W. Keeney was held at ten o'clock Monday from St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Clay Street and Van Ness Avenue. He died Saturday morning at his home, 2618 Buchanan Street. Dr. Keeney for two years was city health officer, a member of the Pacific Union Club and Loyal Legion.

Matthew Brady, president of the civil service commission, will be appointed by Mayor Rolph to one of the police court judgeships which Judges Shortall and Deasy are to vacate, they having been elected to the superior court bench.

The funeral of Mrs. India Scott Willis, widow of one of the pioneer brokers in the days of the Bonanza kings, was held Tuesday morning from St. Dominic's Church. Rev. Father McMahan presided at the services.

Professor Angelo Spadina, one of the notable figures of early day musical San Francisco, died last Tuesday. For a period of twenty years he was the organist at the Italian church here and was the first band leader at Golden Gate Park, occupying this position for twelve years.

Chief of Police White has issued an order to all policemen to enforce the curfew ordinance, which forbids children unescorted by grown-ups to be on the streets after nine o'clock at night.

The California Street Cable Railway Company has been authorized by the railroad commission to issue \$374,000 worth of six per cent refunding bonds through the Union Trust Company. The proceeds of this issue will be used to refund the bonds of an earlier issue, which mature January 1, 1915.

Walter E. Schwarz and his brother, Ralph, have been held to the United States grand jury by United States Court Commissioner Krull on charges of having deceived land buyers. They were promoters of Tobin Park, on the Ocean Shore Railroad, with offices at 246 Monadnock Building.

March 9 is the date fixed by the board of supervisors for the charter revision election. Several important changes in the charter are to be proposed. One will be the abolishing of the dollar limit for taxation. The city has been exceeding the dollar limit ever since the fire.

The Marion Craig-Wentworth Readings.

The two concluding readings of the engagement of Marion Craig-Wentworth will be

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We Should Like to Have You Know

That what service you think we *might* be able to render you will not cost you more than any other service that you would be likely to accept, and That it will cost you nothing at all to discuss with us, in advance, any plans you may have, and to satisfy yourself as to this statement.

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given next week in the art gallery of Paul Elder & Co., 239 Grant Avenue. On Wednesday evening, November 18, Mrs. Wentworth will read Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," and on Friday afternoon, November 10, "The Master Builder," by Henrik Ibsen.

One English Family and the War.

The following clipping from the London Times relative to the contribution made to the fighting forces of England by one family and its immediate connections illustrates both the aristocratic and the popular attitude in England toward the war. Holkham Hall, it is interesting to recall, was the seat of the famous "Coke of Norfolk," who in times immediately preceding the American Revolution and during that conflict so warmly espoused the American cause. The present Earl of Leicester is a direct descendant of Coke of Norfolk:

Holkham Hall, the residence of the Earl of Leicester, the Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Norfolk, is well represented in the service of the country at the present time, the Holkham "Roll of Honor," which has just been published containing thirteen names under the heading "Holkham Hall." Among this number are the names of the three sons of the Earl of Leicester—Viscount Coke, Third Battalion Scots Guards; the Hon. Arthur Coke, Second Lieutenant, Royal Horse Guards; and the Hon. Roger Coke, Lieutenant, R. N., his majesty's ship *Indomitable*. Captain J. N. Sibary, Reserve Battalion, Scots Guards, who is private secretary to the Earl, and his two sons are also serving.

In addition to the three sons of the present Earl, the family of Coke is further represented by the five sons of the late Earl's second family—the Hon. Richard Coke, Captain, Scots Guards, attached to Irish Guards; the Hon. Edward Coke, Lieutenant, Rifle Brigade; the Hon. John Coke, Captain, Second Battalion Scots Guards; the Hon. Reginald Coke, Second Lieutenant, Second Battalion Scots Guards; and the Hon. Lovel Coke, Lieutenant, R. N.

The total number of men serving from Holkham is forty-five, out of a population of 427.

"The Yellow Ticket," Michael Morton's play, which is considered one of the genuine successes of the season in New York, has been secured by the Columbia Theatre and will be presented before the close of the year. "The Yellow Ticket" derives its title from a system governing social outcasts in Russia.

A young star new to San Francisco will be seen at the Cort following "The Bird of Paradise," in Joseph Santley, who will be seen in "When Dreams Come True," a musical comedy that is cut from different fabric than the average. Santley has a great vogue in the East and is particularly noted as a dancer.

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"Do you think he's able to support a wife?"
"Why, he can't even maintain a conversation."—*Judge*.

She—We women have to stand a lot. He
—Not in the street-car if you're pretty.—
Boston Transcript.

Cratford—What do you do when a woman
asks your advice? Crabshaw—Find out first
what she has made up her mind to do.—
Judge.

Mr. Pester—If this isn't the most daring,
outspoken play on the stage I'd like to see
the one that is. Mrs. Pester—Doubtless you
would.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Mistress—Bridget, did I see Officer Flynn

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eating cold chicken in the kitchen last night?
Bridget—You did, mum! And it's not me
will heat up a chicken at half-past tin for
any cop!—*Puck*.

"Here's a woman who complains her honey-
moon lasted only a week." "What was the
matter?" "His money gave out."—*Baltimore
American*.

*Cook of the Dead Dog Pub (to parson ask-
ing a silent blessing)*—You needn't be a-
smellin' your victuals—they're quite fresh.—
Sydney Bulletin.

"We've been married eight years and have
never had an argument." "Then you've never
tried to dance any of the modern dances with
your wife."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Say, neighbor, does smoking hother you?"
"I'd be much obliged if you'd stop." "Now,
you go into another carriage, you're a fool
feller anyhow."—*Lustige Blätter*.

Rector—Those pigs of yours are in fine
condition, Hodge. *Hodge*—Yes, zur, they be.
An' if we was all on us as fit to die as them
are, zur, we'd do.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

"Yes; the car, a 1912 Pumpnickel, was
wrecked, and Jonsey, poor hoy, was killed."
"Well, it might have been worse. It might
have been a 1914 Pumpnickel."—*Puck*.

Mazie—Artie, where are we going on our
honeymoon? *Artie*—Around the world, dar-
ling. They're going to give it in seven reels
at the corner picture show.—*New York Globe*.

Lawyer—So you want to make a case of it?
Farmer—Yes, hy jing! I offered to settle by
fair means, an' he wouldn't. So I decided I'd
hire a lawyer an' have him took into court.—
Livingston Lance.

Fred—My dear Dora, let this thought con-
sole you for your lover's death. Remember
that other and better men than he have gone
the same way. *Bereaved One*—They haven't
all gone, have they?—*New York Sun*.

"What's that piece of cord tied around your
finger for?" "My wife put it there to remind
me to post a letter." "And did you post it?"
"No; she forgot to give it to me."—*Cincin-
nati Enquirer*.

"Men are always late. I have waited here
since six o'clock for my husband to come,
and it is now seven-thirty." "At what hour
were you to meet him?" asked the woman
who had joined her. "At five o'clock."—
Buffalo Courier.

"The collection here seems vurry incom-
plete," remarked Mrs. Newrich, going through
the museum. "For one thing, I haven't seen
a skull of Cromwell. They have a vurry fine
one at the museum at Oxford, England."—
Indianapolis Journal.

Earnest Youth—Father, what qualifications
do you need be a member of the Supreme
Court? *Father*—You have to be thoroughly
respectable, honorable beyond reproach, and
be able to write English in such a way that
no other lawyer will be quite sure what you
mean.—*Life*.

Uncle Ezra—Eph Hoskins must have had
some time down in New York. *Uncle Eben*
—Yep. Reckon he traveled a mighty swift
pace. Eph's wife said that when Eph got
back and went into his room he looked at the
bed, kicked it and said, "What's that darn
thing for?"—*Judge*.

"How's the baby?" asked the neighbor of
the new father. "Fine," said the proud
parent. "Don't you find that a baby brightens
up a household wonderfully?" pursued the
friend. "Yes," said the parent, with a sigh,
"we have the gas going most of the night
now."—*New York Globe*.

"You'll have some explaining to do when
you get home, won't you?" "No," replied
the member of Congress. "I'm not going to
explain. I'm going to let my constituents
argue matters out among themselves and then
take the side that seems to have the most ad-
vocates."—*Washington Star*.

"My dear, you ought to pass up frivolous
things and take an interest in deep subjects.
Take history, for instance. Here is an in-
teresting item. Gessler, the tyrant, put up a
hat for the Swiss to salute." The lady was
a trifle interested. "How was it trimmed?" she
inquired.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"This is a foine country, Bridget!" ex-
claimed Norah, who had but recently arrived
in the United States. "Sure, it's generous
everybody is. I asked at the postoffice about
sindin' money to me nither, an' the young
man tells me I can get a money order for tin
dollars for tin cints. Think of that, now!"—
Birmingham Age-Herald.

"I wouldn't o' had no trouble wif de con-
stable ner nobody," said Mr. Erastus Pinkley,
"if it hadn't been for woman's love o' dress."
"What has dress got to do with it?" asked
the jailer. "My woman folks warn't satisfied
to eat de mos' of de chicken. Dey had to put
de feathers in deir hats an' parade 'em as cir-
cumstantial evidence."—*Washington Star*.



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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Mr. Phelan's Disclaimer.

Upon his own statement Mr. Phelan of course must be adjudged exempt from any personal share in the deal by which the votes of organized labor, and some other elements, were, in the recent election, placed for him and for Governor Johnson as against his (Phelan's) party running mate, Curtin, and Johnson's

running mate, Heney. But that there was such a deal no man having any observation of the ways of politics may reasonably doubt. In matters of this kind it is good diplomacy to keep the parties in largest interest discreetly uninformed. Your political higher-up, so to speak, must in common prudence be in position to say, without violating technical truth, that he knows nothing about any bargains anybody may have made. The same rule applies to campaign expenditures. It is always notable that very rich candidates in whose behalf great sums are put forth are still able to swear to very modest statements of individual expense. Yet, there unfailingly lingers in the public mind a notion that where great sums have been spent in campaigning, there will be an ultimate reckoning of which the beneficiary will have a conscious appreciation of at least the bottom row of figures.

Some Political Reflections.

The drift of political sentiment in the United States was marked, even before the election of two weeks ago made the fact patent. Protection, the cardinal Republican doctrine, is more popular today than it has been at any time since McKinley's first election. Moreover, there is a marked swinging back to conservative ideas. And in the present posture of our affairs conservatism, at one time the exclusive possession of the Democratic party, means Republicanism.

Along with a revived popular respect for politics traditionally Republican—emphatically illustrated in the election two weeks ago—we have the anomalous fact that the Republican party for the first time in half a century is practically without an organization. Mr. Hilles now and again issues a statement which signifies that the national Republican party has still a corporate existence and that he is the head thereof; but nobody considers either Mr. Hilles or the left-over committee of which he is the left-over chairman. The organization has ceased to be a vital fact in relation to the policies of the party or the politics of the country. Republicanism today is not a political machine, only a way of political thinking.

In the recent campaign the Republican congressional committee was the only organized body which attempted anything in the way of campaign work. Its operations were trivial and negligible. No Republican campaign text-book was gotten out, no supervision was exercised over state campaigns, no money was provided, no speakers were sent forth to battle for the party. The only activity sustained by the congressional committee was a press bureau, which, after the manner of press bureaus, put out much that was foolish and nothing at all that was effective.

Along with the practical collapse of the Republican national organization we have a corresponding situation in the Democratic party. There is somewhere in existence a national Democratic committee. But can anybody recall the name of the chairman? Did anybody discover any evidences of corporate activity in the recent campaign? The fact is that the Democratic party has been merged with the personality of President Wilson. It has literally been swallowed up. The President is the party. And in the past two years he has carried it a course far removed from its traditions, practices, previous aims. Once the stronghold of conservative ideas, the Democratic party as remolded by President Wilson is now a party of radicalism. It is not a formulated radicalism. The situation may be defined as one in which the Democratic party will follow its leader anywhere, by any route he may choose, towards any end he may have in view. Apparently it is in the party mind that President Wilson embodies its one opportunity and hope for the future.

It hardly seems necessary, in view of what has hap-

pened, to define the status of the Bull-Moose organization. Whatever the pretensions of its central organization may have been before the election, they are negligible now. The party never was anything more than a personality; now it is nothing at all. In its brief career of a little more than eighteen months it has distinguished itself by two achievements—both negative. It defeated the Republican candidate for President in 1912; and in the recent congressional campaign it drew away enough votes from Republican nominees to permit of the election of twenty-seven Democrats. Thus we have a Democratic President and a Democratic lower house of Congress through the diversion which Bull-Mooseism made in the political life of the country. But the party, if it may be so called, has killed itself in the achievement.

We can recall no election in recent times so nearly reflective of the spontaneous sentiment of the country as that of the 3d instant. There was no "promotion" anywhere. The Republicans, as we have seen, were practically minus any species of organization; Republican candidates for Congress were left each to make his own campaign without other aid than he could muster in his district. Furthermore, Congress being in session, the people were not disturbed by the usual importunities on the part of incumbent candidates. The Democratic campaign consisted of a plea to "stand by the President." The Progressive campaign consisted of the lone voice of Mr. Roosevelt. Under these conditions the result may be taken to illustrate pretty accurately the state of political feeling throughout the country, free relatively from the interference of committees and candidates.

Senator "Ollie" James of Kentucky, a man more noted for the eccentricities of his political thinking than for the profundity of his judgment, declares that logically the leadership of the Republican party must now fall to Senator-elect Penrose and Congressman-elect Cannon. If Mr. James is serious in this idea he is even farther than usual from the line of common sense. True Penrose and Cannon have indeed "come back"; but their coming back relates to conditions and circumstances other than those implying party leadership. Penrose has been elected as a protest against Bull-Mooseism, as a slap in the face to Colonel Roosevelt. Cannon has been reelected under a reaction against the same movement in Illinois. Neither Penrose nor Cannon represents the forward movement in Republicanism and in the politics of the country. Their return to the Capitol is merely incidental, almost accidental, relating as it does to things past rather than things to come. They are—each in his own way—mere relics of times and conditions gone by. Neither has any vital relationship to the new order of things. Neither will make any figure under the changed deal in the political and legislative worlds.

Nor are the Cannons, the Penroses, and the Galingers seeking to regain control of the party. There is not the slightest evidence in that direction. They realize fully that, rightly or wrongly, they are more or less discredited and that they are out of tune with present tendencies. Knowing the political game as they do, and realizing that time and opportunity are fleeting, they are a bit impatient over the delay in the coming forward of new leaders. But they are more than content to remain in the background, yielding the stage to whoever may develop the address and the force to occupy it. The situation is unique in American politics. Never at any time has there been a great and "going" party literally holding out its hands in appeal for new men to step forward and galvanize its machinery into action. If Mr. Roosevelt had only had patience the situation would have been directly to his hand. If when he returned from Africa he had

remained quietly at Oyster Bay, minding strictly his own business, he might possibly have had the Republican nomination for the presidency. And even when he returned from South America he might have found a way to reinstate himself with the dominating element of the party. But his impatience and his vanity combined led him forward into imprudences which seem now to have destroyed him permanently as a presidential figure. He has proven to the country, not merely once, but over and over again, his temperamental incapacity for judgment and for discretion in action. To those of us who a year ago could never upon any condition be brought to support him there are now added new multitudes of Republicans with whom he stands discredited. Never in the history of the country has any man ever so deliberately thrown away his opportunities as has Mr. Roosevelt. He had the chance to engraft upon a career brilliantly spectacular a secondary career of large and serious significance. He has thrown this chance away because of the vices of a character lacking in those elements of power which rest upon sustained moral courage. In his insane passion to be a heliofeller he has become a man without a party, a conspicuous and demonstrated failure.

The latest reports indicate a Democratic majority of twenty-seven in the House of Representatives. This would be not only a safe but a comfortable margin if there were no ifs in the case. But unhappily for the Administration there are several ifs, the most important being related to Tammany Hall. Tammany has twenty members of the House, and it hardly needs to be said that twenty out of a majority of only twenty-seven has the power to make things mighty interesting if it should set about it. Tammany with its twenty tried and true programme-takers comes pretty near holding the balance of power. It is so placed that it may embarrass and probably even thwart the President whenever it may suit its whims or its purposes to take the bit in its teeth. Then Tammany is in a position to stand between Mr. Wilson and his now obvious ambition for a second term. In this connection we shall see what we shall see. But the *Argonaut* ventures this prophecy, and it hopes somebody will be interested enough to remember it: Before a month shall have passed the President will be finding ways to placate the Tiger. He will be found in support of courses which Tammany desires or he will be naming men affiliated with Tammany to public office—either or both of these things. We hope some reader will paste this prophecy in his hat and call upon the *Argonaut* to justify itself in the character of political prophet.

The Tammany faction in the House of Representatives is not the only element which will require careful handling on the part of the President during the coming session of Congress. There are some fifty or more Democratic members who failed of reelection, but who hold their places until the 4th of March next. Every man-jack of them either openly or in secret blames Mr. Wilson for his defeat. He forced them into a humiliating subserviency to his will. Then he forced upon them unpopular legislation—repeal of free Canal tolls, for example. But they have three months in which to emphasize their resentments, and some of them are disposed to make the most of the opportunity. It goes without saying that various means will be put in motion tending to pacification of this group. Some will be calmed with patronage, of which there is a considerable volume on hand, discreetly saved up for this particular purpose. For, albeit Mr. Wilson is a college professor, he knows a good deal of the political game. But there will not be enough of the commodity of patronage to go around. And there are some of the lame ducks so sore that they would rather retain their grievances than accept favors in relinquishment of the same. The type is familiar in our political history. Hence we are likely to see a breaking out this winter of some smouldering fires of resentment against the President. His job during the coming months will be no easy one.

It was fortunate for the Republican party that its very marked success in the late election did not go to the point of a majority in the House of Representatives. There would have been a certain prestige in so striking an achievement, but it would have involved the party in responsibilities without yielding it anything worth naming in the way of authority. It would have given

it the character of an obstructionist in the government, never pleasant in action or helpful in repute. With the Democratic party established in the White House and in the Senate, it is better on all accounts that it should have the entire works. Thus established, it is definitely responsible for the conduct of the government. And by the same token the Republican party is relieved of any responsibility as connected with the initiative or the final enforcements of public policies.

A strong and growing political sentiment like that illustrated in the Republican vote of two weeks ago must quickly find effective leadership. Every strong movement inevitably discovers the men who exemplify it intellectually, morally, and otherwise. In the present situation there is a wide field from which the party may choose. The list of obvious available includes Justice Hughes, Senators Borah and Cummins, ex-Governor Hadley, the newly elected governor (Willis) of Ohio, the newly elected governor (Whitman) and the newly elected senator (Wadsworth) of New York. Outside the lines of men now in official life it includes ex-President Taft, President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University, and other publicists of repute. Upon any one of these the mantle of party leadership may fall, or even upon some man still newer in the political life of the country. One thing is certain. An advancing movement will hit upon leadership, not with its eyes to the past, but to the future. Progressive movements do not commonly choose reactionary agents; in the immediate instance the Republican party stands face to the front and with the spirit to go forward.

As usual after a decisive incident illustrative of political reaction there are many busy theorists ready to explain how it happened. Everything from Panama tolls to the tango is being dragged in to explain the failure of many Democratic congressmen to secure reelection. But for every theory thus urged it is easy to find circumstances in rebuttal. It is declared, for example, by one political doctor that the imposition of Panama tolls was the prime factor in the undoing of Democracy. The charge is absurd. Tolls did have its part. But it was a minor factor as related to the general result. The truth of the matter is that the country has grown weary of political experimentation, of radical and novel policies. It has grown into a fresh distrust of the Democratic party. However the fact may be explained, it nevertheless remains that the installation of a Democratic President and a Democratic Congress inevitably forestalls a period of hard times. Whether justly or otherwise, it abides in the public mind that efficiency in administration and stability in business are things better assured under Republican than under Democratic rule.

All the omens point to Republican success in 1916. Democracy as interpreted and exemplified by President Wilson has not satisfied the country. Its policies have interested the people, but they have not convinced them. The results of the election enforce a fact which many had been in the way of forgetting, namely, that Mr. Wilson is a minority President. The vote by which he was elected was a minority vote, and now at the first opportunity the country has declared, not for, but against him. Anything like a prudent course on the part of the Republican party between now and 1916 will make its success in the next presidential election an absolute assurance.

The Oakland Incident.

It was characteristic of Mr. Francis J. Heney in his campaign spielings across the bay to bluster about his knowledge of local scandals, then to fail completely when it came to a show-down. Likewise it was characteristic of Mr. Heney to attempt to intrude himself upon Oakland as a special prosecutor "with entire control of the grand jury," and commissioned to act independently of the regular prosecuting attorney. Likewise it was characteristic of certain professional emotionalists to fall in with Heney's plan and to enlist themselves in his behalf. In every community there are those who prefer to get behind a sensational fakir than to pursue legitimate courses through agents of known and dependable character.

The authorities of Oakland and Alameda County have done wisely to reject Mr. Heney's arrogant proposal. His intrusion into Oakland affairs would mean nothing less than the raising of a civil commotion. The end would be what the end of Mr. Heney's activities are

everywhere, namely, a world of noise and fury, the development of embittered enmities and resentments, and—nothing done.

The emotionalists who swallowed Mr. Heney's artfully-contrived bait claim to be eager to proceed, not against "minor wrong-doers," but against the "higher-ups." Now this is precisely what Mr. Heney does not do. His method, sufficiently illustrated in the land fraud cases in Oregon and in the graft prosecution at San Francisco, is to seek out the worst criminals, compromise with them under a bargain for immunity, then to proceed by a prodigious beating of trumpets against lesser scoundrels. His dealings with Abraham Ruef illustrate this phase of Heney's practice.

There is probably some—possibly a good deal—of graft in Oakland. Surely if Oakland wishes to proceed against its scoundrels there are available agents at once of higher respectability and of higher potentiality than Mr. Heney. Certainly there are lawyers in plenty and of the highest type in Alameda County. There is no need to pass over their heads and to bring in to direct procedures of prosecution an outsider discredited by the fury of his passions and a career of failure.

The prosecuting attorney of Alameda County is entirely justified in his refusal to accept responsibility on Mr. Heney's account. And the other authorities are justified in dismissing the appeal of certain long-haired meddlers in Mr. Heney's behalf. But the incident puts upon these same authorities a duty which they can not in justice to themselves or to the trusts which have been given them thrust aside. It is now up to Prosecuting Attorney Hynes and the board of supervisors of Alameda County to take up and vigorously prosecute a job of housecleaning upon their own initiative. If they shall fail to do it the moral reflection will be upon themselves.

History Repeating Itself.

From sources not likely to be mistaken the *Argonaut* has information to the effect that some serious scandals are brewing in Canada in connection with purchases there for the British government on war account. The army contractor, as in the days of our Civil War, is still on the job. The suggestion of dishonest dealing involves not only certain contractors, but some high military officers. Efforts are being made to apply the soft pedal. None the less Parliament during the coming winter may have to deal with some very nasty disclosures.

It is suggested, too, that some very unpleasant things are likely to come to light in connection with purchases on war account by British agents in this country. Our British cousins are buying a vast amount of war material here, but are doing it in a very inept manner. It will be recalled that during the Boer war several British army officers engaged in buying horses in the United States got very much mixed up in questionable transactions. Something very similar is going on now. We have it from a source positively informed that certain British officers now buying ordnance material here are proceeding by very crude methods. Somebody is getting fat commissions. The officers in charge may be innocent—probably they are—but somewhere along the line there is a heavy diversion of purchase money. British authorities have felt called upon to warn New York supply houses that certain persons who have been collecting commissions from them in the guise of British agents are impostors, but there is good ground for belief that along with the impostors there are some rascals duly commissioned.

In view of the fact that millions of British money are being spent here for supplies, it is very evident that there is needed a highly organized purchasing agency. In the place of such an agency we see a multitude of buyers under lax and diverse control. In brief, the British government is going about the business of buying supplies in America in a very loose way. Now as in times past it is paying for goods very much more than it ought to, and "the damned Yankees" are not the only factors in the case.

If the war keeps up the call upon us for supplies will continue to be large. It relates not only to horses, foodstuffs, and the like, but to the weapons used in warfare. The British ordnance works are prepared to turn out 25,000 rifles a day. This is the theory; the performance will hardly match it. Now one rifle barrel is good for about four hundred rounds before it needs to be renewed. If not renewed it would be as little

effective as a bit of gaspipe or a boy's popgun. Twenty-five thousand rifles per day will not keep the allied forces which look to England properly supplied. There must be a resort to a foreign market—in other words, to the United States. Then there is the ammunition account. The consumption on the part of the Allies is far beyond the capacity of their own works. They must come to us and they are already coming.

Purchasing agents already in the country, we are told, are placing their orders in the most reckless fashion. There is no coordination in buying, no adequate system of inspection before acceptance. A drunken sailor ashore with ninety days' pay in his trousers could do no worse. Uncle Sam can not very well exercise guardianship over the purchasing agents. But somebody should. Somebody ought to convince the British War Office of the necessity of adopting business methods in the business its agents are now carrying on in this country.

Editorial Notes.

Use of the Greek Theatre at Berkeley has been officially denied to a group of Alameda County people who had planned a great entertainment to raise money for the Belgian sufferers. Yet it is to be remembered that use of auditoriums of this self-same university has been granted from time to time to such meritorious expounders of moral—and political—philosophy as Francis J. Heney and Hiram Johnson. And it is only a short month ago that Mr. William Hearst and his *Examiner* were permitted to exploit themselves in the Greek Theatre, even to the extent of dragging in the president of the university as an adjunct of the occasion. Consistency is said to be a jewel. But then jewelry is not an essential of the higher intellectual and moral life.

A movement started at Washington for importation wholesale to this country of professors and students of the Louvain University and their maintenance here for an indefinite period with all charges paid, including transportation, is not likely, we think, to command popular enthusiasm. There are distresses in Belgium and elsewhere growing out of the war far more acute, and appealing more intensely to human sympathy, than the interruption of the career of the Louvain University, grievous fact that it is. We know of no enthusiasm in this country in the interest of higher education that is likely to overlook starving and shivering humanity in its eagerness to succor an army of teachers and another army of students and maintain them in a scholastic career. Furthermore, if anybody is very much in earnest in curing the distresses of college life, there are subjects in plenty among the underpaid instructors at Berkeley and Stanford.

The man—or it may be a woman—who signs a daily article in the *Chronicle* with the name of Helen Dare has more glibness of style than profundity of mind. Helen Dare has discovered in the attendance of Pere and Mater at the annual football game part of the underlying philosophy of its continued popularity. But with all his or her acuteness Helen Dare has not looked beneath the surface. Football and college athletics in general are indeed encouraged by wise fathers and mothers, primarily because they afford a substitute for the physical labor which all growing youth ought to have to do. But there is another and in truth a deeper motive. Athletics promote temperance. College athletics, while they have not helped the manners of the rising generation, have done and continue to do much to sustain its morals. The young man "on the team" or "on the crew," or hopeful of getting there, is perforce under careful moral discipline. He must eschew late hours, certain time-consuming frivolities, and the more serious forms of dissipation to be in form for even the milder kind of athletics. It follows that college athletics have tended to make the physical virtues fashionable—to cut out drinking, smoking, and much else that damages alike the mind and the body. This is why Pere and Mater, if they are people of sense, give countenance to athletics, even though they may consume a good deal of time, intrude a serious distraction upon academic life, and involve some actual hazards.

Speaking of temperance, we learn that several of the fraternity houses near the campus at Berkeley have upon their own initiative and by majority vote of their members "gone dry." This is quite as posi-

tively a result of college athletics and of a fashion in manners which college athletics have promoted as of conscious moral purpose. It is the fashion among collegians to be sober and to be chaste. And incidentally it may be remarked that it is a vastly more important fact that college fraternity houses should become "dry" through the will of their members than through the enforcements of law—college law or any other. Sobriety through individual intent is a very different thing from prohibition under arbitrary rule. Prohibition, whether it relates to the use of liquors or anything else, somehow, under an elementary impulse of human nature, is always offensive and usually futile. There is an instinctive and usually an irresistible impulse to do the thing that is forbidden. But when a group of college boys living in the free democracy of a fraternity house deliberately and of its own free will votes to ban liquors the fact contains a distinct promise that the future is not likely to disappoint.

Mr. Francis B. Loomis, long connected with the diplomatic service of the United States, and who has recently become a resident of California, gave the Commonwealth Club last week some significant and interesting information. He dispelled the popular idea that our diplomats have little or nothing to do by succinctly describing their duties. He told how Secretaries Root and Knox reorganized the diplomatic service by putting it upon a semi-civil service basis; and he proceeded to unfold the methods by which the present Administration has destroyed what was so carefully built up. "When the present Administration came into power," said the speaker, "it dismissed all but one of the ministers, who had been carefully trained through a period of eight or ten years as secretaries in embassies and missions in many parts of the world, and also discharged or annoyed a number of secretaries to such an extent that they were glad to resign. The structure of reform in the diplomatic system, which had been patiently and intelligently reared by Secretaries Root and Knox, was practically overturned in a night by Secretary Bryan." Mr. Loomis states the facts with unquestionable accuracy; and these facts, it is sad to say, constitute a tremendous arraignment of an Administration from which better things were expected. There are many points at which Mr. Wilson has gone wrong. But there are two things for which he never can be forgiven. One is the abject surrender to labor unionism in the matter of exemption from certain laws which affect other classes and other interests. The other is the exploitation and degradation of our consular service. True, Mr. Bryan was the active agent in the latter case. But ultimate responsibility rests upon the President himself.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Note from Senator-Elect Phelan.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 17, 1914.
EDITOR ARGONAUT: In recent issues you have implied that there was a combination between Governor Johnson and myself, by which, reciprocally, we were to benefit as candidates for office.

Unless such statements are denied, where they are untrue, it might later be urged, that having been contradicted, they possibly have some foundation in fact. Neither I, nor any one authorized to speak for me, made such a combination, and I do not believe that any understanding whatever existed. I had no conversation with the governor, nor any one for the governor, on the subject, nor had any one, at my suggestion, with him or his representatives. Doubtless many Progressives, and many Republicans as well, voted for me, but it was on their individual initiative. Perhaps this rumor originated from the attitude of Secretary Lane, who came to participate in a discussion of national politics and not state politics. This was in accordance with his declaration before leaving Washington. I know, however, that he told the Democratic nominee for governor, the Honorable John Barry Curtin, in answer to his request, that whereas he himself would not speak in his behalf, that he would be pleased to have him if he desired to speak from the same platform with him.

After the primaries there was an understanding between Mr. Curtin and myself that we should conduct individual campaigns, and in my speeches I called upon my hearers to follow the example of Maine, which, I declared, elected a Democratic governor, legislature, and congressmen, but, of course, my whole discussion related to national questions alone.

JAMES D. PHELAN.

The War at Stockton.

STOCKTON, November 17, 1914.
EDITOR ARGONAUT: Discouraged and crestfallen, Mr. Anton Johannsen, Mr. Michael Casey, Mr. J. B. Dale, and other more or less distinguished citizens of San Francisco have returned to the metropolis after months of relentless, but vain, effort to destroy Stockton in an industrial war, the like of which has never been seen in California.

The recall of these gentlemen was not undertaken by the business men and residents of Stockton, despite the fact that their presence was a constant menace and insult to the peace and good name of this city. They were recalled because "benefit" funds ran short.

And this shortage of "benefit" funds makes quite a story. Under competent and cautious management there probably would have been no such shortage, for the ingenious working-

man has been exploited to such a degree by the shrewd cunning of these "leaders" that he is ready to come through with a portion of his wages whenever a comrade is supposed to be in need. It is as a result of this credulous generosity on the part of the laboring man that Mr. Johannsen draws a salary of \$100 per week, with an unlimited "expense" account, and other so-called leaders draw proportionate sums.

These big salaries might have been received indefinitely by the crew of disturbers who were sent to Stockton had not their zeal to blacken the names of honest men overcome their usual cleverness. It must be remembered that last summer the business men, manufacturers, and other residents of Stockton, in fact ninety-five per cent of the business men and women of this city, formed an organization of their own. It was done purely for protection, to offset the insolent and destructive encroachments of labor demands.

As soon as it was discovered by the employees that this association had been formed a strike was declared. This strike, for the purpose of arousing sympathy for themselves and hostility for the association, was called a "lock-out," though the employers have never discriminated against members of any organizations nor have they lengthened hours of labor nor reduced wages.

Since the strike went into effect members of the business men's association have been subjected to every vile and petty annoyance that could be conceived by a vile and petty brain. Indeed disturbances exceeded the classification of pettiness, and felonies, including assaults and arson, ran riot. The police department of Stockton openly and flagrantly disavowed neutrality and declared their sympathies in favor of the disturbers.

Consequently business men received only such protection as they were able to provide themselves. This was done by means of guards, who were employed not only to protect persons, but property also. Most of these guards remained loyal to their employers, but one or two listened to the cajolery and blandishments of others and accepted employment with the lawless element.

Soon affidavits began to be published. They were signed by some of these disloyal guards and purported to involve business men of Stockton in the destruction of their own city and businesses. But two of the men employed by the merchants perpetrated a "frame" upon Mr. Casey and Mr. Tveitmoose that those experts at "framing" will probably never forget.

The men are Bruno Steffins and Charles Miller. They were approached by certain parties and offered \$50 each if they would sign affidavits reflecting upon certain employers in Stockton and San Francisco. They hesitated, apparently considering the matter, and immediately presented the proposition to their employers. They were advised to sign the affidavits, accept the money, and then sign other affidavits, reciting the whole transaction.

This was done, and when the second affidavits were published unions throughout the state attempted to start an investigation. They had been contributing their money, they said, for the benefit of their Stockton comrades out of jobs, not for the purchase of false affidavits. Of course no accounting of the funds was made, for such procedure is "against the rules and by-laws of our organization," it was explained.

But explanations wouldn't go. The unions of Sacramento forthwith cut off their "benefit" contributions; Suisun followed suit; Marysville, San Jose, and other cities fell in line, and the big sums that had been flowing steadily into the coffers, or rather hands, of certain officials in Stockton suddenly ceased.

So Mr. Johannsen, Mr. Casey, Mr. Dale, and others who lived in sumptuous splendor while here have been "recalled" to the city.

S. B. BEST.

From a Californian in Italy.

SIENA, ITALY, October 21, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: The most welcome of all the newspapers which reach us here in these days of irregular postal communications is the *Argonaut*. Three weeks old when it arrives, but it brings a breath of the dear home city, whose very trade winds sweeping down Market Street of an afternoon become a loved memory when one is long absent.

Although outside of the war zone, we are near enough to be confused by the wildly conflicting reports emanating therefrom and watch eagerly for your articles on the situation. These often act as mental clarifiers.

The first week of August found this quiet, tower-set old town full of Americans, assembled to witness the annual *Palio* races, Siena's most noted attraction. The war declarations, following one upon another, and the first effects produced on the banks and on transportation awoke a lively consternation.

It is mighty annoying when thousands of miles from home to learn that the steamers have stopped running and to find the exchanges unwilling to cash checks which any fool knows are perfectly good—because they are American and so could not be otherwise!

When this occurred every tourist promptly wrote to the nearest consul for advice, and the consuls, never having faced, or even fancied, a like emergency, must be excused for becoming a trifle excited. They advised one and all to go at once to the nearest seaport to be in readiness to embark on the ships which good Uncle Sam was sending across to their rescue. There was, really, no need for hurry, as some little time must elapse before the steamers could arrive, but the U. S. official's advice was regarded as imperative. Sight-seeing lost its zest. Hundreds left comfortable and interesting places in the interior to assemble at Genoa and Naples, there to submit to extortionate charges at the overcrowded hotels, as well as nameless small annoyances, while waiting for the steamers. On the whole buoyancy of spirit and a sense of humor—true American endowments—saved the situation and helped them through the trying season, aptly termed by one of them "an epidemic of consularitis."

To those of us remaining, who know and love Italy, the perplexity of the present hour calls on our sympathy. On every side the questions are heard, "Will she break her neutrality?" and "Why is she hesitating?"

With the several powers threatening, urging, flattering, reminding her of the spoils to be divided later and of the "honor" of having a voice in the re-mapping of Europe, she stands anxious and sad-eyed, endeavoring to hold in check the more impetuous of her sons who clamor to drag her into the smoke and roar. Meantime she fortifies her coasts and frontier, and class by class her young men are called out to be trained and prepared for service.

I have in mind an Italian mother who types Italy. She is a kindly-eyed, soft-voiced Tuscan woman, still in black for her eldest son, who went gayly forth with his regiment three years ago to Tripoli. Her second son is in the training camp, and her third and youngest, now in his last year at the university, may be called out any day. She smiles wistfully when she says that she hopes it will not be necessary for them to go to actual service, but if it becomes necessary, why they must do their part. This is Italy's own attitude!

Those of us who joined our prayers with those of our dear nation on October 4th for peace had her in mind, as well as the countries already torn and bleeding under the tread of this demon, War.

MARY GARTON FOSTER.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.

Last week I said that the real heart of the war seemed to be in the east and not in the west, and that the determination of the whole issue might presently show itself to be in the hands of the Russian army. This is more evidently true today than it was a week ago. The Russian army is rapidly straightening itself by the advance of its right and left wings into East Prussia and toward Cracow. We are told that Cracow is partly invested and in flames, and that it may be surrendered in order to avoid a bombardment. Now it is evident that the possession of Cracow by the Russians gives access to all the great industrial centres of Silesia, and this would be so staggering a blow for the Germans that almost anything might follow it. Reports from East Prussia are not so precise, but there are claims of a Russian advance here, too, and of a general exodus of the people, while from the Russian centre we are told vaguely that General von Hindenberg, having retreated after his defeat for over one hundred miles to the west of Warsaw, is at last prepared to give battle on ground of his own choosing. The Russian line now stretches from the East Prussia frontier in the north to Cracow in the south, but its centre is curved westward in the direction of Posen. It is an invading force in the north and in the south, and probably also in the centre, although it may be only some raiding hands of Cossack cavalry that have penetrated to the rear of Von Hindenberg's forces. And the Russian armies are coming on everywhere like a high tide.

One of the myths of the present war, and there are a good many of them and of a great vitality, is that the Russian armies must necessarily move slowly, that their equipment is inferior, and their morale poor. These are still the correct things to assume, and it need hardly be said that obvious and patent facts are not allowed to interfere with theories. Now it is quite evident that Russia has not only mobilized with extraordinary rapidity, but that her subsequent movements have been equally quick. And so far as the morale of the troops is concerned it may be pointed out that the Russians have been uniformly successful with the exception of their one defeat at Augustowo, near the East Prussian frontier. No matter how numerous the slighting references to Russian military inefficiency the fact remains that Russia has invaded her enemy's territory at three points, that she is now investing Cracow, and that she is likely soon to have her hands upon Silesia. Russia's activity is of course due to her anxiety to relieve the pressure in Belgium, and there can be no doubt that she has already done this to a marked extent. But we may be quite sure that the German commanders are thinking far more seriously about the east than the west. They can always withdraw from the western field with the certainty that a very small force will guard them from invasion, but they can not withdraw from the eastern field. Their only hope of safety there is to meet the Russian armies and defeat them, and it may be said that German victories are not quite the foregone conclusions that they were three months ago.

The situation in the west is precisely as it was a week ago. The rival armies may be compared with a comet, and the head of the comet is in Belgium. The Germans are persisting in their efforts to reach Dunkirk and Calais, but with the exception of the little heap of ruins which represents Dixmude they have made no progress whatever, and they seem now to have lost Dixmude. Their chief attack is upon Ypres, which is defended by the British, but the reports describe a distinct waning of force on the part of the assailants, which is probably due to the untrained troops that have taken the place of the veterans sent east. Since the Allies are here on the defensive the victory in the week's activities must be awarded to them. But no one yet seems able to advance any adequate theory to account for the German ambition to take Calais and Dunkirk. It is hard to see any accruing advantage that would compensate for the enormous loss of life. It is by no means inconceivable that Germany already has her eye upon the final reckoning and wishes to be able to point to the fact that she is occupying the whole of Belgium and is therefore the "man in possession." And it is equally possible that the possession of the sea coast is associated in some way with an attack upon England by the fleet and by the Zeppelins. We have to remember that the German army is completely surrounded by its enemies, by the sea, and by its own frontiers. If it is to advance at all it must break through somewhere, and it would be more advantageous to break through in the north, where there would be a possibility to acquire command of the Channel, than elsewhere. So far as the Zeppelin invasion of England is concerned we shall see what we shall see. No one could even pretend to forecast the result, seeing that no one knows how many Zeppelins Germany has or even what sort of craft they are. The project seems to have appealed to the imagination of the German emperor, although it is still hard to understand in what way it would be facilitated by the possession of Calais and Dunkirk.

The British prime minister rather surprised the world by saying that the early forecasts of the length of the war were probably exaggerated and that it would be over sooner than had been expected. Such a statement has a very great significance, coming at a time when the likelihood of a long war was being used as the chief incentive to enlistment. Now prognostications of a long war have been just as fashionable as assumptions of German irresistibility—if such a word may be allowed—but there seems to be a slender basis for them in any known facts. It is to be noted that Mr. Asquith made his speech after the German defeat in front of Warsaw and after it became evident that the Russian armies were on the point of invading Germany. Now there is only one thing that

can prevent the war from coming to a very speedy conclusion and that is the demonstration of the German power to drive the Russians back into their own country. If the Russians should succeed in overrunning Silesia, then it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the war is over. If they should succeed in taking Posen, and so opening the door to Berlin, once more it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the war is over. The eastern provinces of Germany are the mighty storehouses from which she draws well nigh everything that she needs for her armies, and while we may at any moment get news of some great feat of arms that will put a wholly different complexion upon the situation, the present prospects of preventing a widespread invasion are not very bright. Now if the Germans were doing great things in Flanders it might be taken as some compensation for the menace that overhangs them in the east. But they are not. They are doing nothing except piling up hetaconchs of dead men. They seem unable to advance a foot. It is an absolute deadlock along the Yser Canal and throughout the whole length of what is called the Battle of the Aisne, and a deadlock is the one thing that Germany can not afford. Therefore it would not be at all surprising if the war should come to an end within a month. And there is much likelihood that it will come to an end within a month unless the Russians can be stopped.

Probably an army never received such a certificate of courage from an enemy as the Germans have received in the various official reports issued officially by the British government. Among much else of the same kind the latest report says: "In spite of lack of officers, in spite of inexperience, hoys of sixteen and seventeen have faced our guns, have marched steadily up to the muzzles of our rifles, and have met death in droves, without flinching." If such extraordinary valor as this had been supported by an equal intelligence on the part of the high commanding officers and of the statesmen of Germany the fortunes of war might today have been very different to what they are.

And here once more we are faced by the German myth which demands that we prostrate ourselves in adoration before the military genius of Germany and that we praise every military move as being actuated by a sort of superhuman military intelligence. It was easy at the first to adopt that pose, but it is now very hard to sustain it. The great military leaders of Germany seem to have made every mistake that it was in any way possible for them to make, and that they have been saved from irretrievable disaster is due only to the magnificent bravery of their men and to the perfection of the machine that was given them to operate. The first supreme mistake that they made was to suppose that they could subdue France at a blow and that the French army was in no condition to resist them. They were apparently unaware of the defenses of Liège and Namur, and that those defenses would not fall at the sound of the trumpet. When General von Kluck approached Paris he was uninformed that there was a great French army to the west of his position and that he himself was thereby endangered. Adhering to his intention to "ignore" the British forces, he allowed himself to pass across their front and was fearfully smashed for so doing. It was the same sort of military blunder that allowed the German armies in the east to be lured far from their own base over the hogs and ravines by the will-o'-the-wisp of Warsaw. It is hard to find the military genius in all this. It is hard to find even mediocrity. Indeed it is hard to find anything but a sort of crass stupidity that is determined to err. The German plan was so delicately poised that the slightest failure anywhere was certain to ruin the whole. And the mainspring of that plan was the possibility of conquering France within a week or two and trampling her under foot so completely that the whole of the German army could then be released for service against Russia. Was ever so prodigious an issue placed upon the casting of a die?

The German authorities themselves were the only ones that were unaware of their mistake. Every one else seemed to know it. Strategists everywhere expressed their surprise that Germany should proceed in so headlong a way, that she should run the risk of locking up a vast army in France and Belgium while starving her eastern frontier of the forces so essential to save it from invasion. A very small army would have been ample to defend the western frontier in conjunction with the forts, and Germany could then have invaded Russia and made her mobilization almost an impossibility. If she had done this she would probably have succeeded. As we all know, *errare humanum est*, but one is disposed to wonder that the myth of German strategical infallibility should be so long lived in the presence of a catalogue of blundering so gross as to be almost incredible.

A correspondent asks the difference between a field gun and a howitzer. Without resorting to technical details it may be said that a field gun is used for firing direct at its mark, whereas a howitzer throws its shell into the air in order to strike a hidden foe that is protected by forts or earthworks. Howitzers are generally used behind infantry, the elevation of the gun enabling it to be fired over the heads of the men, whereas if field guns were used the infantry would have to make way for them. Howitzers are shorter than field guns and they fire a heavier shell. A five-inch howitzer will throw a shell weighing about fifty pounds, while the shell of a field gun weighs only sixteen pounds.

The *Scientific American* finds an explanation of Germany's determination to pass through Belgium in the difficulty of conveying eleven-inch howitzers by any other route. In spite of the skill with which the design has been worked out with

its large diameter pedrail wheels, the weight of one of these mortars is such that it demands the very best of conditions of roadway for its successful or, at least, for its speedy transportation. To handle these pieces properly calls for the highest class of military roads, roads which as far as possible shall be free from heavy grades. The magnificent highways through Belgium and northern France, stretching, as they do, through comparatively level country, are ideal for the transportation of batteries of heavy siege guns. There can be no doubt that the Germans relied upon this gun to carry them into Paris, and so to release their armies for service in the east against Russia. Certainly they never intended to invest Paris in the usual way, but rather to heat their way straight through the fortifications and so make an investment unnecessary. But we can only wonder once more at the willingness to stake the fate of an empire upon the success of a gun, and upon a plan that contained no allowances for the accident of fate.

The *Scientific American* tells us further that a shrapnel shell fired from a direct fire gun contains 262 balls which, when the shell bursts in the proper position above the enemy's troops, will cover an area of ground elliptical in form. The area is roughly about 45,000 square feet. Now any one can calculate for himself that, if the dispersion is fairly even, there will be an average of one ball to each square measuring about eleven feet on a side. If the troops under fire are in a trench, with only head and shoulders exposed, and with, say, three feet of interval between the men, it will be seen that the chances of a bullet finding its man are one in one hundred for each hursting shell.

STONEY CORYN.
SAN FRANCISCO, November 18, 1914.

The wonderful rose windows in the Rheims Cathedral, concerning which the world has read so much recently, since the structure has been under fire time and again, are capitably described by Mr. C. H. Sherrill in his work, "Stained Glass Tours in France." "The cathedral," he writes, "has three fine windows, of which the western one with its bright-hued gallery of kings below it is far the best. The north rose window is good, although we miss the qualities which the north rose of Notre Dame at Paris has taught us to expect. The south rose contains glass of the sixteenth century, and therefore seems pale and out of place amidst the older glories. The west rose should be seen toward sunset so as to get the rays of the sun passing directly through it. Earlier in the day it is almost gloomy in tone. There has been much discussion as to the interpretation of the figures in the gallery of kings below, but now it seems settled that it represents the coronation of the converted pagan Clovis, King of the Franks. The windows of the transepts are glazed with grisaille of a very greenish tone and somewhat darker than that generally found at this time. Among them we observe one of the series of bishops which has apparently crept away from its fellows in the choir and come around the corner into the south transept. Although the bishop series lacks, to some extent, the crude, almost savage glory of the nave's stern array of kings, they are more carefully made. As in the king windows, here also we find an upper and a lower row of personages, but in addition, a feature very much out of the ordinary and which should be remarked. Instead of placing two bishops below to balance the two above, there is but one bishop below in each window, while the space adjoining him is occupied by a fanciful representation of his cathedral. There is no attempt to portray accurately the building, although the glass artist might as well have done so, for he has gone to the pains of making no two of these little cathedral pictures alike. So minutely has he gone into detail that each has a tiny rose window and each rose is markedly different from the others. The idea is a quaint one, and shows the artist to have been fertile in ideas. So dark are the faces of the bishops as to make them look in one or two cases as though they were wearing masks. This effect is heightened by the fact that the eyes are glazed in lighter hues. In the midst of all this gorgeous and sparkling color what a splendid picture may we conjure up of the scene on the 17th day of July, 1429, when Charles VII, led by Joan of Arc, had here the kingly crown placed upon his brow. With what vast satisfaction must the grand old kings have gleamed and glowed in sombre delight that their glorious cathedral was once more French, once more fulfilling its centuries-old duty of consecrating a French king, and especially that all this had been effected by a stamch French maid, than whom patriotism has never had a more worthy exemplar. It was but common justice that during the act of coronation of the king to whom she had restored not only a throne, but also a united people, she stood at the foot of the altar holding aloft her victorious standard. A chronicler of the time truly said that having shared in all the hardships she richly deserved to share in the honors."

A hundred years ago the first locomotive made its maiden run at Killingworth colliery in England. It weighed about six tons and drew eight loaded cars. At present the largest locomotive reported to be in use is a huge compound engine which measures 120 feet over all and weighs 850,000 pounds. It is an oil-burner and carries 4000 gallons of oil and 12,000 gallons of water. It cost \$43,380 to build. These giants have reached a point where one locomotive is so long that it is hinged in the middle with a flexible joint so that it can turn a curve without upsetting.

A JUDICIAL CRIME.

The Injustice of Circumstantial Evidence.

Just prior to the American Revolution a Bristol trader arrived in the harbor of Boston, having one passenger on board. This person was a young English-woman named Esther Calvert, daughter of a shop-keeper at Cheltenham and niece of the captain of the ship.

Some years before her departure from England Esther had suffered an affliction—associated with a deplorable public event—which had shaken her attachment to her native land. Free, at a later period, to choose for herself, she resolved on leaving England as soon as employment could be found for her in another country. After a weary interval of expectation the sea captain had obtained a situation for his niece as house-keeper in the family of Mrs. Anderkin, a widow lady living in Boston.

Esther had been well practiced in domestic duties during the long illness of her mother. Intelligent, modest, and sweet-tempered, she soon became a favorite with Mrs. Anderkin and the members of her young family. The children found but one fault with the new housekeeper—she dressed invariably in dismal black, and it was impossible to prevail upon her to give the cause. It was known that she was an orphan, and she had acknowledged that no relations of hers had recently died, and yet she persisted in wearing mourning. Some great grief had evidently overshadowed the life of the gentle English housekeeper.

In her intervals of leisure she soon became the chosen friend of Mrs. Anderkin's children; always ready to teach them new games, clever at dressing the girls' dolls and at mending the boys' toys. Esther was in one respect only not in sympathy with her young friends—she never laughed. One day they boldly put the question to her: "When we are all laughing, why don't you laugh too?"

Esther only replied in these words:

"I shall think it kind of you if you won't ask me that question again."

The young people deserved her confidence in them; they never mentioned the subject from that time forth.

But there was another member of the family, whose desire to know something of the housekeeper's history was, from motives of delicacy, concealed from Esther herself. This was the governess—Mrs. Anderkin's well-loved friend, as well as the teacher of her children.

On the day before he sailed on his homeward voyage, the sea captain called to take leave of his niece—and then asked if he could also pay his respects to Mrs. Anderkin. He was informed that the lady of the house had gone out, but that the governess would be happy to receive him. At the interview which followed they talked of Esther, and agreed so well in their good opinion of her that the captain paid a long visit. The governess had persuaded him to tell the story of his niece's wasted life.

But he insisted on one condition.

"If we had been in England," he said, "I should have kept the matter secret, for the sake of the family. Here in America Esther is a stranger—here she will stay—and no slur will be cast on the family name at home. But mind one thing: I trust to your honor to take no one into your confidence—excepting only the mistress of the house."

This was Esther's sad story:

In the year 1762 a young man named John Jennings, employed as waiter at a Yorkshire inn, astonished his master by announcing that he was engaged to be married, and that he purposed retiring from service on next quarter day.

Further inquiry showed that the young woman's name was Esther Calvert, and that Jennings was greatly her inferior in social rank. Her father's consent to the marriage depended on her lover's success in rising in the world. Friends with money were inclined to trust Jennings, and to help him to start a business of his own, if Miss Calvert's father would do something for the young people on his side. He made no objection, and the marriage engagement was sanctioned accordingly.

One evening, when the last days of Jennings's service were drawing to an end, a gentleman on horseback stopped at the inn. In a state of great agitation he informed the landlady that he was on his way to Hull, but that he had been so frightened as to make it impossible for him to continue his journey. A highwayman had robbed him of a purse containing twenty guineas. The thief's face (as usual in those days) was concealed by a mask, and there was but one chance of bringing him to justice. It was the traveler's custom to place a private mark on every gold piece that he carried with him on a journey, and the stolen guineas might possibly be traced in that way.

The landlord (one Mr. Brunell) attended on his guest at supper. His wife had only that moment told him of the robbery; and he had a circumstance to mention which might lead to the discovery of the thief. In the first place, however, he wished to ask at what time the crime had been committed. The traveler answered that he had been robbed late in the evening, just as it was beginning to get dark. On hearing this Mr. Brunell looked very much distressed.

"I have got a waiter here named Jennings," he said, "a man superior to his station in life—good manners

and fair education—in fact, a general favorite. But for some time past I have observed that he has been rather free with his money in betting and that habits of drinking have grown on him. I am afraid he is not worthy of the good opinion entertained of him by myself and by other persons. This evening I sent him out to get some small silver for me, giving him a guinea to change. He came back intoxicated, telling me that change was not to be had. I ordered him to bed, and then happened to look at the guinea which he had brought back. Unfortunately, I had not at that time heard of the robbery, and I paid the guinea away with some other money in settlement of a tradesman's account. But this I am sure of, there was a mark on the guinea which Jennings gave back to me. It is, of course, possible that there might have been a mark (which escaped my notice) on the guinea which I took out of my purse when I sent for change."

"Or," the traveler suggested, "it may have been one of my stolen guineas, given back by mistake by this drunken waiter of yours, instead of the guinea handed



Margaret Turnbull, author of "Looking After Sandy." Harper & Brothers.

to him by yourself. Do you think he is asleep?"

"Sure to be asleep, sir—in his condition."

"Do you object, Mr. Brunell, after what you have told me, to setting this matter at rest by searching the man's clothes?"

The landlord hesitated. "It seems hard on Jennings," he said, "if we prove to have been suspicious of him without a cause. Can you speak positively, sir, to the mark which you put on your money?"

The traveler declared that he could swear to his mark. Mr. Brunell yielded. The two went up together to the waiter's room.

Jennings was fast asleep. At the very outset of the search they found the stolen hag of money in his pocket. The guineas—nineteen in number—had a mark on each



Illustration from "The Clarion," by Samuel Hopkins Adams. Houghton Mifflin Company.

one of them, and that mark the traveler identified. After this discovery there was but one course to take. The waiter's protestations of innocence, when they woke him and accused him of the robbery, were words flatly contradicted by facts. He was charged before a magistrate with the theft of the money, and as a matter of course was committed for trial.

The circumstances were so strongly against him that his own friends recommended Jennings to plead guilty, and appeal to the mercy of the court. He refused to follow their advice, and he was bravely encouraged to persist in that decision by the poor girl, who believed in his innocence with her whole heart. At that dreadful crisis in her life she secured the best legal assistance, and took from her little dowry the money that paid the expenses.

At the next assizes the case was tried. The proceeding before the judge was a repetition (at great length and with more solemnity) of the proceedings before the magistrate. No skill in cross-examination could

shake the direct statements of the witnesses. The evidence was made absolutely complete by the appearance of the tradesman to whom Mr. Brunell had paid the marked guinea. The coin (so marked) was a curiosity; the man had kept it, and he now produced it in court.

The judge summed up, finding literally nothing that he could say, as an honest man, in favor of the prisoner. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, after a consultation which was a mere matter of form. Clearer circumstantial evidence of guilt had never been produced, in the opinion of every person—but one—who was present at the trial. The sentence on Jennings for highway robbery was, by the law of those days, death on the scaffold.

Friends were found to help Esther in the last effort that the faithful creature could now make—the attempt to obtain a commutation of the sentence. She was admitted to an interview with the Home Secretary, and her petition was presented to the king. Here again the indisputable evidence forbade the exercise of mercy. Esther's betrothed husband was hanged at Hull. His last words declared his innocence—with the rope round his neck.

Before a year had passed the one poor consolation that she could hope for in this world found Esther in her misery. The proof that Jennings had died a martyr to the fallibility of human justice was made public by the confession of the guilty man.

Another criminal trial took place at the assizes. The landlord of an inn was found guilty of having stolen the property of a person staying in his house. It was stated in evidence that this was not his first offense. He had been habitually a robber on the highway, and his name was Brunell.

The wretch confessed that he was the masked highwayman who had stolen the bag of guineas. Riding by a nearer way than was known to the traveler, he had reached the inn first. There he found a person in trade waiting by appointment for the settlement of a bill. Not having enough money of his own about him to pay the whole amount, Brunell had made use of one of the stolen guineas, and had only heard the traveler declare that his money was marked after the tradesman had left the house. To ask for the return of the fatal guinea was more than he dared to attempt. But one other alternative presented itself. The merciless villain insured his own safety by the sacrifice of an innocent man.

After the time when the sea captain had paid his visit at Mrs. Anderkin's house Esther's position became subject to certain changes. One little domestic privilege followed another so gradually and so modestly that the housekeeper found herself a loved and honored member of the family, without being able to trace by what succession of events she had risen to the new place that she occupied. The secret confided to the two ladies had been strictly preserved; Esther never even suspected that they knew the deplorable story of her lover's death. Her life, after what she had suffered, was not prolonged to a great age. She died—peacefully unconscious of the terrors of death. Her last words were spoken with a smile. She looked at the loving friends assembled round her bed, and said to them: "My dear one is waiting for me."

WILKIE COLLINS.

Near Jelfa, Algeria, is to be seen a mountain of rock salt, 300 feet in height and nearly a mile in diameter. Two other hills of this character are known in Algeria, both being near Biskra, and in all cases the salt is surrounded by Triassic marls and clays. A curious feature of the Jelfa Hill is the fact that in spite of the very soluble character of the material composing it it stands up in high relief from the surrounding clay and contains no valleys or other sign of erosion. It does, however, contain a number of sink holes, as in a limestone country. When the brief torrential rains of winter occur the water sinks almost at once into these cavities and soaks through the permeable salt, emerging at the margin of the hill in salt springs.

In the fifteenth century a skilled coiner, of whom there were but few, might be able to turn out by hand fifty or sixty coins a day, a result totally inadequate to cope with the vast quantity of treasure, chiefly silver, that shortly began to arrive from America. To multiply coins was to multiply forgers, and thus the coining machine became a necessity of state. A laminating mill and screw coining press was invented in Italy, 1547; Spain, 1548; France, 1553; England, 1561, reign of Elizabeth. After several trials and abandonments the mill and press were established permanently under Charles II, whose golden guineas, struck in 1662, were the first regular issues of machine coins made north of the Channel.

Should a mechanical cotton picker, recently invented, prove practical, it will revolutionize the industry in this country. It is a huge contrivance, driven by one man, much as an automobile is operated, and claim is made that it will pick ninety-five per cent of the cotton without injury to the unripe bolls or the plants.

This country now owns 8000 islands, supporting a population of 10,000,000. The commerce of these islands exceeds \$300,000,000, or more than that of the United States in any year prior to 1850.

ANTWERP'S MUSEUM.

Founded by Christopher Plantin, It Contains Priceless Specimens of the Printer's Art.

Antwerp, city of many quaint and curious things, is the home of the most interesting museum in Europe, known as the "Mecca of Printers." There is nothing unusual about the outside appearance of the building, which originally belonged to the famous printer, Christopher Plantin, a Frenchman, who was born in 1514, near Tours. He made a tour in France, picking up all the knowledge he could about printing, and went to Antwerp in the middle of the sixteenth century, where he established himself as a bookseller and binder. A few years later, in 1555, he started business as a printer, and began to produce his wonderful books. They were at first few in number, but gradually grew more and more numerous, until Plantin's printing presses became the most famous and productive in the Netherlands. It was not, however, till 1579 that he bought the building in the Marche du Vendredi, Antwerp.

Plantin excelled as a bookbinder and worker in leather. He was commissioned by Philip II's secretary, Gabriel de Cayas, to make a casket to contain jewelry which the secretary wished to send to Philip. Plantin made a beautiful little leather box, a perfect work of art, and as soon as it was finished, not caring to trust a workman, he went out himself to take it to the secretary. It was night, and as the streets were very dark Plantin got a servant to carry a lantern before him. On the way, close to the Place de Meir, they were suddenly attacked by several men with drawn swords. The terrified servant dropped the lantern and fled, and before Plantin could even speak, or attempt to escape, he was run through the body and fell senseless to the ground, where he was left for dead. It came out afterwards that a party of riotous merry-makers, some of whom had been disturbed the previous night by a wandering musician, had set out after dinner vowing vengeance against the minstrel, and in the dark, mistaking Plantin for the object of their wrath, they fell on him at once. From this time Plantin had to give up binding and casket-making and turn his whole attention to printing.

He first took up his abode at Antwerp in 1549, shortly before the abdication of Charles V. The city was then in the height of its glory, but the religious disputes which led to the terrible scenes enacted during the period of the Spanish oppression under Philip II were ever growing greater. During the siege of Antwerp by Farnese, Plantin fled to Leiden and founded there a branch printing establishment, having left the Antwerp one in charge of his son-in-law, François Raphelengien.

When Antwerp surrendered to Farnese in 1585 Plantin returned to the city; he died there in 1589. By his will he left the Antwerp establishment to his son-in-law, Jean Moretus, who had married Plantin's second daughter.

The first book was issued from his Antwerp press in May, 1555. It bears the title "L'institution d'une fille de noble maison, traduite de langue Tuscanne en Francoise." The most celebrated book Plantin printed was the polyglot Bible for Philip II, began in 1568, and finished in 1573. It was in eight folio volumes, and it is said that forty workmen were employed for nearly five years in its production. Every book from his press was most carefully and accurately printed, and he appears to have fully deserved the great success he obtained, though the establishment was never a financial success, for, owing to his thoroughness and liberality of spirit, he was often in monetary difficulties.

The city of Antwerp purchased the house and its contents in 1875 from descendants of Plantin, paying for it the sum of 1,200,000 francs. Soon after the place was opened as a public museum. One room contains family portraits by Rubens, Vandyck, and others, besides copies (many of which are by Rubens) from the Italian masters. In the middle of the rooms, in glass cases, are specimens of beautiful illuminations and early paintings, and there are oak cabinets with china, and some quaint old chairs.

In the entrance hall there is a large white stone statue of "Apollo," the god of poetry and arts, holding in one hand a harp and in the other a wreath, by the sculptor, William Godecharle. Above the doors are four carved panels by the Antwerp sculptor, Daniel Herreyns, representing "Architecture," "Geography," "Painting," and "Mathematics." The drawing-room on the right-hand side of the porch is hung with splendid Flemish tapestry, and in the middle of the room stands a valuable table inlaid with the choicest tortoise-shell. The beautiful stained-glass windows bear the names of the two Moretus, their wives, and the dates of the birth and death of the former owners of the house.

Another section of the house is devoted to the quaint printing presses and implements in a complete state of preservation and to all appearances as if the office had just been left at the week-end after a Saturday clean-up. There are specimens of the old wooden types, the screw and lever hand-presses, the movable types, many of them in wood.

To those who are interested in the almost lost but yet most beautiful art of copper-plate printing there are to be seen hundreds of plates engraved by the celebrated

artist Rubens and his contemporaries—plates which for quality of workmanship and design are not equaled at the present time.

Yet even these are excelled; in the olden days the monks and the learned divines heard of the wonderful clearness and advantages of the newly invented art of printing; they came from all parts of the Continent, taking away a printed volume of the Sacred Law or a copy of the Liturgy as then in use, and leaving behind—in part exchange—their Missals, which wonderful specimens of the art of illumination had been executed in weary hours of labor often extending over two or three generations. These specimens are only shown by special desire, and the most complete guard is kept over the precious tomes.

The first regulations relating to trade intercourse between India and Tibet were specified in the convention between Great Britain and China in 1893, which stated that a trade mart should be established at Yatung, on the Tibetan side of the frontier, and be open to all British subjects for purposes of trade from May 1, 1894, and that the government of India should be free to send officers to reside at Yatung to watch the conditions of British trade at that mart; moreover, British subjects trading at Yatung should be at liberty to travel freely to and fro between the frontier and Yatung, to reside there and rent houses and godowns for their own accommodation and the storage of their goods, the Chinese government undertaking that suitable buildings should be erected. The trade between India and Tibet has to be carried through lofty passes between 14,000 and 18,000 feet high, most of which are practically impassable during seasons of heavy rain and snow. Sheep and also crosses between yaks and ordinary cattle are used as beasts of burden. The most important route into Tibet from India is from Siliguri, near Darjeeling in northern Bengal, and across the



Illustration from "The Dogs of Venice," by Mrs. Aubrey Richardson. George H. Doran Company.

small frontier state of Sikkim to Gyantse and Yatung in Tibet, the two leading trade marts authorized by the existing convention. The other chief means of access to Tibet are from Almora, in the northern part of the united provinces, and from Simla over the Simla-Tibet road to Gartok in western Tibet, which is at about 14,200 feet elevation above the sea.

Shrapnel was originally the name of a British general who, about a hundred years ago, was begging the board of ordnance of his native land for some substantial recognition in respect of the new and deadly missile he had placed absolutely at their service, and was being told that the institution in question "had no funds at their disposal for the reward of merit." Henry Shrapnel's invention was probably first employed at Surinam in 1804, and was then "favorably reported on," but eleven years later Sir George Wood, who commanded the artillery at Waterloo, declared that shrapnel had won that famous battle. Without it, Wood asserted, no effort of the British could have recovered the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte. In 1814 the government granted Shrapnel a pension of £1200 a year for life, but this was interpreted by his paymasters to cover all the inventions Shrapnel had given to the army, including an ingenious gun-mounting whereby the recoil was utilized to bring one gun into action at the same time as another was put under cover. Shrapnel was thus placed at a disadvantage, though he had the satisfaction of drawing his pension to a ripe old age. He died in 1842, aged eighty-one.

Recently, for the first time in more than forty years, the space of twenty-four hours elapsed without a steamer entering the port of Las Palmas, Canary Islands. Absence of shipping is due to the war.

Emile Combes, former premier of France and still a powerful figure in French politics, in spite of his seventy-nine years, has undertaken the direction of the military hospital at Pons, his birthplace.

Doctors claim that about two per cent of all the people who have typhoid become carriers.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Baron Montono, doyen of the diplomatic corps at Petrograd, is one of Japan's foremost diplomats. He has lived at Petrograd since 1906.

F. von Hintzer, until recently German minister to Mexico, has been appointed chief of the German legation at Peking. He has started for his new station.

John Davis Long, Secretary of the Navy in President McKinley's administration, has just celebrated his seventy-six birthday. He spent the day at his law offices in Boston, where he has been engaged in legal work since 1902.

W. Hamo Thorycroft, one of England's foremost sculptors, recently entered his sixty-fourth year. He retains his health and vigor and is as enthusiastic as ever for his work. Among well-known statues and groups which he has executed are General Gordon, Dr. Creighton, Bishop of London, and the Gladstone Monument.

Auguste Lumiere, who, it is announced in Paris, has discovered and perfected a system of anti-typhoid inoculation by means of a dry powder in capsules, which are practicable on the firing line, devoted his earlier studies to photography, in which he made color work possible. He then took up chemistry and bacteriology.

General Baron Fukushima, the former Japanese governor-general of Kwantung, with residence at Port Arthur, is an accomplished linguist and has a fluent command of English, French, German, Russian, and Chinese. He also possesses a proficiency in Chinese classics and is a poet of no mean order. He not only is capable of thinking with the Chinese mind, but writes the language fluently.

Dr. Edmund von Mach, who has presented the German side of the war in "What Germany wants," came to this country and completed his education at Harvard University, and afterwards for a number of years was instructor in art at Harvard, at Wellesley, and at Vassar colleges. He has now taken out his naturalization papers. Before coming to this country he served his full term of military service.

William Maxwell, the author of business books, to say nothing of a play and numerous short stories, is, unlike most writers, a practical business man. He was born in Illinois, and has been successively a canvasser, law student, clerk in a law office, credit and collection manager, sales manager, and general manager. In 1911 he joined the executive force of Thomas A. Edison, Inc., of which he is now second vice-president.

Rear-Admiral Thomas Jefferson Cowie, who has been named as instructor in the Naval War College at Newport, Rhode Island, was formerly paymaster-general of the navy. He also held at the same time the position of chief of the bureau of supplies and accounts. He was the originator and promoter of the navy pay bill, whereby the pay of all officers and enlisted men of the army, navy, and marine corps was increased. During the Japanese-Chinese war he was intelligence officer on board the *Monocacy*. His course of instruction will cover the purchase and transportation of supplies.

Lieutenant-General Sir Douglas Haig, who has been mentioned in several of General French's dispatches, is commander of the First Corps of British expeditionary force. Prior to the war he was the general officer commanding at Aldershot. He joined the Seventh Hussars in 1885, and served in the Soudan in 1898. There he was awarded the British and Khedive's medals for bravery in action. He later served in the South African campaign with distinction. For three years, commencing with 1903, he was inspector-general of cavalry in India. He has written a book which is notable in army circles, entitled "Cavalry Studies."

Dr. Ramuelo Naon, ambassador of Argentina to this country, was appointed minister of Argentina to the United States in 1910, and was later raised to the rank of ambassador. In 1900 he was appointed official secretary to the governor of the province of Buenos Aires. Two years later he was elected to the lower house of the Federal Congress, and by 1906 he had made a great reputation for himself as an able debater and an authority on public affairs. He for several years filled the position of professor of civics in the National College and professor of constitutional law in his alma mater. Then he became secretary of justice and public instruction. In that position he increased his reputation by founding schools of secondary instruction in the interior of his country.

General Hugh Lennox Scott, succeeding General Wotherspoon as chief of staff of the army, the latter having reached the age limit after forty-one years of service, was the first officer honored with a promotion by President Wilson after he became President. Following a brilliant tour of duty on the Mexican frontier as the cavalry commander at El Paso, he was ordered to Washington as General Wotherspoon's successor when the latter was named to succeed General Wood as head of the General Staff. He is a native of Kentucky and a graduate of Annapolis. For years he saw active service in the Indian campaigns. He is the author of various monographs and reports relating to the Plains Indians.

THE WIFE OF SIR ISAAC HARMAN.

Mr. H. G. Wells Writes a Novel of the Feminist Movement in England.

We must suppose that Mr. Wells is intent upon scolding a certain section of the British public that likes to call itself by the name of the upper middle class. No doubt he intends that Sir Isaac Harman shall be typical of that class and that by a study of this outrageously objectionable person we shall understand how its members regard the world in general and the use and the misuse that they make of their marital "rights." If we can accept Mr. Wells's portraiture we shall find no difficulty in agreeing that there is something gravely wrong somewhere in domestic England and that the English wife may have grievances that are none the less real because they can not always be scheduled and defined.

Mr. Wells manages to let us know at once the manner of man whom he intends to stage as a sort of helot. An acquaintance says of him:

"Personally I've little against the man. A wife too young for him and jealously guarded, but that's all to his credit. Nowadays. If it wasn't for his blatancy in his business. . . . And the knighthood. . . . I suppose he can't resist taking anything he can get. Bread made by wholesale and distributed like a newspaper can't, I feel, be the same thing as the loaf of your honest old-fashioned baker—each loaf made with individual attention—out of wholesome English flour—hand-ground—with a personal touch for each customer. Still, everything drifts on to these hugger-mugger large enterprises; Chicago spreads over the world. One thing goes after another, tobacco, tea, bacon, drugs, book-selling. Decent bones destroyed right and left. Not Harman's affair, I suppose. The girls in his London teashops have of course to supplement their wages by prostitution—probably don't object to that nowadays considering the novels we have. And his effect on the landscape— Until they stopped him he was trying very hard to get Shakespeare's Cliff at Dover. He did for a time have the Toad Rock at Tunbridge. Still—something like a sigh escaped from Toomer—"his private life appears to be almost as blameless as anybody's can be. . . . Thanks no doubt to his defective health. I made the most careful inquiries when his knighthood was first discussed. Some one has to. Before his marriage he seems to have lived at home with his mother. At Highbury. Very quietly and inexpensively."

"Then he's not the conventional vulgarian?"
"Much more of the Rockefeller type. Bad health, great concentration, organizing power. . . . Applied of course to a narrower range of business. . . . I'm glad I'm not a small confectioner in a town he wants to take up."
"He's—hard?"
"Merciless. Hasn't the beginnings of an idea of fair play. . . . None at all. . . . No human give or take. . . . Are you going to have tea here, or are you walking back now?"

Sir Isaac Harman means well. He is only living according to the traditions of his caste. He knows that women must be wooed, but he believes that marriage should imply possession body and soul, for the author relates:

He remained loverlike until the very eve of their marriage. Then suddenly it seemed to her that all the people she cared for in the world were pushing her away from them towards him, giving her up, handing her over. He became—possessive. His abjection changed to pride. She perceived that she was going to be left tremendously alone with him, with an effect, as if she had stepped off a terrace on to what she believed to be land and had abruptly descended into very deep water.

And while she was still feeling quite surprised by everything and extremely doubtful whether she wanted to go any further with this business, which was manifestly far more serious, out of all proportion more serious, than anything that had ever happened to her before—and unpleasant, abounding indeed in crumpling indignities and horrible nervous stresses, it dawned upon her that she was presently to be that strange, grown-up and preoccupied thing, a mother, and that girlhood and youth and vigorous games, mountains and swimming and running and leaping were over for her as far as she could see forever.

Both the prospective grandmothers became wonderfully kind and helpful and intimate, preparing with gusto and an agreeable sense of delegated responsibility for the child that was to give them all the pride of maternity again and none of its inconveniences.

Lady Harman belongs to the class of young women who know nothing and whose whole nature may be said to be in the latent state. But at last she awakes to the fact that a vast commercial organization may imply cruelties to the smaller concerns, and it would seem that Lady Harman's education in many ways had begun here:

"Are you thinking of any new branches, Isaac?"
"I may have a look at Arundel."
"Isaac." She paused to frame her question carefully. "I suppose there are some shops at Arundel now."
"I've got to see to that."
"If you open— I suppose the old shops get hurt. What becomes of the people if they do get hurt?"
"That's their look-out," said Sir Isaac.
"Isn't it bad for them?"
"Progress is Progress, Elly."
"It is bad for them. I suppose— Wouldn't it be sometimes kinder if you took over the old shop—made a sort of partner of him, or something?"
Sir Isaac shook his head. "I want younger men," he said.
"You can't get a move on the older hands."
"But, then, it's rather bad— I suppose these little men you shut up—some of them must have families."
"You're theorizing a bit this morning, Elly," said Sir Isaac, looking up over his coffee cup.
"I've been thinking—about these little people."
"Some one's been talking to you about my shops," said Sir Isaac, and stuck out his index finger. "If that's Georgina—"
"It isn't Georgina," said Lady Harman, but she had it very clear in her mind that she must not say who it was.

Lady Harman's education necessarily implies friction with her husband. The first explosion comes when she goes to lunch with some friends without Sir

Isaac's permission, friends, moreover, who are suspected of being suffragettes:

He emphasized his speech by gestures. He thrust out one rather large ill-shaped hand at her with two vibrating fingers extended. His ears became red, his nose red, his eyes seemed red and all about these points his face was wrathful white. His hair rose up into stiff scared listening ends. He had his rights, he had some little claim to consideration surely, he might be just nobody, but he wasn't going to stand this much anyhow. He gave her fair warning. What was she, what did she know of the world into which she wanted to rush? He lapsed into views of Lady Beach-Mandarin—unfavorable views. I wish Lady Beach-Mandarin could have heard him. . . .

Then comes the amazing scene where Sir Isaac, clad in purple-striped pyjamas, comes into his wife's dressing-room in order to "make up":

He halted, three paces away from her. His eyes weren't sorrowful eyes, or friendly eyes; they were just shiftily eager eyes. "Look here," he said. "It's all nonsense. . . . Elly, old girl; let's—let's make it up."

She looked at him and it dawned upon her that she had always imagined herself to be afraid of him and that indeed she wasn't. She shook her head obstinately.

"It isn't reasonable," he said. "Here, we've been the happiest of people— Anything in reason I'll let you have." He paused with an effect of making an offer.

"I want my autonomy," she said.
"Autonomy!" he echoed. "Autonomy! What's autonomy? Autonomy!"

This strange word seemed first to hold him in distressful suspense and then to infuriate him.

"I come in here to make it up," he said, with a voice charged with griefs, "after all you've done, and you go and you talk of autonomy!"

His feelings passed beyond words. An extremity of viciousness flashed into his face. He gave vent to a snarl of exasperation, "Ya-ap!" he said, he raised his clenched fists and seemed on the verge of assault, and then with a gesture between fury and despair, he wheeled about and the purple-striped pyjamas danced in passionate retreat from her room. "Autonomy!"

A slam, a noise of assaulted furniture, and then silence. Lady Harman stood for some moments regarding the paper-



Elizabeth Jordan, author of "May Iverson's Career." Harper & Brothers.

covered door that had closed behind him. Then she bared her white forearm and pinched it—hard.

It wasn't a dream! This thing had happened.

At last Lady Harman leaves her husband and seeks refuge with Miss Alimony, whose well-known views must surely be a guaranty of sympathy and aid. But Miss Alimony has no intention to touch a possible scandal. She tells her visitor that she must go home at once, she must stay at her post, that "Women's Freedom" must not be involved with "Matrimonial Cases." And when Lady Harman has gone Miss Alimony wonders what has become of the service end of her little poker, in shape like an iron club:

Lady Harman had taken that grubby but convenient little instrument and hidden it in her muff, and she had gone straight out of Miss Alimony's flat to the postoffice at the corner of Jago Street, and there, with one simple effective impact, had smashed a ground-glass window, the property of his majesty King George the Fifth. And having done so, she had called the attention of a youthful policeman, fresh from Yorkshire, to her offense, and after a slight struggle with his incredulity and a visit to the window in question, had escorted him to the South Hampstead police station, and had there made him charge her. And on the way she explained to him with a new-found lucidity why it was that women should have votes.

Sir Isaac made a pathetic plea before the court for his wife, but window-breaking, said the magistrate, had to be stamped out:

The magistrate was friendly next morning, but inelegant in his friendly expedients; he remanded Lady Harman until her mental condition could be inquired into, but among her fellow-defendants—there had been quite an epidemic of window-smashing that evening—Lady Harman shone preëminently sane. She said she had broken this window because she was assured that nothing would convince people of the great dissatisfaction of women with their conditions except such desperate acts, and when she was reminded of her four daughters she said it was precisely the thought of how they, too, would grow up to womanhood that had made her strike her blow. The statements were rather the outcome of her evening with Lady Beach-Mandarin than her own unaided discoveries, but she had honestly assimilated them, and she expressed them with a certain simple dignity.

Sir Isaac is eventually so far subjugated that he allows his wife to erect model boarding-houses for the young women of his restaurants. But Lady Harman

finds that this is not an easy matter, since the young women have opinions of their own:

It occurred to her to try the effect of the scheme upon Susan Burnet. Susan had such a knack of seeing things from unexpected angles. She contrived certain operations upon the study blinds, and then broached the business to Susan casually in the course of an inquiry into the welfare of the Burnet family.

Susan was evidently prejudiced against the idea.

"Yes," said Susan after various explanations and exhibitions, "but where's the home in it?"
"The whole thing is a home."

"Barracks I call it," said Susan. "Nobody ever felt at home in a room colored up like that—and no curtains, nor valances, nor toilet covers, nor anywhere where a girl can hang a photograph or anything. What girl's going to feel at home in a strange place like that?"

"They ought to be able to hang up photographs," said Lady Harman, making a mental note of it.

"And of course there'll be all sorts of Rules."

"Some rules."

"Homes, real homes don't have Rules. And I daresay— Fines."

"No, there shan't be any Fines," said Lady Harman quickly. "I'll see to that."

"You got to back up rules somehow—once you got 'em," said Susan. "And when you get a crowd, and no father and mother, and no proper family feeling, I suppose there's got to be Rules."

Lady Harman pointed out various advantages of the project. "I'm not saying it isn't cheap and healthy and social," said Susan, "and if it isn't too strict I expect you'll get plenty of girls to come to it, but at the best it's an Institution, Lady Harman. It's going to be an Institution. That's what it's going to be."

Lady Harman can do nothing without Sir Isaac, and he is not easy either to coax or to drive. His moods constantly change, but a positive outbreak occurs when Lady Harman suggests the extension of the hotel system to married couples:

He heard her with his lips pressing tighter and tighter together until they were yellow white and creased with a hundred wicked little horizontal creases. Then he interrupted her with silent gesticulations. Then words came.

"I never did, Elly," he said. "I never did. Reely—there are times when you aint rational. Married couples who're assistants in shops and places?"

For a little while he sought some adequate expression of his point of view.

"Nice things to go keeping a place for these chaps to have their cheap bits of skirt in," he said at last.

Then further: "If a man wants a girl let him work himself up until he can keep her. Married couples indeed!"

He began to expand the possibilities of the case with a quite unusual vividness. "Double beds in each cubicle, I suppose," he said, and played for a time about this fancy. . . . "Well, to hear such an idea from you of all people, Elly. I never did."

He couldn't leave it alone. He had to go on to the bitter end with the vision she had evoked in his mind. He was jealous, passionately jealous, it was only too manifest, of the possible happiness of these young people. He was possessed by that instinctive hatred for the realized love of others which lies at the base of so much of our moral legislation. The bare thought—whole corridors of bridal chambers!—made his face white and his hand quiver. His young men and young women! The fires of a hundred Vigilance Committees blazed suddenly in his reddened eyes. He might have been a concentrated society for preventing the rapid multiplication of the unfit. The idea of facilitating early marriages was manifestly shameful to him, a disgraceful service to render, a job for Pandarus. What was she thinking of? Elly of all people! Elly who had been as innocent as driven snow before Georgina came interfering!

When Sir Isaac dies his wife has an invitation to marry again, and from a man whom she honors with her whole heart. But she thinks she has had enough of marriage:

Before I had been a widow twenty-four hours, I began to realize that I was an escaped woman. It wasn't the particular marriage. . . . It was any marriage. . . . All we women are tied. Most of us are willing to be tied perhaps, but only as people are willing to be tied to life-belts in a wreck—from fear from drowning. And now, I am just one of the free women, like the women who can earn large incomes, or the women who happen to own property. I've paid my penalties and my service is over. . . . I knew, of course, that you would ask me this. It isn't that I don't care for you, that I don't love your company and your help—and the love and the kindness. . . .

Even though we refuse to regard this latest novel by Mr. Wells as a reliable guide to the feminist movement in England, its cause, and its cure, there need be no hesitation to hail it as a fine piece of work, trenchant, vigorous, and humorous.

THE WIFE OF SIR ISAAC HARMAN. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Chinese tea bricks, now chiefly sold in Tibet, consist of hard blocks of tea leaf and crushed twigs mixed with a strong extract of the boiled leaves and compressed in moulds. The cakes weigh about five and a half pounds each, and being in universal demand and fairly portable and uniform in size they are often used as currency or substitute for money at their market value. About twelve of the bricks, weighing about seventy pounds, are usually sewn up into bales of skin to form loads for yaks or mule carriage.

The propellers of aeroplanes such as are used in the present European war may be made of selected ash, which is both strong and light and will not split under vibration or shock, or of built-up layers of spruce with mahogany centres. The framework of the machines, too, is generally made of wood, spruce being much used on account of its straight grain and freedom from hidden defects.

A large proportion of men who meet accidental death in this country are killed by trains while trespassing on railroad property.

CULTURE OF THE VANILLA BEAN.

Originally Grown in Mexico, Where Cortez Found the Flavor Much to His Liking.

Probably no other natural product requires the length of time, the patient, painstaking attention to detail, and the nicety of judgment which must necessarily be used that the vanilla bean does, from the time it is picked from the vine until it arrives at that stage where it has virtue as a flavor and value as a commodity.

When first taken from the vine the bean, which is bright green in color, resembling a banana as much as anything else in shape, except that in circumference it is two or three times that of an ordinary lead pencil, has absolutely no flavor or aroma. To develop this a long period of curing is necessary.

Vanilla planifolia, which, of many species, is the only one having value as a flavor, is a product of the New World. It was found only in a small section of Mexico, in what is now the northern part of the State of Vera Cruz, a region not over sixty miles long by forty to fifty miles wide, and this same region still produces the best vanilla, which takes its commercial name from the country of origin and is known as Mexican vanilla.

Vanilla was unknown to the civilization of the Old World until introduced by some of the returning members of Cortez's bands of conquerors (writes Wallace Mawbey in the *Tea and Coffee Journal*), although known and used by the Aztecs and their predecessors possibly for many centuries.

First mention of its use is made by one of the clerical members of Cortez's expedition in giving an account of the life and customs prevalent at the court of Montezuma, the last of the Aztec monarchs. He relates that there was prepared daily for the monarch himself no less than fifty jars or pitchers of a potation or beverage of "chocolatl" or chocolate, so prepared that it was of the consistency of a custard and "flavored with vanilla," of which he was exceedingly fond, and that 2000 jars were allowed for the daily consumption of the household.

At various times during the last century, but mostly during the latter part, transplants from the Mexican vines were sent out in various tropical countries and islands throughout the world, and the largest crop of any one variety now received is that of the Bourbon, the commercial term for all the vanilla produced in the numerous islands in the Indian Ocean adjacent to the east coast of Africa, of which Madagascar, Reunion, Mauritius, the Comores, and the Seychelles are the most important. The island of Tahiti, one of the Friendly group in the South Pacific Ocean, also produces a large crop; a small one is received from the islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique, which are known to the trade as South Americans, while quantities at the present time insignificant are grown in the island of Java, the island of Ceylon, and the Fiji Islands.

In reality there are only two methods of curing vanilla beans—the Mexican or sun process and the Bourbon or hot-water process, and of the two the Mexican is far the superior.

The sun process is used in Mexico entirely. It requires the most time and labor and, as practiced here, is really an art, if art, as has been said, is "simply an intense and intelligent application to detail." The vine flowers there during the months of April and May and the first beans are picked about the beginning of November, the picking continuing until the end of February. The green beans are first placed in long, orderly rows on clean straw mats in the sun, where they are left for about an hour, in which time the tropical sun has caused them to attain considerable heat. They are then hurriedly taken up and put in large cases called "cajones," each capable of holding from two to four thousand pounds of beans. These "cajones" are well lined with blankets and when filled are covered with more blankets to make them as air-tight as possible, and in this manner the beans are sweated for from twenty-four to forty-eight hours. They are still hot when taken out and placed on long frames or beds called "camillas" and taken into the "vanillol," as the house is called, where the vanilla is stored. Here the "camillas" are placed on racks. In the "vanillol" a good circulation of air is always maintained and the "camillas" are left here to dry and cool for several days, when the same process is repeated with the exception of the length of time the vanilla is sweated in the "cajon," which is shortened with each repetition.

This is done several times before the beans develop an aroma and many times before they are properly cured. About the beginning of March those picked during November having practically reached a state of perfection, are placed in a large tin-lined depository for observation as to the further development of flavor and keeping properties, for it must be remembered that if they are undercured the beans will deteriorate very rapidly, becoming mouldy or infected with a species of small vegetable lice which ruin the flavor, while if overcured some of the valuable flavoring properties are lost, the beans becoming dry and woody with a diminished aroma.

Those picked later are added from time to time, as they arrive at the same stage, so that by the middle of May the curing process is almost completed. During the time the beans remain in depository they may, if necessary, be taken out and again put through the

process of sunning, sweating, and airing, though for a much shorter period than before.

They then pass a final inspection as to flavor, appearance, and touch. If this is satisfactory they are ready for bundling, and are taken from the depository, graded and sorted according to quality and length, and put into bundles of about 100 beans each.

If curing is an art, bundling is indeed so, and in this respect the Mexican vanillero has no equal. The bundles average in weight about a pound and are packed in cans, forty bundles to each can, and the cans in turn are packed in cedar cases, four or five cans to the case. They are now ready for the market.

The United States consumes from sixty to sixty-five per cent of the world's production.

Mines have an interesting and romantic history; for their beginnings we must go back to our Revolutionary War. An ingenious undergraduate of Yale, David Bushnell, worked out the idea while still a col-



Illustration from "You Never Know Your Luck," by Sir Gilbert Parker. George H. Doran Company.

lege student. "Bushnell's Turtle," which he constructed, represented not only the first attempt at a submarine mine; it was also the world's first submarine boat. These two deadly engines, which play so important a part in the present struggle, originated in the same brain and at the same time. Bushnell's chief ambition was to construct a receptacle containing an explosive, which he could set off under the enemy's vessel—the submarine boat was built merely as a method of putting this amicable engine in position. The whole contraption, according to contemporary descriptions, was shaped something like a "round clam" (says the *World's Work*). The vessel was large enough to hold a man in sitting posture; its elevation and submersion was accomplished by letting water in and



Illustration from "The Winning of the Far West," by Robert McNutt McElroy. Ph. D. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

out; it had elaborate mechanism for steering and propulsion. The navigator worked a couple of treads with his feet after the present fashion of running a sewing-machine; this started a couple of paddle wheels on the outside, which furnished the vessel's motive power. The exterior wall held in place a large keg filled with gunpowder, ignited by a fuse; at the critical moment the inmate released this, backed away quickly so as to save his own skin, and calmly awaited the pending destruction. Bushnell, after many experiments, finally made a night attack on the British cruiser *Eagle*, anchored off Staten Island. His submarine worked successfully; his torpedo exploded according to programme; owing to some mistake in calculation, however, it did not go off directly under the British vessel, but at a little distance away. All that Bushnell got for his pains, therefore, was a loud report and a huge geyser. The English seamen, although not destroyed, were considerably amazed.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Destruction of Sennacherib.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset was seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And hreathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal!
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

—Lord Byron.

King Canute.

King Canute was weary hearted; he had reigned for years a score,
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much, and
robbing more;
And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild sea-shore.

'Twixt the Chancellor and the Bishop, walked the King with steps sedate,
Chamberlains and grooms came after, silver-sticks and gold-sticks great.
Chaplains, aides-de-camp and pages,—all the officers of state.

Sliding after like his shadow, pausing when he chose to pause,
If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers dropped their jaws:
If to laugh the King was minded, out they hurst in loud heehaws.

But that day a something vexed him; that was clear to old and young;
Thrice His Grace had yawned at table when his favorite gleemen sung.
Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he hade her hold her tongue.

"Something ails my gracious master!" cried the Keeper of the Seal,
"Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys served for dinner, or the veal?"
"Psha!" exclaimed the angry monarch, "Keeper, 't is not that I feel.

"'Tis the heart, and not the dinner, fool, that doth my rest impair;
Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no care?
Oh, I'm sick, and tired, and weary." Some one cried: "The King's arm-chair!"

Then toward the lackeys turning, quick my Lords the Keeper nodded,
Straight the King's great chair was brought him, by two footmen able-bodied;
Languidly he sank into it; it was comfortably wadded.

"Nay, I feel," replied King Canute, "that my end is drawing near."
"Don't say so!" exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a tear).
"Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year!"

"Live these fifty years!" the Bishop roared, with actions made to suit.
"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King Canute?
Men have lived a thousand years, and sure His Majesty will do 't.

"With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a doctor can compete,
Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet:
Surely he could raise the dead up, did His Highness think it meet.

"Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the hill,
And the while he slew the foemen; hid the silver moon stand still?
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will."

"Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?" Canute cried,
"Could I hid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride?
If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide!"

"Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign?"
Said the Bishop, howing lowly: "Land and sea, my Lord, are thine."
Canute turned toward the ocean: "Back!" he said, "thou foaming brine.

"From the sacred shore I stand on. I command thee to retreat;
Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat:
Ocean, be thou still! I hid thee come not nearer to my feet!"

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar,
And the rapid waves grew nearer, falling sounding on the shore:
Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and courtiers bore.

And he sternly hade them never more to kneel to human clay,
But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas obey:
And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.
—William Makepeace Thackeray.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Philadelphia.

Mrs. Pennell may be not only pardoned, but even applauded for the slight note of protest which she allows to creep into the preface of her beautiful book about Philadelphia. She tells us that today we prize the recollections of the American who was born in the Ghetto, or Syria, or some other re-

that she has given us. She tells us that she returned to Philadelphia after an absence of twenty-five years and determined to record her memories of the town as well as her new impressions. But she has done more than this. She has drawn not only upon her memory, but upon her ripe knowledge of history, and the result is a volume that is truly the voice of Philadelphia, a book that is not only a beautiful thing to look at it, but to read.



Illustration from "The Great Small Cat and Others," by May E. Southworth. Paul Elder & Co.

mote part of the earth, and that the old-fashioned American, American by birth with many generations of American forefathers, is becoming rare among the hordes of new-fashioned Americans "who were anything and everything else no longer than a year or a week or an hour ago."

But Mrs. Pennell may take heart of grace. There are enough of the old stock left to welcome and to prize the delightful history

Of course Mr. Pennell has helped her with his drawings, but the palm belongs to the author herself, which is just as it should be. Mr. Pennell contributes one hundred and five illustrations, and we need not doubt that they were a labor of love. For Mr. Pennell, too, is a Philadelphian, and therefore we may discern a certain inspiration, always evident in his work, but here peculiarly potent. The book should therefore appeal, not only to

Philadelphians, but to Americans in general, and, beyond even them, to the greater world audience that loves beautiful things.

OUR PHILADELPHIA. By Elizabeth Robins and Joseph Pennell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$7.50 net.

Midnight Feasts.

Are we actually more fond of eating than we were in ye olden days. May E. Southworth, author of "Midnight Feasts," seems to think so, but then of course she must find some excuse for the two hundred and two salads and chafing-dish recipes included in her dainty volume. She even tells us that it is a "stupidity" not to eat late at night, and we shudder for her responsibilities. Some of her recipes seem nice enough to tempt a corpse, while the volume itself is as dainty a specimen of the printer's art as could be de-



Alice Hegan Rice, author of "The Honorable Percival." The Century Company.

sired. Everything conspires to tempt us from our wonted Spartan simplicities.

MIDNIGHT FEASTS. By May E. Southworth. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; \$1 net.

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There is, we are told by the author of "The Romance of the American Theatre," no complete history of American theatricals, those which exist only covering certain epochs. Mrs. Crawford's volume makes no pretense of being history, but rather a gossip record of theatricals in America, dating from 1752 down to the present time. The author treats the gradual development of the American stage from the standpoint of dominant personalities and general tendencies. Mingled with the long roll of illustrious names of European and American players are many anecdotes and numerous extracts from the press and private correspondence of the time which tend to bring back the past, and to shed light



Mary Roberts Rinehart, author of "The Street of Seven Stars." Houghton Mifflin Company.

on the private character of great personages of the theatre. Mrs. Crawford's volume, although perhaps too prolix for average tastes, has been carefully compiled and will be sure to take its place among the reference books containing authentic information about the American stage.

THE ROMANCE OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE. By Mary Caroline Crawford. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.50 net.

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eloquent commonplaces that reveal the depths of human nature. As may be implied from her title she selects for her stories the places and the people that are always "just around the corner" with all of us, and herein she shows a certain artistry that need never go far in search of material, but that can find the beautiful and the dramatic everywhere. All of these stories are good, and perhaps it is only a personal preference that would place "The Other Cheek" at the top of the list.

JUST AROUND THE CORNER. By Fannie Hurst. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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The California Poets.

Mr. Augustus S. Macdonald has done valuable work by his compilation of verse by California poets from 1849 to 1915. He has also done wisely to limit his collection to about one hundred examples. The collection might easily have been larger without any lowering of the average quality, but the present result is a volume of compact size with every page worthily occupied. A careful examination fails to show a single selection of merely conventional merit or that might better have been left to a kindly oblivion.

Mr. Macdonald has arranged his material chronologically, in epochs, so to speak. He gives us seventeen poems produced during the Pioneer Period, from 1849 to 1869. These are followed by twenty-six selections from the Overland Period, 1869 to 1889, and then come sixty-two poems credited to the Present Period, 1890 to 1915.

The censorious eye in its own justification will doubtless be able to point out omissions and unwise inclusions. Such a compilation must necessarily be governed somewhat by the personal equation, but it is as little in evidence here as anywhere. Certainly Mr. Macdonald has no aggressive partialities nor crochets. The average reader will accept his editorial choice, not necessarily as conclusive, but as governed by a judgment that is poetically enlightened and that can safely be entrusted with the poetic reputation of California. And it may be said that the printer has worthily seconded the efforts of the editor in the production of a volume that will be a decoration to the library shelf.

A COLLECTION OF VERSE BY CALIFORNIA POETS. Compiled by Augustin S. Macdonald. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson; 90 cents net.

Cleopatra.

Mr. Weigall, author of this somewhat bulky volume on the most interesting woman in history, tells us that if we doubt his interpretation of events we may consult Plutarch, Cicero, Suetonius, Dion Cassius, Appian, Strabo, Diodorus Siculus, Livy, Paternulus, Seneca, Lucan, Josephus, Pliny, Dion Chrysostom, Tacitus, Florus, Lucian, Athenæus, Porphyry, and Orosius, as well as a list of modern writers nearly as long. There are also a "very large number of works on special branches of the subject," which the reader may discover for himself. But as we are living in time and not in eternity we will evade the challenge while still expressing the

diffident opinion that Mr. Weigall's Cleopatra is largely a creature of Mr. Weigall's imagination.

Cleopatra, we are told, was a mere innocent

was a sort of high-school girl whose somewhat free manners indicated innocence and ignorance rather than sophistication. This seems to accord but ill with what we know

the laxities of the great wicked world. The rest is history.

Now it may be that Mr. Weigall's story of Cleopatra can find its justification in the authorities above enumerated. But he gives us no references. He holds all the usual methods of precision at arm's length. He deals wholesale in assumptions and probabilities or what seem probabilities to him. He is quite sure that Cleopatra had not a drop of Egyptian blood in her veins, that she was pure Greek, and therefore that she must have despised the Egyptians, at least the Egyptians of the interior.

Mr. Weigall is undeniably interesting, and his work will be a delight to those who want no more than a story. But whether it will be equally satisfactory to those uncomfortable people with an itch for historical precision is quite another matter.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CLEOPATRA, QUEEN OF EGYPT. By Arthur E. P. B. Weigall. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.50 net.



Illustration from "Spanish and Indian Place Names of California," by Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez. A. M. Robertson.

cent tomboy on her first introduction to Caesar. She was simply an "unmarried girl of some twenty-one years of age, against whose moral character not one shred of trustworthy evidence can be advanced." She

of the court of Alexandria, but then morality is, of course, a conventional term and to be measured by the usage of the day. However that may be, it was Caesar who led the little innocent astray and who introduced her to

An Encyclopaedia.

The latest addition to Everyman's Library, edited by Ernest Rhys, is an encyclopaedia of twelve volumes in the well-known style and marked by all the technical excellences with which we are familiar. The object, says the preface, is to satisfy the reader's desire for rapid information on all subjects to be met with in a general course of reading or in the affairs of every-day life. It is a modest programme, and it seems to be well carried out. Turning to the first volume we find that "Architecture" gets sixteen pages, and that the treatment is competent and popular. "Astronomy" occupies ten pages, "Aeronautics" seven pages, and "Art" six pages. The biographical features seem to be particularly good, a single page selected at random containing sketches of Edmund Ashfield, Ashik, Anthony Ashley, Lord Ashley, Anthony Evelyn Ashley, William James Ashley, and Elias Ashmole. Turning to half a dozen of the lesser topics that are momentarily to the front of the mind we find them all treated, and in an adequate way. For the average man who wishes to consult the encyclopaedia without the aid of a derrick this handsome series should prove to be treasure trove.

THE EVERYMAN ENCYCLOPEDIA. Edited by Andrew Boyle. In twelve volumes. Twelve hundred illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$8 net.

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THE DECLINE AND FALL OF NAPOLEON. By Viscount Wolseley. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

A Biography.

If a man can not put pathos, and tenderness, and poetry into the biography of his mother he can have no such qualities in his heart. Probably J. M. Barrie in his "Margaret Ogilvie" came as nearly as possible to perfection in such a work, but Alexander Irvine comes at least a good second. Mr. Irvine's mother was an Irish peasant woman, and he tells of the famine and poverty of his youth and of the Irish life of toil and privation that has produced so large a measure of heroism. When the author eventually left his home it was to enter the ministry, and he subsequently became a missionary, coming to America with his mother's blessing, although she knew that she would never see him again. It is a moving story and told with a very genuine power and intensity.

MY LADY OF THE CHIMNEY CORNER. By Alexander Irvine. New York: The Century Company; \$1.20 net.

Kit Carson Days.

Amid a veritable wilderness of biographies of people who do not matter and never could matter it is strange that we have had to wait so long for a life of Kit Carson. It is true that one inadequate attempt was made some half a century ago, but it is now practically unobtainable, but with this exception we have had to depend for our knowledge upon hundreds of scattered references, some of them as dubious as a Solar Myth and some of them

frankly imaginative. Kit Carson was one of the genuinely great men of pioneer days, one of the few large figures that combined sterling human character with personal heroism

Mr. Sabin's book contains 669 pages. It took six years to compile, and it involved an enormous amount of travel and correspondence. Carson was born in Missouri

truthfulness and honesty that was an even more valuable asset in those days than a strong arm and a keen eye. He became Indian agent for the Utes, and both Kearny and Frémont had occasion to avail themselves of services that he was so peculiarly competent to render. He was almost wholly uneducated, but he became a colonel and a brigadier-general, playing an important part in the final negotiations for peace with the Indians.

It need not be said that Mr. Sabin has done his work well, not only with commendable accuracy, but with a sense of relative values that is rarely possessed by the biographer. He has produced a book that is not likely to be excelled and that will probably remain as our one authentic source of knowledge of an interesting and gallant figure.

KIT CARSON DAYS (1809-68). By Edwin L. Sabin. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$3 net.

Joseph Conrad.

We are not largely impressed with the usual value of books about living writers. They are commonly tinged with personal friendships, and they must also lack some of the perspective and the rotundity of a finished life work. But there is a series of such works now in course of issue, and already it includes Arnold Bennett, Anatole France, Bernard Shaw, and H. G. Wells. Now comes a volume on Joseph Conrad, by Mr. Richard Curle, and a most competent volume it is. Mr. Curle deals with Conrad's critics and contemporaries, his biography and biographical works, his men and women, his atmosphere, and his position in literature. Perhaps the best way to know an author is to read his works, but certainly no one will read Mr. Curle and stop there. He helps us to realize something of the miracle of Conrad himself. Conrad was born in Poland in 1857. He was involved in the last Polish rebellion and in 1862 he and his family were banished by the Russian government. In 1874 he went to sea, and in 1878 he landed in England and began the study of the English language, of which he is now the unexcelled master. In him, says Mr. Curle, England has helped to produce one of those unaccountable literary forces whose influence it is impossible to foresee. To arrange great men in some supposed order of merit is impossible and the attempt to do so is absurd, but there will be no reluctance to recognize in Conrad a literary creator of the first magnitude.

JOSEPH CONRAD. By Richard Curle. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.25 net.



Illustration from "Spanish and Indian Place Names of California," by Nellie Van de Grist Sanchez. A. M. Robertson.

and hardihood. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that but for Kit Carson the history of the West would have been something very different from what it is and perhaps something much more boisterous and turbulent.

in 1809, but he ran away from home at the age of sixteen and so began a career that has probably never been surpassed for daring adventure and narrow escape. But Carson was much more than a fighter. He had a fearless

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Irving Fisher, author of "Why Is the Dollar Shrinking?" The Macmillan Company.

the currency act will tend to maintain the scale of high prices by increasing bank deposits, and that the reduction of the tariff will tend to encourage the export of gold. If these results ensue "many senseless proposals may be made and even adopted." And



Jacob A. Riis, author of "Neighbors: Life Stories of the Other Half." The Macmillan Company.

at least upon this point we need have no doubts whatever.

Mr. Fisher's book must be left to experts for a judgment. Its main contention is that the level of prices depends exclusively on five definite factors: (1) the volume of money in circulation; (2) its velocity of circulation;

(3) the volume of bank deposits subject to check; (4) its velocity; and (5) the volume of trade.

This book was written before the outbreak of the present war, and it is interesting to note Mr. Fisher's postscript, in which he says that the net and ultimate effect of the war will be to aggravate the upward tendency which was already impending. In Europe the cost of living will probably rise above anything previously known. In America the rise of prices will be less than in Europe, but foods will especially rise and bonds will especially fall.

WHY IS THE DOLLAR SHRINKING? By Irving Fisher. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

Prophets of Today.

The student of what is called modern thought who is anxious for a summary of the

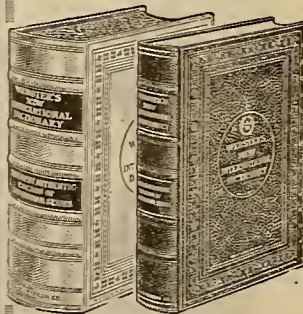


Hamilton W. Mabie, author of "Japan Today and Tomorrow." The Macmillan Company.

achievements of today can hardly do better than turn to these condensed pages by Mr. Edward E. Slosson. Perhaps it would have been better had the pages been less condensed. It is hardly possible to do justice to Maeterlinck, Bergson, Poincaré, Metchnikoff, Ostwald, and Haeckel in a volume of three hundred pages, but then the author contents himself with a sort of sketchy presentation of their teachings and without either applause or dissent. He has taken the trouble to visit each of these men in his own house and to prepare some sort of a biography which combines well with the outline of his philosophy.

But the author's preferences are evident enough. For materialism he has no sympathy, and where there is no sympathy there can be no comprehension. The chapter on

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Haeckel is the last in the book and the least satisfactory, but by way of compensation we have the whole of the thirty theses of monism. Maeterlinck occupies the place of honor, but we are not sure that the author is justified in saying that Maeterlinck is not so much an original thinker "as an exquisitely sensitive personality who is able to catch the dominant note of the times in which he lives." The spirituality voiced by Maeterlinck is by no means the dominant note of the times in which he lives. The dominant note of the



Lotta Griswold, author of "The Winds of Deed." The Macmillan Company.

times when Maeterlinck began to write was a crude and brutal materialism which he has played his part in dispelling.

The chapter on Bergson is distinctly good. We are struck by the phrase that the Bergsonian philosophy "has a striking similarity to the conception of the Alexandrian Gnostics, a creative force struggling against the intractability of inert matter and triumphing by subtlety and persistence." Indeed Bergson has done no more than annex and adapt the essence of various old philosophies, some of them much more ancient than that of the Gnostics, and probably this will be pointed out with increasing force as time goes on.

MAJOR PROPHETS OF TODAY. By Edwin E. Slosson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Land Mammals of the West.

The author of this fine volume tells us that it found its genesis in 1876, when a Princeton



Rachel Lindsay, author of "The Congo and Other Poems." The Macmillan Company.

undergraduate suggested to some comrades that they undertake a fossil-hunting expedition in the West. The suggestion led to the first of the Princeton paleontological expeditions, that of 1877. It was the fascination of discovering and exhuming with his own hands the remains of the curious creatures which once inhabited North America and the desire to extend something of this fascinating interest to a wider circle that have occasioned the preparation of this book, of which the nearly 700 pages seem to be as inclusive as skill and patience can make them.

Anything like an adequate survey of this

imposing work would be impossible within convenient limits. It must therefore suffice to say that its first part is devoted to an explanation of the methods of investigation, the classification of the Mammalia, the skeleton and the teeth of Mammals, the geographical distribution of Mammals, and the successive Mammalian faunas of North and South America. Then follow ten chapters devoted to the histories of the Perissodactyla, the Artiodactyla, the Proboscidea, the Amblypoda and Condylarthra, the Toxodontia, the Litopterna and Astrapotheria, the Carnivora, the Primates, the Edentata, and the Marsupalia. A final chapter is given to the modes of Mammalian evolution, and this is followed by a competent glossary and index. The illustrations, of which there are several hundred, are well selected and produced.

HISTORY OF LAND MAMMALS IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE. By William Berryman Scott, Ph. D., D. Sc., LL. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$5 net.

Germany's Fighting Machine.

This handsome volume may be divided into two parts. First comes a review of the political situation that caused the war, and this is followed by a description of the German army, navy, and airships. Mr. Henderson explains that but a few weeks ago he was in Germany studying the land and its institutions, and that the war broke out two days



John Helston, author of "Throcing Sea." The Macmillan Company.

after he had embarked for America. We may suppose, therefore, that his information is of the latest and that whatever he tells us about the German fighting machine is timely and authoritative. Certainly it is interesting. Mr. Henderson knows enough of military matters to speak of them comprehensively and intelligently while his collection of photographic illustrations is probably unique.

It is a pity that Mr. Henderson prefaced this valuable matter with a political disquisition that is probably as silly as anything that has been written. As an example we may take the following amazing assertion: "To the unprejudiced observer it looks very much as though Serbia, thinking her hour had come and feeling sure of Russia's support, had instigated the murder of the heir to the Austrian throne with the deliberate intention of starting a great conflagration." Further on we have a warning to Britannia to "wake up!" Gibraltar, she is told, will soon be as irksome to Pan-Slavism as are now the forts on the Dardanelles. It is a pity that the author did not confine himself to his description of the German armaments. Here at least he is constructive and interesting. But his first twenty pages are a tragedy of inconsequence and assumption.

GERMANY'S FIGHTING MACHINE. By Ernest F. Henderson. With nearly 100 unique illustrations. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

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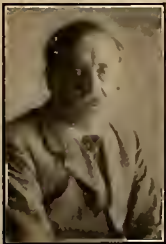
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SOME SERIOUS STUDIES.

Ellen Key.

Here we have another work by Ellen Key, who seems resolved to leave no department of human activity untouched by her reforming hand. Only a few weeks ago we had her book on "The Renaissance of Motherhood," and now comes a work on "The Younger Generation," which tells us what we ought to expect from our children and how we should set about the work of obtaining it.

The chief hook that we should ask of the



H. G. Wells, author of "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman." The Macmillan Company

younger generation is the gift of peace, and here it may be said that the author lacks some of the exuberant confidence that distinguishes the lesser lights of the feminist movement. For Miss Key is by no means sure that the mothers of today are competent either by education or inclination to inculcate the needed lessons. She says that only when women have the right to vote will they be able to work for peace with full seriousness,



Rabindranath Tagore, author of "The King of the Dark Chamber." The Macmillan Company.

if they then desire it, a most debatable contention by the way. For Miss Key is by no means sure that they do desire it. Women are as liable as men to be swept away by the sereery of "honor and vital interests." They are still ready to uphold clericalism, capitalism, and militarism, and so such women "must at present be left out of the reckoning as regards the conversion of souls." Nor can we expect anything from Christianity, a

fact more clear now than when this hook was written.

Women, says the author, have a double standard of morality so far as war is concerned. One standard is for the home and the other is for the life of the nation. It is the "women of the new age" who must reconcile these standards:

Not from the mothers of the present day, as yet uneducated for their calling, and often unfit for it; mothers who still bring up their children by the hand instead of by the head; who in their system of the rod are guided by the same base and crude notions as men in their policy of war—such mothers can form no souls for peace. Nor yet those mothers who bring up their children in the double-faced morality; who teach them as individuals rather to suffer wrong than to do wrong, rather to renounce their objects than to pursue them by unworthy means; who bid them put away the thoughts of vengeance and forgive their enemies—but who then with flaming eyes and inciting words exhort their sons, as "defenders of their country," to commit acts which, as private persons, they have learned to regard as base. Least of all can those mothers, who with all the breath of



Jack London, author of "The Mutiny of the Elsinore." The Macmillan Company.

their bodies blow the flames of hate and fanaticism, prepare the minds of their children for peace.

It would seem that when Miss Key places the reform of the world in the hands of women she is referring to a kind of woman who does not yet exist, but who has to be evolved. Perhaps it would also be possible to evolve a new kind of man who would not be in such pressing need of the feminist salvation.

Other chapters of this vigorous hook are devoted to "Class Badges," "The Children's Charter," "Recreative Culture," and "The Few and the Many." It is readable in every line.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION. By Ellen Key. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net.

Where Pharaoh Dreams.

Irene Osgood almost persuades us that she lived once in an Egyptian body and that now in these hazy days come vague reminiscences of life by the Nile that stir her mind to the poetry of dreaming. She describes her volume of sketches as "the impressions of a woman-of-moods in Egypt," but there is something so intimate in these impressions, something that belongs so wholly to the past as

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to suggest a haunting memory that is yet tantalizing in its elusiveness. Here, for example, is a passage from her chapter on the Sphinx:

Here, where the silent Sphinx waits, the world seems to stop. One seems to come to the great, eternal har, to find or lose one's soul.

Joys that enthrall; love that enraptures; griefs that scourge. Things material or unreal are all incarnate here.



Kathleen Norris, author of "Saturday's Child." The Macmillan Company.

Fantastic imagery is suggested in the elusive smile of the Sphinx.

A voice comes on the desert wind. Is it the voice of the Sphinx telling her that she does not exist, nor you, nor I? Telling her that there is neither good nor



May Sinclair, author of "The Three Sisters." The Macmillan Company.

had, false nor true, neither assent nor dissent.

All is mirage. Yet the Sphinx smiles and the weird, echoing voice will reverberate on and on throughout eternity.

There are twenty-four chapters to this remarkable book, which seems like an interpretation of the soul of ancient Egypt by one

who shared that soul and who now gives it a voice in language of unusual poetic charm.

WHERE PHARAOH DREAMS. By Irene Osgood. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.75 net.

The Great War.

Mr. Simonds is editor of the New York Evening Sun and the author of perhaps the best series of editorial articles on the war that have appeared anywhere. These articles have now been recast into volume form and they contribute a sort of history of the struggle from the assassination of the Austrian archduke until the present day.

We say advisedly a sort of history, for no actual history is yet possible, nor will be possible until the combatants shall remove the veil of calculated secrecy that now hides their movements. News that seems to be authentic today is contradicted tomorrow, and the keenest observer can do no more than surmise and speculate.

Mr. Simonds has written a fascinating book,



Zona Gale, author of "Neighborhood Stories." The Macmillan Company.

but it is a book with all the defects that were inevitable, as well as some defects that might have been removed. Thus some of his earlier chapters contain statements that are contradicted later on. For example, we find three different estimates of the British strength, varying from 165,000 men to 80,000 men, and while such divergences are natural enough in a running day-by-day commentary one would expect to see them removed or reconciled in a volume such as this.

None the less the book is the best of its kind. It is exactly the kind of book that the student will wish to have at hand. It is a precise summary of events so far as events are known. That it is terse and illuminating may be inferred from its authorship.

THE GREAT WAR: ITS FIRST PHASE. By Frank H. Simonds. New York: Mitchell Kennerly; \$1.25 net.

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INDIANAPOLIS: THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY: NEW YORK

LATE FICTION.

The Spring Lady.

The author gives us one of those stories whose improbability lies in the fact that the chief characters act according to their impulses, a thing that real people never do. In this case the heroine is a fashionable young married woman who suddenly sickens of her inane life, becomes convinced that there is no love between herself and her husband, and so cuts the knot by tramping out into the country and seeking whatever fate the gods may send. In this case the gods direct her to an obscure village and a vacant cottage, and here she huries herself and tries to forget the world which includes her husband. We are told how Rita Ashe initiates herself into the mysteries of village life, with its devilish spites and cruelties as well as its transcendent virtues, and how at last she finds her own soul and discovers that she is a human being who still loves her husband. It is a lightsome story, but not without its vein of pure and rich metal.

THE SPRING LADY. By Mary Brecht Pulver. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Milky Way.

There are some stories, like stage plays, huddled upon a definite plot with its various parts apportioned, measured, and balanced. And there are other stories that seem like a page torn almost at random from a life diary and without definite beginning or tangible end. "The Milky Way" belongs to the latter category. We do not know where the heroine comes from, but we do know that she declines the advantageous but conventional marriage in order that she may tramp about the world

and possess her artistic soul in freedom. And we know nothing much about the hero except that he, too, is a passenger on the coast steamer from Cornwall to London and is so delightfully broke that the heroine feeds him surreptitiously, with the connivance of



Rachel S. McNamara, author of "The Torch of Life." G. P. Putnam's Sons.

the equally fascinated steward. Then for over three hundred pages we follow the vicissitudes of this interesting hobo couple, for whom there are alternate feasts and famines all the way, until eventually they decide to do what we knew they would do from the start.

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The Unknown Guest

By Maurice Maeterlinck

The title suggests, in that beautifully imaginative yet wonderfully apt way characteristic of Maeterlinck, the contents of his latest book. The Unknown Guest within ourselves—that mysterious, little known, rarely manifested, vaguely realized stranger that is part of us, and which is sometimes termed the psychic self—has called forth this strangely beautiful and exquisitely worded book.

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The author is very successful in depicting the mind of the natural vagabond and the many delights that nature always showers upon those who have nothing to lose.

THE MILKY WAY. By F. Tennyson Jesse. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

The Wall Between.

This is a story of life in the American army, and the "wall between" is the wall of caste which we like to think of as non-existent. The American spirit, says the author, shouts the doctrine of social equality, but "the navy yard is a feudal colony inconspicuously surviving in a rampant democracy."

that the "wall between" is in no way to be surmounted, and when his aspirations become known he is made the victim of the persecution in a hundred forms that snobbery is always quick to inflict. Then comes the little war in Nicaragua, and Kendall so far distinguishes himself as to become a hero, and so he finally emerges from the obscurity of his rank, and we leave both him and Edith as happy as human beings ever are.

Mr. Paine has evidently written this story with the intention of painting the caste system as it prevails in the army. We have no means of knowing whether it is a true picture or an exaggerated one. But if it is a true picture it is easy to understand a rate of army desertion that is far higher than it should be.

THE WALL BETWEEN. By Ralph D. Paine. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.

The Encounter.

Anne Douglas Sedgwick has created so many powerful and distinctive characters in her novels that we are almost inclined to wonder that she should now turn to actual personalities for her inspiration. The hero of "The Encounter" is Herr Wehlitz, and before we have read many pages we perceive that Herr Wehlitz is no less than Nietzsche. The heroine is Persis Fennamy, a young American girl with philosophic opinions, while the rest of the stage is filled with satellites whose rôles are minor and almost negligible.

Whether the author intended to make a caricature of Nietzsche must be left for individual opinion. Herr Wehlitz is represented as an opinionated, peevish, and jealous personality whose theories have become an obsession and whose physical weaknesses are so portrayed as to be ridiculous. On his first introduction to Persis he convicts her on the spot of having read Schopenhauer:

"I thought so. You have read Schopenhauer and believe that he has said the last word. No, listen to me," he held up his hand as she sought to interpose a qualification. "You are infected. It is enough,—listen to me now. It is I who have the last word to speak, a word that upbuilds more than it destroys. Schopenhauer saw that life is suffering and want and striving. It is true. I grant it. I flinch from nothing of its truth. But what I have to say is that life is not valueless on that account. Cowards find it so, and rot to the nothingness where they belong. You are not one of them. You can not look me in the eyes and say that you are one of them. No. Yours is not the weakness that turns shuddering away from life. Yours is the youth and pride and strength that measures itself against life and scorns its puerilities. Tolstoy would lead the world into a nest of maggots where the weak cling together and find sustenance in loathsome unity."

It is a strange beginning to a strange courtship, but then Nietzsche would naturally make love in a way of his own. What be seems to need is not so much a wife as some one whose applause and admiration will be unfailing and consistent.

The story is artistically told, but we can not understand why Herr Wehlitz should have wished to marry Persis, nor can we understand why Persis should for one moment have thought of marrying Herr Wehlitz. Two more unpleasant and unhuman people it has rarely been our lot to hear of.

THE ENCOUNTER. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. New York: The Century Company.

"Must Protestantism Adopt Christian Science," is answered by the author, the Rev. J. Winthrop Hegeman, Ph. D., in the affirmative. The book is published by Harper & Brothers and the price is 75 cents net.

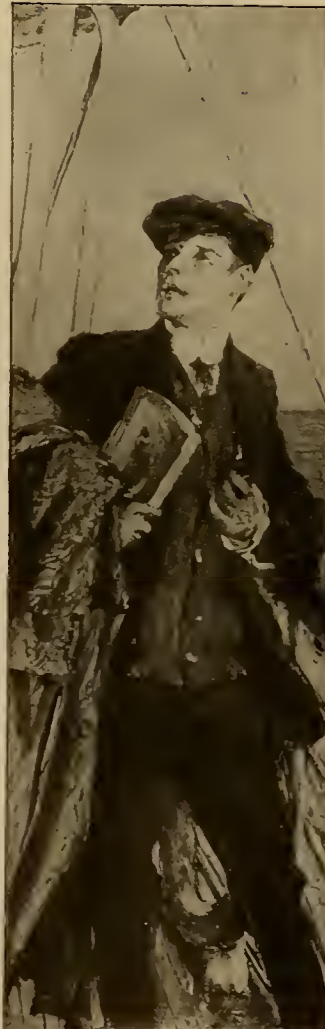


Illustration from "The Prince of Graustark," by George Barr McCutcheon. Dodd, Mead & Co.

The hero of the story is John Kendall, who has enlisted as the most convenient way to escape from the scandal connected with the failure of his father's bank. He has become a sergeant, but it seems that sergeants are still subject to the unhearing insolence of every puppy officer who likes to take advantage of his superior rank to heap ignominies on men who dare not even reply. When Kendall falls in love with Edith Ferris he finds

LATE FICTION.

The Hands of Esau.

We are not sure that Margaret Deland has not shown an undue ethical severity in this short story. Its hero is Tom Vail, the son of a widow who secures a situation with Mr. John Morgan, the architect, and then proceeds to fall in love with his employer's daughter. There is no particular reason why he should not do so, but we foresee difficulties when we learn that Tom's father was imprisoned for fraud, and that Tom himself is unaware of that fact. What will he do when he learns the truth, as he must inevitably do? He does learn the truth and he conceals it from his sweetheart, not knowing that she also has heard the facts. Nina confidently ex-



William S. Walsh, author of "Heroes and Heroines of Fiction." J. B. Lippincott Company.

pects that Tom will of course share his secret with her, and after she has given him every opportunity to do so she tacitly dismisses him as unworthy of her love. The moral seems to be that you must conceal nothing from your sweetheart, which is very nice in theory but that might have volcanic effects in practice. Nina's uncle says in conclusion: "When it comes to marriage, the foundation-stone has got to be truth. Petty secretcies may not land you in the divorce court, but they don't make for connubial bliss. Nina did well to turn him down." But Nina would have been an uncomfortable wife.

THE HANDS OF ESAU. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Brothers.

On the Staircase.

Frank Swinnerton tells us a story of everyday, commonplace people in London, but they become anything but commonplace under his skilful hands. His characters are clerks and



General Charles King, author of "The True Ulysses S. Grant." J. B. Lippincott Company.

stenographers who work for meagre weekly wages and are haunted by the dread of unemployment and of the narrow dividing line that separates them from actual poverty and that is often so threateningly and so constantly in sight. The most interesting of his characters is an attorney's clerk, who is driven by insufferable loneliness and by elemental stirrings to marry his landlady's daughter, and she assures him that his salary of about \$9 a week is amply sufficient for two. And Velancourt is a man who reads the best poetry and knows something of philosophy and metaphysics. He has all the instincts of a gentleman, and \$9 or \$10 a week will always be the

limit of his earnings. These people meet at each other's houses and discuss art and music and literature, and discuss them well. They have definite opinions on the fine things of life, and they rarely mention either business or money. They belong to a fixed and definite caste, the caste of the clerk, with all its limitations, and they will never belong to any other. By no possibility will they ever earn more than a decent competence, which will permit the necessities but very few of the luxuries of life, and they accept the situation as among the things that are not changed. It is a strange picture for those used to the fever of young American life, a fever bred of opportunity, and it is a picture drawn with unusual skill and fidelity. It is the best kind of realism.

ON THE STAIRCASE. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

The Swindler.

Ethel M. Dell has already written three striking novels, and now she gives us a volume of short stories that are in every way worthy of her reputation. She has a notable power of character creation that was well displayed in her "The Way of an Eagle" and also in "The Rocks of Valpre." We do not necessarily like her characters, but we do not forget them. They are always distinctive and original, and they are painted with marked attention to detail and portraiture.

The best of this present collection is "The Swindler." It is in two parts, and we are told that the second part was written by request. We are not sure that it was wise to yield to that request. It is the story of a man who wins the love of a girl and is then arrested, and justly so, for swindling. Then comes the sequel, which relates to his career after his liberation from prison, but somehow he seems to have lost something of his virility, and we



Molly Elliot Seawell, author of "Betty's Virginia Christmas." J. B. Lippincott Company.

are not quite easy about allowing him to marry the girl, who is a nice girl. Perhaps it is just as well that we can not interpose in the matter, for we should probably do so and forbid the hanns. But these short stories belong to the best of their kind.

THE SWINDLER AND OTHER STORIES. By Ethel M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.

Big Tremaine.

Marie Van Vorst has chosen an old plot, but she works it over so cleverly that it has all the virtues of novelty. She tells us of two brothers, John and David Tremaine, the black sheep and the white. John robs the bank and leaves home in disgrace to become a wanderer. David pursues the saintly life and is the pride of his mother and dies in the odor of sanctity. Then John comes home again with a fortune, faces the inevitable atmosphere of shrugs and innuendoes, and sets himself to the double task of rehabilitating the family fortunes and conciliating his mother. Of course we are allowed to surmise the real facts of the case long before they are made known. Actually it was the sainted David who had robbed the bank and the wicked John who had shouldered the blame. It is usually saints who rob banks, but a stupid public has not yet learned, and probably never will learn, where to search for the criminal in such cases. The story is well told and the romance with which it is interwoven is a pleasant one, but we still await the novel, far more true to life, where a pronounced piety is assumed to be an indication of criminal tendencies.

BIG TREMAINE. By Marie Van Vorst. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A. C. McClurg & Co. have just sent Marah Ellis Ryan's novel of California, "For the Soul of Rafael," first issued in 1906, to press for another (the eleventh) reprinting.

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LATE FICTION.

The Sound of Water.

This story derives its main interest from the sketch of life on the New England coast, where the natives coin the summer hoarder into gold and despise him for his acquiescence in the minting process. But "The Sound of Water" is actually a detective story, and it sets forth with a full display of stage properties. There is an overheard quarrel between the man and the woman who have rented the great house on the bluff. Then the woman disappears, and the man lies about her. Blood-stained garments are found and other horrid suggestions of crime, and at last Bill Cross, the sheriff, decides that he must take a hand in the mystery, even though he has to do so at his own expense. We have a vague suspicion from the start that there has been no crime at all, but we are not quite prepared for the curious dénouement which enables us to close the book with the comfortable realization that the chief characters will be happy ever after.

THE SOUND OF WATER. By Margarita S. Gerry. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

Maid of the Mist.

This is a capital story of adventure of the old-fashioned kind with a good deal of the ancient stage mechanism, but all brightly polished and as effective for service as ever. Dr. Wulfrey Dale finds himself in trouble in connection with a death certificate, and although he is innocent and has acted in defense of a woman he finds that his practice is gone forever and that he must seek a new career elsewhere. He decides to go to Canada and embarks on a sailing ship, which is wrecked in the vicinity of Sahle Island. He and the mate of the ship are the sole survivors, but presently they rescue a young woman who is on the point of drowning and at once we foresee the usual complications, which put in their appearance without loss of time. The mate is a good deal of a rascal and also a drunkard, and of

course there is trouble between him and Dale, which is finally settled through the enviable power of the story-teller to remove unwanted characters by a stroke of the pen, which in such cases is not only greater but far more fatal than the sword.

The real interest of the story is in the description of Sahle Island with its vast hecatomb of wrecked ships, and we wonder to what extent the author has used his artistic right to exaggerate. But he becomes a little absurd where he pictures the religious ceremonies adopted by Dale and the girl to sanction their "marriage." Doubtless this was intended as a concession to a rather sickly conscience, but it would have been better omitted.

MAID OF THE MIST. By John Oxenham. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.30 net.

The Clean Heart.

Mr. Hutchinson tells stories that are so eminently worth while that it would be well for him to consider prayerfully whether his style is the best adapted for his purpose. It is not a style that strikes the reader as being spontaneous. We rather imagine him as shuffling his word to and fro in the search for a rhythm and an effect that is apt to grow a little tiresome as we approach the four hundredth page. Sometimes it is not only poetic in sentiment, but also in form, and we wonder whether Mr. Hutchinson counted the syllables and tested the scan.

The hero of "The Clean Heart" is a journalist who becomes so successful that he overworks himself to the point of insanity. He has responsibilities in the shape of three dependent nephews, and so it is quite easy to understand that his money disappears like water spilled upon sand. At last we find Mr. Wriford with hallucinations and melancholia. Mistrusting his own powers, he sees calamity ahead of him, and then comes the illusion of the double personality and the attempted suicide.

The wall was rough to his hands, and that produced the thought of how soft his hands were—how contemptibly soft he was all over and all through. "Wriford! Wriford! Wri-

ford!" cried Mr. Wriford to himself as a great surge passed through all his pulses that seemed—as frequently in these days but now more violently, more completely than ever before—to wash him asunder from himself, so that he was two persons: one within his body that was the Wriford he knew and hated, the other that was himself, his own, real self, and that cried to his vile, his hateful body: "Wriford! Wriford! Wriford!"

Mr. Wriford is saved from suicide and he becomes a tramp, delighting in the reversal of every life current, in doing all the things foreign, and strange, and impossible to the conventions that have governed him. He hawls on the highroad, gets himself into prison as a vagrant, and even commits a burglary, and so gradually that other self, the other self of a haunting insanity, leaves him. He has cleaned his heart of routine and habit and convention. He discovers that it is possible to live without any of the things that once seemed so essential. He discovers that



Lilli Lehmann, author of "My Path Through Life." G. P. Putnam's Sons.

hunger and homelessness are quite compatible with happiness. Mr. Hutchinson is here at his best because he is dealing with the truths that are usually unseen.

It is all so fine that we wonder at the false note that comes at the end. We are beginning to think that Mr. Wriford's heart is in very truth clean, only to find that it is still anything but clean. He falls in love with a country girl, and when he has won her whole heart he tries to ruin her. When she repulses him he manages to let her fall over a declivity and she is permanently injured. Of course everything is allowed to "end well," but we don't feel that it is well. We should like to send Mr. Wriford once more on his



Charlemagne Tower, author of "Essays Political and Historical." J. B. Lippincott Company.

travels so that he may clean his heart again and more effectively. Mr. Wriford, whom we were hoping was a man, has become sickly. It is a defect in one of the best books of the day.

THE CLEAN HEART. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Night Watches.

Mr. Jacobs continues to find rich material in Sam Small, Ginger Dick, and Peter Russet, not to speak of the Watchman, whose varied characteristics deserve some more extended memorial than the pages of the short story. Moreover, our knowledge of these worthies is entirely confined to their residence on land and to the infinite humors and innocences that seem to be inseparably associated with

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"Don't take no notice of 'im, Ginger," ses Peter. "Why didn't you marry 'er?"

"'Cos I was afraid she might think I was arter 'er money," ses Ginger, getting a little bit closer to Sam.

There are ten short stories in this volume and one of them verges on the tragic. And they are all admirable.

NIGHT WATCHES. By W. W. Jacobs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Marie Van Vorst, the author of "Big Tremaine," one of the popular autumn novels, is devoting her time to nursing the wounded soldiers of the allied armies at the American Ambulance Hospital in Paris.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Lucas's Annual.

There seems to be no sufficient reason why Mr. E. V. Lucas should have an annual all to himself, but here it is with his name upon the title-page and with contributions from most of the important writers of the day. J. M. Barrie writes a schoolboy yarn full of the real Barrie humor, and among other contributors are Austin Dohson, Arnold Bennett, Maurice Hewlett, Stephen Leacock, John Galsworthy, and Hugh Walpole. There are also some hitherto unpublished writings of Ruskin, Stevenson, and Browning. There are twenty contributions in all, some of them in verse, and while we still entertain a feeling of sullen resentment that Mr. Lucas should have a year hook all to himself, and without even an attempted explanation, we may freely admit that it is a remarkably good year book and full of quite delightful things.

LUCAS'S ANNUAL. Edited by E. V. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Company; 75 cents net.

The Raft.

Do really nice girls hunt for their husband and confess to one another the details of the chase? Mr. Coningsby Dawson seems to think so, and perhaps he knows. He gives us the following as a foreword: "Their virgins had no marriage songs; and they that could swim cast themselves into the sea to get to land, and some on boards and some on other

the sound, she commenced in a desperate whisper, 'Oh God, give him to me. Dear God, let me have him. Oh God, give—'" This is certainly love at first sight with a vengeance.

But Nan gets him. Then Jehane in desperation marries a veritable hound called Ocky Waffles. One would think that the name alone would have deterred her, but it may have been the last call for the shore, raft or no raft. And the rest of the hook describes the bliss of Nan and the slow and irretrievable ruin of Jehane as her worthless husband drags her to the ground. As a story it is well told, but it may be described as an unkind story, an unnecessary story, a story that we should like to believe is based upon an unsound psychology.

THE RAFT. By Coningsby Dawson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Egypt.

Only fit and proper persons who have given proofs of competence should be allowed to write on Egypt. For here we need imagination, and above all reverence. The hushed voice and the silent step are appropriate, and also a certain philosophic mind that modernity has not robbed of its humility. Pierre Loti has all these qualifications in abundance, for after visiting the hall of the mummies he speaks of his rapid reascent towards the sunshine of the living, where "we go to breathe the air again, the air to which we have still a right—for some few days longer."



Illustration from "The Poet," by Meredith Nicholson. Houghton Mifflin Company.

things." A vigorous pursuit is therefore the raft of salvation and his heroines are quite unashamed in their eager determination to reach the land thereby or "on other things."

There are two girls, Nan and Jehane, and they live somewhere in the neighborhood of Oxford. Eligible men are few and far between, and so when Barrington turns up unexpectedly he is welcome as a possible relief from the monotonies of country and university life. But Nan and Jehane play fair, or at least Nan does. When Barrington comes down ostensibly to visit her father she always sends word to Jehane in order that there may be no undue advantage. The first time Jehane meets Barrington she explains to him the parlous plight of the girl with few matrimonial opportunities, and she quotes her friend Nan as an illustration:

Take the case of Nan—she's one of thousands. She's got nothing of her own—no freedom, no money, no anything. She's always under orders; she's not expected to have any plans for her future. She creeps to the windows of the world and peeps out when her father isn't near enough to prevent her. Unless she marries she'll always be prying and never sharing. She's a Lady of Shalott, shut up in a tower, weaving a web of fancies. She hears life tramp beneath her window, traveling in plume and helmet to the city. Unless a man frees her, she'll never get out.

And then when Jehane gets home on that same day "she flung herself on the bed and lay rigid in the darkness, shaken with sobbing. Pressing her lips against the pillow to stifle

The hook is a remarkable one, not only because its subject has called from the author his very best, but also because of the facts that he gives us. Speaking of the mummy of the great Sesostris, he says:

Twenty years have elapsed since he was brought back to the light, the master of the world. He was wrapped thousands of times in a marvelous winding sheet, woven of aloe fibres, finer than the muslin of India, which must have taken years in the making and measured more than 400 yards in length. The unswathing, done in the presence of the Khedive Tewfik and the great personages of Egypt, lasted two hours, and after the last turn, when the illustrious figure appeared, the emotion amongst the assistants was such that they stampeded like a herd of cattle, and the Pharaoh was overturned. He has, however, given much cause for conversation, this great Sesostris, since his installation in the museum. Suddenly one day with a brusque gesture in the presence of the attendants, who fled howling with fear, he raised that hand which is still in the air, and which he has not deigned since to lower.

This awful movement was ascribed to the heat of the sun, which was supposed to have expanded to the bone of the elbow. Elsewhere we have a description of the mummy of Queen Nisanehsharu, of whom history says little, but whose body speaks for itself:

There she is indeed, the disheveled vampire, in her place right enough, stretched at full length, but looking always as though she were about to leap up; and straightway I meet the

sidelong glance of her enameled pupils, shining out of half-closed eyelids, with lashes that are still almost perfect. Oh! the terrifying person. Not that she is ugly, on the contrary we can see that she was rather pretty and was mummied young. What distinguishes her from the others is her air of thwarted anger, of fury, as it were, at being dead. The embalmers have colored her very religiously, but the pink, under the action of the salts of the skin, has become decomposed here and there and given place to a number of green spots. Her naked shoulders, the height of the arms above the rags which were once her splendid shroud, have still a certain sleek roundness, but they, too, are stained with greenish and black blotches, such as may be seen on the skins of snakes. Assuredly no corpse, either here or elsewhere, has ever preserved such an expression of intense life, of ironical, implacable ferocity.

It is certainly a fascinating hook that the author has given us, a sort of requiem over

the sacrifice of Phila to an ugly commercialism that counts everything as loss save its own shekels.

EGYPT. By Pierre Loti. New York: Duffield & Co.

The question of who wrote "The City of Purple Dreams," published anonymously by the Browne & Howell Company, has been answered. The author of the hook is Edwin Baird, a young newspaper writer of Chicago. "The City of Purple Dreams" is his first novel, and the material for it was gathered by him at first hand from many phases of Chicago life, several of the characters being based on well-known Chicago people.

The reputation of "The Clarion," Samuel Hopkins Adams's new novel, published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, is traveling almost faster than the hook itself can go.

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SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON: A COMMENTARY ON SHAKESPEARE'S LIFE AND WORK IN LONDON. By Thomas Fairman Ordish, F. S. A. A new edition. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

The Lone Wolf.

Mr. Vance's criminals have usually the advantage of being also human beings. We are a little tired of the superhuman criminal who seems to have been specially fitted out by Providence for the purpose of preying upon defenseless humanity. We prefer that even our criminals should have some of the amiable weaknesses of the race and that they should be not wholly unaffected by a pretty girl.

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mand that he join their band as a partner. Lanyard refuses, and then begins the long struggle in which murder is a commonplace and that occupies the larger portion of the hook.

Eventually Lanyard reforms, and in this way Mr. Vance shows his artistic hand. His conversion is brought about by a pretty girl, who seems at first to be an emissary of his enemies, but who eventually turns out to be their victim. There is a sensational aeroplane flight to England, in the course of which Lanyard fights a battle with his pursuers, and we are allowed to suppose that he and the girl start afresh in the odor of a comparative piety. Stories with criminals as heroes are



Carl Vrooman, author of "The Lure and the Lore of Travel." Sherman, French & Co.

generally unwholesome, but this one is distinctly an exception to the rule. No one will be injured by "The Lone Wolf."

THE LONE WOLF. By Louis Joseph Vance. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.30 net.

Photography.

Good books on amateur photography are few and far between, and by that we mean books that do not treat the reader as though he were either a child or an idiot. In this case Dr. Stanley C. Johnson gives us a volume of 444 pages divided into four sections of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, and containing a great mass of definite information upon all things photographic and of so

practical a nature that good pictures can hardly fail to result.

SATURDAY WITH MY CAMERA. By Stanley C. Johnson, M. A., D. Sc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50.

Briefer Reviews.

The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company have published "Lost in the Fur Country," by D. Lange (\$1 net). Mr. Lange is superintendent of schools in St. Paul, Minnesota, and in this case he has used his knowledge of boys and his considerable narrative ability to good purpose.

"A Captain of the King," by Chester L. Saxby (Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net), is a story of Palestine in the time of Christ and of a Jewish boy who sets forth to find the Messiah in the hope that he may share in the freeing of his country from the Roman yoke.

J. R. Miller has added to his already extensive list of religious works by a little volume entitled "Finding God's Comfort" (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 50 cents net). Mr. Miller has his reflection on the Book of Job and suggests some of its potentialities in the way of comfort and sympathy.

The Browne & Howell Company has published a second edition of "Men Who Dared," by Byron E. Veatch (\$1.25 net). Mr. Veatch's stories of brave men who faced death and duty have become classics. In this volume we have seven of his best. There could be no better hook for the boy who is open to the forces of inspiration.

"Talks to Freshman Girls," by Helen Dawes Brown (Houghton Mifflin Company; 75 cents net) is just what its name implies—a few chapters of sage advice to girls about the things that are worth while and the relative



Illustration from "In the Land of Temples," by Joseph Pennell. J. B. Lippincott Company.

values of experiences within their reach. The author writes with an extraordinary sympathy and kindness and without one superfluous or merely conventional word.

Harper & Brothers have published a book of sound and wholesome advice to the prospective mother. It is entitled "Before the Baby Comes," by Marianna Wheeler, who for twenty years was superintendent of the Babies' Hospital, New York. The author seems to have said everything that ought to be said, and to have said it in a plain, straightforward way. No better hook than this is procurable. Price, \$1 net.

Miss Florence Irwin is already known as a writer on Auction. She now gives us a further volume entitled "Nullo Auction," together with the laws of Auction as adopted by the Whist Club, November, 1913, and the differences between these and the English laws as adopted by the Portland Club, May, 1914. The book is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.25.

"The House We Live In," by William Elliot Griffis, L. H. D. (Funk & Wagnalls Company; 60 cents net), is otherwise described by the author as "Talks About the Body and the Right Use of It," and consists of a sage mingling of advice on morals and matter that is certainly readable and entertaining. But why does the author say that "the combination of a massive intellect with head and body of noble proportions is the rule." So far from being the rule, it is the rare exception.

There seems always to be room for an edition of Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales, and we may congratulate ourselves that this is so. The latest to appear comes from Harper & Brothers in the form of a substantial and decorative volume with fine illustrations by Louis Rhead, over one hundred in number, and an introduction by W. D. Howells, who says that there is no need for such a contribution from his pen, but who none the less makes one in his usual felicitous way. The price of the book is \$1.50.

Mr. Oliver Huckel completes his series of Wagner dramas by the inclusion of "Rienzi," which was Wagner's first famous opera and

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written at the dawn of his career. Mr. Huckel deserves well of Wagner lovers by these renderings into English verse that are not only accurate but spirited and vigorous. The student of Wagner who had nothing but the Huckel library would still be well equipped. The series is in twelve volumes. It is published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company and the price is 75 cents net per volume, and in limp leather \$1.25 net per volume.

As a people we know astonishingly little of Rousseau, although the national debt to Rousseau is a large one. There should therefore be a welcome for a little volume by Professor Christian Gauss just issued by the Princeton University Press. It is entitled "Selections from the Works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau," and it is edited for the use of college classes with an introduction and notes. The selections include specimens of Rousseau's work intended to present both his doctrine and his literary quality, the result being a work small in size but full of scope, and in every way a desirable possession.

The admirable Wisdom of the East Series, edited by L. Cranmer-Blyng and Dr. S. A. Kappadia, has now been enlarged by the addition of "The Spirit of Japanese Poetry," by Yone Noguchi (E. P. Dutton & Co.; 70 cents net). The object of these books is to be "the ambassadors of good-will and understanding be-



Illustration from "The Wellknowns," by James Montgomery Flagg. George H. Doran Company.

tween East and West," and certainly nothing could be better devised to such an end. Mr. Noguchi himself has written rather a surprising hook, at least to those unacquainted with the spirit of Japanese poetry, a hook to be heartily recommended for the light that it throws upon all poetry, whether of the East or the West.

Time will show whether there is a demand for the "Waverley Synopses," by J. Walker McSpadden, and published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company (75 cents net). At the moment it must suffice to say that the volume gives a list of Scott's works in chronological order; chief facts as to each story; cast of characters; the story told in brief but intelligent form; and finally an index to all the characters, arranged alphabetically. The author has performed the same office for Dickens and Shakespeare. He has also a volume of "Opera Synopses."

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LITERARY NOTES.

Though Gilbert Parker lives in London and is a member of Parliament, he has never got out of touch with the Americans among whom he was born, and whom he makes the heroes of his "You Never Know Your Luck," as he did in "The Right of Way." The George H. Doran Company, which has just published the former volume, also brought out the latter.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have in press for publication a biographical and critical study of the "Life and Work of Professor Heinrich von Treitschke," by Adolf Hausrath, together with twelve of Treitschke's essays, in which the author set forth, with full em-



Illustration from "The Right Track," by Clara Louise Burnham. Houghton Mifflin Company.

phasis of conviction, the policy to be pursued by Germany to secure a dominating influence in Europe and throughout the world. The publishers have planned this volume with the belief that there should at this time be interest and service in tracing the influences which have brought the German emperor and his advisers and so large a proportion of the German people back of the imperial government, to the state of mind in which they entered upon the present struggle for the domination of Europe and for the political leadership of the civilized world.

Ednah Aiken, author of "The River," just published by the Bohrs-Merrill Company, is a native of San Francisco. Of Southern parents, her father belonged to the clans of Crittenden, Breckenridge, Thornton, Preston, Robinson. Her mother was a Jarhoe of Baltimore. "The River" was the outcome of a visit to Imperial Valley, where Mrs. Aiken and her husband went to gather material for a feature which the latter had in contemplation for his magazine. "Story" hooded over the land.



Abraham Mitrie Rihbany, author of "A Far Journey," Houghton Mifflin Company.

In publishing "Frémont and '49," by Frederick S. Dellenhaugh, the Putnams have placed within the reach of the general reader a dramatic, well-proportioned, and trustworthy record of the life and associations of one of America's most interesting characters, information about whom has hitherto been available only in a detached and unsatisfactory form. The accounts of Frémont's travels, for instance, are rather incomplete and hard to get at, and Mr. Dellenhaugh's painstaking achievement in gathering the scattered items of information about Frémont is a particularly commendable one.

Harper & Brothers recently put to press for reprintings two of their new books: "The Sunny Side of Diplomatic Life," by Mme. de Hegermann-Lindencrone, and "The Lost Boy," by Henry Van Dyke. They are republishing also Count Helmuth von Moltke's "The Franco-German War of 1870-71" and "The Bend in the Road," by Truman A. de Weese.

The John Lane Company published on October 31 the following books: "Ape's Face," a story by Marion Fox about a family whose tradition was that one member had slain another every hundred years at Christmas; "Ar-

cadian Adventures with the Idle Rich," by Stephen Leacock; "The Enchantment of Art," by Duncan Phillips; "The Poems of François Villon," translated by H. de Vere Stacpoole, edition limited to 750; "Poppyland," a book of fairy stories for children, shows the versatility of the well-known H. de Vere Stacpoole.

"The Round Table" is a cooperative enterprise conducted by people who dwell in all parts of the British empire, and whose aim is to publish once a quarter a comprehensive review of imperial politics, entirely free from the bias of local party issues. The affairs of "The Round Table" in each portion of the empire are in the hands of local residents who are responsible for all articles on the politics of their own country. The aim of "The Round Table" is to present a regular account of what is going on throughout the king's dominions, written with first-hand knowledge and entirely free from the bias of local political issues, and to provide a means by which the common problems which confront the empire as a whole can be discussed, also with knowledge and without bias. It is published by the Macmillan Company.

Little, Brown & Co.'s November publications include "Paris War Days," the diary of Charles Inman Barnard, the New York Tribune's veteran Paris correspondent; "Rambles Around Old Boston," by Edwin M. Bacon, the well-known authority on Old Boston, illustrated with twenty-four full-page drawings by Lester G. Hornby; and the new revised edition of Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," containing quotations from 200 authors not included in the previous editions.

Clark Stocking, the central character of Edgar Beecher Bronson's tale of the old frontier, "The Vanguard," is a perfectly real man, now an old man living in Los Angeles. Bronson first met him under highly dramatic circumstances. Nearly forty years ago, when Bronson was a young ranchman of Wyoming, he was traveling down from Deadwood on a stagecoach guarded by Stocking. They were held up at dusk by a gang of seven desperate road agents, and Bronson and Stocking promptly jumped into the fray, side by side. Aided by Boone May, they "got" four of the seven, and the others fled. The incident was one of Bronson's earlier experiences of bloodshed, but it was only an every-day incident of Stocking's life of fighting bad men. "The Vanguard" is published by the George H. Doran Company.

It is interesting to note that up to the present war the Confederate navy still held the record of having the only submarine that ever sunk a vessel in time of war. William O. Stevens, author of "The Story of Our Navy," just published by Harper & Brothers, is the authority for the statement that some of the Confederate naval officers looked upon submarine warfare as "cowardly." But the men who vounteered to go aboard the curious

little craft *David* and blow up the *Housatonic* were as brave a crew, says Professor Stevens, as will ever be found. The *David's* propeller shaft was turned round by the crew of eight men with their hands, and the captain, sitting forward at the wheel, handled the ropes controlling a spar that projected beyond the nose of the boat and held a torpedo at the end.

Admirers of the works of Arthur Schnitzler, the Viennese dramatist, will be grateful for some new light shed upon his ideas in the introduction to "Playing with Love," by Schnitzler, and "The Prologue to Anatol," by Hugo von Hoffmannsthal, which A. C. McClurg & Co. have just published in a single volume.

Captain Otter-Barry, co-author of "With the Russians in Mongolia," published by the John Lane Company, is reported to be in the thick of war, as his regiment, the Royal Sussex, is in the expeditionary force. Mr. Perry-Ascough, his co-worker in the writing of this volume, is in Foochow, China, but has volunteered for active service, as he was formerly a captain in the militia.

A vivid description of sacred rites practiced by certain Indian tribes in Mexico soon after the Spanish conquest finds place in Marah Ellis Ryan's latest and remarkable romance, "The House of the Dawn," just pub-



Cynthia Stockley, author of "Wild Honey." G. P. Putnam's Sons.

lished by A. C. McClurg & Co. Into the interior of New Granada searching for her lover goes Sancha, with three companions, one of whom is the narrator of the story. They arrive at a village of the serpent people, and witness one of the ceremonial dances.

A Story from Riis's Book.

One of the stories which Jacob Riis tells in his new volume, "Neighbors," published by the Macmillan Company, came to him from an Arkansas rahihi. While most of the book is devoted to tales of New York life this legend is from the folklore of Russia and is particularly interesting in that it sounds the keynote of the work—the brotherhood of man. It runs as follows:

A woman who had lain in torment a thou-

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sand years lifted her face toward heaven and cried to the Lord to set her free, for she could endure it no longer. And He looked down and said: 'Can you remember one thing you did for a human being without reward in your earth life?'

The woman groaned in bitter anguish, for she had lived in selfish ease; the neighbor had been nothing to her.

"Was there not one? Think well!"

"Once—it was nothing—I gave to a starving man a carrot, and he thanked me."

"Bring, then, the carrot. Where is it?"

"It is long since, Lord," she sobbed, "and it is lost."

"Not so; witness of the one unselfish deed of your life, it could not perish. Go," said the Lord to an angel, "find the carrot and bring it here."

The angel brought the carrot and held it over the bottomless pit, letting it down till it was within reach of the woman. "Cling to it," he said. She did as she was hidden, and found herself rising out of her misery.

Now, when the other souls in torment saw her drawn upward, they seized her hands, her waist, her feet, her garments, and clung to them with despairing cries, so that there rose out of the pit an ever-lengthening chain of writhing, wailing humanity clinging to the frail root. Higher and higher it rose till it was half-way to heaven, and still its burden grew. The woman looked down, and fear and anger seized her—fear that the carrot would break, and anger at the meddling of those strangers who put her in peril. She struggled, and heat with hands and feet upon those helow her.

"Let go," she cried; "it is my carrot."

The words were hardly out of her mouth before the carrot broke, and she fell, with them all, back into torment, and the pit swallowed them up.

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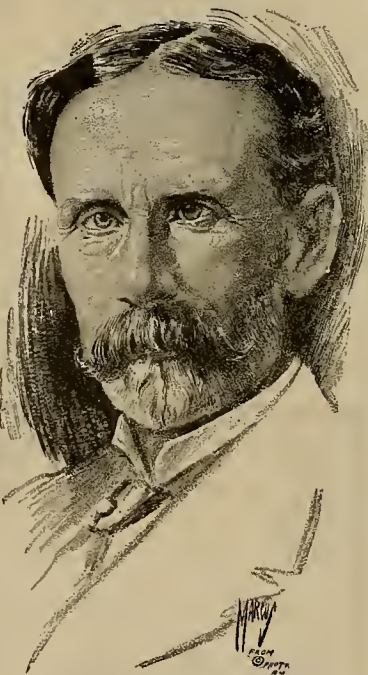
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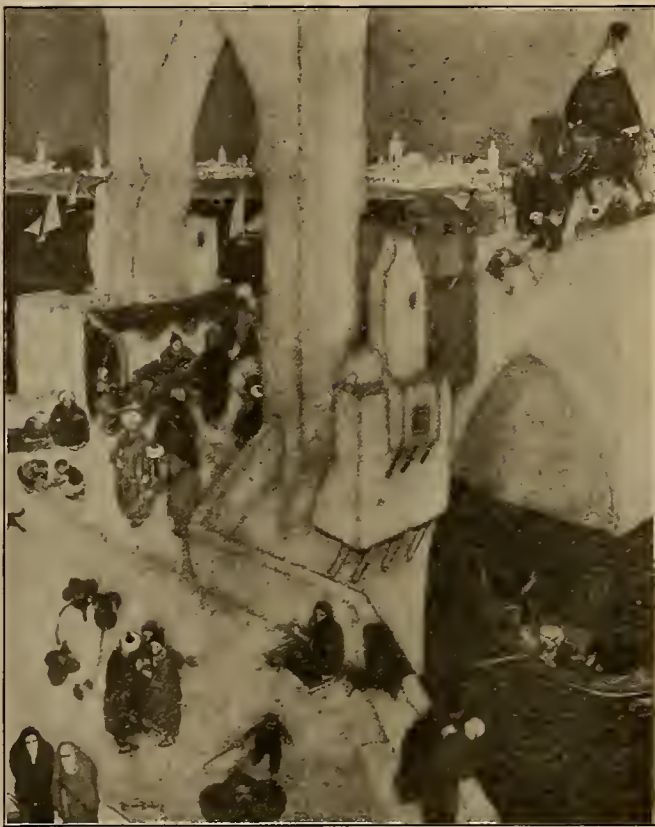


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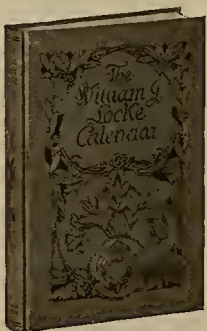
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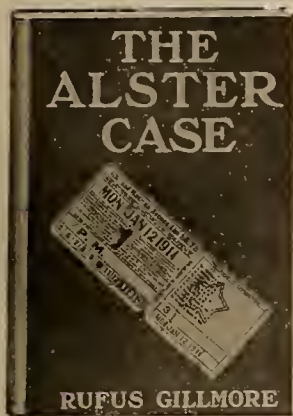
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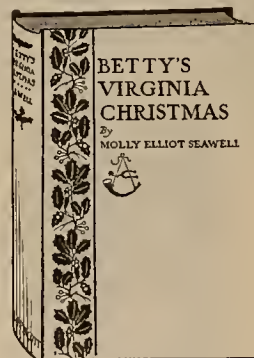
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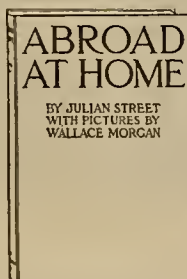
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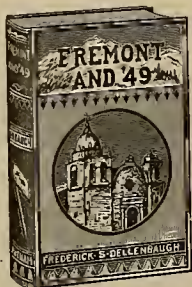
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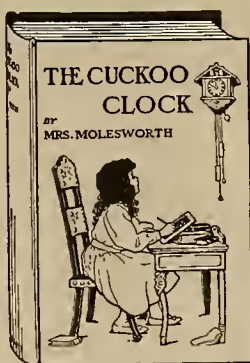
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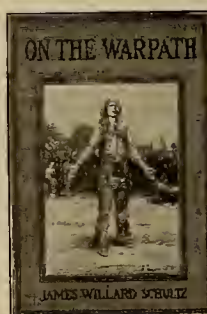
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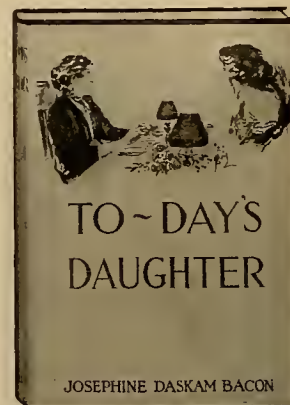
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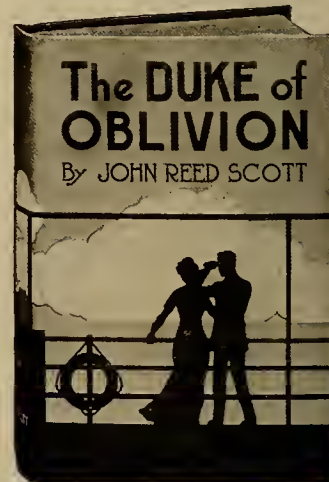
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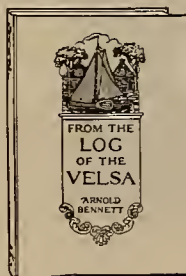
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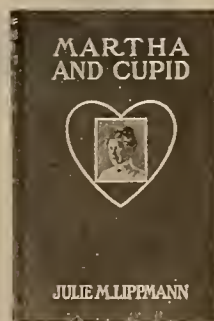
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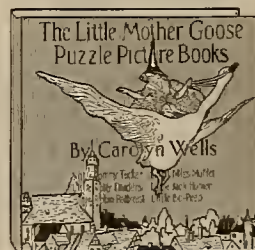
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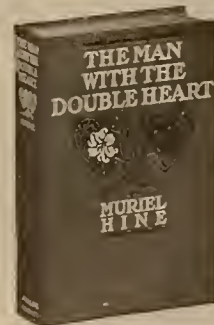
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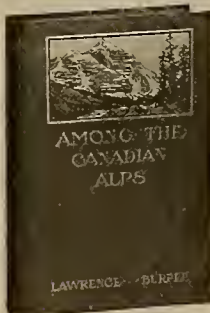
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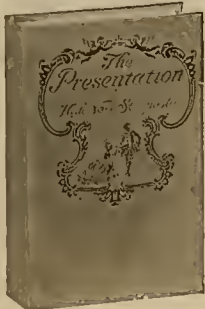
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THE THREE BAYARDS.

Why They Risked Their Lives to Save That of Stefana.

Firing burst out along the low hills in a sort of sweeping explosion. The earth in front of the range of rough mounds that formed the entrenchment of the Servian infantry began to fluff and spray as a pavement in heavy rain. The air became full of a sound like the spitting of a thousand angry cats.

Behind one of the mounds a small fat man stood up suddenly. He thrust out both hands, pushing back something that was coming out of the sky to crush him. He took one step backwards, staggered and sat down heavily; a fragment of cloth was stripped violently from his helmet and hurled at express speed through the air behind him. At this the small fat man turned to jelly at the waist, and he toppled over on his left side. His companion behind the mound put out his arm and dragged him, sprawling, back to cover, calling to two men behind the mound to the right: "Hey, Stefana is hit."

He waved a hand. "Stefana is badly hit," he bawled.

The two men crowded to the edge of their scooped hollow, hung there peering across the field like men at the extreme edge of an immense precipice. They cried anxiously: "Killed? Is he killed?"

The first soldier became dramatic with the vehement gestures of the Slav.

"No, no, no! Wounded; badly—but not dead, no!"

The others looked with fierce intentness. "Will he die? Where is the wound?"

"In the loin. No, not so bad as death. He will be all right."

"Plug him," cried one of the two men. "You have lint. He must not bleed to death." He rose to his knees. Almost at once there came from the earth near him a sound that might have been made by a flattish blow from a cane. The grit spurted, and some of it stung his face. An over-excited officer ran towards this temerarious soldier and hit him with the flat of his sword.

"Into cover," the officer yelled. "Into cover. They will rush us while you pigs are gossiping."

The soldier scrambled hurriedly back to safety. There was firing from the whole line of the mounds, and he began to fire also. The fellow attending his wounded comrade ceased his attentions. He snatched up his rifle and began to work feverishly through the magazine as though he had much time to make up.

Upon the hills a number of men had moved up to the attack. There men walked casually with an almost dismaying disregard of the Servian fire. They moved slouchingly, but with a definite military sense. That, and the hats on their heads, told they were regular Austrian infantry. But for these two facts they might have been tramps. Arriving on the crest of the hills, they dropped. As they dropped they seemed to find cover without appreciable effort, fitting themselves into it as bolts fit home into appointed places. The shooting grew steadily in a well-managed crescendo as more and more infantry came floating over the crest to join the firing line.

The Servians shot feverishly at these casually determined Austrians. It was obvious that they hoped to exterminate them utterly by an appalling assault of rifle fire.

The whole Servian front grew hysterical in its determination to wipe the casual Austrians from off the fair face of the universe. The Austrians fired steadily, with the imperturbability of the unimpressed. It was only at rare intervals that a man jumped frantically spread-eagled against the sky in the ugly hieroglyphic of death. Death fraternized more readily with the Servians. All along the line of mounds men were being hit. At sections of their line the shooting dribbled and went out altogether under the pelting hail of death. Under the intimidation of this slaughter the Servians began to be fearful. In hot and terrible visions they imagined the further slopes of the hills peopled with armies that would presently burst down upon their feeble line, engulfing it in ruin and blood, and in awful and painful death. Their firing began to respond to the timbre of their thoughts. It became useless through fear.

A machine gun appeared on the hills. It began to stutter. It stuttered again, and then ran on at a settled and dismaying spate. The thick hail of its bullets seared and hit into the mounds from end to end.

The Servians began to look behind. They began to wonder where they might run. There was another line of hills behind them. They turned upon those hills the longing eyes of those who perceive a promised land.

The cavalymen began to appear again. They came out through the gullies between the hills; and their coming, with their shoutings and the dust of their whirlings, added a touch of the infernal to the terror of the moment. The hills behind the Servians be-

gan to call with an urgent voice. They saw in them the only possible loophole for life. Let them get to those hills and all would be well.

No bugles sounded, but presently the Servians rose, defied the revolvers of their officers and ran towards the haven of the hills. The officers raved at them frantically, using pistol and sword, but ceased to rave in a minute. The hills were calling to them also. They ran with their men.

The cavalry burst from cover in a great cloud, and in a cloud came swinging at the rabble of retreat. The Servians ran, shedding their dead as they ran. Some turned about desperately, and desperately emptied their magazines. The little valley was a tangle of men running, men fighting, and men dying. The cavalry rushed on with a swinging exultance, their heavy sabres went up, striking flame from the sun. Servian officers tried to stay the rout with pistol and sword. The Servian colonel stood with his back to the enemy, his gloved hands raised to the sky in a large gesture in which he exhorted the God of battles to give him at least one brave man to face, with inflexible demeanor, the thronging enemies of Servia.

It was at that moment the fight was filled with a new flame of fervor. A little fat man rose from among the mounds. He rose to his knees, and his arms made piteous gestures. His mouth was working, but the cavalry and their shouting were but fifty yards from him, and his voice was but a neutral thread in a giant fabric of uproar. His intrusion in this large scheme of life and death seemed pitiful, trivial.

As he hung thus three men stopped in their retreat. They stood looking at him, as men fascinated by an unexpected vision. With one impulse they turned and ran back towards him.

The fight gasped a little, as though the unprecedented daring of the three men had taken its breath away. The firing dropped all over the field. The cavalry seemed to check in wonder. All the Servians paused, turned about to gaze. The three men ran on as though none of these things really interested them. As they ran their hands played briskly about the cut-offs of their rifles. Their faces had assumed angry and truculent looks, as if they had arrived at the conclusion that things had gone a bit too far, and now they must have no more of this desperate foolery. The rifle of one of the men went off from his waist, and went off again and again. His companions stopped. Their rifles flickered up and both fired quickly three times. They were not to be outdone by the other. They all ran on again.

At once the blaze of battle roared up with an angry and redoubled fury. The Austrians on the hills began shooting with infuriated rapidity; but now the rest of the Servians had come into the matter, too. They had all turned; they were all shooting. They had forgotten their own fears in this monstrous, bullying attack on their three comrades. They began moving forward in little groups, so that they could use their rifles with more damaging effect.

The three soldiers ran on unperturbed. The valley all about them was alive with little hissing clouds of dust. They treated this phenomenon with a splendid disregard. All the rifles of their enemies concentrated to wipe them out of existence. They were not hit; they refused to care. A great cheer at their homeric unconcern broke from their countrymen. The entire regiment swung forward to save them from the hurt of Austrian interference. The pendulum of rout was swinging back. Presently it would be reaching the other extremity of the swing; then it would be dangerous.

The three Bayards reached the little fat man together. The cavalry were fifteen yards from them, coming forward with the swift feet of rage. The three men pulled the little fat man upright and began to drag him back towards the Servian line. A cavalrman swept on to the mound, his cruel sword swinging hot in the sun. One of the soldiers loosed the little man at once. His arm bunched back and then out again: the long bayonet sweeping out and up took the Austrian in the stomach. He came off his horse and went out of sight behind the mound.

All three soldiers had dropped the little man now. The cavalry was sweeping in a crescent round them. They straddled their wounded comrade each at the angle of an imaginary triangle. The horsemen hung cloudlike, hesitant; then bunched to rush. The three rifles went off almost together several times with the crisp rapidity of clock-ticks. Two Austrians went headlong to the ground, as though struck by clubs. A horse reared against the sky and went over, kicking madly into a group. In a rush, a little slashed and ragged, the homeric three were engulfed by the charging horsemen.

The Servian line loosed a great shout of rage and went running towards the fight, rifles blazing with reckless venom as it went.

The fight round the three heroes was going on in a worrying whirl; dust and smoke eddied there in frantic spirals; in the dust

and smoke the Austrians could be seen, whirling, too, moving always rapidly and round, as though to find some weak spot which might be pierced. The Servians fired viciously into this mob. They could hear the rattle of firearms from its core.

Abruptly the mob broke. Looking through it, as though looking through the fuming doors of a furnace, the racing regiment saw the splendid vision of the three Bayards standing straddled, defiant and unbowed. One was helmetless, one's face was red with his own blood, but they were upright, their rifles still spoke with unintimidated ardor. Their bayonets no longer glittered, but glowed dull red in the sun. It was a miraculous vision of courage, magnificent, classic.

With a great shout of enthusiasm the Servians were on to and among the Austrians, rolling them up before the astounding impetuosity of their advance. Not at the mounds did the regiment stop, not at the open space beyond the mounds, or at the foot of the hills that had, a few minutes earlier, formed so deadly a fringe to the open space. Over all they poured, rolling their foe before them; up the hills until the crests were theirs, and from the further side they could fire vengeful volleys into the retreating Austrian force.

The three Bayards had not only saved the day. They had won it.

All in the Servian force knew this. They gathered about the three men and cheered them. The colonel knew it. With tears in his eyes he stood before the men, praising them, speaking of their courage.

The three men and the little fat man, who was not as badly hurt as he thought, stood listening. They looked a little sheepish.

The colonel was becoming lyric in speech.

"Servia, your army, and your regiment are proud of you. Your names will be forever inscribed among the heroes of our tongue and nation for this glorious act. You have risked your lives for the humble life of a comrade. With the heroic unselfishness that has ever been of the great qualities of our race, you readily faced fearful odds, accepted death that your comrade might not die."

The men were still sheepish. Their attitudes were the attitudes of children discovered in the piracy of jam. But at the last words of the sentence a gleam of intelligence appeared in one pair of eyes.

"Certainly," this one man said. "It is perfectly true we wished to save Stefana from death—" He stopped; he looked blankly at the colonel.

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"Ah," said the colonel. "I see you have other reasons, better reasons. He is your brother, or the husband of your sister, or your lifelong comrade, and you were ready, gladly ready, to sacrifice your lives so that one so dear to you might not die. That is even more noble, that is—"

The soldier drew lines in the earth with the toe of his boot.

"No," he said. "No, it is not so much as that."

"No?" asked the puzzled colonel.

"It is not that we are fond of Stefana," said the man; "we are not very fond of Stefana; only," he looked up quickly at the colonel, "only, you see, if Stefana died, we would lose all chance of huying our vineyard outright. Stefana has a skill in the vines that makes them profitable. So you see . . . we could not afford to let him die."—*Douglas W. Newton in London Opinion.*

"All men are alike. They're deceitful and selfish." "How do you know?" "A married friend of mine told me so and warned me against all of them." "But you're going to marry Fred." "Of course I am. He's different."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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THE ORPHEUM.

Gertrude Hoffman's "Revue" still hulks large in the Orpheum hall, taking up, as it does, an hour and a quarter of time. As it is so expensive, varied, thickly peopled, and showy an entertainment, it follows that the rest of the hall is allowed the monotony of three song-and-dance couples. There isn't much choice between these six young people, as they are all much of a muchness, songful, and popular with those who favor this class of entertainment.

The most notable act, outside of the "Revue," is that in which Asahi, a deft and smiling Japanese, presents feats of magic and mystery. Asahi gives himself the prestige of a gorgeous background of black and gold embroidery, depicting Fujiyama, and an extensive landscape beside. This dextrous juggler has one new trick, and how he does it seems to be an almost insoluble mystery. A volunteer in the audience binds his two thumbs together with a thick, strong, white cord, and possibly, if he is a confederate, employs a trick knot. After the first bond is tied, upon Asahi's invitations he ties another one at right angles to and cross the first one, using the same kind of thick cord—thick enough to stand alone. Then Asahi, in a brilliant light, stands before the audience and extends his two bound hands toward a vertical rod or pole, and in a twinkling—hey! presto!

—the upright rod has passed between his two arms, while his thumbs still remain bound. He does the trick instantly—not a pause, not a moment's delay for his thumb to slip out and slip in again. The audience gasped, and asked itself if it was seeing any of that ancient Hindu magic, which shows Indian boys climbing up a magically grown tree whose branches extend into the clouds. To convince them still further that what they saw was no optical illusion, Asahi came down into the audience, and with a brilliant spotlight playing upon his supple wrists and hands did the trick all over again, and repeatedly, using a cane, also, belonging to some volunteer in the audience. If it were not for the wonderful feats of prestidigitation that we have all seen I would not believe it possible that the hands could move more quickly than the eye can follow. But Asahi was not four feet away from me, and I am forced to conclude that that is just what happened. The thick cord retains the shape left by the circumference of his thumb and he surely must slip this later member out and in again, even while our eyes are glued on it, or at least we think they are. Perhaps, after all, we are looking at the rod. Another novel and exceedingly pretty bit of trick magic was that of the fountain vase. Asahi poured into the vase a quart or more of water. Then proceeded to fan it, and with inviting gestures coaxed forth a small, silvery jet of water, which rose upward then curved forward gracefully and fell upon a rug spread to receive it. The spray then began to mobilize. It moved from the vase to the tip of Asahi's expressive fan, to the top of his assistant's head, to the vase again. It played hide and seek, breaking out suddenly in several unexpected places. And all the time suspicious spectators could see the pool in the centre of the rug steadily growing larger and larger. The curtain finally went down on almost a dozen sprays pouring forth simultaneously from Asahi's head, shoulders, and fan, and from those of his assistant. The novelty and prettiness of this trick made quite an appeal and lifted the act to a higher level than is usually attained by these magic and mystery acts. The rest of Asahi's turn was principally taken up by the juggling of one of his assistants, a graceful form of entertainment that Japanese performers first familiarized us with during the Midwinter Fair.

Libby and Barton fulfilled the suggestion advanced on the programme of "thrills and fun on tires." In fact the thrills were almost too thrills, as the young man on the wheel was so liberal with those rapid revolutions that he made in mid-air, attached only to the handle of his machine, that nervous people were in momentary terror that he would snap something vital, a spinal cord, for instance. The inevitable and always popular clown rider was to the fore, giving exhibitions of his skill in riding machines of various sizes and heights, so that we saw him, within the scope of a few moments, riding a unicycle, a unicyclette, and a unicyclitina, trick ma-

chines which are only introduced for the laugh they bring, getting smaller and smaller with each appearance of the rider.

The Hoffman Revue does not fulfill the promise of a changing of hill, except for the slight addition of an imitation of Eddie Foy by Gertrude Hoffman which is merely a suggestion. Miss Hoffman, by the way, has her principal male dancer introduce an innovation that goes so well that I feel impelled to chronicle it with warm approval. This is in the nature of the costume worn by Enrico Muris in the duet dances. This young man, a dark-eyed, black-haired exotic, who looks as if he might hail from the Levant, is, as is usual in these hallroom dances, habited in the sober black and white of convention. But instead of wearing a spike-tailed coat and tubular trousers, he appears in a tailless jacket, his waist being girt by a fringed black sash, the whirling folds of which have the grace denied coat-tails, while his trousers are pleated like those of a vaquero in holiday dress. When a male dancer is in a garb of this kind he immediately gains in beauty, grace, and consequently magnetism, and is no longer obliged to resign himself to his fair partner's appropriation of all the admiring glances.

They are promising us something of an innovation in vaudeville; another instance of the steady popularity of this form of entertainment, and also of its still rising standards. Vaudeville stock companies; that is the idea. It does not sound very different from what we are accustomed to in the one-act playlets, but, leaving out the pieces by stars, and occasional highly meritorious exceptions, it would seem to indicate something more settled and legitimate in the merit of both players and playlets; an invitation to authors to put their talents into one-act plays and to players of solid merit to trust themselves to the conveyance of the vaudeville harge, which never seems to wobble or to founder, even during the hardest of hard times.

"THE BIRD OF PARADISE."

A long run, instead of staling "The Bird of Paradise," seems to have strengthened and improved it. Some of the stage business is altered, more details contributory to the tropic and native atmosphere have been added, and while the memory can not always be depended on, it seems as if some trivialities of dialogue have been either amended or removed.

A stage story should always centre around a vital figure. In this case it is Luana, the native Hawaiian girl, whose childlike nature would seem to have so ill-prepared her for her tragic doom. I can imagine Luana in some—yes, in many—hands being deprived of her charm of simplicity and naiveté, but Lenore Ulrich fits into it with such adaptability, naturalness, and grace that she puts life and nature into every scene in which she figures. She conveys fully the idea of those wooing, cooing, sensuous, submissive South Sea maidens, whose love, ripened in the dreamy, sun-warmed zone of the tropics, steals away from a man that fibre of energy and resistance which in the colder north impels him to sweat and toil in order to build and guard a nest for the loved one.

The situation around which Richard Tully has huddled his play is only too common in the South Seas, and its intrinsic truth makes vital that second act of "The Bird of Paradise," the best, by the way, in the play, and, indeed, the best bit of dramatic construction and dialogue, not to mention local color and atmosphere, that Richard Tully has done. Why he falls down so with the character of Dean, the beachcomber in its reformed phase, as well as with that of Diana Larned, who figures as his good angel and reformer, it is difficult to say. It may be because Mr. Tully is still hampered by an inability to break away from certain stage conventionalities; that one, for instance, which decrees that good people must be more or less deprived of red blood and human nature and cast in fixed moulds which express moss-grown types, instead of individualities. At any rate Diana has no natural characteristics at all. She is a stage dummy, and utters nothing but stage stereotypes. Dean, who as the stranded and drifting wastrel has character and individuality of his own, speedily loses it when he becomes reformed, and the two seem to be a harmless, well-intentioned pair of prigs. Yet Mr. Tully gives plenty of human nature and reality, not only to Luana, but to Paul Wilson and Captain Hatch, whose frank and palpable adherence to moneyed materialism, a certain brutality developed in him by his authority over the submissively evasive islanders, and vigorous, modern colloquialisms make him seem the realist of the real. It is certainly a curious incongruity that these so differently standardized characters should emanate from the same brain. One suspects, however, that the characters of Captain Hatch and Paul Wilson—the latter in his less offensive phases—are copied from life, while Diana Larned and the reformed Dean are evolved from a too conventionalized imagination.

Mr. Tully's gift for conveying atmosphere, which was perhaps encouraged to reach its fullest expression through the success attained by David Belasco in that field, flourishes in fullest flower in "The Bird of Paradise." The presence of the Hawaiian singers and the continual musical murmur and occasional fortissimo swell of the native instruments gives the happiest of effects. No imitators could have so well expressed the native suggestion as this group consisting of the real thing, and in the short scene preceding the last tableau, when the tinkling strings, under practiced fingers, give that peculiarly urgent, penetrating, poignant note of woe, the auditor unconsciously surrenders himself to the mood indicated with many times the abandon that a more highly civilized and sophisticated music could produce.

I wonder if the public is duly thankful for the wonderful scenic effects for which we are indebted to electricity? The aid of electricity is numerously invoked in "The Bird of Paradise." Many beautiful lighting effects are required and successfully used, and a green spectator, unaccustomed to these modern wonders of the stage, during the sudden and realistic tropical rainstorm, could easily have mistaken those slanting lines of electrically shed light to be streams of living water. The effect was very striking, looking through the shadows of the storm-darkened cave to the steady, down-falling lances of the slanting rain, with the native group in the foreground waiting for the brief storm to pass. The background of heaving hills, as seen in the act representing a villa near famed Waikiki Beach, is no longer new, but still fully effective, and the red fires lighting up distant Kilauea, while the sacrificial cortège of natives filed across the foreground, made another striking effect, while the final tableau, with the youthful victim poised above the lake of crimson fire, from which smoke-wreaths seemed to raise arms of glowing invitation, left the subduing effect of tragedy on the mind. Mr. Tully has unquestionably succeeded in conveying a curious suggestion of the mingled crudeness and mystery of barbaric practices in the wind-up of his drama, to which the dramatic quality is contributed by our previous knowledge of the enduring yet tender fibre, the prettily fused elements that made up the character of the poor little victim. These elements are expressed with almost remarkable fidelity by Lenore Ulrich. It would be easy to believe that we were seeing a native girl undertaking the part, so thoroughly does Miss Ulrich convey the idea of an artless, irresponsible, sunshine-loving young heathen of a tropic isle, who adores flowers, and love, and her sacredly-worshipped and served husband—her man. Miss Ulrich's expression of Luana's artless character is as fresh and unfettered as when we first saw it. Evidently the young actress is sympathetically in accord with it. Not a bit of silliness does she deteriorate into. It would be the easiest thing in the world to relapse into stage silliness in the dinner scene of the third act, where the young harharian finds herself oppressed by the confinement of her social harness and tries various methods for a temporary escape. It seemed to me that this act went decidedly better than during the previous season of "The Bird of Paradise," and that in spite of the dampening presence of the reformer and the reformed. These two characters, represented by Miss Mary Grey and Mr. David Landau, may thank the conventional side of the playwright's mind for having made their good intentions and complete respectability so very heavy and stodgy that they cast a blight on the dramatic landscape,

for the effect was precisely the same with, if I am not mistaken, another actress formerly in the part. As for Mr. Landau, fortunately for him he had his chance before Dean turned over a new leaf and lost his humanity.

Mr. William Desmond, in the rôle of the man who dreams deeds instead of doing them, and who develops into a first-class cad as the play goes on, has a graceless part indeed to play, and does it with the joyful fidelity with which an actor welcomes a realistic rôle. Perhaps Mr. Tully rather heaped up the graceless husband's iniquities in the third act; perhaps not. Prolonged domestic contact with the artless native is not favorable to the preservation of the Anglo-Saxon's ethical standards. But in any case, in both the second and third acts, the rôle of Paul Wilson was played in such a manner as to be as real as those two over-conventionalized characters were the reverse.

The touch of local color and character, as shown by the introduction of Mr. and Mrs. Sysonby, the two Puna missionaries, on the scene, shows that Mr. Tully is familiar with the missionary aspect of South Sea island life, and is aware that the effects they have had on it are part beneficent and part the reverse. The Sysonbys are depicted as the kind of worthy, well-intentioned nincompoops who see only their own side of any question, and who are handily and contentedly unaware that what suits the Sysonbys doesn't always go with the rest of the world. There, again, Mr. Tully drew his characters from life, slightly exaggerated for purposes of comedy, and very acceptable to the tastes of those people who believe that missionaries, who unquestionably have their value in the world, will best work all desired reforms by beginning on themselves. Mr. Burton and Miss Lane bear a lifelike resemblance to the types they portray and play their rôles discreetly in the depiction of the harmless and enjoyable comedy which attends their occasional appearances on the scene.

A good, vigorous, amusing, and natural assumption of the character of Captain Hatch, the planter, is that by Mr. Robert Morris, who gives this open worshipper of money an Americanism which, in spite of the rather unscrupulous character of its possessor, is enjoyable simply because it is real.

The other characters are of an accessory order; the fanatic priest, who clings to the old order of things, and practices an island version of the darky voodoo, a sort of magic, by the way, which white people, as well as islanders, sometimes believe in; the humble native fisherman who loves Luana, and who makes only momentary appearances, but whose pose of farewell and despair in the last tableau is a striking element in the general effect; dancers, singers, and odds and ends of characters essential to the general effect make up a complete whole, which, containing at one and the same time those elements of tragedy and comedy which inevitably constitute life, offers an entertainment of such an order as to attract large and interested audiences.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Major Henry L. Higginson, who founded the Boston Symphony Orchestra, intends to perpetuate it by leaving it a \$1,000,000 endowment in his will. Major Higginson has had to make up a \$40,000 deficit each year in the finances of the orchestra, and has already expended more than \$900,000 on it.

The imperial theatres in Petrograd and Moscow are preparing "a spectacular dramatization" of Tolstoy's novel of the coalition against Napoleon, "War and Peace."



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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces for next week another great new headline attraction in the vividly colored musical comedy, "The Red Heads," in which James B. Carson enjoys featured prominence. "The Red Heads," from a sartorial standpoint, may safely be said to be gorgeous. However, while costumes and scenic investiture play an important part in performances of this kind, complete success must necessarily depend upon the material in hand. When it is stated that the hook of "The Red Heads" is by William Le Baron and the music by Robert Hood Bowers, full guarantee for the requisite merit and enjoyable entertainment is supplied. Mr. Carson, the principal actor, is a character and dialect comedian who has won fame with Gaby Deslys, "The Motor Girl," etc. With him is associated a bevy of beautiful and talented girls, assembled in what is said to be the best musical comedy ever presented in vaudeville.

Elphye Snowden, a remarkably handsome girl, who gowns beautifully and sings a number of special songs in a lively and engaging manner, will contribute a bright and sparkling act. She will, with the assistance of Walter Ross, present several of the latest ballroom dances.

Trovato, the eccentric violinist, who holds his violin as though it were a 'cello, will demonstrate his musical genius by rendering one or two difficult classical numbers and then compelling the strings of his instrument to tell a story both humorous and pathetic. His mannerisms, eccentricities, and idiosyncrasies

possess great fascination for the public and have made him a great favorite all over the world.

Ann Taskar, one of the best ingénues of the legitimate stage, has recently embarked in vaudeville with great success. She will appear in a new comedy by Frank Pixley, entitled "Taming a Tartar."

The Three Travilla Brothers will present their diving seal, which they captured in its infancy when they were deep-sea divers at Catalina Island, and have trained to perform the most remarkable feats.

Corbett, Shepard, and Donovan, three boys who can sing, will demonstrate their ability in a mixture of mirth and melody.

Next week will be the last of Edward Miller and Helene Vincent, also of the Asahi Quintet.

May Robson at the Columbia.

May Robson in her happiest mood is the way in which the star is described by those who have seen her in her new comedy, "Martha-by-the-Day," which was written for her by Julie M. Lippman, the author of the famous "Martha" books.

May Robson in this play will be the attraction at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, commencing with Monday night, November 23, with matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays and special holiday matinee on Thanksgiving Day.

It is said that in the dramatization of "Martha-by-the-Day," one of the recent "hest sellers," May Robson has secured for herself a comedy that contains even greater possibilities for humorous characterization than did "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," which for several seasons past has faithfully served Miss Robson, both artistically and financially. "Martha-by-the-Day" has for its central character a matter-of-fact but extremely lovable maid-of-all-work, who radiates optimism, interspersed with flashes of quaint philosophy. But Martha does not confine her good deeds to words alone, but lends a practical helping hand to all unfortunates who come her way.

Miss Robson is surrounded by a splendid company, which includes Jane Heron, Langdon Gillet, Emily Loraine, Henrietta McDannel, Edwin Brandt, Coates Gwynne, Mary Mersch, Roy Ardmore, Elizabeth Warren, and others. The production is unusually elaborate for a comedy offering.

"When Dreams Come True" at the Cort.

Joseph Santley, a young actor-dancer who has established himself as one of our most popular musical-comedy stars, will be seen in the Philip Bartholomae-Silvio Hein success, "When Dreams Come True," at the Cort Theatre beginning tomorrow night.

"When Dreams Come True," is a musical comedy of cleanliness, youth, and wholesome romance—three very desirable fundamentals in any form of stage entertainment. Its story relates the adventures of a young American boy whose father has cut off his allowance because of the son's escapade with a dancer in Paris. Having pawned everything available to purchase a ticket for America, the boy is compelled to return home by way of the steerage. On the trip across he sees a beautiful young girl on one of the upper decks. Later, on shore, he encounters the same girl and falls desperately in love with her. After many annoying experiences, with three or four other girls whom his father has chosen for him, he liberates himself from parental dominance and is free to marry his "dream girl" of the ocean liner.

During Mr. Santley's engagement here he will have the support of an unusually representative company, which includes Cathryn Rowe Palmer, Mignon McGibney, Ruth Randall, Ada Sterling, Josephine Kernell, Richard Taber, Edward Hume, Clyde Hunnewell, Frank Russell, Otto Schrader, and that very talented Russian violinist, Saranoff.

The music of "When Dreams Come True" is by Silvio Hein, composer of many attractive scores for the musical-comedy stage.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

After a triumphal tour of the Pantages Circuit Landers Stevens and Georgia Cooper will return to the local Pantages Theatre with Walter Montague's one-act sensation, "The New Chief of Police." The playlet was a real hit here last year, and hundreds were turned away from the theatre unable to gain admission. By popular request Alexander Pantages will present the act for one week. "The New Chief of Police" deals with the problem of segregation for the women of the restricted districts. This argument is brought out by the arrest of a sailor for accosting a society woman, and when brought before the new chief of police the man of the sea tells that official that he thought the girl he approached was an inmate of one of the dance halls.

The Great Allan, one of the most daring motor cyclists in the world, will present his thrilling novelty, "The Cage of Death." A mammoth wooden barrel-shaped cage is used by Allan, who rides at a death-defying speed around the circuit.

A nifty dancing offering will be shown by the York trio, two dashing young collegians and a charming young girl. Each of the several numbers are different from the ordinary routine of society dancing acts.

Another classy singing specialty with new songs and smart chatter will be shown by Prince and Deering.

Bruce Richardson and company will present a screamingly funny comedy called "Moving Day," which relates the trials and troubles of a pair of newlyweds.

Togan and Geneva have a dainty and exciting novelty which they term "Tangoing on the Tight Wire." Several thrilling acrobatic stunts are executed by the team.

Frank Lydell and George Hughes in an eccentric talking act called "What Is It All About," and a couple of reels of comedy movies will round out the show.

Commencing on Sunday a new policy of continuous performances will be given on Sundays only. The schedule for week days will remain the same as before.

Ruth St. Denis and Company Coming Soon.

Manager Greenbaum has arranged with the management of the Alcazar Theatre to secure that playhouse for the engagement of Ruth St. Denis, the famous Indian and Japanese dance interpreter, who will open a short engagement on Monday night, December 7. With Miss St. Denis will come Ted Shawn, often called the "American Mordkin," and Miss Hilda Beyer, late premiere danseuse at the Berlin Royal Opera, and a number of other classic and modern dancers, Hindu musicians, and a splendid concert orchestra under the baton of M. Edmond Roth. The programmes will consist of Indian and Japanese dance plays and a series of classic divertissements quite out of the ordinary. Miss St. Denis and her associates will also present their ideas of the modern ballroom dances.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

Evan Williams at the Columbia Tomorrow.

At the Columbia Theatre this Sunday afternoon, November 22, Evan Williams, the Welsh tenor, will give his farewell concert with a specially arranged programme, which will include such interesting numbers as "If with All Your Hearts," from Mendelssohn's "Elijah"; "How Many Hired Servants," from Sir Arthur Sullivan's "The Prodigal Son"; and the "Flower Song" from Bizet's "Carmen," besides a dozen or more of the most delightful English and American ballads. At last Sunday's concert, despite a cold, Mr. Williams proved his worth, and particularly as a singer of the oratorio arias. After a week's rest the public may expect to hear him at his best, and that means singing that will arouse any audience to the utmost enthusiasm. Tickets may be secured at the usual music stores and at the Columbia Theatre.

Marcella Craft Concert Tomorrow.

Marcella Craft, leading soprano of the Royal Opera, Munich, assisted by Uda Waldrop, accompanist, will be heard in song recital at the Cort Theatre Sunday afternoon. Miss Craft's programme, which is a most excellent one, follows: Old Italian songs—"O del mio dolce ardor," Gluck; "Se Florindo e fidele," Scarlatti; "Caro mio ben," Giordano; American songs—"Exaltation," "Song of Love," Mrs. H. H. (Amy) Beach; German lieder—"Du meines Herzens Kronlein," "Schlagende Herzen," Strauss; "Wieder Moecht ich dir Begegnen," Liszt; "Liebesfeier," Weingartner; arias from "Secret of Suzanne"—"Suzanne's Song," "Smoking Song"; arias from "Madama Butterfly"—"Butterfly's Entrance," "Butterfly's Narrative," "Butterfly's Song to the Baby," "Butterfly's Farewell to the Baby." Mr. Uda Waldrop will be at the piano. Seats are on sale at the box-offices of the Cort Theatre, Kohler & Chase, and Sherman, Clay & Co.

Tina Lerner Scores in New York.

Tina Lerner, the Russian pianist, who will be heard in recitals at the Cort Theatre Sunday afternoons, November 29 and December 13, gave her New York recital at Aolian Hall, November 3. The following review of the concert is from the New York Evening Post of November 4: "Time was when a few pianists ventured to play Liszt's wonderful Sonata in B minor. There is also a most entrancing strain of feminine tenderness in this sonata, and this was revealed by Mme. Lerner in the most charming manner. Her reading of the work as a whole was remarkable for its lucidity and insinuating charm. It aroused so much enthusiasm that she had to return to the stage half a dozen times, and finally appeased it by adding an extra piece. Lerner treated the audience to four short pieces by Padre Martini Sgambati and some Ecossaises of Beethoven as edited by Busoni. After the Liszt she gave obvious pleasure by playing a group of half a dozen Chopin pieces, besides a prelude by Rachmaninoff, a 'Humoresque,' by Tcherenpne, and a Scherzo by Balakireff, to which she was

compelled to add three extras. It was an entertaining afternoon of Italian, German, Hungarian, Polish, and Russian music."

Why not send your friends one of Robertson's California hooks? Look at the list on pages 331 and 332 of this week's Argonaut.

AMUSEMENTS

RECITALS, CORT THEATRE
SONG RECITAL
TODAY, NOV. 22, 3 p. m.
MISS MARCELLA CRAFT
Steinway Piano.
Uda Waldrop, Accompanist.

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NOTE—Interval of one week only
between concerts

Soloist at Both Concerts

MISS TINA LERNER
(Brilliant Russian Pianist)

First Concert, Tchaikowsky Program; Symphony, after Byron's "Manfred," Opus 58; Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, No. 1; Overture—Fantasy, "Romeo and Juliet." (No encores.)

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VANITY FAIR.

Has the worm turned? Conscious as we are of our own wormhood we are still unaware of any turning movement (can we never get away from this military phraseology?) except those natural undulations and wriggings inseparable from our degraded sex. But it would really seem that there is a sort of male mobilization and that the feeble half of humanity may go to the front and even take the offensive. The new note of what may be called this new sex patriotism is sounded by W. L. George in the November issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Thank heaven we are not responsible for the *Atlantic Monthly* nor for the career of crime upon which it seems resolved to embark, but we would implore the *Atlantic Monthly* to remember Belgium before it is too late. The modern feminine militarism is not lightly to be heeded nor its progress stemmed by a few scraps of paper emanating from neutral Boston. Let the A. M. beware. We will say no more on account of the censorship.

We have only to look at some of these incendiary utterances by W. L. George to appreciate the gravity of the crisis. There was a time, he says, when women looked anxiously to the serviceable and wearing quality of their clothes. Of course they never had a sense of beauty and they never will have, but they did have a sense of economy and they sought value for their money. But now they have changed all that. The modern woman will reject a garment, not because it will wear well, but because it will not. They want to wear out their clothes as fast as possible. It is now a social disgrace to be a day behind the fashion that change every month or so, but it is still more true that "women are in the grasp of a new hysteria; that, lacking the old occupations of brewing, baking, child-rearing, spinning, they are desperately looking for something to do. They have found it: they are undoing the social system."

Now what do you think of that? Would that not jar you—to horror from the vernacular? Shall we men sit quietly at home and pursue our usual domestic avocations while these women are undoing the social system? And the end, says Mr. George, is not yet. Fashions will be more extreme tomorrow than they are today. As wealth clots in a few hands it "will make for a greater desire to spend more, more quickly, more continually, and in wilder and wilder forms. The women today are having individual orgies; tomorrow will come the saturnalia."

Now here is something serious. Just at the present time the male sex is being hounded, enflamed, outflanked, and decimated because of its supposed degenerating influence upon women, and we must admit that we have often wondered how it is that women are so degenerate. Mr. George tells us that for certain literary purposes he scheduled the cases of about forty women whom their dear sisters like to refer to as "fallen." He says that twenty-five per cent of these women chose the "easiest way" because they had been "hypnotized by fashion plates, compelled to witness at the doors of fashionable churches, in the street, in the music halls, and even at the picture palaces the continuous streaming past of the fashion pageant." From fifteen thousand to twenty-five thousand women, says Mr. George, have been brought on to the streets of London by the despairing envy created in them by the sight of their splendidly dressed sisters. Practically speaking, it may be said that every \$500 gown means the manufacture of a prostitute. And women know this well. The women of the upper class surrender their leisure and their happiness in the feverish passion for dress. The women of the middle class, aping those above them, surrender their domestic comfort, they surrender the library, the theatre, and the holiday, they surrender everything that can possibly be detached from their lives and the lives of their families to the same end. And so in this ladder of most evil de-

scent the women of the lower classes surrender the one thing that they have in order that they, too, may gratify the supreme passion for dress, and thus this most sorrowful army of the damned follows on the heels of the "woman of fashion" just as the children of Hamelin followed the piping of the Pied Piper. No wonder Mr. George should say: "The truth is that changes in fashion are a habit and a hysteria, an advertisement, an insult offered by wealth to poverty, a degradation of women's qualities which carries its own penalty in the form of growing mental haseness."

And so Mr. George thinks that for the better prevention of white slavery and for the preservation of the state it will be necessary to put women into a uniform. He does not advocate compulsion, although even that may be necessary. We may be forced into the passage of sumptuary laws if there shall be no other way to lessen this cancer growth of fashion, but it may be possible to devise something more effective than laws. Appeals to virtue and to public spirit would of course be useless, but how about an appeal to fashion itself? Would it not be possible to secure the cooperation of a few strong patrons who would themselves wear the uniform and who would be able to make an adhesion to the uniform one of the tests of good form and etiquette. Mr. George thinks that in this way "fashions could be fixed, because it would be known that a woman who went beyond the uniform must either be disreputable or suffer from bad taste."

A recent advertisement of a well-known New York restaurant announced: "Whether it is in luncheon, dinner, or supper, you will find in our menu delicious cold specialties, ready for your selection at our buffet in the main dining-room, creations to tempt the most jaded of appetites."

It is comforting to know (says the *Forum*) that the grossly overfed man or woman need not starve. When the appetite fails through constant indulgence it can be tempted to new excesses by these "delicious cold specialties," and so enough nourishment may be secured to preserve life.

It is indeed a pitiable spectacle to see the forlorn victim of piggishness sadly regarding a menu that can no longer entice him to abuse his stomach. Let him now take heart and visit the restaurant that has learnt how to "tempt the most jaded of appetites."

It is a noble work that this restaurant is doing; one well worthy of our civilization.

But who will tempt the unjaded appetites of the slum-dwellers?

Efforts of purchasing officers of the navy to secure only the most wholesome food for the enlisted men are revealed in a special order which Paymaster-General McGowan has just issued to officers and chiefs in his bureau. In it he declares that "our men are no 'poison squad,' but human beings and American citizens, for whom we stand in the relation of trustee in so far as relates to the question of food."

He announces that "every effort to try on the navy any experiments or tests of any food product whatever shall be promptly suppressed," as the enlisted men have "no choice as to what they shall eat, and because adequate and satisfactory subsistence is the very foundation not only of real efficiency, but of discipline itself, there is no class of purchases for the naval service," he says, "that need to be more constantly watched than provisions."

Wife (returning from *matinée*)—Oh, it was too lovely! She had on a pale Nile green silk, with hands of passementerie down the front, and the grandest diamonds you ever saw, and when she died, in the last act, she rolled over four times, and every woman in the house was crying. I never enjoyed a play so much in my life.—Puck.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The excursion train was well filled. When the conductor came around a comfortably seated passenger said to him, "Der ticket sakes me two vays for von price, don't it?" "Yes," replied the conductor. "Vell, den, shust dell me vich is der vay dot cost nodings, I vant to enchoy me der free ride."

After he had taken a place in Scotland and gone in for golf, he believed after a few months on the green that he was making splendid progress. So one morning he asked the crusty old caddy: "Well, Saunders, bow am I getting on?" Saunders answered gruffly: "Yer no makin' a fool o' yerself, but ye'll never be a gowfer."

At a dinner-dance, after the maxixe, the girl's partner, a bespectacled young man, said to her: "Let's go and walk in the sunken garden." "I don't want to go into the garden," the girl said shyly, "without a chaperon." "Oh, we don't need a chaperon, I assure you," said the bespectacled young man. "Then," said the girl, "I don't want to go into the garden."

Mrs. Capron saw old Uncle Timothy starting away on a fishing expedition and, knowing how hard his wife worked, thought it a good time to reproach him for his laziness. "Timothy," she said, "do you think it's right to leave your wife at the washtub while you pass your time fishing?" "Yassum, mis," replied the old colored man; "it's all right. Mah wife don't need no watchin'. She'll wuk jes' as hard as if I was dab."

A green brakeman on the Colorado Mud-line was making his first trip up Ute Pass. They were going up a very steep grade, and with unusual difficulty the engineer succeeded in reaching the top. At the station, looking out of his cab, the engineer saw the new brakeman and said with a sigh of relief: "I tell you, what, my lad, we had a job to get up there, didn't we?" "We certainly did," said the brakeman, "and if I hadn't put on the brakes we'd have slipped back."

There was an old Scottish pagan in a small village who could be by no means persuaded to attend church. One day the minister met him and began: "How is it, John, you are so persistent in your absence from church?" "Weel," replied John, "it's just like this—the sermons are over lang for me." "John! John!" wrathfully cried the minister, "you'll dee and you'll go to a place where you'll hear no sermon, long or short." "Ah, weel, maybe that will be," replied the phlegmatic John; "but I'm sure it'll no be for want of meenisters."

A young American woman was anxious to be presented at an European court, but the high officials, having inquired into her social standing at home, objected. They represented to her that the king could scarcely receive the daughter of a man who sold boots and shoes. The young woman cabled home and told her father the situation. The next morning she received his answer: "Bosb! It isn't selling. Practically giving them away. See advertisement." That solved the difficulty. She was presented as the daughter of an eminent philanthropist.

When "H. M. S. Pinafore" was presented at a Toronto theatre recently its melodious numbers were slightly sacrificed to the spectacular side of the production, but there was enough of the Sullivan score left to be criticised by some supersensitive people. Sitting in the most expensive seats at this performance were two men and a woman—all bearing the outward evidences of being cultured people. As they left the theatre one of the men said: "Pretty good music, that." Said the second man: "Yes, I liked the score." But the woman put in: "Don't you think Sullivan's music is a trifle reminiscent, though?"

Two pickpockets were standing on their trial, notorious thieves. None the less they contrived somehow to put up a good defense, thanks mainly to the cleverness of the lawyer whom they employed. The detective who had effected the arrest spent a miserable twenty minutes in the witness-box, contradicting himself repeatedly. "Then what made you suspect the men?" asked the lawyer. "As I said before, one of them was wearing an overcoat with a slit in the lining, so that he might operate more easily." "Come, come," said the lawyer. "Would you arrest me if you saw me wearing such an overcoat?" "No, sir. I happen to know who you are. You're a lawyer." "Well, what's the difference between a lawyer and a pickpocket?" The detective shook his head. "I really don't know," he muttered.

A pompous city official upon reaching his home one evening found the street blockaded and a heap of earth piled against his doorstep. Observing a workman wielding his shovel in a near-by ditch, he accosted a passing policeman and complained that the laborer was trespassing upon private property. "What do yez mean by throwin' dirt on th' gintleman's steps?" demanded the officer, pompously. "Sure, an' there's no other place t' throw it, d' ye mind!" replied the workman, indifferently. "Well, then, in that case, yez had better dig another hole and throw it in there."

Farmer Jones, finding help a scarce article in his neighborhood, was forced to visit the city, where he finally obtained a man bold enough to desert the attractions of the glittering town for the lonesome life of a country dweller. The fellow proved exceedingly dull, but plodded along, stolidly obeying instructions. The third day Farmer Jones said, "I want you to clean up the pigsty and the stables and the henhouse and all the other houses of the stock." The new hand worked vigorously for a couple of hours. Then he appeared before his employer with both eyes nearly closed, his mouth swollen, and red lumps all over his face and neck and hands. "Gimme my money," he said; "I'm a-goin' to quit." "What's the matter?" asked the farmer. "I don't know what's the matter," said the victim, "but it happened when I started to clean the bee hive."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Reminders.

Lives of warriors all remind us
We are glad we are not one.
With a bayonet behind us
And, in front of us, a gun!

—The Sun Dial.

The Optimist.

'Twas a pleasant old gink of Hindustan,
Two thousand years B. C.,
Who cultivated a taste for Man
And a faith in his destiny.

"I'd like," says he, "in a thousand years,
To visit the earth again,
For the thought is hot in my reverend knot
That I'd notice a change in men."

And his own particular gods took note,
And they said, "Old Top, you're on!"
And they set him down in Athens town
When a thousand years were gone.

And he loafed in the well-known Academe
Where they spied of life and art—
And he noticed a change of style and theme
But never a change of heart.

"It is easy to see," said the kind old guy,
"That I haven't given 'em time—
When thrice a thousand years go by
The race will reach its prime!"

And his own particular gods they heard,
And they winked (for they knew the breed)
And they said, "Old boy, we wish you joy—
Take all the time you need!"

In Louvain town, in the present year,
Once more he got on his feet—
And I might dilate on the old bird's fate—
If the story were fit to eat.

"I observe with regret," he remarked, as he lay
With a church on the small of his back,
"That the ethical sense of the present day
Continues deplorably slack."

And his own particular gods they said,
As they mused o'er the optimist,
"In a thousand years he shall rise from the dead
For another slap on the wrist."

—The Times of Cuba.

Countryman (in restaurant)—Where's them raw oysters, waiter? **Waiter**—Coming, sir. They're being opened now. **Countryman (with disgust)**—Well, it hadn't ought to take all day to open a can of oysters.—*New York Sun.*



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. John Bell Mhoon has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Marjorie Mhoon, to Mr. Henry Keesley Fair of Sewickley, Pennsylvania. Miss Mhoon is a sister of Mrs. Frederick Magee and Mr. Samuel McKee Mhoon. She is a niece of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller and Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller of this city. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Metha McMahon and Mr. Ernest Leopold Hechner took place Tuesday in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Hechner will spend their honeymoon in South America, and upon their return will reside in New York City.

Miss Otilla Laine was the complimented guest at a luncheon Wednesday given by Miss Helen Johnson at her home on California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Faulk entertained a number of friends at a Yama-Yama party Saturday evening at their home in Piedmont.

Mrs. William Klink was hostess recently at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Bruce Bonny.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Cheney gave a bridge party Friday evening at their home on Sacramento Street.

Mrs. C. C. Clay was the guest of honor at a tea Tuesday afternoon given by her daughter, Mrs. Warren Harrold, at her home in Oakland.

Miss Ruth Welsh was hostess at a dinner Tuesday evening preceding the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. William B. Tuhs at the Fairmont Hotel.

The members of the Burlingame Club gave a dinner-dance Saturday evening, when they entertained a number of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Delancy Lewis entertained a number of friends at dinner Saturday evening at their home in Menlo Park.

Miss Linda Bryan was hostess at a tea Thursday afternoon at her home on Vallejo Street. The affair was in honor of Miss Louise McNear, who was the complimented guest again Monday at a luncheon given by Miss Julia Van Fleet at the Francisco Club.

Mrs. Frank B. Anderson entertained a number of the season's debutantes at a luncheon Wednesday at her home on Clay Street. The affair was in honor of her niece, Miss Helen Jessup.

Mrs. J. B. Wright was hostess at an informal bridge-luncheon Tuesday at the Francisco Club.

Mrs. Sneyd-Kynnersley entertained a number of friends at a tea Thursday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Henry Dearborn of New York, who with her husband was the complimented guest recently at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Warren Dearborn Clark gave a luncheon Friday at her home on Clay Street in honor of her niece, Miss Gertrude Hopkins.

Mrs. Samuel Austin Wood was hostess at a luncheon Monday at her home on Jackson Street in honor of Miss Mabel Bacon of Honolulu, whose engagement to Mr. John Hopper of Kobe, Japan, was recently announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman entertained a number of friends at a dinner Tuesday evening at their home on Broadway.

Mr. Augustus Sutro was host at a dinner Tuesday evening at his home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst gave a luncheon Saturday at the Hotel Oakland. The affair was in honor of Miss Dorothy Kincaid.

Miss Jane Hotaling was the complimented guest at a dinner Saturday evening given by Miss Marie Louise Tyson at her home in Alameda.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson entertained a number of friends over the week-end at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Horatio Hellmann was hostess at an informal tea at her home on Gough Street in honor of her niece, Miss Marian Lee Mailliard.

Mrs. James Eaves gave a luncheon Tuesday at the Hotel St. Francis and later entertained her guests at the matinee.

Miss Lee Girvin was the complimented guest at a dinner Tuesday evening given by Miss Ruth Winslow at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findlay Montague entertained a number of young people at dinner Friday evening at their home in Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe have issued invitations to a hall Tuesday evening, November 24, at their home on Jackson Street, when their daughter, Miss Mary Donohoe, will be informally presented to society.

Mrs. Paul Fagan was the complimented guest at a luncheon Tuesday given by Miss Marie Hathaway.

Miss Marcella Craft was the complimented guest

at a reception Monday afternoon at the Hotel St. Francis given by Mrs. Charles Sedgwick Aiken. Mrs. Frederick McNear entertained a number of friends at the dance Monday at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Mrs. George Gillison of Santa Barbara.

Mr. Raphael Weill entertained about sixty friends at a breakfast Sunday at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Robert Henderson was hostess at an informal bridge party Wednesday afternoon at her home on Jackson Street.

Miss Corona Ghirardelli gave a small dance at her home on Pacific Avenue Wednesday evening, when a score of friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mrs. Alexander Garceau was hostess at a luncheon recently at her home on Jackson Street.

Captain W. H. Peck, U. S. A., and Mrs. Peck entertained a number of friends recently at a luncheon at their home on Angel Island. The affair was in honor of the Misses Morrison of San Jose.

The officers of the U. S. S. *San Diego* gave a the dance on board ship Wednesday afternoon. The affair was in the nature of a farewell, as the ship will leave shortly for Mexico.

Lieutenant-Commander Henry Newton Freeman, U. S. N., and Mrs. Freeman entertained a number of friends at a dinner Thursday evening at Mare Island in honor of Captain Ashby Robertson, U. S. N., and Mrs. Robertson.

The officers of the U. S. S. *Cleveland* entertained their friends at a dance on board ship Monday afternoon. Mrs. George Williams and Mrs. Kirby Crittenden assisted the officers in receiving their guests.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

After a month's visit in this city Mrs. William Holmes McKittick returned last week to her home in Bakersfield, where she joined Captain McKittick, who left here in time to vote in his home town. Captain and Mrs. McKittick will spend Thanksgiving at their ranch and plan to return to attend the wedding of Miss Lee Girvin and Mr. Lloyd Tevis, who will be married Saturday, November 28.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy are contemplating coming to California in January to remain during the first months of the exposition. At present they are at the Ritz-Carlton, where they have been staying since their arrival in New York from Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Claus August Spreckels, who are established in their new apartment on Park Avenue, will join their son-in-law and daughter here, as they are planning to come west for the Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dearborn of New York, Miss Harriett Alexander, and the Messrs. Ray Bowers and Douglas Alexander spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson at their country home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Edwin W. Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick N. Woods, and their two children are visiting relatives in Massachusetts, where they will remain a month.

Miss Alice Griffith, who went East a few weeks ago with Miss Elizabeth Ashe, is visiting her sister, Mrs. James Wilcox, in Philadelphia.

Mr. Redmond Stephens left a few days ago for Santa Barbara to join Mrs. Stephens. After a brief visit in the southern city they will depart for New York. While in this city Mr. Stephens was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Haig Patigian will soon be established in their new home, which is rapidly nearing completion, on Russian Hill.

Mrs. Robert Chester Foute and her daughter, Miss Augusta Foute, are at present visiting relatives in Stockholm, where they will spend Thanksgiving.

Hon. George R. Carter, former governor of Hawaii, Mrs. Carter, and their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Carter, spent a few days in this city en route from Honolulu to New York, where they will remain during the winter. Miss Phoebe Carter, who is attending St. Timothy's School in Catonsville, will join her family for the holiday vacations.

Mr. Roy M. Pike has returned from a month's visit in New York.

Mrs. George M. Bowman and her son, Mr. Melville Bowman, have recently moved to Stanford Court, where they will reside permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wilder of Honolulu left last week for a visit in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore have closed their home in Belvedere and are residing with Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wolf on Jackson Street.

Dr. Hubert Law and Mrs. Law (formerly Miss Alice Warner of Monterey) are enjoying an auto-

mobile tour in Southern California. They spent a few days recently in Coronado.

Miss Emmeline Childs arrived last week from Los Angeles and has since been visiting Mrs. Ethel Hager Kellogg at her home on Devisadero and Jackson Streets.

Mrs. Bruce Bonny has returned to her home in Sausalito after an extended visit in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey have decided to spend the winter in Monterey and have rented their apartment to Miss Eta Warren, who has closed her home in Menlo Park for the season.

Miss Mildred Chapman has come from the East to visit her grandaunt, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge. Miss Chapman is a sister of Mr. Charles Chapman, who has resided with Mrs. Dodge for several years.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe and their family are established for the winter in the Schwabacher home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. John F. Boyd and her daughter, Miss Louise Boyd, are among the San Franciscans who are enjoying a visit in New York. They will return home before Christmas and will occupy the Minter residence on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Carey Friedlander are established for the winter in San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry East Miller have returned from Europe, where their travels were interrupted by the war.

Mrs. James A. Coffin has returned from a visit with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd Eells, who are residing in Portland, Oregon. Mrs. Coffin has closed her home in Ross and is settled in Mrs. Wakefield Baker's house, where she will be joined by her daughter, Miss Sara Coffin, who went East a few weeks ago with Mrs. J. G. Kittie.

Mr. Walter S. Martin has returned from a brief visit in Portland, Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kuhn and their children have come from Saratoga to spend the winter season. They have taken an apartment at Stanford Court.

Mrs. Philip Galpin and her daughter, Miss Julita Galpin, of Oakland, are established at the Hotel Bellevue for the winter.

Mrs. George Theohald and her daughter, Miss Alice Theohald, have decided to spend the winter in Washington, D. C., having recently arrived there after a visit with Lieutenant Robert Theohald, U. S. N., and Mrs. Theohald in Annapolis.

Mrs. Otis Johnson and her little son returned last week to their home in Fort Bragg after a month's visit. They were accompanied on their trip north by Mr. Johnson, who plans to bring his family to this city to spend the Christmas holidays with relatives.

Miss Minnie Bertram Houghton will remain another winter in the East. Miss Houghton is visiting her brother-in-law and sister, ex-Governor Morgan G. Bulkeley and Mrs. Bulkeley, in Hartford, Connecticut.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Lieutenant-Colonel George F. Landers has recently been promoted to colonel of Coast Artillery, U. S. A.

Captain E. H. Durella, U. S. N., has been given the command of the U. S. S. *Connecticut*.

Brigadier-General W. M. Wallace, U. S. A. (retired), recently registered at headquarters and will reside in Berkeley.

Lieutenant-Commander Frederick Newton Freeman, executive officer of the U. S. S. *South Dakota*, and Mrs. Freeman were guests at the Hotel Cecil for a few days last week, returning to Mare Island on Monday.

Colonel Henry Kirby, U. S. A., has been placed on the retired list at his own request.

Lieutenant Harry Grantz, U. S. A., is the latest officer to be attached to the aviation section of the signal corps as an aviation student.

Captain Harry D. Mitchell, U. S. A., will go to the Canal Zone for duty, instead of to Manila as previously ordered.

Mrs. Hugo Osterhaus and her infant son, Hugo Osterhaus III, have joined Lieutenant-Commander Osterhaus, U. S. N., at Annapolis, where he is on duty at the Naval Academy.

Mrs. John J. Pershing, wife of General Pershing, U. S. A., and their four children have arrived at Fort D. A. Russell, where they will remain until General Pershing's command returns to San Francisco.

Lieutenant Creswell Garlington, U. S. A., has arrived in Washington, D. C., on a visit to his parents, General Ernest Garlington and Mrs. Garlington. Lieutenant Garlington will remain in Washington until after the Thanksgiving holidays.

Mrs. Hase, wife of Captain William Hase, has arrived in Washington, D. C. Captain Hase is assistant to the chief of the Coast Artillery and stationed in Washington.

Major Mervyn C. Buckley, U. S. A., has been granted a leave of absence for two months, to take effect upon the completion of the work of the general court-martial.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Van Sant has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Van Sant was formerly Miss Ruth Goodwin.

In his book, "On Acting," Matthew Arnold declines to mourn over the degeneracy of the modern stage. He goes so far as to say that many of the old-time stock organizations mis-cast their players, whereas actors today are selected for their physical and temperamental fitness for rôles. "I, for one, do not believe," says the noted essayist, "that the actors of our time are in any way inferior to the actors of the past."

Why not send your friends one of Robertson's California books? Look at the list on pages 331 and 332 of this week's *Argonaut*.

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Serato Wins American Audiences.

A tour which attracted unusual attention was the recently completed one of Germany by two Italian artists, Ferruccio Busoni and Arrigo Serato. To have two masters of the Latin race giving joint concerts of the standard sonatas, most of which were composed by Germans, was indeed a novelty to the Teutons.

Busoni as a pianist and composer is well known in this country, but the violinist Serato is now visiting America for the first time, and made his debut in Boston last week, meeting with a great triumph. Last Sunday he played in New York as soloist with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

Serato will be the first great violinist of the present season here, and Manager Greenbaum announces his first appearance on Sunday afternoon, December 6, at the Columbia Theatre, for the benefit of the Vittoria Colonna Charities. Then he will play in Los Angeles, Berkeley, and Stanford universities, returning here for a farewell programme on Sunday afternoon, December 13.

Fruit and Flower Mission.

It has been the custom of the Fruit and Flower Mission, during the thirty-four years of its existence, to furnish a complete Thanksgiving dinner to as many poor and deserving families as possible. The materials for these dinners are secured by contributions from those who are generously inclined and know the good work of charity this mission does. To this end the mission makes an appeal for provisions of all kinds, wines, liquors, medicines, clothing, hooks, papers, flowers, etc., that they may be the means of making it a real day of thanksgiving. Contributions should reach the rooms at 1372 Jackson Street by next Wednesday. If notified, the managers will gladly send for contributions. Wells Fargo & Co. will bring all country contributions free of charge.

The heroine of Kathleen Norris's new novel, "Saturday's Child," is a wholly normal, charming, and cheery young girl of today. In telling her story, and it is a story not unlike that of the many young women who have their own way to make in the world, Mrs. Norris has dwelt upon the bright side of life. She has put into it the things that are, in her opinion, the essentials of the spirit of the present age, and she has not, as have so many authors, seen these essentials as sordid and unclean and hopeless. There is, rather, a note of inspiration in the tale and a faith in mankind. Saturday's Child is Susan Brown, so named from the old rhyme, part of which runs, "Friday's child is loving and giving, Saturday's child must work for her living." When the reader first meets her she keeps hooks at a slender wage in a large commercial house, and at the story's end she is a happy wife and mother. The years that are between are years full of variety.

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THE LATE JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK.

Colonel Kirkpatrick was a product of various and varied conditions and influences. The foundation of his character was Race. For all his three generations of American-born grandfathers he was a Scot. He had the physical hardihood, the mental acuteness, the steadfastness of the Highlander. Much, too, must be credited to the score of breeding. He was brought up in the free democracy of the Blue Ridge country of Virginia; and this was reflected in the mental atmosphere and the manner of the man. Education contributed an effective element to Colonel Kirkpatrick's character. He had the training of a college career, supplemented by professional study and practice in early life as a lawyer; and these experiences strengthened his faculties, gave order, method, and taste to his mental processes. Environment with varied and large responsibilities made him in his mature life a man of the world in its best sense.

An original way of thinking, with an independent habit of thinking, may be noted as Colonel Kirkpatrick's most marked personal characteristics. Few men were more definitely familiar with the conventions of cultivated thought, yet none was ever less trammelled by them. Colonel Kirkpatrick's mind wrought upon the questions of life, large and small, not free from respect for the opinions of other men, but curiously uncontrolled by them. It can not be said that he walked alone, for his very distinctly was a mind of the cooperative type; he loved approval and was prompt to yield it upon conviction. But his conclusions and his course in all the uses and ways of life rested always upon foundations of individual judgment. His mind was of the up-standing type; it had the unusual quality of seeing, not merely one side, but all sides of a controverted question. It was essentially a busy mind; it took little upon credit, accepted nothing upon any other basis than that of definite understanding. In the inconsequential give and take of familiar intercourse Colonel Kirkpatrick was quite as likely to proceed upon some whimsical theory as upon that which lay at the bottom of his mind. This was his way of drawing forth the thought of other men, of playing freely with the cards of abstract intellectuality. Upon a solid foundation of Scotch character Colonel Kirkpatrick had engrafted the social grace of his native South. His manner

upon all occasions and with all manner of men was sympathetic and gracious. He loved social life both in its lighter and in its more serious forms. Up to his death he was wont to foregather with young people and he cherished no artificial dignities barring him from a share in whatever frivolity ruled the hour. He knew what many men of wisdom failed to comprehend, that even a wise man may frivol not unwisely. In his more serious moods he loved to assemble companies of gentlemen about his own table; and on such occasions he was a most skillful director of conversation. He was what few hosts are, literally the master of his own feasts; and he was never better pleased than when he could bring out grave and weighty talk from men of special knowledge or special judgment.

Colonel Kirkpatrick had for his friends that steadfast loyalty under all circumstances which, if it be a fault, is surely the most amiable of frailties. With him friendship was not an accident, not a casual and transient emotion, not a mere phrase. He was a friend to be counted upon not only in the pleasant and holiday phases of life, but for any kind of weather which time and fortune might bring. To sympathy he added understanding. He knew how to distinguish the wrong from the right and he had the courage upon occasion to admonish as well as to approve.

Colonel Kirkpatrick's career, personal, domestic, professional, and business, speaks for itself. He had the insight, the industry, the fixed devotion in relation to all things personal to himself, which infallibly make a successful man. He commanded the absolute confidence of whoever had dealings with him. He was a tower of strength in every enterprise or movement to which he attached himself. Colonel Kirkpatrick's career was essentially a private one, albeit he held for a time an important public office. But he had an equipment which, if circumstances had demanded it, would admirably have served the uses of public responsibility. No station would have been too large for his powers or for his moral balance, no duty, however exalted, would have found him wanting in capacity or devotion.

Colonel Kirkpatrick won and held in sustained affection all to whom he gave his trust and his intimate mind. And his intimacies were not limited to any particular class or caste. They ranged from the highest names

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in professional and financial life to the lads who minded his horses; he had the breadth of mind and the breadth of spirit to recognize character wherever he might find it, and he had nothing of the false theory which emphasizes artificial distinctions. To those of us who knew Colonel Kirkpatrick well, he held a place entirely unique. There was but one "Kirk." There will never be another.
November, 1914. A. H.

Children's Hour by Miss Alexander.

Miss Clara Alexander has arranged for a "children's hour" for this afternoon, November 21, at three o'clock, in the Paul Elder gallery. On this occasion she will read the famous "Uncle Remus" stories and plantation bird legends and give a number of black mammy songs. Some of the stories from the "Tale of the Hump Tree" will also be heard.

Quaint rules and customs regulated class days at Harvard University in the seventeenth century, for in 1661 the overseers ordered that the president "from time to time commend it to the parents and guardians of the students that commence that they provide not above one gallon of wine for a student, judging it to be sufficient for that occasion." In 1693, "the corporation having been informed that the custom taken up in the college for the commencing to have plum cake is dishonorable to the college, not grateful to wise men, and chargeable to the parents of the commencing, do therefore put an end to that custom." In 1727 a private commencement was determined upon, and was observed for several years, but was not a success. The laws of 1734 provided that "no commencing shall have at his chambers any plum cake, plain cake, or pies, or hot meats of any kind, except what is left of the dinner in the hall; or any brandy, ruin, or distilled liquors, or composition made with any of them."

When David Warfield presents "The Auctioneer" at the Columbia Theatre two weeks hence the production will be on a more elaborate scale than when Warfield first appeared in the piece thirteen years ago. There are fifty people concerned in the presentation this season.

The Czar's chef, Eugene Kratz, has a salary of \$20,000 a year and social privileges equal to those of a general in the Russian army.

May Robson will give a special holiday matinee at the Columbia Theatre on Thanksgiving Day.

"He is a genius." "Who supports him?"
—Philadelphia Ledger.



Leif Ericsson—The Discoverer of America

THE FIRST WHITE MEN to tread American soil were Leif Ericsson and his sea-dashed Viking crew. This was nearly a thousand years ago, when the Scandinavian peoples ruled the seas and held the secrets of navigation. The history of the fair-haired, liberty-loving sons and daughters of Sweden, Norway and Denmark is rich in song and story. We have millions of these splendid folk in our own land, and wherever the standard of Liberty and Human Progress has been raised they are found in the front rank, bravely fighting for the Right. Better citizens or greater lovers of Personal Liberty are unknown. For centuries our full-blooded Scandinavian brothers have been moderate users of Barley-Malt brews. Who can truthfully say it has injured them in any way? It is the ancient heritage of these peoples to revolt at Prohibitory Laws, and their vote is registered almost to a man against such legislation. For 57 years Scandinavians have been drinkers of the honestly-brewed beer of Anheuser-Busch. They have helped to make their great brand **BUDWEISER** exceed the sales of any other beer by millions of bottles. Seven thousand, five hundred men, all in all, are daily required to keep pace with the natural public demand for Budweiser.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Now, if I were Kitchener—" "By Gad, sir! if you were you wouldn't be rotting around this club."—*Punch*.

"See here, milkman, I don't think the milk you are giving me is pure." "Madam, to the pure all things are pure."—*Life*.

Waiter—What will it be? Sauerkraut or pâté de fois gras? Customer—Ham and eggs. I'm neutral.—*Hartford Lampoon*.

Motorist (to chauffeur)—Be careful about running over anybody hereabouts, James.

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This is a prohibition county, and most everybody has a hottle in his pocket.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Teacher—Why did the Allies and Germans fight at Arras? Pupil—Because that's where they met.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

Hi—What course is Sarah studying at that boarding-school? Si—I can't remember, but I think it's cosmetics.—*Stanford Chaporal*.

"Say, Hiram, what do they mean by a Stradevarus?" "Oh, a Stradevarus is the Latin name for a fiddle."—*Musical Courier*.

"Poverty is a blessing in disguise," quoted the Sage. "Well," replied the Fool, "the disguise is certainly effective."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"They say she is splendid in amateur theatricals." "She's a wonder. She can make the most painful tragedy a source of genuine amusement."—*Life*.

"You know I never boast," the opponent began. "Never boast? Splendid!" and he added quietly, "No wonder you brag about it."—*Washington Star*.

"Why should you regard yourself as her social superior? Her family is as distinguished as yours." "Yes, but my alimony is much larger."—*Washington Star*.

First Lawyer—Old Bullion's heirs aren't going to contest the will. Second Lawyer—Well, they're a fine bunch of hogs. I hope th' money chokes 'em.—*New York Globe*.

"I can give you a cold hite," said the woman. "Why not warm it up?" asked the tramp. "There aint any wood sawed." "So? Well, give it to me cold."—*New York Sun*.

Mrs. Nurich was telling of her recent motor trip. "How about the topography of the country?" she was asked. "Mostly Republican, but a few Bull Moose."—*Buffalo Express*.

"I'm sending my boy to preparatory school." "What do they prepare him for?" "Unless I'm mistaken, for running a fast auto, gambling, and other forms of general incompetence."—*Life*.

"What is this malady which has suddenly attacked the nations of Europe?" "There is some doubt as to that. Some say it is the German rush, others that it is the Russian germ."—*Christian Register*.

The Vicar—For shame, my lad! What have those poor little fish done to be imprisoned upon the day of rest? Tommy—Tha-that's what they got for—chasing worms on a Sunday, sir.—*John Bull*.

"Yes, I often think that women are as well qualified for war as men. My husband is opposed to it. But I often feel as if I'd like to leave home and get into the thick of the fight." "But why leave home?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

New Cashier—I should like to have an agreement with you to the effect that I shall have a week's notice in case I don't suit. Bank President—That is easily fixed if you will agree to give us a week's notice before leaving. New Cashier (thoughtfully)—Well, let it go.—*Omaha World*.

Lawyer (to timid young woman)—Have you ever appeared as witness in a suit before? Young Woman (blushing)—Y-yes, sir, of course. Lawyer—Please state to the jury just what suit it was. Young Woman (with more confidence)—It was a nun's veiling, shirred down the front, and trimmed with a lovely blue, and hat to match.— Judge (dropping violently)—Order in the court.—*New York Sun*.

"Yessir," said the rugged mountaineer to the member of Congress. "I'm goin' to vote fer you, hard an' frequent. You're one man as does a little sunth'n to protect home industry." "Then you don't resent my stand in favor of prohibition?" "That's what I'm a-cheerin' ye fer. You aint interfered with us moonshiners wuth mentionin', an' you've improved the demand a heap."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"What's yours?" "Coffee and rolls, my girl." One of those iron-heavy, quarter-inch thick mugs of coffee was pushed over the counter. The fastidious person seemed dazed. He looked under the mug and over it. "But where is the saucer?" he inquired. "We don't give no saucers here. If we did some low-brow 'd come pilin' in an' drink out of his saucer, an' we'd lose a lot of our swelltest trade."—*Savannah News*.

"It will," said the polite teller, "he impossible for me to give you the money unless you can identify yourself in some way." "But I am Mrs. Jones," said the woman, with the air of an empress. "Certainly, madam," rejoined the teller, "but all the same it will be necessary for some one whom we know to give you an introduction to us." The haughty one drew herself up and regarded him scornfully. "Sir," she said, "I do not wish to know you."—*New York Sun*.



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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.
ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Professor Robinson's Letter.

We commend to the attention of serious-minded readers a study of national politics by Professor Edgar Eugene Robinson of Stanford University, printed in this issue of the *Argonaut*. Professor Robinson's letter is a species of contribution to political thought very rare, since there is only now and again a man in whom are combined the acquaintance with conditions, the knowledge of history, the insight, the industry, and the orderly method essential to such a study. It is not necessary to appreciation of Professor Robinson's exposition that one should accept all his conclusions. His suggestion that the tariff issue may be subordinated in 1916, because tariff legislation will be blocked by assured Democratic control of the Senate, leaves out of account one of the propensities of political human nature. The fact that the door of practical action may for the moment be locked by no means nullifies the desire to open it. The sentiment for protection is assuredly stronger than it was two years ago and there is no reason why it should decline—most certainly it will not decline because there happens to be until 1918 a Democratic majority in the Senate. Nor has the slogan of "restoring the government to the people" the appeal to the imagination which it has had periodically since 1896.

At times of financial depression, and we are now in the midst of such a period, all other questions yield to the prosperity issue. However it may reflect upon the spirit of the country, viewed either one way or the other, public opinion is less involved with sentimental ideals than with business aims. If Professor Robinson believes that within two years the country is likely to develop a less lively interest in the tariff issue, and that it is likely to discover fresh enthusiasm for radical proposals, then the *Argonaut* believes that Professor Robinson at that particular point is mistaken. But whether he be mistaken or not in his estimate of the state of public opinion in 1916, Professor Robinson none the less makes an interesting and valuable contribution to the political knowledge and the political thought of today.

The Next Presidency.

The Democratic party rules in the government, not because it represents a majority of the people of these United States, but because of divisions in the Republican party, very marked in 1912, less so (as shown by the recent elections) in 1914. Another significant fact of the situation is the abandonment under President Wilson on the part of the Democratic party of its historical character. Today the Democratic party is not as of old time the party of strict constitutionalism, the party of tradition. It has become the party of progressivism. It stands in many respects where the Populist party stood in 1896. It is less under the influence of old theories of government than of new. In short it stands before the country as the party which seeks to revamp our system in conformity with advanced and advancing as distinguished from conservative ideas.

With the practical disappearance of the Progressive party, and under conditions which indicate that political sentiment is swinging back to historic standards, it now seems likely that the Republican ranks will be reformed—that they are now in the process of reforming—in such force as to give promise of party success in 1916. It follows, of course, that there should be lively speculation in regard to prospective candidacies for the presidency.

It is universally expected that Mr. Wilson will be the Democratic nominee. Certainly he will be if he wishes it, and he will wish it if in his judgment the chances of election are favorable. Mr. Wilson is a fairly competent judge of public sentiment. But the presidency is not a point of vantage from which to observe the political game. A President is involved in associations and subject to influences tending to distort every political situation favorably to himself. The political fortunes of everybody about him are connected with his continuance in office; everybody emphasizes the hopeful aspect of things and minimizes discouraging circumstances and events; and this makes an atmosphere which few men have the cold judgment to resist. Mr. Wilson has thus far been silent, save for a private letter he wrote to Representative Palmer against a resolution now reposing in the Judiciary Committee, of which Palmer is the chairman, for the submission of a constitutional amendment limiting the presidency to one term. This letter, taken with the activities of cabinet officials exercised in their own states and elsewhere, speaks plainly, if not of Mr. Wilson's plans, at least of his hopes. The President is in a position to decline gracefully if he sees no chance of election or, if the situation looks favorable, to permit a nomination to be "forced upon him." Those who know Mr. Wilson best are free to say that his spirit is not of the kind which goes into the last ditch. He will not be a candidate unless he thinks he can be reelected.

Beyond question the margin of hopefulness for 1916 is now on the Republican side of the account. And it

follows naturally that wherever a few Republicans are gathered together there is interested discussion of possible or prospective party candidates. The election of Whitman to the governorship of New York has added a new name to the list of available. Mr. Whitman's success in New York, under all the circumstances, is a strong card. It fairly entitles him to consideration. Yet there is no indication of enthusiasm for Mr. Whitman, either in the country or in his own state. The truth of the matter is that Mr. Whitman has as yet given no proof of the qualities desirable in the presidency. He gives the impression of adroitness rather than of steady-going moral force. He is at the moment a successful, therefore a brilliant figure, but there are those not unfriendly to him personally who question if he will wear well under the strains which time and responsibility are likely to put upon him in the governorship. It is a common opinion among men familiar with New York affairs that young Jimmy Wadsworth, the Republican senator-elect, is a far abler and better man all round. He is described as clean, able, likable, knowledgable. He is still o'er young, being but thirty-seven, and whatever the future may hold for him, is hardly in line of consideration for 1916.

Another new name in the Republican galaxy is that of Myron T. Herrick, ex-governor of Ohio and at this moment the retiring ambassador of the United States at Paris. Mr. Herrick has long been a respectable figure in the political sphere, and he has just now, through the exceptional merits of his service in France, become a notable one. Opportunity thrust upon him in the shape of duty called for high qualities, and Mr. Herrick has exhibited them in marked degree. He has fairly made himself a world figure during the past four months. He returns home more highly accredited by foreign service than any man in recent times. Mr. Herrick has easily become presidential timber of the first order. He combines availability with substantial and demonstrated qualities. Especially if the European war should be a protracted one, if the sentiments which it has fostered shall be long sustained, Mr. Herrick will be in a most effective position in relation to the party and to the country.

Another Ohio man of presidential size is the retiring senator, Mr. Burton. Mr. Burton's most notable qualities are those of a stable and thorough-going common sense allied with experience and honesty. He is a strong and forcible speaker, likewise a strong and forcible writer. Intellectual integrity is illustrated not only by what he says, but by what he does. He is not a fashionable or a showy man, but he commands the respect of his own state and of the country. His Republicanism, while positive, is not of the machine order. He is essentially a man of principles; he is one who would rather fail in devotion to the right than succeed by concession and compromise. The qualities which make for enthusiasm are not conspicuous in Mr. Burton. He is rather the kind of man to whom the sentiment of the country would turn if there should come about a serious demand for solidity of character in conjunction with experience and working powers.

Easily the most conspicuous figure on the Republican available list is Justice Hughes. Mr. Hughes was the first of the great reformers who came into notice when what has since been called the progressive wave struck the country. He was the prosecutor in the insurance investigation which was the opening gun of the war against bad big business. Mr. Hughes's conduct of that investigation, in combination with his fine character as a lawyer and as a man, made him governor of New York. More recently as an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, an office to which he came with-

previous judicial experience. Mr. Hughes has more than sustained himself. In his character of reformer Mr. Hughes may be described as belonging to the restrained as distinct from the hot-headed type so often in view. Reform in Mr. Hughes's philosophy means nothing more or worse than obedience to the law and conformity to the rules of justice and honesty. He stands, not to destroy, but to upbuild; to regulate, not to oppress. He commanded and commands the absolute respect of the country for the severe integrity of his mind and for the decisiveness of his methods.

Senator Borah, though hailing from one of the new, remote, and least advanced states of the Union, profoundly interests the presidential gossips. His strength as a prospective candidate lies in himself. And the quality of the man is attested by the fact that he is doing nothing and will do nothing to promote himself. If Mr. Borah shall be nominated it will be because the situation demands it. He will not be a manufactured candidate, for he will not have the backing of a great state nor will he have a pre-convention campaign fund. Mr. Borah has been within his own party representative of the progressive spirit. But he is that rare bird, a discriminating progressive. He fought for direct election of senators and against recall of judges. He favored the eight-hour law, but he opposed exemption of labor societies from the penalties of the anti-trust law. The explanation is that Mr. Borah is a constitutionalist. He is opposed to changing our system of government—he wants to perfect the system, not destroy it. Therein he runs counter to Bull-Mooseism, to new nationalism and all the others who preach pure democracy as against Borah's preachings of a representative republic. Borah is for perpetuation of the rights of the states, but for strengthening the senatorial government in its own field. His advocacy of the direct election of senators was on the ground that it would make the Senate a more truly representative body. His opposition to the recall of judges was because he believed that the proposal was an assault upon the fundamental idea of our system, a wedge tending to the introduction of the democratic and against the representative principle. In the Senate today but one man, Senator Root, outranks Mr. Borah. And there are those who hold that for intellectual force, courage, and sympathy even Senator Root is not the young Idahoan's equal.

We have named only a few of those who may be thought available. The roster includes Mr. Taft, who has recently been characterized as "the worst licked, least sore, and best loved of ex-Presidents"; Congressman J. R. Mann, the Republican leader of the House, a very straight and a very strong man; Senator Smith of Michigan, who despite some eccentricities is a man of power; the newly-elected Governor Willis of Ohio, a man of the boy-orator type, yet not lacking in ability or promise—these along with several others. If the party in a way seems to lack working leadership most assuredly it does not lack strong and imposing figures, men of demonstrated character and assured capability.

It is early for prophecy. But the *Argonaut* will venture the guess that either Judge Hughes, Senator Borah, or Ambassador Herrick will be chosen by the Republicans of the country to head their ticket in 1916. The strongest man of the three, speaking personally and fundamentally, is Borah; the man of most impressive history and of most ideal qualification for executive responsibility is Justice Hughes; the man most likely to attract the enthusiasm of the country is Mr. Herrick. Either would be a worthy and potential leader. The nomination of either, unless there shall come some unexpected change in political conditions, would be almost an assurance of party success.

The Turkish Incident—and That of Tampico.

Everybody whose judgment is under the dominion of plain common sense commends the attitude of President Wilson in connection with the Turkish incident of this last week. Failing to understand the intent of a shot fired across the bow of an American launch entering the harbor of Smyrna, the President generously assumed that it was not intended as an affront. In other words he was not disposed to make a serious matter out of a trivial incident, as some hot-heads would have had him do. At the same time it is impossible not to recall that only a few months ago, and in connection with the then *de facto* government of Mexico, President Wilson's attitude was not so gen-

erous. It was at Tampico that a petty officer of the provincial guard arrested a group of American sailors who had landed within proscribed limits. The moment the matter was brought to the attention of the commandant at Tampico, the American jackies were released with apologetic explanations. The *de facto* President of Mexico then made prompt and voluntary apology for an incident with which he had no personal connection. From every point it was clear that no affront was intended to the American flag. Yet President Wilson, now so sweetly reasonable in the case of Turkey, flared up in high dudgeon, declined to accept explanations and apologies promptly and courteously given, and at the cost of some millions of dollars dispatched an army to Mexican soil, incidentally sacrificing the lives of some twenty or more men in this aggressive movement upon an alien soil. President Wilson would have the world believe, and no doubt he believes himself, that he is a man of evenly calm and judicial mind. But why the difference between Turkey and Mexico? The answer to this query is that President Wilson had it in, so to speak, for President Huerta of Mexico. It was for this reason that he magnified an incident and made it the means of putting upon President Huerta an affront calculated to destroy his prestige with his own people. The two incidents taken side by side do not go to illustrate a spirit of fair-mindedness on the part of President Wilson.

Our Judiciary.

The public as well as the Bar should give heed to an indictment of the judiciary of California implied in the address of Judge Bordwell of Los Angeles before the State Bar Association last week. According to Judge Bordwell, and what he says is endorsed by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, many of the judges of our courts of first instance are without any understanding of the simplest duties of the posts they hold. Many judges of important courts are without the education and training which would qualify them as practitioners. One judge of a San Francisco Superior Court, and who by popular vote has recently been made an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, was originally a prize-fighter's attendant, and so lacking in experience as a lawyer that his name appears as an attorney of record only in a single case. Other instances less notable but equally violent to every known principle of propriety and discretion could be named. It is even alleged that in certain cases adroit politicians have contrived to get themselves elected judges of superior courts without ever having undergone the examination requisite to admission to the bar.

Judge Bordwell is right in declaring that a cure—or at least a mitigation—of these mischiefs is to substitute an appointed for an elected judiciary. It may be argued fairly that very serious possibilities lie in the appointive system. A vicious or careless appointing power might put unfit or bad men on the bench. But the chances are very much better under the appointive than the elective system. There is a standing illustration of the merits of the appointive system in the organization of our Federal courts. Now and again an unfit man gets in. But it happens rarely. Broadly speaking, the Federal judiciary in its several departments represents the high-water mark of governmental authority.

We see, too, in occasional emergency appointments to the bench in our own state how excellently the principle may work. The *Argonaut* hardly needs to say that it is no admirer of Governor Johnson's ideas or policies. Yet it is very glad to say that in the matter of judicial appointments he has shown a most excellent discretion. In San Francisco the names of Judge Crothers and Judge Cerf illustrate careful judgment. The appointment of Judge Richards, long Superior Judge of Santa Clara County and not a member of Governor Johnson's party, to the appellate justiceship, was a striking illustration of executive carefulness. The appointment of Judge Beasley in Santa Clara County and many others illustrates the same judicious care. It is not too much to say that the very best recruits we have had in recent times in our state judiciary have come through appointment at the hands of Governor Johnson. Governor Gillett's appointments to the bench were made with the greatest care. Even Governor Pardee, who was no lawyer, a poor though busy politician, and, truth to tell, not very much of a

man, took care to seek good counsel when it came to the naming of judges.

The public, we believe, is ripe for a change which will take the judiciary from the hohohs and the mix-ups of politics. Many persons not ordinarily considerate of the serious proprieties have been offended by the public efforts to boost candidates in recent campaigns. Every thoughtful citizen resents the necessity for self-exploitation which the present system enforces. It does not require an exceptional taste to fire up in resentment in reading on the face of a public billboard, "Vote for Blank for Superior Judge—Always on the Job"; or, "Vote for Blank. He has made good"; or, "Vote for Blank, a hard worker and a friend of labor," etc. Worse still is the spectacle of the candidate for a judgeship "working the saloons" and going the rounds of concert halls and fraternity halls. Yet these things must be done under the existing system. One's gorge heaves at these abominations. Verily it is time for something better.

Stupid and Unfortunate.

Refusal of the Greek Theatre for a performance in aid of the Belgian relief movement was both stupid and unfortunate. The authorities of the university failed to comprehend that the Greek Theatre, even as the university itself, is a public institution. It may not with propriety be administered as if it were a private property and in accordance with the whims of individual ownership. Again, the university authorities, including the president, ought to have been better informed with respect to the traditions and history of the Greek Theatre. It is not true that there is a fixed rule under which the theatre may not be used for pay performances. The truth is that it has habitually been so used. The editor of the *Argonaut* recalls that he personally has bought seats in the Greek Theatre, not once, but many times. Various musical organizations, including traveling companies like Sousa's band, have repeatedly given performances in the Greek Theatre for which seats have been sold precisely as in an ordinary theatre. Admission to performances given by Maude Adams and Julia Marlowe was by ticket, which of course was paid for. A case precisely in point was that of an entertainment given in aid of the Valparaiso relief fund. In brief, the use of the Greek Theatre for pay performances has been common, and President Wheeler should have known it.

The matter is unfortunate because in the public mind it is connected with two circumstances—one a presumed cordial relationship between the German Kaiser and President Wheeler, of which we have heard something from time to time, less, we are bound to say, from the Kaiser than from the party of the second part. The impression is given that refusal of the theatre was based upon the notion that somehow the movement for relief of the Belgians is a reflection upon the Kaiser and upon Germany. The public, by a swift logic which waits not upon arguments, assumes that if a similar request had been made in connection with any other similar humanitarian purpose there would have been no question about the use of the theatre, precisely as in the case of the Valparaiso relief entertainment. It is undeniable that this refusal tends in California to deepen a feeling which all liberal-minded persons wish to see minimized. Many Germans—loyal sympathizers with the policies and courses of their native country—have contributed freely to the Belgian fund. The movement has been presented, and properly so, solely as a humanitarian one, and proofs that it has been so regarded by contributors are many. Now by this foolish refusal an impression is popularly made that to relieve the sufferings of the Belgians is to slap Germany in the face. It is a wrong impression; and sad to say our State University, which ought to be a centre of noble suggestions, is chiefly responsible for it.

The incident goes to illustrate the mischief which may result from the placing in the hands of men of narrow views authority which ought to be exercised under promptings of largest understanding and liberality of mind. It ought not to be left to a professor of rhetoric—and at times of cheap rhetoric at that—to determine the uses to which university property may be put; nor ought it to be left to a higher university authority in whom a short memory or the dead-head habit has confused university traditions and private whim.

Ultimate authority in the affairs of the university rests with a Board of Regents nominally representa-

tive of the state in relation to the purposes for which the university is created and sustained. The Board of Regents, theoretically at least, represents the broad public as distinct from the professorial view of things. In matters like the custody of the Greek Theatre the Regents ought to make the rule; and by the same token they ought to administer it. So important a function ought not to be left subject to the whims of a narrow professionalism. There ought to be established apart from the academic authority at Berkeley another kind of administrative authority wise enough to know when the use of university auditoriums should be granted and when refused. We should not then have the anomaly presented in the use of a university hall for political and partisan howlings, concurrently with the refusal of another university auditorium to a great and popular humanitarian movement like that for relief of the Belgians.

A Movement Against the Low Saloon.

The *Argonaut* is gratified to observe that it is by no means alone in the belief that the low saloon, if it shall continue to exist in California, will drag down and destroy our vineyard industry, and be the means of imposing upon the state a scheme of restriction offensive alike to industry, liberty, and common sense. Mr. Theodore Bell has come to the front, not merely in approval of a suggested movement to legislate the low saloon out of existence, but with a tentative plan for doing it. In a letter addressed to the board of directors of the California Grape Protective Association—an association of which Mr. Bell is himself an official—he presents a tentative programme and calls upon the vineyard interest of California to make it its own. Mr. Bell's plan embodies:

1. County option, except in cities having 5000 or more inhabitants.
2. In licensed territory, not more than one saloon for each 1000 inhabitants, or major fraction thereof, exclusive of table licenses for hotels and restaurants.
3. Separate licenses to sell malt and fermented liquors, as distinguished from distilled liquors.
4. No saloon license to be issued to an individual, but only to property, the owner of the property, under heavy bond, to be responsible for the faithful observance of the law.
5. Unlawful for any wine-maker, brewer, distiller, or wholesaler to have any pecuniary interest in a saloon.
6. Midnight and Sunday closing.
7. Anti-treat law.
8. Drastic laws concerning the sale of intoxicating liquor to minors, women, or to persons in an intoxicated or partially intoxicated condition.
9. Such limitations and restrictions respecting the granting of licenses in license territory as will forever eliminate dives and deadfalls.
10. When charges are filed before any magistrate alleging a violation of the liquor law a jury of twelve to be drawn from the body of the county to try the case, and in the event of conviction, the license shall be suspended until the judgment shall be reversed or become final, and in case of final judgment of conviction, the license shall be forever revoked and no other license shall be issued in its stead.

This programme, it should be repeated, is merely tentative. The object of its presentment is to arouse discussion and to enlist support among those who have stood and continue to stand opposed to prohibition in its more drastic aspect. It aims to start a movement which will take the project of restrictive legislation out of the hands of extremists and faddists and make it a legitimate movement with the backing of all who, while earnestly desirous of reform in the matter of liquor legislation, are not willing that the movement shall drag down and destroy legitimate interests and at the same time infringe a fundamental principle of individual liberty.

The movement for a rational and wholesome regulation of the liquor traffic, if at this stage it may be styled a movement, comes none too soon. It is evident enough that toleration of the grosser evils of the liquor traffic has reached its limits. The public will not longer submit to the crying evil of the low drinking hole. Either the low saloon must be exorcised by a rigid scheme of regulation or there will be imposed upon the state a prohibition so broad as to drag in and drag down the vineyard industry and all that goes with it. Only a thorough job of house-cleaning after the plan proposed by Mr. Bell or something like it on the part of those who have to do with the legitimate phases of the wine and liquor business will save a great industry in all its branches from the disaster which an indiscriminating prohibition will put upon it.

Practically, it is for the legitimate interests associated with the liquor traffic to choose between a scheme

of reasonable regulation or some such drastic project as that which was voted down in the election of three weeks ago. The traffic will not be allowed the license to which it has been accustomed in times past. The public mind is determined upon that point. The low saloon is doomed. It remains for the legitimate part of the liquor traffic to decide if it will help bring about a reasonable and proper reform or by stubborn resistance be itself destroyed.

Editorial Notes.

There was a commendable delicacy in ex-President Taft's remark the other day anent "the recent Progressive party." Of a piece with this expression is the remark of Colonel Harvey in the November *North American Review* referring to Colonel Roosevelt as "chief of the Progressive party" and "now rapidly becoming its rank and file."

The case of the American ship *Sacramento*, "captured" and "looted" off the Chilean coast by an unnamed German warship, will need some explaining. Manifestly the *Sacramento* was sent to supply the German fleet in the South Pacific. Her cargo was made up for that purpose. The officers of customs and the naval officer in charge of the jurisdiction of San Francisco were morally certain of this fact. Yet every formality requisite for the *Sacramento's* clearance from San Francisco was duly complied with. The owners of the vessel gagged not at all at the affidavits they were required to make. Now either somebody lied or an act of piracy has been committed by Germany. The latter is unthinkable. Every circumstance indicates that there was a conspiracy supported by false oaths. The matter will stand investigating, and somebody is deserving of punishment. We trust it will be meted out promptly and severely.

The Imperial German Consul, Baron E. H. von Shack, drew perilously near the line of official indiscretion on Sunday last when in an address at German House in San Francisco he counseled German-Americans in their business dealings to boycott citizens of European countries now at war with Germany. "Here in the United States," said Consul von Shack, "are twelve million Germans or Americans of German parents. Placing the purchasing capacity of each of these at only \$150 per annum, the yearly capacity of purchase of the Germanic part of America is eighteen hundred millions of dollars. How much of this gigantic sum has annually gone into the pockets of those who have been steadily working to encompass Germany's ruin? * * * Let me suggest to you a better system of buying. Before buying ask where the article has been made. * * * Be loyal to your old Fatherland." This is a sort of talk which ought not to be permissible on the part of a representative of a foreign country in the United States. The incident might properly be the subject of a sharp call-down on the part of our State Department. At its best it goes to sustain the charge freely made that Germany's diplomacy is lacking at the point of propriety and discretion.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Study of Current National Politics.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, November 23, 1914.
EDITOR ARGONAUT: Your recent reflections upon the probable future of the Democratic party led me to examine in some detail the distribution of the Democratic vote in the elections of this month. Of course it is obvious that no fair comparison can be made with the vote of 1912 until the exact voting strength of the third (Progressive) party is known, yet the location of Democratic losses and gains by districts leaves little doubt as to the significant meaning of the outcome.
That meaning is best appreciated upon a background of the Democratic vote of 1912 and what the Democrats made of it. In no way did that vote show the party in a healthy state, much less a state of revitalization. The congressional vote was less than in the campaign immediately preceding, and indicated a reversion to the proportion held by the Democracy for the preceding sixteen years. The vote cast for Wilson was less than Bryan had polled in any one of his campaigns. In fact, in the proportion of the total vote cast (forty-two per cent), the Democracy was revealed, as ever since 1896, on the decline. It came into control of the government only because of the division of the opposition.
The task before President Wilson was that of giving pause to the decline that the party had suffered ever since the radical wing had captured control. He had to accomplish this, while pledged to the enactment of the measures so repeatedly rejected by the electorate, and while depending for fullest support upon members of the party that had never been in fullest sympathy with the "new Democracy of 1896." His policies had been outlined by a Western Democracy, while his congressional majorities were representative of the South. With an immediacy of determination, rare among minority rulers, President Wilson induced a reluctant Congress to enact

three Democratic proposals of long standing. In former Democratic legislation upon the tariff, the currency, and the "trusts" he had the fullest backing of Bryan, the lukewarm sympathy of the Southern chairmen through whom he had to act, and the partially-veiled hostility of powerful Eastern journals that had long waited for a Democratic President to uphold the traditions of Tilden and Cleveland, and that still professed to believe that harsh criticism of the minority President would bring about that desired end.

Events somewhat beyond the President's control led him to place the party in its traditional and little understood attitude upon foreign affairs. Disturbances in Mexico, a dispute with England, and a reversal of policy in China, all of them legacies of a period of Republican rule, brought vividly before the voter the lack of aggressive tone and essentially continental policy of the men in charge of the government. The party's proposal to grant independence to the Philippine Islands was only spared a very general condemnation by the delay in forcing the issue.

While Mr. Wilson's initial steps in office indicated a desire to subordinate partisan considerations in filling public offices, the return of the Democracy to power after many years of exile compelled the President to countenance a partisan régime in Washington. Indeed everything combined to bring the Democratic party before the country in its distinctly partisan character. Little or no opportunity was given that the President, as in his inaugural address, might call upon the progressive men of all parties. When, occasionally, non-partisan support was accorded the President, it was lost sight of in the din of partisan rejoicing. The President himself grew more, not less, partisan in his tone.

In view of these circumstances that the Democratic party has retained control of the government, in spite of the virtual disappearance of the third party and the consequent returning strength of the Republican opposition, would seem to indicate the most remarkable change in political sentiment since 1894. That the party has changed its character or its appeal there is no evidence; that a considerable number of voters have joined its ranks since 1912 seems to be the indication of the election returns.

Fifty-seven districts (largely in Massachusetts, New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Illinois), that elected Democrats in 1912 by pluralities, returned Republicans in 1914. This does not necessarily indicate a loss in Democratic voters. Five districts, carried in 1912 by the Democrats by majorities, elected Republicans this year. This does indicate a loss. But twenty-two districts (most of them in the West) that were carried in 1912 only because of the division of the Republican vote, elected Democrats again in 1914. Here have been the gains, if any, and it is by these elections that the Democrats control the next House of Representatives.

The margin is very small. With the total disappearance of Progressive candidates, it might have vanished entirely. Yet it seems a great gain to a party, long in the minority, and never more so than in 1912. However, the gains appear to be in districts of close margin, and apparently indicate the change of no considerable number of voters. In view of the policy pursued by the Democratic party, they could not have been won to the party by new appeals, but by an administration that has led the party to carry out its pledges. That this gain is in reality an aftermath of the Republican schism of 1912 and not an important promise for the future seems reasonably certain. For considering the nation-wide vote, the verdict of the electorate upon the performance of the Democracy has been the same as that given repeatedly to the proposals of the party during the past twenty years. In face of such a verdict what future could there be for the Democracy? Its administration of public office condemned, as had been its platform of measures, there was no escaping defeat the moment the opposition should be united.

Developments outside of the United States have changed this aspect of American affairs. Not only has the European cataclysm impelled thousands, formerly restless, to "sit tight," as evidenced in the conservative reaction, but it has also placed the question of America's relationship to the world foremost of all questions. The Progressive party has, at least temporarily, disintegrated. The Democratic party must for a time cease to talk "reform," as it has already ceased to talk of the measures now on the statute books. The Republican party, even though strengthened in protective tariff areas, finds that policy at least second to an aggressive foreign policy. Not that the party will call for actual interference in Europe, but that catastrophe has served to emphasize American purposes and interests in world affairs.

Thus the two-party alignment stands more clearly revealed than ever because the Democratic and Republican parties are protagonists upon the questions that have become uppermost in men's minds. The Democratic President would hold aloof from Europe, would continue to pursue a policy of conciliation with the countries south of us, and would not be aggressive in matters pertaining to the Orient. The Republican party, wedded to a policy of protection and expansion, must favor an aggressive policy of interest, participation, and often interference in affairs beyond our borders in every corner of the globe. This division reveals the probable alignment for the next campaign.

At first sight the Democracy would seem at a disadvantage, not only because of the recent period of continued decline and the very strong American desire to go beyond our borders, but also because of the diverse elements that go to make up the body of its voters. Of the great hulks of its vote, one-third is in the South, another third in the Eastern cities, and the balance in the agricultural sections of the Middle West. In increasing the last without diminishing the other support lies the hope of Democratic leaders. But whereas it is natural that the great majority in the interior provinces should favor a peaceful and non-aggressive foreign policy, the northern Mississippi Valley has not been friendly to Democratic tariffs.

If, however, the tariff issue should be subordinated in 1916, and it may well be because Democratic control of the Senate is assured until 1918, and an aggressive foreign policy should be the determining issue, the Middle West would in all probability cast its vote with that of the South for the Democratic nominee. The more likely if that nominee be Wilson or Bryan, for the slogan of "restoring the government to the people," which has been used so constantly by them, was the basis of the insurgent Republican movement in that area. With the East and Far West supporting the Republican proposals, we should at last have achieved an alignment of voters, based upon proposed action, not past prejudice.

Such an alignment would have enduring qualities. Not only in foreign policy, but in problems at home, the East and Far West have common interests and desires. The Middle West and the agricultural sections of the South should be as one upon economic demands and in the attitude of the individual toward his government. If a genuine party alignment be once achieved, should we not expect the interior provinces to be more and more devoted to internal questions and to differ from the East interested in Europe and South America and the Far West greatly interested in matters pertaining to the Orient? A future for the Democratic party rests in winning the full support of the united Mississippi Valley.

EDGAR EUGENE ROBINSON.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.

Last week I ventured to suggest the possibility of a sudden termination of the war, an end that might indeed come so rapidly as to permit the battle-racked soldiers of Europe to eat their Christmas dinners at home. So desirable consummation seemed indeed to be no more than a possibility and to be still a long way from a probability, but none the less the idea seems to have come somewhat as a surprise to those whose ideas of the struggle are derived from newspaper headings and who are always ready to repeat some such formula as "evidently the war is to be a long-drawn-out affair." But Mr. Hillaire Belloc, graciously described as the "foremost military critic of Europe," writing on November 22, says that if the Russian numbers begin to tell in the next week or so and if they are able to invade Silesia, "then the whole war changes and its termination is in sight." The "if" is of course a large one, but only on the general ground that in war all "ifs" are large. Upon this understanding the assertion is eminently sane and conservative. It is based on a recognition of the fact that Germany can not afford to be invaded and that an invasion of Silesia in particular would be peculiarly deadly because of its manufacturing importance. Moreover, a certain sentiment is involved in the maintenance of the integrity of German territory, and sentiment is a far larger factor in war—and indeed in everything else—than we are usually disposed to admit.

Now what are the chances of a substantial invasion of Germany from the East? I say a substantial invasion, because Russian troops have already penetrated into foreign soil in two or three places, but these penetrations have been more in the nature of raids than anything else and they are therefore not vital. Now as soon as we begin to map out the exact situation and to cut ourselves adrift from the "guidance" of the newspaper headlines we find ourselves involved in difficulties. The battle front is several hundred miles in length, and it may be said to undulate like a moving snake. There are successes and reverses from end to end, and in the official reports these are apt to figure as colossal victories and ruinous defeats. It may happen that the really vital movements are not chronicled at all because secrecy is the aim of both sides alike. And we must remember also that there are actually such things as strategic retreats and that the phrase is not necessarily a coy or sugar-coated admission of defeat. If the great Napoleonic invasion of Russia were being carried out today it is easy to imagine how the French newspapers would blaze with the stories of French advances and Russian retreats. Every movement of the Grand Army toward Moscow would have been a "magnificent victory" over a "flying and beaten foe," but it needed only a very few weeks to show that every forward step of Napoleon was a step into an open grave, and that his victories were but the accumulation of disasters. It was only when Napoleon began to retreat that the world understood that he had been helplessly and hopelessly beaten from the moment he crossed the Russian frontier, and that every one of his "victories" was a nail in his coffin.

The Russians have not forgotten Napoleon nor the grim horrors into which their "retreating" led him. They were willing enough to play the same game over again, and it was only the exigencies of the western situation, the pressing need for expedition, that prevented them from playing it with Von Hindenberg's army, which a few weeks ago was under the walls of Warsaw. We all remember the gasp of surprise with which we suddenly realized that a German army had actually penetrated Russian territory and was under the very walls of the Polish capital. It was a "great German victory" with a vengeance. The irresistible Teuton had been carrying out one of his famous "drives," which lead nowhere in particular, not even to Paris, and had once more proved his invincibility. But then came the change. The Russian forces advanced from Warsaw and drove Von Hindenberg back to the German frontier and the Cossacks rode right through his lines into Germany. Then the Russian military experts began to complain, not because Von Hindenberg had been allowed to reach Warsaw, but actually because he had not been allowed to take Warsaw, and to advance even further into the country in the same way that Napoleon had been allowed to advance to Moscow. If the Germans had been allowed to continue their "victorious advance," said the Petrograd strategists, they would have been swallowed up in the country and would never have emerged, just as Napoleon had been swallowed up. Let us remember the general rule that an invading army becomes weak and vulnerable in proportion to the length of its line of communications, the vital thread upon which it must rely for every ounce of food and for every rifle cartridge, the thread the cutting of which means instant strangulation. If Von Hindenberg had been resisted at or near his point of departure while his troops were in good condition and rich in supplies he might easily have won a great victory. By allowing him to reach Warsaw he became encumbered. Had he been allowed to go yet further forward he might have been exterminated. Such at least was the argument of the Petrograd strategists.

Let us now see the position of the eastern field so far as it is possible to ascertain that position from the conflicting reports. There are now three great centres of activity along a battle line some four hundred miles in length. The centre of the line is occupied by the army of Von Hindenberg, which was compelled to fall back from Warsaw and that has now taken up a strong position on or near its own frontier. Current reports are to the effect that this army has now recovered itself and that it is once more moving east in the direction of Warsaw, and that it has even inflicted some reverses upon

the Russians who had been pursuing it. We may suppose that these reverses, if they exist at all, were inflicted upon the clouds of Cossack cavalry in the van of the Russian army, who were thus compelled to fall back upon their main body. A great battle is now being fought on the line southward from Thorn, and we shall probably find that on the issue of this battle will depend the Russian ability to continue their aggressive movements at the north in the neighborhood of Wirballen and at the south in the vicinity of Cracow. In other words, the German aggressive around Thorn is intended to relieve the pressure upon their armies to the north and south. Generally speaking, it may be said that no part of the great line can continue to advance in the face of serious reverses to any other part of the line. Moreover, it was assumed that a German attack near Thorn, where the Russian forces were relatively weak, would cause the detachment of reinforcements from the other parts of the battle, but so far this result has not been attained. The Russians have indeed made strenuous efforts to reinforce their armies between the Warthe and the Vistula, but they seem to have done so from their vast reserves to the east rather than by the weakening of their line elsewhere. And there, of course, we see the main Russian strength in an ability to produce a practically unlimited number of men without a resort to withdrawals from other parts of the line.

Now let us suppose that the Russians are eventually beaten between the Warthe and the Vistula. In that case they will fall back, with the probable result that their armies in East Prussia and around Cracow will feel the blow sympathetically and so be brought relatively to a standstill. But suppose the Germans manage to produce a deadlock, as they have done in Flanders. In that case there will be something like a deadlock all along the line, or at least a distinct slackening in the Russian advance north and south. But as a third alternative let us suppose that the Russians are successful and that they hold their own or even drive their foe backward, and such is actually the report at the moment of writing. In that case the attack upon Cracow will go forward with fury, and with Cracow once taken—and we have now learned that no fortress is impregnable—the path into Silesia will be open. And it may be repeated with some confidence that if Silesia is seriously invaded it will mean the end of the war. That is what Mr. Belloc means when he says, "But if the Russian numbers begin to tell in the next week or fortnight in the east and German soil is invaded, especially through Silesia, then the whole war changes and its termination is in sight, for the moral factor upon which the German resistance reposes is the inviolability of German territory and the material factor the inviolability of German manufacturing districts."

As has been said there are reports of a Russian victory at this moment of writing, and they seem to have some basis of truth, since they are partially confirmed by the German official statement. But it would be premature to comment upon them until we know the extent of the success and the territory that it covers. But this much at least may be said. If the Russian success is as great as now it seems to be it will mean that the northern and southern advance will be greatly stimulated and that the invasion of Silesia, as well as of East Prussia, will be imminent. And the invasion of Silesia will have an importance that it is impossible to exaggerate.

It is a long way from Flanders to Poland, but it would probably be correct to say that these two great fields of war are sympathetically connected just as closely as any other two parts of the struggle. At the present time we read that operations in the west are practically at a standstill, but this is not due to the weather, but to the great and decisive fight in the east. The "drive" against Calais has ended, at least so far as the Yser Canal is concerned. The Germans are nowhere in possession of any part of the canal, and although they are spasmodically attacking Ypres they are evidently awaiting a cue from somewhere. Even if they had crossed the Yser they would still have been confronted with other canals and with a great marsh before they could attack Dunkirk. Indeed so inexplicable is their move against the canal that we shall probably have to wait until the conclusion of the war before any solution will be forthcoming. It looks almost as though the sober judgment of the German commanders had been interfered with by some high authority intent more upon a whim or a spite than by sound military tactics. But at least this may be said: If the plans of the Allies had anywhere been so effectually checkmated as have the German plans with regard to the Yser Canal some of our newspaper headline writers would have outdone themselves in the groveling homage that they would have paid to the invincibility of the Teuton attacks. As it is we are merely informed that the situation in Flanders is quiet, that the Yser remains in the hands of the Allies, and that the attacks have momentarily ceased. When the story of the fight comes to be written dispassionately there will probably be a double verdict. In the first place we shall be told very truly that the heroism of the German soldiers has never been surpassed upon earth, and in the second place we shall be told with equal truth that the reckless stupidity of the German plan is without a parallel in the annals of war.

There is still another point where we may note the sympathy between the eastern and the western wars. The Allies have held their own in Flanders, but there is nothing to show that they have been very greatly strained to do so. Nor indeed is it likely that they have been so strained at any time. It is true that the fighting has been very fierce, but it seems certain that the French and the English could have brought up reinforcements in very large numbers if it had been found

to be necessary. Lord Kitchener is said reliably to have won over a million men in England and to be in no hurry to send them away. It is true that their training is very defective, but then the Germans also have been using very young and very old men, and certainly there would have been great drafts from England if the situation had actually been critical. Of course the Allies have met with reverses, such as the loss of Dixmude, but it does not seem that there has at any time been any critical danger of the taking of Dunkirk or Calais, or there would certainly have been a strengthening of the Allied lines both from the French reserves in the south and from the English across the Channel. In other words, General Joffre has been content to hold his own and without any offensive efforts. That the Allies are now content to remain quiescent is probably not because they are unable to do anything else, but because they, too, are awaiting their cue from the east, and because they are unwilling to disturb the present balance of force between east and west. General Joffre does not wish to compel the Germans to bring their veterans back from the east, nor does he wish to tempt them to send more men to the east. If Russia should be able presently to report a great victory we should probably find that the Allies would at once begin an offensive movement with a view to clearing Belgium. But there is not likely to be any offensive move until then.

We hear so many fanciful estimates of the numbers of men that the countries of Europe can put into the field if "the worst should come to the worst" that we may be thankful for a valuable method of computation furnished by the *New York Evening Post*. We are reminded that in any country the male population between the ages of twenty and forty-five is between thirty-five and forty per cent of the total male population. Now the population of Germany is about 65,000,000, or it was in 1910. Possibly it is now about 69,000,000, of which about one-half would be the male population. Three-eighths of 35,000,000 would give us about 13,000,000 as the number of male Germans between twenty and forty-five years of age, and about half this number would represent the maximum available for the field. But that would be to allow only one man at home to sustain one man in the field, and one man at home is not enough. Much of the work ordinarily done by men can be done by women, but not all of it. Women can not mine coal nor iron, for instance. Then we must deduct the men who are physically unfit, mentally unfit, or in prison, and we must therefore allow two men at home for one in the field, and this would give the fighting strength of the German Empire as somewhere in the neighborhood of five million men. The same method of computation can be applied to all the nations at war. To speak of putting the last man in the field is therefore a mere phrase. The last man can not be placed in the field unless he is expected to stay there without food or supplies. There must be two men at home to sustain him or he himself must come home.

The loss of a British Dreadnought in waters that might reasonably have been considered safe, and the further loss of a gunboat at anchor in the Downs, must be a severe trial for British nerves. We may reasonably believe that nothing has been left undone by way of protection against the submarine in open waters, but the attack upon the ports will probably result in a further use of wire netting, which would doubtless be effective enough. We read of a German submarine that got herself into a sad tangle with some fisherman's nets, and netting has of course been used for a long time as a protection against torpedoes. But the loss of a Dreadnought in open waters is quite another matter, although it owes its gravity rather to its moral effect than to the material loss. So far the Dreadnoughts have been nearly immune, not because of their strength or size, but because they have been guarded as though they were made of pearls. None the less it would seem that Germany's naval losses by sale and destruction have been greater than those of England. How long shall we have to wait for the great naval battle that may be expected to solve more than one problem of marine architecture?

SAN FRANCISCO, November 24, 1914.

SIDNEY CORYN.

On the subject of sending Japanese troops to Europe General Fukushima recently said: "It is an enterprise beset with difficulties and one which exacts an exhaustive study. There are things in this world, however, which ought not to be shirked because of the difficulties attendant thereon. It takes decision born of conviction to wage war. Should the circumstances permit the dispatch of 150,000 Japanese soldiers to Europe, the results to be realized therefrom would be very great. The Japanese soldiers are inured to hardships and privations better than their white comrades and are capable of living on spare food consisting, if necessary, of rice and pickled plums. There can be no question what brilliant achievements may be accomplished by the loyal and intrepid Japanese troops. Japan should take the present opportunity by the forelock and entitle herself to a strong voice at the forthcoming International Peace Conference."

Getting married in Burma is not entirely a pleasant operation. Custom warrants the practice of throwing stones at the house of the newly wedded, but not black-mail, and when recently a band of Burman youth demanded money before they would depart the law stepped in and sentenced the leaders to heavy imprisonment and corporal punishment.

Czar Nicholas of Russia is said to own more costly chinaware than any other person in the world.

THE BARBER OF ROPPONGI.

He Rises from a Sick Bed to a Grim Tragedy.

[Not as a fine or finished piece of literature, but as arresting evidence of the Western trend of the Japanese mind, as pertaining to the short story, is the following offered.]

Yoshisaburo, the barber of Roppongi in the Azabu district of Tokyo, was confined to his bed. It was very unusual for Yoshisaburo to be ill, for he was a robust man and never had been so handicapped before. And unfortunately it was the eve of the Shukikoreisai or autumn festival in honor of the imperial ancestors, when he should have been busy shaving and hair-cutting, especially attending to the young soldiers from the barracks near by. Lying on his sick bed he now wished that Genko and Jitako were still with him. They were two assistants whom had been dismissed a month ago.

Although Yoshisaburo had been an apprentice in this same shop with Genko and Jitako he was several years older than they, and in the early days his employers had been so much pleased with Yoshisaburo's skill with the razor that he had married him to his only daughter, given over the business to him, and retired.

Genko, who had been secretly in love with the daughter, asked for leave and went away as soon as she became the wife of Yoshisaburo, but Jitako, who was of a different disposition, remained in the shop and worked as hard as ever, phlegmatically calling his old associate "master." Soon after retiring from active business the old barber died, and was followed not long after by his wife.

Genko, who had left the house on his own accord, returned two years afterwards. He apologized for his misconduct and begged to be taken back again. Yoshisaburo, who had been his companion when they were apprentices together, could not refuse and engaged him for the sake of the old friendship. Genko, however, by this time had become pretty much spoiled as he had been absent so long; he was not so hard-working as before, and often tempted Jitako, who was honest and studious, and took him to places of ill-repute round about Kasumicho. He finally instigated the honest Jitako to steal money from the shop. Yoshisaburo had been kind to Jitako and was patient with him despite his misconduct and unfaithfulness. He reproved Jitako repeatedly for his wrongdoing, but at last his patience gave way and he could not overlook repeated thefts of money. In consequence Yoshisaburo dismissed them both, and as luck would have it he fell ill.

At this period the barber had two men working under him, Kanejiro and Kinko. The former was a young man of twenty, pale-faced but of a happy, easy-going disposition. The latter was a boy of twelve or thirteen, whose head bulged both at back and front. At this, the busiest time before the national holiday, the work of these two boys, as they progressed slowly and blunderingly was a tedious sight to the harper, who watched them as he lay on his sick bed suffering from high fever.

Customer after customer came to the shop as noon drew near. He could hear the grating noise of the glass sliding doors open and shut each time when a customer entered, which was in contrast to the scraping sound of the high ashida which Kinko, the apprentice, was obliged to wear in order to make him taller. These sounds irritated the nerves of the sick barber.

Once more the door was opened and at the same instant a woman's voice was heard.

"I am from Yamada of Ryudo. My master is leaving tomorrow evening for the country. Will you please sharpen this razor by this evening? I will come back for it again tonight."

"We are extremely busy today. Will it be too late if we sharpen it by tomorrow morning?"

It was Kanejiro who answered the woman. The maidservant hesitated, but finally said:

"If so, do it by the morning without fail."

And emphasizing the last two words she shut the door and was about to go off when she opened it again and said:

"It may give you too much trouble, but I want to have the razor sharpened by your master."

"Our master—"

Kanejiro's reply was interrupted by Yoshisaburo, who spoke in a loud voice from his bed:

"I will do it!"

The voice was very loud and sharp, and yet it was hoarse. Kanejiro before answering the barber said to the maid:

"All right. We'll do it."

Yoshisaburo heard the maid shut the door and go away.

"Dear me!" he said to himself in a low tone and looked at his arms, which had become stained by the lining of the quilt from the perspiration of his feverish body. He felt too weak to raise himself, and just stared with his dull eyes at the inu-hariko or papier-maché dog which hung from the ceiling. There were flies on the painted dog. He unconsciously turned his ears to the gossiping in the shop. Two or three soldiers had begun to criticize the little restaurants in the neighborhood. Then they complained about their meals prepared in the barracks. But one of them said

that when the weather became cool the barrack food would be better. Listening to these tales the barber began to feel better. He turned heavily around in his bed. His wife, O Ume, with her child tied on her back, could be seen working in the dim evening light which shone through the kitchen window. Yoshisaburo now turned his eyes toward his wife.

"I am going to sharpen the razor now."

So saying the master of the shop tried to raise his heavy body, but failed. He sat down and supported his head on the pillow.

"Do you want anything?" His wife spoke gently and walked toward him.

Yoshisaburo thought he had said "No," but his voice was not audible. O Ume took off the covering of the bed and put aside the bottles of medicine and other things which were placed near the pillow. But he again said "No." His voice was so weak and hoarse that the woman could not understand him, and he became nervous again.

"Shall I hold you up?" asked O Ume, wishing to help him.

"Go and fetch me the leather strop and Yamada-san's razor!"

He spoke to his wife sharply. O Ume remained silent for a while, and then said:

"Can you sharpen it?"

"Don't bother. But bring them to me."

"If you are going to sit up you must have something over you," said his wife.

"Don't bother! Bring me quickly what I tell you."

He spoke in a low voice, but his manner was impatient. O Ume took out a thicker kimono from the closet and put it around the man, who was now sitting on the bed. He took it off and threw it away.

O Ume then went to the shop and brought him the articles desired.

Yoshisaburo had been accustomed to say that he could not do a good job when he was not feeling well. As his hands were trembling he could not work as he wished to do. And O Ume, watching her husband's impatience, said:

"You had better let Kane-san do it for you."

O Ume urged him repeatedly, but he turned a deaf ear. After a quarter of an hour of hard stropping he was exhausted and lay down on the bed. Almost immediately he fell into a state of semi-consciousness and soon after fell fast asleep.

The razor was taken back to Yamada in the evening by the maid, who dropped in at the barber shop on her way home from an errand. O Ume prepared some food for Yoshisaburo. She wanted to give it to him before it got cold. But she hesitated to wake him, as he was enjoying a good sleep after his hard work. It was then eight o'clock in the evening. And as it was time for him to take his medicine again she woke him. Yoshisaburo was not cross; he had something to eat and went to sleep again.

Shortly before ten o'clock he was once more awakened to take his medicine. He was half asleep and felt very uncomfortable, for his breath was feverishly hot underneath the bed coverings. His shop was then quiet. He looked around the room with dim eyes and saw the black leather strop hanging on the wooden pillar of the room. The dull yellowish light of the lamp shone over O Ume's back as she was putting her baby to sleep. It seemed to the sick man that everything in the room swam through a feverish haze.

"Master! Master!" exclaimed Kinko timidly at the entrance of the room.

"What?" Yoshisaburo answered, but his voice was buried under the bed-clothing. Kinko had not heard and therefore he called again:

"Master!"

This time Yoshisaburo answered in a louder voice:

"What is it?"

"Yamada-san has sent the razor back."

"A different one?" the barber asked.

"No. It is the same. He said that he tried to shave with it, but found it dull, and asked to have it sharpened once more. He wants it back by noon tomorrow."

"Is the messenger waiting now?"

"No. It was some while ago when she came."

"Now let me see it."

And Yoshisaburo took the case containing the razor from Kinko's hand.

Then O Ume got up and saying:

"You are so feverish. Don't you think you had better ask Yoshikawa-san of Kasumi-cho to sharpen it for you?"

The barber made no answer, but took the razor out of the case, and turning up the wick of the lamp examined the blade very carefully. O Ume sat still beside the bed, and put her hand on his hot forehead. With his free hand he shook her off. He soon called:

"Kinko!"

"Yes," came the answer from the bottom of his bed.

"Go and bring me the whetstone."

"Yes, sir."

When the whetstone was ready, the man sat up on the bed and began to sharpen the razor. The clock slowly struck ten.

O Ume, seeing that her words had no effect, sat down quietly and watched the man's work. After sharpening the razor on the whetstone for some time he tried it on the leather strop. He still trembled, but

continued. He could not do as well as he wanted. Suddenly the hook which O Ume had driven into the wooden pillar of the room gave way and the strop fell over on the razor.

"Be careful. It's dangerous!" O Ume exclaimed and fixed her eyes on her husband's face. There was a deep frown upon his forehead.

No sooner had Yoshisaburo taken the strop away from the razor than he sprang to his feet and went toward the shop, which had no floor except the beaten earth. He had only his night gown on.

"You mustn't go there."

And O Ume tearfully tried to check him. But the man paid no attention to her warning and went on. O Ume followed him. There was no customer in the shop. Kinko was alone sitting in a chair right in front of a looking-glass.

"Where is Kane-san?"

"He went to speak with Toki-chan and to tease her," Kinko replied with earnestness.

O Ume, hearing Kinko's answer, burst into a laugh and said:

"O my! Did he really say so when he left?"

Yoshisaburo continued to look very grave.

Toki-chan was the name of a strange young girl in a small general shop much patronized by the soldiers, about five or six doors away. It was said she was a graduate of a girl's higher school. The shop was never free from the visits of soldiers or students or young folks of the neighborhood. O Ume told Kinko to go for Kane and tell him to come home, as they were going to close the shop. The barber, however, opposed her, saying:

"It is too early."

O Ume closed her lips and kept silent. Yoshisaburo now set to work to sharpen and did it much better than he had while sitting on his bed. O Ume went in and brought a padded hanten, a coat worn by laborers, and placed it around her husband as gently as though he had been a child. After putting his hands through the sleeves of the hanten O Ume looked perfectly satisfied and sat down at the entrance of the room watching his face. Kinko sat in a chair just beside a window with his chin on the top of his knee and shaved up and down his leg, on which no hair grew.

Suddenly the door was opened and a gay young man in good humor entered. He was about twenty-two or three years old and attired in a new, stylish autumn cotton kimono. He wore a very fashionable pair of geta, and his sanjaku (a man's obi) was tied in front.

"Will you shave me quickly? You need not do it as carefully as usual." So saying the customer stood in front of the mirror and rubbed his chin. This young man tried to speak like a man of the middle class, but judging from the shape of his hands and his dark, irregular face he was engaged in some hard manual work during the day.

"Go quickly for Kane-san," O Ume said to Kinko, making a sign with her eyes to let him understand that her husband was not to do it.

"I will shave him."

"No, you mustn't. Your hands are shaking today and—"

"I will do it," Yoshisaburo insisted sharply.

"He must be crazy tonight," O Ume muttered in a low voice.

"Give me my working gown."

"If you are going to shave only you won't get covered with hair, and you had better keep on your warm coat."

O Ume did not want her husband to take off the hanten.

The young man, who was watching the faces of the two, asked:

"Are you sick?"

"Yes, I have a slight attack of cold."

When the barber placed the white cloth around the young man's neck, he said again:

"You need not shave me carefully," and further added with a smile on his face, "I am in haste."

Yoshisaburo did not reply, but was examining the razor which he had been polishing on his sleeve.

"Half-past ten now. I can reach there by half-past eleven," the customer muttered again, inviting the barber to begin a conversation. Yoshisaburo saw in imagination the woman he was about to visit, and thought that this vulgar young man was on his way to the gay quarters. He suddenly felt ill, as though his head had received a shock. He put soap on the cheeks and chin of the customer and began to rub very harshly. All this while the young man tried every now and then to see his face in the mirror. Yoshisaburo felt like showering him with bitter reproaches. The barber, after sharpening the razor once more, began to shave, and did it well. But he was shivering.

The child was crying in the next room, so O Ume went in. The razor was not sharp at all, but the young man did not mind. Yoshisaburo was almost cross at the customer's indifference. He had a better and sharper razor, but would not use it. Once he became slack, but again tried to shave as he had been accustomed to do. The more pains he took in shaving the more nervous and tired he became. Finally at last he felt the fever spreading over him again.

The young man tried to make the barber talk, and at last began to feel afraid of him, and became silent. While he was getting his forehead shaved he began

to doze after the fatigue of the day's labor. Kinko was nodding also, close beside the window. In the next room the child had stopped crying and profound silence prevailed.

The sound of the razor only was heard. The barber, who was irritated a while ago, now felt like crying. He was tired and his eyes were smarting. He shaved the throat, cheeks, chin, and forehead in turn, but he could not shave the lower soft part of the throat. He felt like taking the skin off. This desire was intensified when he noticed the oily rough skin of the man, who was now fast asleep and had thrown his head backward—his mouth wide open, showing an uneven row of dirty teeth.

Yoshisaburo could not stand it any longer. He felt like falling on the earthen floor. He said to himself many times that he would stop shaving, but still he kept to his work. The blade of the razor touched the skin of the throat. He was shocked and something thrilled him from head to foot; he was divested of all feeling of impatience and fatigue; he had cut his customer, a wound half an inch deep. Yoshisaburo stood by watching it. At first the incision was white like milk, and then scarlet blood came gushing out and settled upon the gash and flowed downward in a stream.

In an instant Yoshisaburo felt a wicked impulse working within himself. He who had never cut the face of a customer in all his life was now overwhelmed with a strange feeling. His heart began to beat quickly. He felt as if his whole body and mind were devoured by this wound. He could no longer control himself. He thrust the razor deep into the throat, so deep that blade was lost to sight. The man in the chair never moved. The barber, dead to self, sank into a chair, and lost all power of motion—none saw the deed, only the mirrors round the room, they only reflected the horror of the scene. The young man turned white. Yoshisaburo, unconscious, dropped into a chair, ghastly, like a lifeless body. The night was quiet as the dead. Everything seemed to have stopped its motion and to have fallen asleep. Only the mirrors on three sides of the room looked at the scene.—*Translated from the Japanese of Chokusai Shiga.*

It is now generally conceded that coals of various ranks, from lignite to bituminous and anthracite, are derived from peat. The vegetation going to make up the peat ranges from minute plants floating about upon the surface of a bog to large trees. These plants, on dying, settle to the bottom of the bog, where, mainly through the agency of bacteria, they decay. The partial decay of the vegetable matter and its consolidation forms peat. Through still further consolidation the peat forms lignite, and this in turn, as the result of various processes, forms coals of higher rank. Many plants are known to exude gums and resins, especially when injured. A well-known fossil form of such resin is amber, in which insects are frequently found imbedded, having been caught and imprisoned by the gum while it was still soft. In the more recent coals of lower rank fossil resin occurs in abundance, in the form of small lumps or flakes. In the coals of higher rank resins are not readily seen, and their occurrence in such coals has been doubted. It has been supposed that these coals were formed from a different type of vegetation in which resin did not occur. The amount of resin in peat and in the coal subsequently formed is largely determined by the amount of decay of the vegetable matter. The resin, being most resistant to decay, increases proportionally in volume the greater the destruction of the woody tissue. A high percentage of resinous matter gives "fatty" coals. The volatile and high-heating cannel coals have a large proportional amount of resinous matter. In the formation of coals of higher rank a sort of distillation takes place, brought about for the most part by movements within the earth's crust, such, for instance, as have formed the Appalachian mountain system. As a result of this natural distillation the amount of volatile matter in the coal becomes less. The resins are reduced, probably leaving a part of their carbon within the coal. In the highest grade coals the resins apparently are obliterated as such.

It is an established custom in China that a new company must pay dividends to its shareholders from the first year of its existence, and this forms invariably a clause of the articles of association. Some concerns which fail to realize a profit have to contract a high interest loan in order to pay dividends in full. It is this practice that compels companies to contract loan after loan until they are plunged into a helpless state. Furthermore, when a new company is established, it is from the start tied down to a system of commission paying. In every purchase as well as in every sale of the company a commission goes with it, which is therefore counted into every payment and receipt, thus occasioning the need of an unnecessarily large amount of capital.

According to the late census the total population of Japan, excluding Formosa, Chosen, Kabafuto, Kantung leased territory, men in the imperial army and navy, and prisoners, was 54,843,083 on December 31 of last year. There were ten cities that had a population of over one hundred thousand. Tokyo's population was 1,203,300 and Osaka's 1,387,366.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Emma Calvé has given up a concert tour, promised to California, to take up Red Cross work in France. At present she is assisting in the care of the wounded in the hospitals of Toulon.

The Prince of Wales, it is officially announced, has been appointed aide-de-camp to Field Marshal Sir John French, commander of the British expeditionary force, and has already entered upon his duties.

Vice-Admiral Count von Spee, the commander of the German squadron in the South Pacific which encountered a British fleet off the coast of Chile on November 1, has been ordered decorated with the Order of the Iron Cross, First and Second Class, for this exploit.

Professor Theodor Kocher, who, it is announced, has perfected a preparation which will almost instantly stop the flow of blood from a wound, quantities of which have been sent to the French and German armies, was awarded the Nobel Prize for surgery in 1912. He is a resident of Berne, Switzerland.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, American minister to The Netherlands, has returned to this country on a brief leave of absence on account of serious injury to his eyes, owing to continuous work since the beginning of the war. He has been advised that rest is essential, and expects to consult his physician at home before returning to The Hague next month.

William Graves Sharp, who will enter upon his duties as American ambassador to France on December 1, is a former congressman from Ohio. He graduated from the University of Michigan in 1881, and began the practice of law at Elyria, Ohio. Later he served a term as prosecuting attorney of Lorain County. He is extensively engaged in the manufacture of charcoal, pig-iron, and chemicals.

Thomas Mott Osborne, the newly appointed warden of Sing Sing Prison, New York, whose efforts will be closely watched all over the country, as innovations in prison regulation are expected, is a man of wealth who became chairman of the commission of prison reform a year ago. He attracted national attention by undergoing a week's voluntary imprisonment in Auburn Prison to study conditions there.

Eugene Brieux, member of the French Academy and author of numerous plays, recently came to this country as a delegate to the annual meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. He announced that he would not discuss the war while the guest of a neutral country. "I have too great a respect for its freedom and for its independence of judgment," he said, "to venture to say a word about the war—at all events until I have terminated my official mission."

The Rev. Abraham Mitrie Rihbany, now pastor of the famous Church of the Disciples in the Back Bay district of Boston, and well known as an author and lecturer, came to this country not many years ago a penniless Syrian emigrant. He was faced with the task of making his own way in a strange country, whose language he knew but slightly. Hard work and harder study finally gave him a splendid command of English, and writing claimed him. He is best known, probably, for his book, "A Far Journey," which tells of his transformation.

The Right Honorable General Lewis Botha, now commanding the British forces in South Africa against the rebels, was commander-in-chief of the Boer forces in the war with England. He was born at Greytown, Natal, in 1863, and was a member of the first volksraad of Transvaal, in which he represented Vryheid. He was premier of Transvaal, 1907-1910, and is now premier and minister of agriculture of the Union of South Africa. General Botha is described as a big man, winning in manner, democratic to a marked degree, as may be judged by a statement which he once made to a French statesman: "I'm not a general, I'm not a premier; I'm only a good peasant."

Sir Matthew Nathan, who has just succeeded Sir James Dougherty as under secretary at Dublin Castle, has had a career as honorable as varied. Entering the Royal Engineers in 1880, he became a captain in 1889, rose to the rank of major and to brevet lieutenant-colonel in 1907, seeing active service in the Nile Expedition of 1885, and the Lushai Expedition four years later. He has been secretary of the colonial defense committee, administered Sierra Leone, and governor successively of the gold coast, Hongkong, and Natal. From 1909 to 1911 he was secretary to the postoffice, a position he filled with marked success and ability, and from there he went to the board of inland revenue as chairman.

Albert Leopold Clement Maric Menard, King of Belgium, was born in Brunswick in 1875. He went through the Belgian military school and entered the Grenadiers as sub-lieutenant, quickly working his way up to the rank of colonel. Then he decided to broaden his education, and diplomacy next claimed him. He studied sociology and made a hobby of engineering. When he was twenty-three he spent a year in this country. He traveled extensively in order to observe at first hand the American method of dealing with edu-

cational, scientific, and industrial problems. He was particularly interested in American railroads and studied them closely. A few years later he visited the Belgium Congo in order to investigate conditions there. On his return he urged strongly the imperative necessity for reform in the treatment of natives. He was the first European sovereign formally to announce his accession by the dispatching to the White House of a special ambassador. In 1900 he married Elizabeth, Duchess of Bavaria. She is an unusually accomplished woman, being the possessor of a physician's degree, besides having a sound knowledge and great love of art, literature, and music.

THANKSGIVING FRAGMENTS.

Invocation.

Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home!
—Henry Alford.

Dinner of Herbs Where Love Is.

'Tis not the food, hut the content,
That make the table's merriment.
Where trouble serves the hoard we eat
The platters there as soon as meat.
A little pipkin with a hit
Of mutton or of veal in it,
Set on my table, trouble free,
More than a feast contenteth me.
—Robert Herrick.

The Approach of Thanksgiving.

There is a dawning in the sky
Which doth a world of fate imply.
And on each casual passing face
A look expectant you may trace.
The signs the veteran turkey sees
And with a deep and mournful sigh
He calls his numerous family nigh
And murmurs, pointing to the trees,
"Roost high, my little ones, roost high."
—Eugene Field.

The Circle of Our Love.

The strange sweet life we have and own,
So wondrous is from friends we've known;
And those anear and those above,
Complete the circle of our love;
And when we think of these, and pray,
We keep in sooth Thanksgiving Day!
—William Brunton.

We Thank Thee.

For flowers that bloom about our feet;
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet;
For song of bird and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear or see,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee!
For blue of stream and blue of sky;
For pleasant shades of branches high;
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blooming trees,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee!
—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

In Everything Give Thanks.

Let us thank Him for the rose
Which the summer season lends;
For each blade of grass that grows
And the sunshine that He sends.
For the milkweed, spilling out
All its hoard of silken skeins;
For the brooks that sing and shout
Louder after heavy rains.
For the stars that nightly rise,
All the heavens brimming;
For the rainbow in the skies,
And the crickets' hymning.
Thank Him for the red leaf's glow.
For the vine's increase,
For the promise of the snow,
And the wide world's lease!
—Mary N. Prescott.

Psalm of Our Fathers.

That psalm our fathers sang we sing,
That psalm of peace and wars.
While o'er our heads unfolds its wing
The flag of forty stars.
And while the nation finds a tongue
For nobler gifts to pray,
'Twill ever sing the song they sung
That first Thanksgiving Day:
"Praise ye the Lord with fervent lips,
Praise ye the Lord today;"
So rose the song from all the ships,
Safe moored in Boston Bay.
—From "The Thanksgiving in Boston Harbor," by Hezekiah Butlerworth.

Hear Our Praise.

For summer's bloom and autumn's blight,
For bending wheat and blasted maize,
For health and sickness, Lord of Light,
And Lord of Darkness, hear our praise.
—J. G. Holland.

In Early Days.

Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labor where the end was rest,
Indulged the day that housed their annual grain,
With feasts and offerings and a thankful strain.
—Alexander Pope.

To the Harvest Lord.

Heap high the hoard with plenteous cheer and gather to the feast,
And toast the sturdy Pilgrim band whose courage never ceased;
Give praise to that All-Gracious One by whom their steps were led,
And thanks unto the Harvest Lord who sends our daily bread.
—Alice Williams Brotherton.

FAMOUS WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

F. Lauriston Bullard Describes the Deeds of Journalists Who Were the Last of Their Kind.

A book about war correspondents seems to be something almost in the nature of an obituary at a time when the stern hand of military authority has warned the journalist from the battlefield, lest he should not only take notes of what he had seen, but actually print them. The art of the war correspondent seems likely to become a lost one, and perhaps of all other arts it can best be spared with the exception of the art of war itself. Henceforth we shall reconstruct our battles from the personal narratives of soldiers themselves, and perhaps we shall thereby lose nothing either of accuracy or intensity.

But the war correspondent of the past was a particularly interesting person. It often happened that he knew far more about war than the generals in command. He was necessarily a man of vivid and distinctive personality, accustomed to be friendless in the midst of dangers, and often compelled to exercise a moral courage in excess even of the physical bravery required of him. For example, it was Russell who exposed the abuses in the Crimean war and who gained no small hostility for his pay. Russell in Turkey during the war was "nobody's child." He had neither quarters nor rations, and although he had money, there was nothing to be bought. None the less for a time he was comfortable, but—

"One evening, returning from a ride, he discovered his tent as flat as a pancake about four hundred yards from camp," so the story is related. "An official had ordered the tent removed at once. On inquiry Russell found that the commander-in-chief and his staff had been inspecting the camp; some one noticed the tent, a non-regulation ridgepole thing. 'Whose is it?' 'The Times's correspondent's.' Brigadier Bentinck at once fulminated: 'What the—etc., etc., is he doing here?' And the tent came down."

Russell's plight on landing in the Crimea was a still more miserable one. Some officers gave him a bit of biscuit and a swallow of soup, and he spent his first night under a cart hearing the splash of the rain and the thunder of the surf:

The day before the battle of the Alma an officer rode up to him from a cluster of staff men, and said: "The general wants to know who you are and what you are doing here, sir," Russell explained. "I think you had better come and see the general yourself," said the aide. When Russell explained once more, there was again a volley of profanity. "What do you know about this kind of work and what will you do when we get into action?" And Russell replied: "Well, it is quite true I have very little acquaintance with the business, but I suspect there are a great many here with no more knowledge than myself." And the general laughed and accused the correspondent of being an Irishman.

Archibald Forbes, another great war correspondent, tells us of his difficulties even to secure a hearing from the editors of London. He had come from Paris during the siege. He had exclusive information, but he was unable to pass the official Times doorkeepers, who informed him that "the proper course is to write the article in the ordinary way, when the editor will have an opportunity of judging of its eligibility." But as a last resource he determined to try the *Daily News*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and the *Standard*, and to "toss" for choice:

All three papers are strange to him, except that the *Daily News* has once paid him ninepence for a paragraph. By the simple process of elimination known as "odd man out," the *Daily News* wins the toss, and to the *Daily News* in Bouverie Street goes Archibald Forbes with his "scoop."

He asks for "Mr. Robinson," having a casual recollection of having heard the name mentioned in connection with the daily. There is a "Mr. Robinson, a quiet-mannered man, with a high forehead, who looks steadily at him through spectacles as he speaks, and makes reply in these terms: 'Yes, that sounds very interesting and valuable. Will you oblige me by writing three columns on the subject, and will you consider five guineas a column adequate remuneration?'"

Forbes witnessed the surrender of the French emperor, but he was unable to overhear the conversation between Napoleon and Bismarck, which may almost be said to have been the genesis of the present war. It was Napoleon who suggested that the interview be held in the cottage of the weaver, Jacob de Liefde:

Two chairs were brought out in front of the cottage by the weaver living on the ground floor; the two men sat down facing the road . . . and the outdoor conversation which lasted nearly an hour began. Bismarck had covered himself in compliance with a gesture and a bow from the emperor. As they sat, the latter occasionally smiled faintly and made a remark, but plainly Bismarck was doing most of the talking, and that, too, energetically. From my position I could just hear the rough murmur of Bismarck's voice when he occasionally raised it; and then he would strengthen the emphasis by the gesture of bringing a finger of the left hand down on the palm of the right. The shabby-bearded weaver . . . was all the while overlooking the pair from a front window. After they had parted I asked the man what he had overheard. "Nothing," said he. "They spoke in German, of which I know but few words."

Forbes and Russell were the only correspondents who witnessed the formal entry of Paris by the German troops. Forbes was working for the *Daily News*, and it was said that he disguised himself as a fireman and so stole a ride on the special train that had been chartered by his rival, who represented the *Times*:

He witnessed the review at Longchamps and in the Champ Elysées he was addressed by the Crown Prince of Saxony at the head of his staff. The incident was noticed and a party of Frenchmen attacked him the instant he left the protection of the German troops. The police rescued him at

the point of the bayonet. But half of his greatcoat was torn from him and along with it had gone his notebook. That meant the loss of two columns of copy. In a twinkling the tragedy became comedy. Luck once more. Into the police station rushed a citizen with the missing notebook, calling loudly that here was the evidence that the reporter was a spy. Says Forbes: "His face was a study when in my gladness I offered him a reward."

The Commune was an even worse ordeal than the more legitimate battles that preceded it. Again and again the war correspondent was in danger of his life, both from the Revolutionists and the Versailles. After a strenuous night Forbes found his way to the Champs Elysées and ran the gauntlet of the field battery that was sweeping the street:

By devious paths Forbes made his way to the Palais Royal. Here barricades were being constructed of mattresses, furniture, cabs, and omnibuses. A soldier ordered Forbes to go to work or to stand up and be shot. He rectified the omission of an embrasure in the barricade, his work was approved, and he was allowed to depart. At the Boulevard Haussmann he found crowds of Communists on each side of the street and the Versailles in position a thousand yards away raining rifle bullets down the open space between the crowds. The Englishman ran across. A bullet passed through his coat-tail and perforated a tobacco pouch in the pocket. He purchased breakfast and wrote for two hours. Then as he headed for the Gare du Nord a bullet pierced his hat and a shell splinter whizzed by closely enough to blow aside his beard. The railway employee whom he hired to walk through the railway tunnel with a letter to deliver to a friend in St. Denis for forwarding, departed whistling cheerfully, but Forbes never saw or heard of him again.

When Forbes was once more summoned by the outbreak of the war between Russia and Turkey the trade of the correspondent was coming to its golden prime. Editors, publishers, and news gatherers were straining every nerve and inventing all manner of devices to get the news and to be first at the telegraph key. Both in the Old World and the New the great dailies resolved to put forward their utmost powers of organization for the speedy transmission of tidings:

And the men at the front were accorded facilities which rarely have been granted since. There was to be no field censorship; correspondents were put on honor "not to reveal impending movements, concentrations, and intentions." Otherwise they were permitted to write and send what they chose, but each had to send a file of his paper to headquarters, "and a polyglot officer was appointed to read all those newspapers and to be down upon the reporters if they transgressed what he considered fair comment." They then were warned, and in case of grave offense they were expelled. Each correspondent was numbered, and in addition at the outset they carried big brass badges on their arms. But the French notion of the fitness of things could not stand this method of designation, "so at the instance of the correspondents of that nationality there was instituted a more dainty style of brassard, with the double-headed eagle in silver lace on a yellow silk background." Each man's permit was written on the back of his photograph and the great seal of the headquarters was stamped upon the breast of the picture. At headquarters was kept a correspondents' album in which were placed duplicate photographs of the entire force of specials. Says Forbes: "When I last saw this book there were some eighty-two portraits in it; and I am bound to admit that it was not an overwhelming testimony to the good looks of the profession. I got, I remember, into several messes through having incautiously shaved off some hair from my chin which was there when the photograph was taken. . . . I had to cultivate a new imperial with all speed."

It fell to Forbes to report the fighting at the Shipka Pass. He started with four horses and three men, and dropped a horse and a man every twenty miles. Before daylight he began to hear the guns, and with the coming of the sun he found that his white cap was drawing the bullets. Telegraphing to his newspaper that night, he says:

It is six o'clock; there was a lull in the fighting of which the Russians could take no advantage, since the reserves were all engaged. The grimed, sun-blistered men were all beaten out with heat, fatigue, hunger, and thirst. There had been no cooking for three days, and there was no water within the Russian lines. The poor fellows lay panting on the bare ridge, reckless that it was swept by the Turkish rifle fire. Others doggedly fought on down among the rocks, forced to give ground, but doing so grimly and sourly. The cliffs and valleys send back the triumphant Turkish shouts of "Allah il Allah!"

Two Russian generals were on the peak with him and suddenly they clutched each other and pointed down the pass. There was an electric thrill of excitement even in the gesture:

The head of a long black column was plainly visible against the reddish-brown bed of the road. "Now God be thanked!" says Stoletoff solemnly. Both generals bare their heads. The troops spring to their feet. They descry the long black serpent coiling up the brown road. Through the green copses a glint of sunshine flashes, banishes the sombreness, and dances on the glittering bayonets.

Such a gust of Russian cheers whirled and eddied among the mountain gaps that the Turkish war cries are wholly drowned in the glad welcome which the Russian soldiers send to the comrades coming to help them.

The next task that awaited the adventurous Forbes was to report the Zulu war, and he was present at the discovery of the body of the French prince imperial, who had been surprised and killed by a body of Zulu warriors:

Melton Prior has told how he rode with Forbes and how, when a man raised his hand and signaled, Forbes called to him and was off at a gallop, being one of the very first to reach the body. It was covered from head to foot with assegai wounds. Says Forbes: "We found him lying on his back, stripped, his head so bent to the right that the cheek touched the sword, the right arm stretched out. His slayers had left a little gold chain which was clasped round his neck, and on which were strung a locket containing a miniature of his mother and another enclosing a relic. The relic was that fragment of the true cross which was given by Pope Leo the Third to Charlemagne on his coronation, and which dynasty after dynasty of French monarchs have since worn as a talisman."

The author gives us many capital stories of Frederic Villiers, described by James Creelman as "the most conscientious worker I have met during the nine years of my life passed as a war correspondent." Villiers also was in the Russo-Turkish war, and he and Forbes were befriended by General Ignatieff, who suggested that they should go and see the Russians "take a place called Plevna":

The general in charge of the left wing of the Russian army they found seated in the verandah of a small Bulgarian hut. On presenting their letter of introduction from the count the general smiled grimly, and said, "Gentlemen, it is well you brought this note; I feel compelled to allow you to remain; personally I should have requested you to leave the camp," and, while they looked wistfully at the servant's preparations for dinner upon a plank placed across two barrels, he added, "Gentlemen, I am about to take my dinner; good-evening." They could not miss his meaning and bowed themselves away. No food was to be had; in an empty shack they smoked themselves to sleep. It was a Russian count who had been a military attaché at the Court of St. James who had compassion on them, for late next day he approached and said in English:

"I know you must be without food. If this poor fare will be of service to you take it with pleasure." He produced a lump of dried meat and an onion from his pockets, and promised them later some bouillon at his tent.

Villiers went through the Soudan war, and saw Fuzzy Wuzzy break through the British squares. The night before battle he slept with his revolver under his head, sprawled out on the sand, and looking at the stars as they grew fainter and fainter. Of the breaking of the square he says:

How I got out of that fight I hardly know to this day. A great source of anxiety to me was my horse—an animal which was the only one I could procure at Suakin, and which had been condemned by the military authorities as unsound. He could stand on his four legs and move, it was true, so to me he was better than nothing; but in an unlooked-for emergency such as this, he gave me grave anxiety, for, not knowing his points, I was always speculating as to what the brute would do next as I struggled through the human débris of the broken square. Once or twice as I lay flat on his back urging the animal forward with my spurs, Arabs would leap out at me ready to strike with spears poised, but apparently refraining from risking a trust at one who was moving so swiftly. I fired my revolver at any dusky form I saw emerging from the smoke, but still the figures flittered. Regulation revolvers are not much use against the Fuzzy Wuzzy. He seems to swallow the bullets and come up smiling, like the proverbial conjuror. . . . If my horse had gone lame or played any circus tricks at that moment, a blanket and a narrow trench would have been my shroud and resting place that night.

The same fight is described by Bennet Burleigh, another famous correspondent, who not only recorded the incidents of a strenuous day, but himself took no small part in the fighting. He says he did what he could to encourage the soldiers to close up and to fire steadily at "that avalanche of fierce savages":

Still, on the enemy came, yelling and screaming with diabolic ferocity. The gaping wounds made by our almost explosive Martini-Henry bullets scarcely checked the savage in their wild career. It was only when the lead shattered the bone of a leg, or pierced heart or brain, that their mad onrush was stopped. I saw Arab after Arab, through whose bodies our bullets had plowed their way, charging down on the square, with the blood spouting in pulsating streams from them at every heart throb.

Others there were whose life-blood ebbed ere they reached our men, who fell within a pace or two of the soldiers. The last act of these warriors was invariably a despairing effort to hurl the weapon they carried at the moment in their hand—stick, spear, or sword—at their English foemen. A savage gleam shone in their faces, defiant, unrelenting, hating, as they gathered all strength to thus make their last blow at us. Who could but admire and applaud such dauntless bravery? Those of us privileged to witness it, and the awful spectacle of those five minutes, can never forget it, or cease to remember the grand, self-sacrificing courage of the brave Hadendowas.

Burleigh describes the final repulse of the savages, but only after a critical time when it seemed as though the whole square would be carried away and destroyed:

In the right corner of the square, or what once was a square, were now inextricably mixed men of the Sixty-Fifth, Blue-jackets, Marines, and a few Highlanders. It was not a rout, but a retreat; for our soldiers kept loading and firing, although there was no semblance at the time of an orderly military line; but in place thereof, facing and fighting the enemy, were an irregular body of men in rather open order on what was the west face of the square. Numerous mêlées occurred, where with fist and foot the soldiers mauled the savages. The Arabs threw themselves on our men, grasping their rifles, and in one instance actually tearing off a Highlander's kilt in the tussle.

For a brief interval it was the innings of Osman Digna's followers, and they rioted in cutting and slashing. Every soldier who stumbled or fell was done for, the enemy darting in squads for these unlucky ones, thrusting their spears into them. As they followed us closely up, they never missed an opportunity to drive their weapons into the body of any soldier lying on the ground who exhibited the slightest signs of life.

The author deals with many other correspondents who have left records of skill and bravery behind them. Among them are MacGahan, O'Donovan, the Vize-tells, Knight, Steevens, Churchill, Creelman, Kendall, Coffin and Smalley. Probably the profession of such men as these is now at an end forever, and it is therefore peculiarly fitting that we should have an account of their doings so accurate and so vivid.

FAMOUS WAR CORRESPONDENTS. By F. Lauriston Bullard. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2 net.

The Japanese battleship *Hizen*, of 12,700 tons, was the former Russian battleship *Retvisan*. The *Retvisan* was built at Cramp's shipyard in Philadelphia for Russia fifteen years ago, and was scuttled by the Russians when Port Arthur fell, but was raised, repaired, and renamed by the Japanese along with a number of other ships.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Mutiny of the Elsinore.

We are inclined to wonder if there are actually such had people as picture themselves to Mr. London's imagination. In this case he tells us frankly that the crew of the *Elsinore*, bound via Cape Horn to Seattle, are about as "rough" as a crew can be, and indeed they seem to be the very sweepings of hell. On the other side we have the Captain, a strange and rather weird figure whose seamanship is somewhat of the inspirational order, the Captain's beautiful daughter, and the single passenger who is supposed to tell the tale. And it need not be said that the passenger is of the male persuasion and that here we have the seeds of a very pretty romance. When a man is fighting for his sweetheart against a horde of devils he is likely to fight in a quite diverting way.

Mr. London's stories are seldom of the "pretty" variety. Often they contain elements of a subhuman brutality and of a hellish cruelty. These elements are fully to the front here, but the story is none the less a wholesome one, as are all Mr. London's yarns. Our over-civilized imaginations demand such corrections as these, and it is far better for us to read of blood and murder and sudden death than of the erotic and sickly fancies of a metropolis or the legitimized villainies of a stock exchange or a municipality. At the present time our sense of moral values, so far as fiction is concerned, is standing upon its head, but it would perhaps be easier to find a far more dangerous gang of ruffians in a novel by Theodor Dreiser, for example, than ever assembled upon the deck of the *Elsinore*. And it is because we dimly perceive this to be true that we welcome Mr. London's novels as wholesome although bloody.

THE MUTINY OF THE ELSINORE. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35.

Matthew Hargraves.

If we read Mr. Tallentyre's new hook as a sketch of social life in England during early Victorian days rather than as a novel we shall agree that it is a striking success and that the fictional element then becomes a distinct reinforcement. Matthew Hargraves is the son of a Greenwich innkeeper, and is therefore a man of the people. Living within a harrowed fence of caste he is as proud and as jealous of his prerogatives and rights as is the aristocrat above him or the city clerk beneath him. Caste in those days seems to have been a mere fact in nature like red hair

or a Roman nose, and it carried with it no assumptions of a precedence that was more than ceremonial. Hargraves is a typical representative of the middle class. Church and state are divine institutions, and humanity is divided into the two broad divisions of Englishmen and foreigners. Those were the days of Chartism and of the beginnings of Liberalism, and we are told that Hargraves grows silently red in the face when he contemplates these iniquities which seem to him the portents of national disaster.

But Hargraves is very much of a man, and even his cultivated stolidity and crass conservatism do not stifle a warmth of nature that brings him slowly to the distressing realization that his pretty young wife is a heartless and greedy snob, and that it would have been so much better for him to marry her cousin Patty. This may be said to be the turning point of the novel, so far as it is a novel, but the main interest of the book is in its depiction of a social system that existed well-nigh everywhere within the memories of our grandfather and that has now given place to something different. Mr. Tallentyre has written as delightful a book as is to be found among the publications of the day, a book that shows historical erudition, research, and imagination, a book that it would be a pity to miss.

MATTHEW HARGRAVES. By S. G. Tallentyre. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Drama.

Mr. Archibald Henderson's new hook on the drama concerns itself neither with individual plays nor with individual players. His object is rather to look upon the drama as the expression of a general movement in human consciousness and so to appraise its changes, contributions, and tendencies.

Into the course of an analytic work such as this there is no need here to enter except to say that it is marked by insight, discernment, and enthusiasm. We have chapters on the new criticism and the new ethics, on science, realism, naturalism, and technic. The drama of today, says the author, is showing a greater veracity, sincerity, and humanism. The humanizing influences of fraternal sympathy, of social pity and social justice are everywhere beginning to replace the pressure of more personal and selfish interests, and while the modern drama is finally losing its character as pure literature, the drama of the future promises to be, in the creative and constructive sense, a synthesis of all the arts. It will thus be seen that Mr. Henderson is distinctly hopeful. He speaks almost light-

heartedly of educating the public "by setting up sane, broad, normal standards of estimate and judgment." Already he sees the great forces that shall make of the drama a part of democratic government, "a great social institution potentially capable of ministering to the esthetic and recreative needs of a people."

THE CHANGING DRAMA. By Archibald Henderson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Heinrich von Treitschke has so far been known in this country only at second hand. The historian-philosopher, whose views on world politics and the Teutonic mission have gained such wide acceptance among Germans, has been extensively quoted by General Bernhardi and every other writer on the present conflict, but no English translations of his works have appeared on this side of the Atlantic. Book readers will welcome the announcement of the Frederick A. Stokes Company that the cream of Treitschke's important "Lectures on Politics" will be published before the end of the month at 75 cents.

Truly a remarkable achievement is the "Impressions Calendar for 1915," published by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, because of its beauty, the interest and charm of its contents, and the extremely moderate price of 50 cents at which it is sold. In the list of contributors are such writers of today as Rahindranath Tagore, Edward Carpenter, Fiona Macleod, William de Witt Hyde, and Henry Van Dyke. Tennyson, Browning, Shelley, Wordsworth, and Goethe are a few of the great names from the past. The calendar consists of fifty-four leaves, all of them embellished with delightful decorations from designs by Harold Sichel, printed in a great variety of harmonious combinations of exquisite color tones.

To meet the popular demand, a new edition of Von Bülow's "Imperial Germany" has just been issued by Dodd, Mead & Co. The new hook is priced at \$1.50 and contains in all respects the same material as the earlier, more expensive edition.

Brieux, author of "Damaged Goods," etc., has written an enthusiastic preface to a volume of "Four Plays of the Free Theatre," which the Stewart & Kidd Company are publishing. The four plays are "The Fossils," a play in four acts by Francois de Curel; "The Serenade," a bourgeois study in three acts, by Jean Jullien; "Françoise's Luck," a comedy in one act by Georges de Porto-Riche; "The Dupe," a comedy in five acts, by Georges Ancey. There is also a sonnet to Antoine by Edmond Rostand.

"S. F. B. Morse: Letters and Journals," one of the most important of the season's biographies, and "China Under the Empress Dowager," by J. O. P. Bland and Edmund Backhouse, were published by the Houghton Mifflin Company on November 18.

Henry Holt & Co. published on November 14 the following: Selma Lagerlöf's "The Legend of the Sacred Image," another of the author's Christ legends; Lily A. Long's "Raddisson," a poetic drama dealing with the two trappers who first penetrated the wilderness beyond Lake Superior; "Pelle the Conqueror: Apprenticeship," the second volume of Martin Anderson Nexø's tetralogy portraying the life of a great labor leader; Romain Rolland's "Musicians of Today"; Dorothy Canfield Fisher's "Mothers and Children"; "Charles Stewart Parnell: A Memoir of My Brother," by John Howard Parnell; and Theodore A. Cook's "The Curves of Life," an argument in favor of the spiral formation.

The Houghton Mifflin Company reports that Boulder, Colorado, has taken more copies of "The Clarion" in proportion to its size than any other city in the country.

The new edition of Professor Roland G. Usher's "Pan-Germanism," announced by the Houghton Mifflin Company for this fall, will not be ready until January.

It is exactly five years since the English translation of Sudermann's "The Song of Songs" established a new record for foreign novels in America. Now, after the lapse of half a decade, a free adaptation for the stage has been made by Edward Sheldon and is to be produced in New York very soon by Charles Frohman, who regards it as his most important production of the current year. The publisher of "The Song of Songs," B. W. Huebsch, says that the announcement of the play has greatly increased the sale of the novel, which is in its eighth large printing.

T. Lothrop Stoddard's latest book, "The French Revolution in San Domingo," was published on November 18 by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

Mrs. Taft, the first lady of the land for the four years of her husband's presidency, has written a most interesting and intimate account of her exceptionally prominent life, politically and socially. She writes fascinatingly of her travels and of her life in the

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Philippines, in Europe, and later as the mistress of the White House. Mrs. Taft opens her hook, "Recollection of Full Years" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), with an account of her early years in Cincinnati, her family's home, and Washington, where Mr. Taft was early called in his judicial career.

Repeated runs on "Behind the Veil at the Russian Court" having resulted in its being four times out of print, the John Lane Company are just issuing a new edition.

The Houghton Mifflin Company brought out the following hooks on November 11: "S. F. B. Morse: Letters and Journals" (two volumes), by Edward L. Morse; "Prints: A Brief Review of Their Technique and History," by Emil H. Richter; "The Eskimo Twins," by Lucy Fitch Perkins; "Shifting Sands," a novel by Mrs. Romilly Fedden, author of "The Spare Room"; "The Old Diller Place," by Winifred Kirkland; a new edition of "China Under the Empress Dowager," by J. O. P. Bland and Edmund Backhouse; and a new collection of poems by Clinton Scollard.

The Century Magazine announces among the articles dealing with the war in its December issue "Russia a Nation United by War," a picture of the remarkable changes wrought in the internal affairs of Russia, written by a well-known English author who was with a Russian officer during the recent mobilization of the Russian armies. "I do not think," says the writer, whose name for personal reasons will not be disclosed, "that it is yet realized outside Russia how good a turn Germany served the Russian government, and ultimately the Russian people, when she dictated Austria's note to Serbia and compelled Russia to make preparations for war." The second of Professor Edward Alsworth Ross's papers presenting conditions "South of Panama," entitled "Peru, the Roof of the Continent," will also appear in the December Century.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Briefer Reviews.

Among recent cookery books is "How to Cook and Why," by Elizabeth Condit and Jessie A. Long (Harper & Brothers; \$1 net). The authors refrain from the usually tiresome receipts, but content themselves with a series of practical talks on the subject of food and the general principles that should underlie its selection and cookery. It is intended mainly for girls of the high school age and for the average housekeeper.

Mr. Sahin manages to write a great many books without the slightest deterioration in his quality. The latest addition to his long shelf is "Scarface Ranch" (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50), in which two boys take up some government land and engage most successfully in cattle-raising on their own account. Mr. Sahin always gives the impression of knowing his subject and of feeling enthusiastic about it. "Scarface Ranch" belongs to a series, and those who read any of its parts are not likely to miss the remainder.

New Books Received.

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt. D., and A. R. Waller, M. A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Volume XI. The period of the French Revolution.

RAMBLES AROUND OLD BOSTON. By Edwin M. Bacon. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$3.50 net. With drawings by Lester G. Hornby.

WATER BABIES. By Charles Kingsley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 50 cents net. Issued in Tales for Children from Many Lands. Edited by F. C. Tilney.

THE SWORD OF ANTIETAM. By Joseph A. Altsheler. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30 net. A new volume in the Civil War Series.

THE BROTHER OF A HERO. By Ralph Henry Barbour. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35 net. A story for boys.

ENGLAND OF MY HEART. By Edward Hutton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.25 net.

A description of South England which the author will deal with in four volumes entitled

"Spring," "Summer," "Autumn," and "Winter." This first volume is "Spring."

TALES FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. Adapted by F. C. Tilney. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 50 cents net.

Issued in Tales for Children from Many Lands.

THE MERMAID AND OTHER FAIRY TALES. By Hans C. Andersen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 50 cents net.

Issued in Tales for Children from Many Lands.

PHILIP THE KING. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

A volume of poems.

THE ROMANCE OF THE BEAVER. By A. Radclyffe Dugmore, F. R. G. S., F. R. C. S. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.50 net.

Being the history of the beaver in the Western Hemisphere.

THE CUCKOO CLOCK. By Mrs. Molesworth. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net. Issued in Stories All Children Love Series.

THE LOWER AMAZON. By Algot Lange. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50 net.

A narrative of explorations in the little-known regions of the State of Para, on the Lower Amazon, with a record of archaeological excavations on Marajo Island at the mouth of the Amazon River, and observations on the general resources of the country.

THE TALE OF LAL. By Raymond Paton. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

OUR SENTIMENTAL GARDEN. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.75 net.

With illustrations in full color and black and white.

CLOUDESLEY TEMPEST. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

BY THE WATERS OF EGYPT. By Norma Lorimer. New York: Brentano's.

A re-issue of a book first published in 1909.

THE FINANCES OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK. By Yin Ch'u Ma, Ph. D. New York: Columbia University.

Issued in Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.

DESIGN IN LANDSCAPE GARDENING. By Ralph Rodney Root, B. S. A., M. L. A., and Charles

Fahiens Kelley, A. B. New York: The Century Company; \$2 net.

A general survey of the field of landscape architecture.

FRANCE HERSELF AGAIN. By Ernest Dimnet. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50 net.

A comparison of the demoralized France of 1870 with the united France of today.

THE STORY-LIFE OF NAPOLEON. By Wayne Whipple. New York: The Century Company; \$2.40 net.

Hundreds of short stories from the greatest variety of sources, reconciled and fitted together in a complete and continuous biography.

THE EGO BOOK. By Vance Thompson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

"A book of selfish ideals."

THE DRUMS OF THE 47TH. By Robert J. Burdette. Indianapolis: The Bohhs-Merrill Company; \$1 net.

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THE GERMAN ENIGMA. By Georges Bourdon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

An inquiry among Germans as to what they think, what they want, what they can do.

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NATURE IN MUSIC. By Lawrence Gilman. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

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THE WINNING OF THE FAR WEST. By Robert McNutt McElroy, Ph. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50.

A history of the regaining of Texas, of the Mexican War, of the Oregon Question, and of

the successive additions to the territory of the United States within the continent of America.

THE DAWN OF CHRISTIANITY. By Alfred W. Martin, A. M., S. T. B. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A series of lectures delivered to the Society for Ethical Culture.

ECONOMICS OF EFFICIENCY. By Norris A. Brisco, A. M., Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

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THE JEWEL OF THEIR SOULS. By Susan Taber. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25 net.

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STRANGE PLAYMATES. By Martha Strong Turner. New York: Duffield & Co.

For little children.

MOODS MYSTICAL AND OTHERWISE. By Anne Vyne Tillery. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

A volume of verse.

MUSE AND MINT. By Walter S. Percy. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A volume of verse.

THE HOUSE OF TOYS. By Henry Russell Miller. Indianapolis: Bohhs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE CONVULSUS. By Allen Norton. New York: Claire Marie; \$1.25 net.

A comedy in three acts.

TEMPLE TREASURES OF JAPAN. By Garrett Chatfield Pier. New York: Frederic Fairchild Sherman; \$2.50.

A study of Japanese art with 236 illustrations.

POEMS. By Clinton Scollard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

A volume of verse.

WHAT GERMANY WANTS. By Edmund von Mach. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1 net.

A reply to Bernabardi and Pan-Germanism.

THE CRYSTAL ROOD. By Mrs. Howard Gould. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

A story.

FATED OR FREE? By Preston William Slosson. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

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WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE.

A jolly, cosy, coherent little musical comedy is holding the boards at the Cort this week, with a troupe of pretty girls who know how to dance and to keep things lively, and that breezy, likable, attractive, good-looking youngster, Joseph Santley, to head the organization as a sort of male twinkler of next-to-the-first magnitude. Mr. Santley can dance, can't sing—although he tries to valiantly—and can cut the lightest of fleet-footed capers. There is a very good male and an equally good female comedian in the company. There is a dear little modest thrush for the "dream girl," and a light-heeled, high-kicking dancer for the secondary heroine. There is Philip Bartholomae of "Little Miss Brown" fame for a librettist, and a composer—Silvio Hein—who shows a marked talent for sweet, fluent, haunting melody. The whole entertainment breathes of youth and exuberant spirits. The fun is neither fast—from an objectionable standpoint—nor furious, but it is hearty, wholesome, and genuine, and immensely enjoyed by the audience, that is quite used to catching things on the fly but is not above relaxing occasionally and leaning luxuriously back listening with reposeful satisfaction to a sequential story that doesn't tax the guessing side of one's brains, and to a group of intelligible people who speak English instead of gabbling stage argot. For this, I should judge, we have to thank Mr. Bartholomae, who not only wrote the play, but staged it also.

A very effective tableau, revealed at the first rise of the curtain, puts the audience in an expectant attitude at the start. It represents the steerage deck of an Atlantic liner, and groups of steerage passengers are established in various clusters expressive of the passing intimacies of shipboard, chatting, flirting, sewing. The girls look charming in the dress and headgear of the European immigrants, and the speedy introduction of the attractive youth who acts as the hero of the piece sets the story agreeably in motion. The attempts at smuggling, half dramatic and half comic, interest and amuse, and the finale of the act gives the audience that pleasant shock of surprise and entertainment which turns their thoughts agreeably to the succeeding act.

This is located in the home of a New York millionaire, where preparations are in progress for a wedding rehearsal, due to the arrival from Europe—as a steerage passenger—of the son and heir of his millions. Lots of dancing, quantities of singing, ornate effects with garlanded and prettily costumed young people due to the wedding rehearsal do not interfere with the unfolding of the story, which, it should be added, will particularly appeal to the tastes of the male loud-laughter who loves girl-and-musical-comedy, and to the young-man-and-best-girl couples who love to laugh, to dance, and to make love, vicariously or otherwise. In this joyous second act appears a disturbing element, an inconveniently plain and rustic cousin who has a claim on the bridegroom—due because of ante-natal agreements between obsessedly friendly parents.

The third act shows that parents, in America at least, haven't got the say as to the marital disposition of their children, but that is merely a side issue, the act being given over largely to show the dancing prowess of the company, which is above the ordinary. It is evident that there are many extra salaries paid to various members of the company, for one couple after the other caracoles gayly forth and does a dancing stunt equal in merit to separate acts of the kind that are so frequent on vaudeville programmes.

Miss Catherine Rowe Palmer is the means of introducing a lot of comedy in the play, this actress being a thorough-going comedienne of the species that is often wanted in musical comedy, but not any too easy to get. Miss Palmer has an excellent get-up, and is a fine grotesque dancer. Every effect she aimed at she secured, and her hearty, spontaneous work gained an equally hearty response from the audience.

Mr. Edward Hume, the principal male comedian, made a big hit as the suspicious detective, being the kind of comedian who gains his results quietly, yet merrily. A quiet comedian who can keep an audience in stitches always shows himself possessed of brains.

All of the minor rôles were well filled by the either of experience or youthful at-

tractiveness. Miss Ruth Randall is a dancer of thistle-down lightness and youthful resilience, and the precision of the high kicks made by her elastic young legs showed that the young lady leaves nothing to chance. Indeed there is every evidence that there is an exacting head to the company—no doubt Mr. Bartholomae—who allows no shirker on the premises, for the least of the chorus did well in the various dances. It seemed dance more than sing throughout the play, because they danced so well. Yet there are seventeen lyrics in the piece, the majority of them very pretty. However, when the piece is ended one realizes that much of the action had transpired through a mist of sweet music.

Saranoff, the violinist, contributed his quota, and indeed rendered valuable service during the execution of the waltz song that beat its meltingly sweet measures in our ears throughout the play. I am afraid that without Saranoff's bowing Mr. Santley's vocal deficiencies might have been more patent during the dream song of the first act, but the youngster sang on valiantly, and while his voice does not entrance, neither does it offend. What he needs is to have singing masters to give it as much training as has been bestowed upon his nimble heels.

Miss Migron McGibeny, the pretty little thrush before mentioned, has a sweet little linnet note that melts agreeably upon one's receptive tympanum, and looked delightfully babyish while Kean puzzled conscientiously over the mysterious back hooks of her recalcitrant gown. I think, though, that during the dream vision her hat and coat ought to have been removed, for they didn't match with the dream.

There are several specialties introduced into the piece—"come along to the movies" for one—and it is, after all, just a musical comedy, but it is a musical comedy with a slight difference, due to a nice little story, indebted to particularly sweet music, and agreeably pervaded with the presence of nice-looking youngsters of both sexes, one of whom, by the way, the youth with the accurately waved blond hair, looks so much like Joseph Santley that in chasing one's eye around the stage to identify them one couldn't help but think that some one should write a modernized "Two Dromios" for them.

"MARTHA-BY-THE-DAY."

With "Martha-by-the-Day" May Robson has landed on her feet. It is a comedy of optimism; not a propaganda, but just a delightfully humorous portrait of an Irish charwoman who is an optimist by instinct and who, when confronted by gloomy possibilities, such as stale eggs in the family dinner dish, vigorously persuades herself that her olfactories, and not the eggs, have played her false.

The play contains three acts, the first revealing the bumble domestic interior of the Slawsons, and showing Martha, returned from her day's scrubbing, energetically attacking the preparation of the evening meal, the details of which the audience scrutinize with scientific interest. They were taking snapshots in the home of poverty. For Martha the scrub woman had just one dollar and thirteen cents in her pocket, the family fortune, Sam Slawson, the husband, being out of a job and down on his luck, while the children were all hungry mouths and unappeased demands.

Sounds dismal, you say? Not at all, for Martha was there, Martha with her gay Irish heart, her vigorous health, her unfailing repartee, and her unconquerably cheerful survey of the silver side of the cloud. The character suits May Robson to a T. Better, decidedly better, than that of "Aunt Mary," whose rejuvenation was attended by stagy features. There is nothing really stagy about Martha at all; or if there is, May Robson contrives to eliminate it and convince the onlooker that Martha is fresh from nature's mint. At any rate the humor attached to the character bubbles out unfailingly, like the waters of a spring. Martha is on the scene almost every moment of the time, very much to the satisfaction of the audience, who thoroughly enter into little Francie's feelings when she says, "It doesn't seem right when mother isn't home." Not but that all stage details are well attended to and the company, consisting principally of young and inexperienced players, is splendidly coached. The play is staged under the direction of Frank Reicher, but whether to him or to Roy Ardmore, the stage manager, is due compliments for the very natural standard which has been set before these young people, I do not really know. Collectively they make an extremely agreeable impression, because of their natural and never over-emphasized acting. So this humble picture of the Slawson ménage, full of homely detail and brightened by the presence of Martha, the domestic sun, who can make cheerful jokes over a thin purse, is extremely enjoyable, being very realistic, but entertainingly so.

In the second act the failing health of Slawson, pere having necessitated the removal of

the family to the country, we find them attached, apparently *en famille*, to the service of Frank Ronald, a cheerful millionaire who as an occasional employer has known and enjoyed Martha's rollicking Irish humor in New York. The scenes of the second act pass in the "trellis room" of Mr. Ronald's splendid country mansion. But don't imagine for a moment that Martha and her family brood are not very much in evidence. The "trellis room" seems to be a sort of living apartment; and through its luxurious precincts Martha, attended by various members of her family, roams as freely as if it were her native province. She has shed her blue gingham and wears the black and white of a family retainer. Occasionally she straightens an object on the table or picks it up and puts it down again. Gone are her homely kitchen occupations, but Martha makes up for that by keeping a vigilant eye on the comings and goings of the Ronald household.

The author of the play, who, by the way, is Julie M. Lippman, and who has dramatized one of her own books in accomplishing "Martha-by-the-Day," has frankly hoisted in old-fashioned romantic melodrama as a lever upon which to move Martha and her humble affairs, but she has done it so entertainingly as to disarm criticism. For, whether it is a rifed money-drawer, or an incriminating letter, or a returned convict, or a secret drawer, or a double life, or a governess-and-millionaire love affair, Martha is always there to lend a vigorous hand, a kind heart, a cheerful point of view, and some Irish wit and humor to straighten things out. Besides there are numerous little incidents that dovetail, or that pretend to, very entertainingly in the general scheme of things, and which show no small ingenuity on the part of the author, who is mentioned by the press agent as a tyro in play-writing. The dress-purchasing and dish-washing incident concerning Cora, Martha's eldest, for instance; we really thought that Martha would be hard put there to invoke the silver lining. Suddenly it came of itself, and of a particularly cheering brightness, too, and the audience heaved a concerted sigh of sympathetic satisfaction. The secret drawer, the guilt-loaded letter, its drowned and later its rehabilitated state, and finally spectacular disappearance, all this, in conjunction with the rescue of Flicker, the mongrel, from the well, which we might have taken in semi-jocular spirit in actual melodrama, were ingeniously blended with numerous Marthaisms, and added to the general sum of an amusing and entertaining total. In fact, the play is romantic melodrama sandwiched between deliciously toothsome buttered-toast comedy. It belongs to the same dramatic family as "Mary Jane's Pa" or "The Fortune Hunter," if one can really classify these delightful vagrants of the acted drama that are generally woven around a special personality.

May Robson supplies the personality in full measure. She is as good to have around as May Irwin. She has the personality, plus the acting ability, plus the humor, plus a fine brogue, plus a good, ringing voice that never goes back on her. She never strikes a false note and infallibly tickles the risibles of the audience with everything she does, whether it is to laboriously read aloud an extract from "Sweet Sibyl of the Sweatshop," to energetically caress the mildly remonstrant Flicker, or to hotly champion the cause of a rebuked child against the adored but for the moment reprobated father of the family.

The senior members of the company are, presumably, responsible for their own merits. They consist of Emily Lorraine, who is the

realist of real old withered up Irish biddies, with a perfect brogue and the naturally lugubrious and instrument-in-the-hands-of-providence air of an old grandam whose life is dedicated to the fireside and rheumatism, except when she indulges in surreptitious telephone eavesdropping. Edwin Brandt gives a really excellent, effectively quiet, and therefore just so much more convincing personation of the returned convict, and Langdon Gillet, as the good-hearted millionaire, exhibits a talent for genuine-appearing smiles and laughter as cheerful as Martha's disposition. Coates Gwynne seemed rather over-refined in speech for the husband of a scrub-woman who was obliged to read cautiously and with the brake on, but in the first act his subdued entry and dejected silence in the midst of Martha's loud-voiced allayings of the troublous waves upon which rode the family bark gave an admirably real effect to the suggestion of underlying trouble.

The two Slawson girls and the boarder and a stray young lady in the play are all impersonated by immature players who have been so well trained that they contribute considerably to reality of effect and to the pleasure of the audience.

But it is to May Robson that we are largely indebted; May Robson, who is dowered with that natural attraction of genuineness which, reinforced by her abilities as a hubbly-spontaneous comedienne, is one of the most convincing testimonials as to the inability of the moving-picture play ever to supplant the acted drama, in which voice, and personality, and the honest play of character form so large a part.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

In spite of talk of hard times, in spite, too, of the unusually large expenditures for charity by San Franciscans, the attendance at the Symphony concerts is truly surprising. On Friday, the 20th, the house was sold out, and quite a number of people stood to hear the Wagnerian music which composed the programme.

Wagnerian music is much admired by San Franciscans, and the audience evinced more than usual enthusiasm in its applause. There were no vocal numbers at this concert, but they were not missed, for in spite of the adherence to the works of one composer, the programme was varied, brilliant, and intensely enjoyed.

Again the smooth and finished effect of the musicians' ensemble work was commented on, the strings in particular distinguishing themselves in the silvery Grail motives of the "Lohengrin" selection, and still more during those whirling measures which represent the maleficent influence of the forces of evil, both in "The Flying Dutchman" overture and the "Tannhauser" bacchanale. The Valkyrie number, always exciting, stirred the audience to an intensity of response which is perhaps scarcely *en règle* in a symphony concert proper, and in fact the general attitude of auditors made it quite plain that the departure from a genuine symphony programme was, with such a programme and one so brilliantly rendered, welcomed.

MARCELLA CRAFT'S RECITAL.

Miss Marcella Craft, who had already made a favorable impression at the second symphony concert of the season, gave an interesting song recital on Sunday, the 22d, revealing more of herself, her methods, and her vocal abilities than had been possible on the oc-

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casion of her earlier appearance. Miss Craft belongs to that type of singer so acceptable to European tastes that accomplishes brilliant vocal effects more by the employment of a delicate and discreetly exercised art than by the exhibition of a spectacularly great endowment. Her voice, which harmonizes with her appearance, is sweet, pure, flexible, and almost light. Indeed in the more dramatic passages a muscular effort in developing full power is almost too patent. Sometimes one detects too much breath in her tones, more particularly when they are expressing climactic emotion. This effort was noticeable, too, in the sustained solemn strain of "Exaltation." The sentiment, however, was admirably conveyed, and when the "Butterfly" selections were rendered, the listener realized what he had previously suspected, that a conventional song recital does not allow this singer of dramatic leanings the natural vent for her gifts. Every little deed and act while she is before the public shows that Miss Craft requires dramatic expression as an adequate unloading of her personality. That, too, in spite of the fact that she looks American; for there is something in the prose and matter-of-factness of American life that is not favorable to dramatic expression. Miss Craft lets herself go in pose, in gesture, and in facial expression. She is a small woman, not holding in reserve under her chest the big, natural music-hox that the greater singers possess. She nestles her delicate, little body in the hollow curve of the grand piano, extends her arms along its surface in a graceful—almost too palpably arranged—pose, and when she sang the "Butterfly" group she acted them as well. Both in this group of songs and in "The Secret of Suzanne" Miss Craft displayed the fervor, the abandon, and, simultaneously, the ability to color delicately her tones with a variety of shadings that marks the opera singer of instinct as well as training. Miss Craft sings in several languages, and translations of her songs appeared on the programme, but wasn't it a had joke on the audience and rather unfair to the singer that insufficient light was supplied by which to read these translations?

Mr. Uda Waldrop, who acted as accompanist, again demonstrated by the delicacy and sympathetic charm of his execution that he shines particularly as an accompanist of a woman vocalist.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The gift to the Harvard College Library of the original manuscript of "America," written by the Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D. D., has just been announced. Dr. Smith's son, the Rev. Dr. Daniel A. W. Smith, president of the Karen Theological Seminary at Insein, Burma, tendered the gift.

"Safety First"

For nearly a year the Pacific Gas and Electric Company has been carrying on a "Safety First" campaign. It has installed innumerable safety devices and has eliminated such sources of danger as have been made known to the management. It intends to continue to install safety devices and remove sources of danger, no matter what the cost, but it realizes that these are but steps in the direction of effective safety work.

For the purpose of insuring the co-operation of the company's workmen, perhaps the most important step in the direction indicated, safety committees have been organized in every district, with a central safety committee to whom it is their business to report.

No two members of a sub-committee are taken from the same line of work, and all employees, including office and warehouse men, are eligible for service. It is desired that each committee shall at all times be representative of as many different lines of employment as possible.

Each district or department committee is required to make safety inspections in its district or department; to recommend safeguards, rules of safety, and safe working methods; to investigate accidents, and to render written reports on forms provided for the purpose.

Each committee is to investigate and report upon all accidents called to its attention by the district manager or department superintendent or by the central safety committee.

Each committee is to make a detailed report at least once a month. Its report must show what investigations and recommendations were made during the month and what safety suggestions were made to the committee or originated with the committee or any of its members. All reports are to be made in duplicate, the original to go to the district manager or department superintendent and the duplicate to the central safety committee.

Each committee has power to report to the proper foreman or superintendent any careless workman or any careless or dangerous method of work coming to the notice of any of its members. Reports so made and the action taken thereon shall be reported in the monthly report to the district manager and to the central safety committee.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Columbia Continues "Martha-by-the-Day."

May Robson's adaptability for the portrayal of just such a type of character as Martha in Julie M. Lippman's comedy, "Martha-by-the-Day," has been fully displayed during the past week at the Columbia Theatre. The comedy promises to prove for May Robson even a more lasting success than did her former play, "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary."

In the present vehicle Miss Robson plays the rôle of a charwoman with a cheerful, philosophical, sunlit character. Her charm of character permeates the play from first to last, and the audiences during the past week have voted "Martha-by-the-Day" one of the most delightful attractions of the season.

The second and last week of the engagement begins Monday night, November 30. There will be matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Last Week of "When Dreams Come True."

Joseph Santley, the youthful and talented young star of the musical comedy, "When Dreams Come True," will begin his second and last week at the Cort Theatre Sunday evening, closing what has been one of the most enjoyable light musical entertainments of the local stage.

This young star is in many respects an unique figure in present-day musical comedy. His dancing is an art, and he seems to approach his task with due respect to that art, never for a moment degrading it, or allowing it to become commonplace. This same high regard for the clean and wholesome permeates the entire performance of "When Dreams Come True," the attraction living up to its advance heralds—"cleanliness, youth, and wholesome romance." It is all three in one. It fairly radiates youth, the stage being peopled at all times by boys and girls who are the very spirit of juvenile enthusiasm and wholesome fun.

Mr. Santley's supporting company is of exceptional strength. From the principals to the chorus there is rare ability made evident from time to time, especial credit being due to the work of Cathryn Rowe Palmer, Ruth Randall, Edward Hume, Mignon McGibeny, and Saranoff, the latter a violinist who adds materially to the enjoyment of the play.

During Mr. Santley's farewell week there will be a matinee Wednesday and Saturday, the former at popular prices.

LeRoy, Talma, and Bosco, the great magicians, come to the Cort on Sunday, December 6.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces another great new show for next week.

Dorothy Toye, the phenomenal double-voiced singer, will be the headline attraction. Miss Toye, who sings both tenor and soprano, comes direct from the Palace Theatre, New York, where she proved one of the greatest sensations of the present vaudeville season.

Charlie Howard, with the assistance of Bobbie Watson and Dorothy Hayden, will present a singing, talking, and dancing mélange, called "A Happy Combination." Miss Hayden is a very pretty girl who tangles and trots exceptionally well. Charlie Howard is a comedian of fine ability and humor, who made one of his greatest hits with Ward Vokes, and Bobbie Watson, who proves a capital foil to him, is the possessor of an excellent baritone voice.

Sascha Piatov and Kitty Glaser will combine the gracefulness of the modern dances with the difficult whirlwind dances of Russia. The combination is an unusual one, for the girl is a subject of King George and the man owes his allegiance to the Czar of Russia.

Charles Cartmell and Laura Harris, who have just returned from abroad, where they were successful, will present an entirely original offering of exclusive songs and dances.

Elida Morris, fortunate in the possession of youth, beauty, and talent, will furnish an appealing number in which she cleverly introduces a variety of recent song hits and some clever dancing.

Next week will be the last of Trovato, the eccentric violinist; the Three Travillas and their Diving Seals, and also of "The Red Heads," in which James B. Carson and a big company of beautiful red-headed girls are causing quite a sensation.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre

Direct from a continental tour, Annie Abbott, widely known as "the Little Georgia Magnet," has been engaged by Alexander Pantages for a tour of the Coast cities, opening at the Pantages Theatre on Sunday afternoon. Miss Abbott is a little woman, weighing one hundred and fifteen pounds, but her prowess rivals the strength of Hercules or Sampson. One of her feats is a test that baffled the modern strong man, Sandow, before royalty several years ago. Ten men attempt at various times to lift the woman, and when Miss Abbott exerts her power it is absolutely impossible to budge her one inch. She also trans-

mits this mysterious power to others, and little children, when in contact with her, receive the same force. She has defied in her gentle and persuasive way many of the most powerful athletes of modern times. Learned doctors, scientists, and students of the occult have assembled at the performances and watched the little woman in perplexed astonishment. Before she left for this country while en tour Miss Abbott appeared by royal command at Sandringham Castle and displayed her act for King George and the royal family.

The added attraction on the bill is Walter Terry and his ten "Fiji Girls" in a rollicking, breezy musical tab called "Cannibal Isle." Terry is a nimble-footed comedian who has been a great favorite in musical comedy circles, and his support is far above the average.

One of the fastest and most sensational juggling acts that has ever played the circuit is that of the Five Mowatts, whose specialty is club-tossing with a speed that has never been rivaled in vaudeville.

The "Two Kerns" have an acrobatic number entitled "After the Fair."

The "La Touraine Four" are harmony singers with splendid wardrobe.

Dick Gardner and Anna Revere have a jolly little skit termed "A True Variety Act."

Moyden, the "Musical Magician," with a couple of reels of comedy, will round out the bill.

The Ruth St. Denis Engagement.

Manager Will Greenbaum, who is responsible for such exquisite dancing performances as those of Pavlowa, Adeline Gence, and Maud Allan, announces that he has secured Ruth St. Denis and her company of Hindu actors and musicians, assisted by Edmond Shawn, "the American Mordkin," a classic dancer of unusual qualities; Hilda Beyer, of the Berlin Royal Opera; Miss Evan Burrows-Fontaine, a decorative classic dancer; M. Renee, character dancer, and others for a special engagement of six nights and two afternoons at the Alcazar Theatre, commencing Monday night, December 7. A magnificent concert orchestra under the baton of the composer-conductor, M. Edmond Roth, will assist, and the costuming, scenery, light effects, etc., will be most artistic and beautiful. Mr. Greenbaum promises that the productions will be as fine as any ever seen in this city, having all been prepared for an extensive European tour, which was canceled on account of the war.

The programme will include Miss St. Denis's wonderful interpretation of "The Snake Charming," the Indian romance of "The Peacock," in which the story tells of a princess who on account of her excessive vanity was doomed to assume the shape of a peacock after death; the charming idyll, "In Old Japan," and the Indian legendary dances, "Rhada." A novelty will be an Oriental dance play, "Oureida," a romance of the desert.

Mr. Shawn will give some special numbers, one of which is the "Indian Dagger Dance" music from the Herbert-Redding opera, "Natomia"; and Miss Burrows-Fontaine will offer some gems in classic dancing quite original in character and conception. There will also be some beautiful combination divertissements by Misses Beyer, Evans, Burrows-Fontaine, and Mr. Shawn.

One part of the programme will be devoted to modern dances, the artists interpreting the "Hesitation Waltz," "Brazilian Maxixe," "The Pierrot and the Butterfly," "The Little Quaker Girl's Awakening," the "St. Denis Mazurka," and other novelties.

The sale of seats will open Wednesday, December 3, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and the Alcazar. Mail orders will receive careful attention if addressed to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

The matinees will be Thursday and Saturday afternoons.

David Warfield Coming in "The Auctioneer."

David Belasco will present David Warfield at the Columbia Theatre in a revival of the great success, "The Auctioneer," a comedy of character by Lee Arthur and Charles Klein. The occasion will give local theatre-goers an opportunity to witness the newer and bigger phase of Mr. Warfield's art. The reputation which Mr. Warfield has won through his artistic portrayals of Herr von Barwig in "The Music Master" and Peter Grimm in "The Return of Peter Grimm" seems to have heightened the public's desire to again see him in the first of his great character creations, that of Simon Levi in "The Auctioneer." Mail orders are now being received. The advance sale of seats begins Thursday, December 3.

There will be no Sunday night performances during either the May Robson or David Warfield engagements at the Columbia Theatre. Matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

"The Yellow Ticket" has been booked by the management of the Columbia Theatre and will be seen for two weeks, opening late in De-

cember. "The Yellow Ticket" treats of life in modern Russia and it is said that Mr. Morton has not hesitated to dip his pen in acid for the purpose of searing some unwholesome phases of life in the Czar's domain.

The San Francisco Quintet Club is rehearsing daily for its second concert on Sunday afternoon, December 20. The programme will consist of works by Haydn, Beethoven, and Cesar Franck.

The remarkable collection of sculptures by Monsieus Rodin, now at the South Kensington Museum, has been presented by Monsieus Rodin to the British nation.

AMUSEMENTS



ARRIGO SERATO
The Italian Violinist
Columbia Theatre
Sunday Dec. 6, at 2:30
(Benefit Vittoria Colonna Charities)
and
Sunday, Dec. 13, at 2:30
Tickets \$2, \$1.50, \$1, ready next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase and Columbia.
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RUTH St. DENIS
The World Famous Dancer
Assisted by TED SHAWN, and a complete company of dancers and a Grand Orchestra. Gorgeous scenery and appointments.
ALCAZAR THEATRE
SIX NIGHTS
Commencing Monday, Dec. 7
Two Mats.—Thursday and Saturday
Prices—Orchestra, \$2, \$1.50. Balcony, \$1.50, \$1. 50c.
MAIL ORDERS NOW TO WILL L. GREENBAUM, care Sherman, Clay & Co., corner Sutter and Kearny
Coming—JOHN McCORMACK.

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Between Stockton and Powell
Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
Week Beginning this Sunday Afternoon
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MARVELOUS VAUDEVILLE
DOROTHY TOYE, the Girl with Two Grand Opera Voices, Soprano and Tenor; CHARLIE HOWARD, with Bobbie Watson and Dorothy Hayden, in "A Happy Combination"; SASCHA PIATOV and KITTY GLASER, Sensational Modern and Whirlwind Dancers; CHARLES CARTMELL and LAURA HARRIS, in Exclusive Songs and Dances; ELIDA MORRIS, Singing Comedienne; TROVATO, the Eccentric Violinist; DIVING SEALS, presented by Three Travilla Brothers; Last Week, Immense Hit, "THE RED HEADS," with JAMES B. CARSON and a Bevy of Beautiful Girls.
Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

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Geary and Mason Sts. Phone Franklin 150
Second and Last Week, Beg. Monday, Nov. 30
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays
Both matinees at "Pop" prices, 25c to \$1.
Evenings, Sundays excepted, 25c to \$1.50.
The Attraction of Good Cheer
MAY ROBSON
In Julie M. Lippman's Comedy
MARTHA-BY-THE-DAY
Based on the popular "Martha" books.
Monday, Dec. 7—DAVID WARFIELD in "The Auctioneer." Seats Thursday, Dec. 3.

CORT Leading Theatre
ELLIS AND MARKET
Phone Sutter 2460
2d and Last Week Starts Sun. Night, Nov. 29
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays
America's Youngest Star
JOSEPH SANTLEY
In the Musical Comedy of Youth
"WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE"
A Carnival of Dancing That Breathes the Very Breath of Broadway
Nights and Sat. mat., 50c to \$1.50. BEST SEATS \$1.00 AT WED. MAT.
Next—Com. Sun., Dec. 6, LeRoy, Talma, and Bosco and Their 50 Magicians.

PANTAGES MARKET STREET
Opposite Mason
ANNIE ABBOTT, "the Little Georgia Magnet," whose Herculean Strength Baffles the Most Powerful Athletes; WALTER TERRY and His Ten Fiji Girls in the Musical Tab, "Cannibal Isle"; THE FIVE MOWATTS, Club-Swingers and Tossers; THE TWO KERNS, Acrobats, in "After the Fair"; THE LA TOURAINE FOUR, Harmony Singers; DICK GARDNER and ANNA REVERE, in "A True Variety Act"; MOYER, the Musical Magician; and Two Reels of Comedy Films.

VANITY FAIR.

It would be interesting if some competent feminist—presumably there are such—would attempt for us, and from the feminist standpoint, a critical estimate of the Queen of the Belgians. Now just at present the Queen of the Belgians is probably the most popular woman alive, just as her husband by general agreement is the most arresting and magnificent figure upon the human stage. We are told that the queen refuses to seek safety, that she remains by choice in the open camp, that she visits the trenches, that she may often be seen caked with mud, and even with blood, acquired in her efforts to enhearten the soldiers and to stimulate them to the defense of their country. Curiously enough, it is the feminists themselves who are already asking us to look upon the Queen of the Belgians as an example of womanly capacities and as a proof of woman's rightful place in the world. And upon this single occasion we propose to obey the feminist mandate, but without thereby creating a precedent.

But how comes it that the Queen of the Belgians is playing this splendid rôle, and how comes it that the feminists are applauding her for doing so? For it does not seem that the queen is doing any of the things that the feminists would tell her that she ought to do. She is not demanding the "self expression" that is now supposed to be the highest duty of a woman and that is usually sought by means of a brutal invasion of the rights of others. She is not "living her own life," or "finding her own soul," or practicing any of those forms of a crude and savage selfishness that are now being dignified into a religion. The Queen of the Belgians has found her glory because she has shown herself to be in very truth the wife of her husband, and not because she has erected her own personality as a sort of ferocious totem pole for her own worship and adoration. The Queen of the Belgians is a German, a Bavarian princess. But for the fact that she married a Belgian she would doubtless now be singing the "Wacht am Rhein" and doing all the other things that the patriot women of Germany are doing, and creditably doing. She has taken her loyalties, her enthusiasms, and her patriotisms from her husband. Her love for him is the mirror through which she sees the world. What can the feminists find here to encourage them? Why do they cackle their approval of conduct that they ought to denounce as disgraceful? The queen should have thought only of her own convictions. She should have spurned, preferably with insolence, every suggestion of marital influence. She should have demanded to "live her own life" and to "express her own soul." It is true that in such a case she would have passed unnoticed among all the other snapping shrews of the day. But what of that?

Evidently the great, blind, stupid world still needs winning to the feminist ideal, as otherwise it could never have applause for the poor, abject woman who gets her loyalties and her ideals from her husband. The world seems still to give the indifference of its contempt to the woman who forgets her sex in the hysteria of independence. Its worship is still for her who translates in her own married life those immortally tender words of Ruth to Naomi, "Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God. Where thou goest I will go, and where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried." It seems too bad to recall these old ideals at a time when the soul of woman is so busy finding out the better way of aggressiveness and noise and blatant vulgarity. But when feminists begin to talk about the Queen of the Belgians it is time that some one should ask them to stop and think, difficult as they may find it to do either the one or the other.

Mr. Herbert Corey in the New York *Globe* has something interesting to say about the court of Holland and Queen Wilhelmina, who is at the head of it. Wilhelmina is Dutch, and, as a matter of course, loyal to her country. But the Dutch felt that her German husband had persuaded her that the best interests of Holland could be served by preserving a certain friendliness for Germany. The story goes that she urged that point of view in certain cabinet meetings. The Dutch counsellors heard her gravely. Then:

"The people," said these unroyalist cabinet members, "have intrusted us with the duty of directing the course of Holland. Your majesty will remember?"

She did. For a time she made her consort remember, too. She plunged herself into good works, and won a popularity she had previously lacked by her attention to the soldiers and their needs. The prince consort did likewise, and said nothing. It was an unpleasant position for a pair that rule by divine right, but they couldn't help themselves. Wilhelmina has held to this attitude. But the consort is in trouble.

German officers began to be interned in Holland. Many of them were friends of the prince consort. He began to pay visits to

their camps. He shook hands with them, and was on the most obvious terms of good-fellowships. At the same time officers of the Dutch army have been enjoined not to enter upon friendly relations with interned officers of any nation whatever. They are directed to preserve the most absolute neutrality of conduct.

"Your majesty will remember in the future," said the cabinet to the consort, "that you will not visit the camps of the interned German officers."

That Mecklenburg-Schwerin blood flamed up. After all, these were commoners.

"I shall not submit to this dictation," said he.

The counsellors looked at Wilhelmina, Wilhelmina looked interested.

"We shall strip you of your uniform," said the cabinet, after a painful pause. "And we shall confine you to your quarters."

It was no inspiration of the moment. That plan had been thought out before the consort was called down. The Mecklenburg-Schwerin blood cooled. In the end a compromise was reached. For very obvious reasons of state he is still permitted to wear his uniform, but he isn't visiting any more camps of the interned. Now and then he reviews a Dutch regiment, but to all intents and purposes he is confined to quarters. He leaves the inclosure of the royal palaces only when he gets leave.

It is to be hoped that men will not be tempted to imitate the amenities of political life as those amenities are now being displayed by the gentle but undeniably virulent sex. It seems that there is something like a battle royal now raging between Mrs. Dodge, who is an anti-suffragist, and Mrs. Dr. Anna Shaw, whom we all know and love for her taking little ways. Mrs. Dodge complains that her opponent does not fight fair, and that instead of refuting Mrs. Dodge's arguments she resorts to personal abuse. Heaven forbid that we should attempt to determine the matter, but if the reports are accurate it would indeed seem that Dr. Shaw has momentarily departed from the suavities that we should like to associate with the political work of women and that she has allowed herself to adopt the manners and customs of the fishwife. Now it may be that Mrs. Dodge has fallen into some of the errors of mortal mind in her opposition to the suffrage. That is a highly debatable point, and one that we should like to hear discussed, but when Dr. Shaw suggests that Mrs. Dodge is also a sort of white slaver and that she has entered into an unholy alliance with the drink trade, we feel that the discussion has passed beyond the limits of that academic sobriety that we were so confidently promised when women first claimed the right to tell us legislatively what we must henceforth refrain from doing. Mrs. Shaw reminds us somewhat of the London costermonger who was heard to say of a friend that "she told me I wasn't no lady and in about 'alf a minute I 'ad 'er 'ead in the gutter." Which was of course an absolutely conclusive rebuttal. A circular was issued about another anti-suffragist lecturer to the effect that she was "the daughter of a brothel keeper in San Francisco," whereas the incriminated lecturer was a native of quite a different state. Elsewhere Dr. Anna Shaw, the gentle creature, said "all anti-suffragists are not in the vice combine, but all vice combines are anti-suffragists," and this is not even original, but only rude. There is a lot more of the same kind of thing that we are unwilling to reprint lest it have a deteriorating effect upon men, who are already sadly prone to imitate bad manners. It is all very well for women to bandy these gentle personalities in the seclusion of the club house and the political committees, but they ought to remember their responsibilities to male disputants and so refrain from setting a bad example to those who have been taught to look up to them. What should we think if we heard men arguing in this way?

At the President's first call for troops, militiamen took the field with ardor. All they asked was to be shown the enemy.

But the casualties of the ensuing campaign were appalling. The resources of the Red Cross were pitifully inadequate. At times half the combatants were seriously if not mortally freckled.

Inevitably spirits drooped. A pickle and a banana were added to the daily ration, but the response was not commensurate with the expense.

"What shall it profit a woman to prove that she can fight as well as a man and lose her complexion?" soldiers were heard to ask one another ominously.—*Exchange*.

Grocer (who has lately joined the army, practicing in his shop)—Right, left, right, left, four paces to the rear, march! (falls down trapdoor into the cellar). Wife (anxiously)—Oh, Jim, are you hurt? Grocer (savagely, but with dignity)—Go away, woman! What do you know about war?—*Liverpool Mercury*.

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Lv. San Francisco (Ferry Station)	4:40 p. m.
Ar. Los Angeles	7:55 a. m.

The Owl—

Lv. San Francisco (Ferry Station)	6:00 p. m.
Ar. Los Angeles	8:45 a. m.

The Lark—

Lv. San Francisco (Third Street Station)	8:00 p. m.
Ar. Los Angeles	9:45 a. m.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At the Bohemian Club some of the members were discussing the European conflict. "In this war I am strictly neutral," remarked Larry Harris. "I don't care a gol dang which of the Allies licks Germany."

Jimmie giggled when the teacher read the story of the Roman who swam across the Tiber three times before breakfast. "You do not doubt a trained swimmer could do that, do you, Jimmy?" "No, sir," said Jimmy, "but I wondered why he didn't make it four, and get back to the side his clothes were on."

The visitor to the links at Hayseed-on-the-Mud had had the oldest caddy in the district allotted to him as his heast of hurden. "Well," said the visitor, "as you have been living in the neighborhood so many years, I suppose you know all the ins and outs of this place?" "Oh, yes, sir—at least I am quite familiar with the inns," replied the caddy.

In a hospital at Capetown during the South African war the keenness of certain amateur members of the nursing staff tended to aggravate, rather than alleviate, the sufferings of some of the wounded. At last the British soldier's native wit came to the rescue. One morning a sick soldier's bedclothes displayed a slip of paper inscribed: "Too ill to be nursed today!"

The English gardener had tried to sell hulis and been defeated, the customer alleging that this was not a time for buying daffodils and hyacinths. "Ah!" said the gardener in the bitter moment of defeat, "this war's playing 'avoc with everything. No 'edge cuttin', no new lawns, and I got to go sellin' last year's bulbs to me customers. He's a lot to answer for, 'as that Kaiser!"

An old Highland sergeant in one of the Scottish regiments was going his rounds one night to see that all lights were out. Coming to a room where he thought he saw a light shining he roared out: "Pit oot that light there!" One of the men shouted back: "It's the mune, sergeant!" Not hearing very well, the sergeant cried in return: "I dinna care a brass button what it is! Pit it oot!"

A city man once had occasion to visit a farmer on business, and remained for dinner. The pièce de résistance was literally a very tough chicken. Those at table, including the farmer's two young sons, struggled unsuccessfully to make some impression upon their respective helpings, when Sam turned to his brother. "Tom," he said softly, "I wish old Dick hadn't a-died. Don't you?"

All the work was mapped out for the new charwoman, but about the appointed time she arrived in tears. "My poor 'usband was shot in the battle," she said, "and 'e's passed away." The employer was all sympathy, gave the widow the half-crown she ought to have earned, and did the necessary work herself. The next day she met the neighbor who recommended the woman and said: "You've heard, I suppose, about Mrs. Podger's husband being killed?" "Yes," said her friend, "But she ought to have got over it by now. It was in the Boer War."

The wife of General Metzinger, a distinguished French officer, whose son, a captain in the army, was recently wounded, was traveling from Switzerland to Lorraine. She overheard a conversation between two German officers during a rainstorm. One said: "Oh, I left my umbrella at a hotel in Paris." The other replied: "Never fear, you will be able to go and get it next week." "Pray do not trouble yourselves," interrupted Mme. Metzinger; "my son, who is a captain in the French army, will undertake to bring it to Berlin himself."

An English clergyman was preaching in a country church in Scotland. He had as his subject "The Prodigal Son." "And the prodigal son went away from his poor old father and remained in a far country for years and years. But after years and years he came back to his poor old father, and his poor old father said unto his servants, 'Bring forth the fatted calf, which has been kept for my son these years and years.'" An old farmer in the audience could contain himself no longer. "Na, na, ma man. It wud hae been an auld coo by that time," he exclaimed.

A German clergyman, while traveling, stopped at a hotel much frequented by wags and jokers. During dinner these worthies opened fire on the clergyman, who, however, stood their gibes and sneers with a calm indifference. At length a fellow-diner said to him: "Well, I wonder at your patience. Have you not heard all that has been said to

you?" "Oh, yes, but I am used to it," replied the clergyman. "I am chaplain of a lunatic asylum."

A fledgling dentist was glad of the opportunity to fill the practice of a friend in a country town for a few weeks while the latter enjoyed a vacation at the seaside. One day a farmer came in—a big, muscular chap, full-blooded—one of the sort whose teeth come like the roots of oak trees. As he sat in the chair he asked, "Will it hurt?" Feeling in a rather jocular mood, the fledgling answered, "Well, if it doesn't it shan't cost you anything." Then he fell to work. The tooth came even harder than he expected, so as the man got up from the chair and pulled himself together—he had not uttered a sound—the dentist said, "Well, did it hurt?" "Not a bit," answered the countryman, and strode out of the office, leaving the dentist minus a fee.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Modern Warfare.

Along the line dashed Captain Scott
And urged us on against the foe,
Until there came a well-aimed shot
That laid his motorcycle low.

Old Colonel Siceem rode like mad,
In disregard of life and limb;
Four different times that day he had
His auto shot from under him.—Pack.

The Misery of Love.

You can boast of the courage that faces the shell
Of an angry and barbarous foe;
And instances many perhaps you can tell
Of heroes in trial and woe.
But there's nothing that equals, whate'er it may be,
On the land or the wide-rolling deep,
The grit of the chap with his girl on his knee
When both of his feet are asleep.

It's something I'm sure that we all have been through,
I know that I have in my day;
Delicious the chances that we got to woo
When it happened her folks were away,
I coaxed and I begged her to sit on my lap
With all my eloquent powers,
And I wished as does every devoted young chap
That she would remain there for hours.

O, tender romancing; O, moments of bliss!
O, sweetest of love-making sweets!
The girl you're engaged to, to fondle and kiss
Away from the noise of the streets;
With nothing whatever your joy to distract,
No talk that is tawdry or cheap,
Then silently, swiftly you wake to the fact
That one of your feet is asleep.

You shift in your chair, just a trifle, to try
To lessen the strain on your knees,
You wouldn't betray by a look or a sigh
That you are not wholly at ease.
You wish she'd get up, yet you want her to stay,
And higher the miseries creep,
And you vow you'll endure it for hours ere you'll say
That both of your feet are asleep.

The grandfather's clock in the hall slowly ticks,
You wish that her people would come,
But the minutes drag by and the young lady sticks,
'Till both of your pedals are numb.
'Twixt love and paralysis three hours you've sat,
'Till she gayly exclaims, "Here they are!"
And jumps off your lap and comes hack with your hat
And you stagger and limp to your car.
—Detroit Free Press.

The Heathen.

[At the Gospel Tabernacle, New York, a scrub-woman recently contributed \$60, saved from her earnings, towards the missionary fund.]
Behold a Scrubbing-woman, poor and thrifty,
Who earned each day a dollar-fifty,

And somehow saved—(let Economic Scholars
Please figure how!)—the sum of Sixty Dollars.

And then she went to Church and heard some
Preaching,—
A Touching Discourse, earnestly beseeching

Financial Aid to help convert the Pagans—
The Kaffirs, Zulus, Annamese, Sebagans,

Or else the Russians, English, French, and Germans;—
At all events, this Most Devout of Sermons

Enthralled the Working Lady so, that she then
And there gave all her Savings to the Heathen!

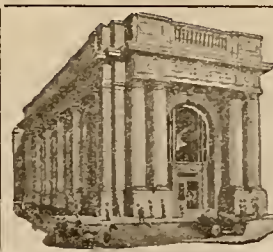
Since Wealth is Dross (the Prophets all forsook it),
With Grateful Thanks the Reverend Doctors took it.

They didn't say, "I think we'd best return it,
Dear Sister, for you worked so hard to earn it;
"The Winter's coming on and you may need it."
They took the Money faster than you read it.

So let us wish the Heathen good digestions
And hope they won't be asking Foolish Questions,

While Experts prosecute their Deep Researches
To find out "What's the Matter with Our Churches." —Arthur Guiterman, in Life.

"If I were as lazy as you I'd hang myself in the cellar," said the gentleman. "If you were as lazy as me you wouldn't have no cellar," replied the tramp.—Dallas News.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The wedding of Miss Eva Sahlein and Mr. Edgar Bailey Schwacher took place on Monday evening of last week at the Palace Hotel. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sahlein. Mr. and Mrs. Schwacher will live in Seattle.

The wedding of Miss Otilia Laine and Mr. Clinton La Montagne took place Tuesday evening at the home on Broadway of the bride's mother, Mrs. Joseph Régist Laine. The bridesmaids were the Misses Julia Van Fleet, Julita Galpin, Katherine Redding, and Elizabeth Fee. Mr. Harry Hastings was his cousin's best man and the ushers were the Messrs. John Hartigan, Herman Wieland, George Nickel, and Thomas Doud of Monterey. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. La Montagne will reside in their new home on Devisadero Street.

The wedding of Miss Lee Girvin and Mr. Lloyd Tevis will take place today at high noon at the home in Menlo of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin. Mrs. William Duncan will be the matron of honor and the maid of honor will be Miss Elena Eyre. The bridesmaids will be the Misses Sophie Beylard, Ysabel Chase, Ruth Winslow, and Evelyn Barron. Mr. William S. Tevis, Jr., will be his brother's best man and the ushers will be the Messrs. Douglas Alexander, Lansing Tevis, Richard Girvin, Jr., and Baron Heine von Schroeder. Upon their return from their wedding trip the young couple will reside at Bakersfield.

The wedding of Miss Alice Young and Mr. William T. Coleman took place Tuesday in Pasadena. Miss Young is the daughter of Dr. H. B. Young and Mrs. Young of Burlington, Iowa. Mr. Coleman is the son of Mrs. Edith Blanding Coleman and of the late Mr. Carlton Coleman. He is a nephew of Mr. Robert Coleman of Burlingame. Mr. and Mrs. Coleman will spend the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

The wedding of Miss Phyllis Capwell and Lieutenant Frederick Seydel, U. S. A., took place Tuesday evening at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Oakland. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harris Cebert Capwell. Miss Phyllis Capwell was her sister's maid of honor and the bridesmaids were the Misses Marguerite Morbio,

Pauline Adams, Phyllis Lovell, and Pauline Painter. Lieutenant Reginald Cockroft, U. S. A., was Lieutenant Seydel's best man. The ushers were Lieutenants John Johnson, Alexander Sullivan, Frederick Rieckold, Thomas Cook, Lester Baker, Chris Burlingame, and C. K. Wing. Upon their return from their wedding trip the young couple will reside at Fort Scott, where Lieutenant Seydel is stationed.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto entertained a number of friends at an informal dinner-dance Monday evening at their home on Washington Street.

Mr. Henry Hadley was host at a dinner Tuesday evening at the Bohemian Club in honor of the prima donna, Miss Marcella Craft.

Mrs. James A. Black gave a luncheon Tuesday at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Paul Fagan was the complimented guest at a luncheon Tuesday given by her mother, Mrs. Eugene Lent, at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Dr. E. E. Brownell and Mrs. Brownell gave a dinner Wednesday evening at their home on Broadway preceding the dance at California Club Hall.

Mrs. George W. Gibbs was hostess at a bridge-tee Saturday afternoon in honor of her house guests, Mrs. J. Parker Whitney and Miss Beryl Chadwick.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Tubbs entertained a large number of friends at a ball at the Fairmont Hotel Tuesday evening, when they formally presented their daughter, Miss Emily Tubbs, to society. Among those who gave dinners preceding the affair were Mr. and Mrs. Chapman Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman, and the Misses Marian Lee Mailliard, Ruth Winslow, and Gertrude O'Brien.

Miss Louise McNear made her debut Wednesday afternoon at the Century Club at a thé dandant given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George P. McNear, and her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear.

Miss Marcella Craft entertained a number of friends at the Symphony Concert Friday afternoon. Miss Craft was hostess later at a tea at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon gave an informal luncheon Wednesday at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Elliott were the complimented guests at a dinner Sunday evening given by Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Hale at their home at Presidio Terrace.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell entertained a number of young people at dinner Tuesday evening in honor of their son, Mr. Alfred Whittell. Accompanied by their guests Mr. and Mrs. Whit-

tell later attended the dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donahoe at their residence on Jackson Street.

Miss Marian Lee Mailliard was the complimented guest at an informal bridge party and tea Wednesday afternoon given by Mrs. Robert Henderson at her home on Washington Street.

Mrs. Ursula Stone Shean was hostess at a bridge party and tea Wednesday afternoon, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl gave a dinner Friday evening at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Miss Ruth Welsb. Mr. and Mrs. Kohl later accompanied their guests to the Charity Ball at Scottish Rite Hall. Among others who gave dinners preceding the ball were Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Dr. Stanley Stillman and Mrs. Stillman, Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre.

Mrs. W. H. La Boyteaux was hostess at a bridge-luncheon Thursday at her home on Pacific Avenue.

News comes from Berlin of the reception given recently by the American consul-general, Julius Lay, and Mrs. Lay in the winter garden of the Hotel Esplanade. Mr. and Mrs. Lay entertained sixty-four Red Cross physicians and nurses.

Mrs. Joseph Manuel Masten entertained a number of young people at the thé dandant Saturday at the Californian Building at the Exposition in honor of her daughter, Miss Eugenia Masten.

Mrs. I. Lowenberg entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Tuesday at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Sophie Beylard was hostess at a dinner Saturday evening at her home in San Mateo. The affair was in honor of Miss Lee Girvin and her fiancé, Mr. Lloyd Tevis, who were the complimented guests Monday evening at a similar affair given by Mrs. William S. Tevis at her home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Alexander Keyes entertained a number of friends at luncheon Monday at her home on Jackson Street.

Captain William Holmes McKittrick and Mrs. McKittrick gave a house party at their home in Bakersfield over the week-end, when a score of friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs have issued invitations to a dance Tuesday evening, December 15, at Century Club Hall in honor of their niece, Miss Emily Tubbs.

Miss Pbelan has issued invitations to a tea Thursday afternoon, December 3, at her residence on California Street in honor of her niece, Miss Gladys Sullivan.

Miss Margaret Kemble entertained a number of

friends at a luncheon Saturday at the Francisca Club in honor of Miss Marcella Craft.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller have issued invitations to a thé dandant Thursday afternoon, December 10, at the Fairmont Hotel. The affair will be in honor of their daughter, Miss Leslie Miller, who on this occasion will make her formal debut.

Mrs. Harry Mitchell and Mrs. Leon Roach were hostesses at a bridge-tee Wednesday afternoon at the Officers' Club at the Presidio. The affair was in honor of the latter's mother, Mrs. J. E. Mendonhall of Piqua, Ohio, who is spending the winter with her daughter.

Passed Assistant Surgeon C. B. Carmerer, U. S. N., and Mrs. Carmerer entertained a number of friends at a dinner Thursday evening at their home at Mare Island in honor of Miss Louise Scheuter.

Mrs. Frank B. McCoy was hostess at a matinee party and tea Wednesday afternoon, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mrs. William F. Lewis entertained the members of the Presidio Bridge Club at a luncheon Tuesday at her home.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Francis Carolan is expected home about the middle of December from New York, where she has been since her return from Paris. Mrs. Carolan has recently recovered from an illness which confined her for some days to her apartments at the St. Regis.

Mrs. Fletcher Ryer and her daughter, Miss Doris Ryer, have arrived from Europe, where they have spent several years, and are established at the Hotel St. Francis. Miss Ryer completed her education at Mme. Payen's school in Paris and made her debut last season in London.

Mrs. John Gill arrived last week from her home in Redlands for a visit with her brother, Mr. Frank G. Drum, in this city, and her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. William Geer Hitchcock, in Burlingame.

Mrs. Edgar J. De Pue and her daughter, Miss Elva De Pue, departed Wednesday for a holiday visit in New York.

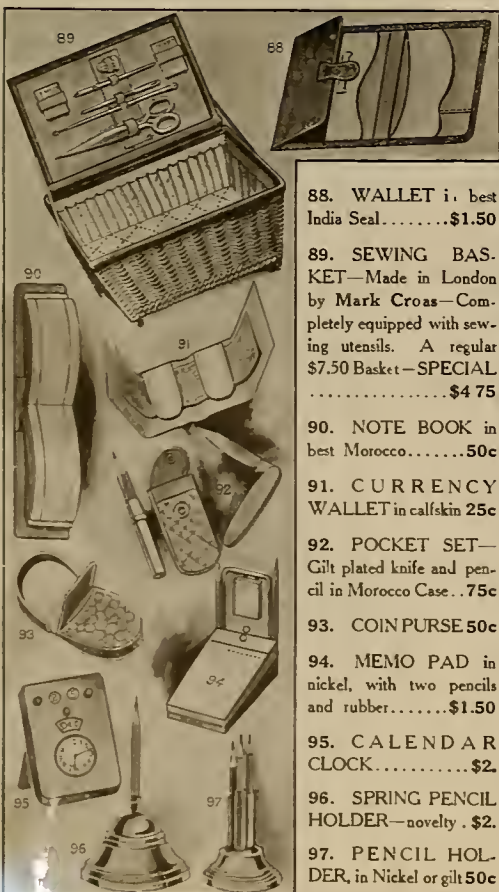
Mr. and Mrs. George Bates have returned from Europe after a year's absence.

Mr. James Willard Sperry has gone to Denver, where he will be married Wednesday, December 2, to Miss Helen Fowle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin H. Fowle. Mr. Sperry was accom-

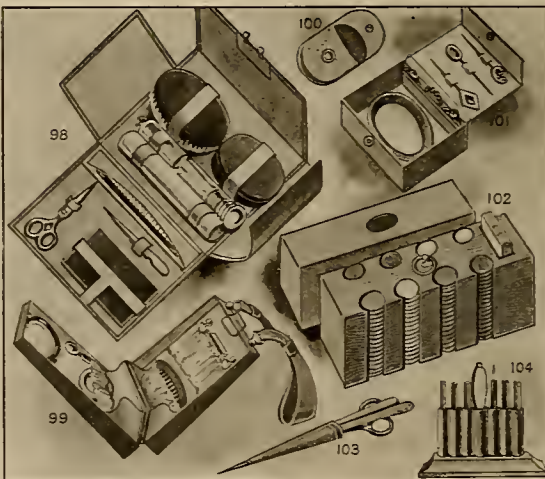
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- 90. NOTE BOOK in best Morocco.....50c
- 91. CURRENCY WALLET in calfskin 25c
- 92. POCKET SET—Gilt plated knife and pencil in Morocco Case...75c
- 93. COIN PURSE 50c
- 94. MEMO PAD in nickel, with two pencils and rubber.....\$1.50
- 95. CALENDAR CLOCK.....\$2.
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- 97. PENCIL HOLDER, in Nickel or gilt 50c



- 98. MAN'S MILITARY TOILET CASE, fitted complete with real ebony fittings.....\$5.
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- 101. JEWEL BOX, in Morocco, calfskin lined.....\$1.
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- 103. LIBRARY SET—Scissors, letter opener, and eraser in leather scabbard.....50c
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- 110. PARISIAN IVORY CLOCK on pedestal.....\$1.
- 111. ASH TRAY of crystal with nickel rim 50c
- 112. CLOCK in Morocco case.....\$1.
- 114. TOBACCO POUCH in velvet calf, rubber lined, VERY SPECIAL.....\$1.
- 115. BEDROOM CLOCK.....\$1.
- 116. ASH TRAY in crystal with nickel match holder.....25c

panied by his cousin, Mr. Harry Miller, who will be his best man.

Mrs. Arthur G. Orena has been spending the Thanksgiving holidays in Bakersfield with Captain William Holmes McKittick and Mrs. McKittick, who arrived this morning from Bakersfield to attend the wedding of Miss Lee Girvin and Mr. Lloyd Pacheco Tevis, who will be married today.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Dyke Johns, Miss Lucille Johns, and Mr. Van Dyke Johns, Jr., have given up their home on Jackson Street and are residing at Stanford Court.

Mrs. George F. Ashton has returned from a month's visit with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Piggott, in Sacramento.

Miss Ethel Crocker has joined her sister, Miss Helen Crocker, in New York, where the latter is studying under the direction of a governess. Mr. William W. Crocker, who is attending Yale, will join his sisters next month and will return with them to Burlingame, where they will spend the Christmas holidays.

Miss Dorothy Baker has returned from San Diego, where she spent several weeks with Miss Ruth Richards.

Miss Flora Low and Miss Eleanor Morgan, who returned from New York soon after war was declared, are enjoying the many diversions that New York offers during the holiday season.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Norris have decided to spend the winter in Mill Valley.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins and her daughter, Miss Lydia Hopkins, departed last week for the East to remain until Christmas. Miss Hopkins was chosen one of the judges for the Pekingese dog show to be held Monday at the Plaza Hotel in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt are home again after a two months' visit in the south and east. During their absence they visited relatives in Savannah, Charleston, and New York.

Mrs. J. G. Kittle and her sons, the Messrs. Allen and John Kittle, have closed their country home in Ross and are established for the winter in their town house on Scott Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter MacGavin and their daughter, Mrs. Emelia MacGavin, have moved into a flat on Jackson and Walnut Streets after having resided many years on California and Pierce Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. James Thompson have arrived from Panama, where they have been spending a few weeks en route here from New York, and are the guests of Mrs. Thompson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Chapin Tubbs have been spending the past two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. William E. Tubbs at their residence on Jackson Street. They came from their ranch in Napa to attend the debutante ball of Miss Emelie Tubbs and to spend Thanksgiving with their family.

Mr. and Mrs. Redmond Stephens spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith en route from Santa Barbara to Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Leopold Heebner, who were married recently in New York, sailed Wednesday, November 18, for South America, where they will spend their honeymoon. Mrs. Heebner was formerly Miss Metha McMahon of this city.

Mrs. Albert Russell and her children have returned from an extended visit in Europe and are established in the East, where they will remain indefinitely. Mrs. Russell is the daughter of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton.

Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Henshaw, who are residing in Honolulu, will return to spend the holidays with their relatives in Oakland.

Miss Helen Jessup is here from the East to spend the winter season with her aunt, Mrs. Frank B. Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Coleman arrived last week from Pasadena and are guests at the Fairmont Hotel. They spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman in Burlingame.

Mr. Reginald Fernald has returned to his home in Santa Barbara after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Lieutenant J. D. Elliott, U. S. A., left recently for Washington, D. C., and expects to be absent for about two months.

Lieutenant B. A. Dixon, U. S. A., arrived from Laredo, Texas, recently and will remain here for two months.

Brigadier-General Clarence R. Edwards will soon assume the command of all troops in the Canal Zone and Brigadier-General John P. Wisser will take command of the Hawaiian Brigade.

Major C. C. Collins and Captain John Weiland, U. S. A., who are on their way East, will remain for several weeks' visit in Philadelphia, New York, and Washington, D. C.

Major Sherwood Cheney, U. S. A., who left for Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where he is stationed, has recently been visiting at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Lieutenant Lester Baker, U. S. A., leaves soon for Honolulu to take up his duties as aide-de-camp to General Wisser, who has just been given command in the Hawaiian Islands.

Captain Thomas S. Moorman, U. S. A., has been ordered to Fort McDowell and has assumed his new duties on Angel Island with the Quartermaster's Corps.

Major Frank Winn, U. S. A., and Mrs. Winn, who have just arrived from the Philippines, are to go to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where Major Winn has been ordered for duty. Major Winn is the father of Mrs. Lovell Langstroth.

Lieutenant Fitzhugh Lee Minnegrade, U. S. A., and Mrs. Minnegrade will arrive about November 5 from the Philippines, where Lieutenant Minnegrade has been stationed for the past two years. Mrs. Minnegrade was formerly Miss Patsy O'Brien of Alameda.

Colonel R. B. Turner, U. S. A. (retired), and Mrs. Turner are guests at the Palace Hotel. They

have been living in the East for the past few years, but expect to make California their permanent home.

Major H. R. Gosman, U. S. A., has been relieved of his duties on Alcatraz Island by Captain Charles E. McBrayer, from the Presidio of Monterey. Major Gosman will be post commander at Fort McDowell on Angel Island.

Captain Solomon P. Vestal, U. S. A. (retired), has at his own request been relieved from duty at the Mount Tamalpais and the Hitchcock military academies.

General Enoch H. Crowder, U. S. A., judge-advocate-general, who has been here on an inspection tour, left Tuesday for further inspection of army posts.

Among the officers to arrive on the U. S. transport *Sherman* December 5 are Captain Laurence V. Frazier, Captain James J. Loving, Captain Ernest R. Gentry, Lieutenants Allison B. Deans, George A. Matile, and John W. N. Schultz.

THE MUSIC SEASON

Arrigo Serato, Master Violinist.

Although two weeks ago the name of Arrigo Serato was unfamiliar to the concert-goers of this country, excepting such few as had heard of his superlative artistry through his friends Kreisler, Gerardy, and Ysaye, he is already enrolled on the list of the musical stars who are firmly established here. Three weeks ago today Serato made his American debut in Boston and met with stupendous success. Two weeks ago he made his first appearance in New York City as soloist with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, and within thirty minutes after he played the directors reengaged him for another concert. His selection on this occasion was the Beethoven "Concerto," a test piece for any artist, and according to Henry T. Finck of the *Tribune*, "He played it as Beethoven himself would have wanted it played. He made the work live."

Manager Will Greenbaum has secured Serato for two concerts in this city, the dates being Sunday afternoon, December 6, when the charities of the Vittoria Colonna, the leading Italian women's club, will be beneficiary, and on Sunday afternoon, December 13.

At his first concert the artist will play the old Italian classic "Sonata" by Veracini, the very brilliant "Concerto" in D minor by Wieniawski, a "Madrigale" by Simonetti, "Fuga" by Tartini, and Sarasate's characteristic "Gypsy Dances."

At the second concert works by Vitali, Bach, Vieuxtemps, and Schumann will be offered.

The sale of seats for both events will open next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's, and the Columbia Theatre, and mail orders may now be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

The Lerner Concert Tomorrow Afternoon.

Tina Lerner, the Russian pianist, will be heard in recital at the Cort Theatre tomorrow afternoon, November 29.

In order that those who do not find it convenient to attend the Friday afternoon concerts of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra may have an opportunity of hearing Miss Lerner with orchestra it has been decided to cancel her second recital of December 13 and substitute a special concert at the Cort Theatre on that date for Miss Lerner and the entire San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. This concert, which will be given at a popular scale of prices, will undoubtedly fill the theatre to overflowing.

Miss Lerner's programme for tomorrow afternoon follows:

Minuetto, Rondo.....Padre Martini
Gavotte, Opus 14.....Giovanni Sgambati
Eccossaises.....Beethoven-Eusoni
Sonata in B minor.....Liszt
Impromptu in A flat, Nocturne in F minor,
Three Etudes (Opus 25, Nos. 8, 6, and 9),
Polonaise Fantasia.....Chopin
Prelude in G minor.....Rachmaninoff
Humoresque.....Tscherepneff
Scherzo.....Balakireff

There will be an interval of but one week between the next subscription concerts of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Friday afternoons, December 4 and 11. Miss Lerner will be "assisting artist" on both occasions.

Seats for the next two regular subscription concerts and the special concert will go on sale next Monday at the box-offices of the Cort Theatre, Kohler & Chase, and Sherman, Clay & Co.

Hughes-Wismer-Riley Concert.

The second concert of chamber music by the Hughes-Wismer-Riley trio will be given in Sorosis Club Hall, 536 Sutter Street, Tuesday evening, December 8. The programme follows:

Trio, major.....John Haraden Pratt
Concerto for Violoncello.....J. Haydn
Trio, C major, Op. 87.....J. Brahms
Songs.....

Mrs. Irene Le Noir Schutz, contralto, will be the soloist. Tickets are on sale at the usual places.

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A Never-Failing Remembrance.

For many years the *Argonaut* has printed in its issue preceding Thanksgiving Day an appeal for donations to sustain the good work of the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission, and as regularly and unflinchingly has an unknown friend of the paper and the Mission sent in response a contribution of fifty dollars. This is the letter which accompanied the gift this year:

SAN FRANCISCO, November 23, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Please receive in behalf of the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission the fifty dollars inclosed herewith, as a donation towards defraying the Thanksgiving Day expenses. If it helps to add a little sunshine, the investment will be considered a good one.

Yours truly,
M. R.-M. F.

In acknowledgment of the gift the Fruit and Flower Mission sends the following letter, through the columns of the *Argonaut*, to its unknown friends:

SAN FRANCISCO, November 24, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: The San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission is most happy to express once more through the *Argonaut* columns its appreciation and thanks to its old friend, M. R.-M. F., for his generous donation of fifty dollars toward the fund for Thanksgiving dinners. It is most gratifying to feel that the interest in our work survives in the hearts of our friends from year to year, and the mission will endeavor to show its gratitude by dispensing the greatest amount of sunshine possible with the money intrusted it.

Very truly yours,
MRS. J. JOHN EPPINGER,
Corresponding Secretary.

The home of Dr. Frank Dray and Mrs. Dray has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Dray was formerly Miss Anita Meyers.

Jack London's New Sea Story.

A remarkable voyage with a no less remarkable crew furnishes the stirring theme for Jack London's new novel, "The Mutiny of the *Elsinore*." Perhaps of all of the many kinds of novels that Mr. London has written the sea story remains the most popular, while of this group "The Sea Wolf" is the biggest favorite. The announcement that "The Mutiny of the *Elsinore*," while strikingly original and entirely different from its famous predecessor, nevertheless possesses a certain resemblance to "The Sea Wolf" is sufficient to arouse interest in the volume. "The Mutiny of the *Elsinore*" is the narrative of a trip around Cape Horn and of a mutiny among the ship's crew which was finally put down by the amazing resourcefulness of Pathurst. Pathurst, it should be explained, is a young business man, really Mr. London's hero, who sails on the *Elsinore* because he has nothing better to do and who is continually looking for excitement, which he certainly encounters. But he also encounters the captain's daughter, and before the book's close there is every promise that they will shortly be married and live happily ever after.

A new story by Katherine M. Yates, entitled "A Tale from the Rainbow Land," will be published in December by Paul Elder & Co. Mrs. Yates is the author of "On the Way

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There, "At the Door," "Chet," etc., the sale of which has reached over one hundred and fifty thousand copies. The new book, although fanciful in its nature, deals with a world-wide phase of human life. It will be illustrated by Audley Wells.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Did you tell Binks I was a fool?" "No; I thought he knew it."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

"How did the cashier of your bank get into jail?" "Left the 's' off speculation."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"He is a self-made man, is he not?" "Yes, except for the alterations made by his wife and her mother."—*Judge*.

First Moid (at the keyhole)—Now th' boss is tellin' th' misus that at least th' servants suspect nothin'!—*Life*.

"But I haven't enough work to keep an able-bodied man like you busy." "Oh, I shan't mind that."—*Houston Post*.

"Don't you think that the Muscovite onslaught is awful?" "I've never tried it; can you show me the steps?"—*Stanford Chaparral*.

"She spoke in a flattering way of you the other day." "Did she? That was nice."

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What did she say?" "She said if she had your assurance with her brains she'd run for President."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"His is a case of where the office seeks the man." "That so?" "Yes, he's wanted by men from the sheriff's office."—*Buffalo Express*.

"Which would you advise me to sow here—turnip seed or winter spinach?" "Candor compels me to tell you that my chickens prefer turnip seed."—*Boston Globe*.

Mrs. Hitherto—Have you an experienced maid? *The Employment Agent*—I can send you one who's had so much experience she can break steel enamel picnic dishes.—*Puck*.

Peckham—My wife talks, talks, talks all the time. *Underthum*—You're mistaken. She must listen part of the time or my wife wouldn't be with her so much.—*Boston Transcript*.

Show Girl—Has your feller felt the effects of Cupid's shafts yet, *Queenie*? *Chorus Lady*—Honest to goodness, *Rosemary*, I'm afraid Cupid will have to use dum-dums on that guy.—*Puck*.

Officer (filling in form)—What's your religion? *Recruit (anxious to join, and determined to accommodate himself to any conditions as they arise)*—Well, what are you short of?—*Punch*.

"Was it your craving for drink that brought you here?" asked the sympathetic visitor at the jail. "Great Scott, ma'am! Do I look so stupid as to mistake this place for a saloon?"—*Buffalo Courier*.

Newrich—So she now looks forward to a perfectly happy life? *Mrs. Newrich*—Yes. She has snubbed the last of the old friends who knew her in the early days when she was poor.—*Town Topics*.

"It's all very well, Jarge, for you t' say why don't Kitchener an' French do this an' that. But what I say is, it don't do for you an' me t' say anything what might embarrass either of 'em."—*Punch*.

Kind Lady—Is something hurting your little brother and making him cry? *Little Girl*—No'm. It's just a habit with him. I aint never seen nobody look on the dark side o' life like he does.—*Judge*.

"'Bout de only trouble dat Job missed," said Uncle Eben, "was runnin' fur office an' havin' friends come aroun' de mornin' after election to tell him whur he made his mistake."—*Washington Post*.

Professor of Chemistry—If anything should go wrong in this experiment we and the laboratory with us might be blown skyhigh! Come closer, gentlemen, so that you may be better able to follow me.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"Why do you feed tramps who come along? They never do any work for you." "No," said the wife, "but it is quite a satisfaction to see a man eat a meal without finding fault with the cooking."—*New York Sun*.

His Daughter's Beau—Yes, I'm a Socialist. I believe that those who get the benefit from the labor should be made to perform the labor. *The Old Man*—Fine. You might begin by setting up the parlor stove for the winter.—*Town Topics*.

"But she says she has never given you any encouragement." "Did she say that?" "She certainly did." "She told me that her uncle was going to leave her a fortune and that he had one foot in the grave. If that is not encouragement I'd like to know what you call it."—*New York Post*.

"You used to say you depended on the wisdom of the plain people." "Yes." "But now and then the plain people play a trick on you and neglect to send you to Congress." "That doesn't destroy my faith in their wisdom. A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men."—*Washington Star*.

"Of course, I don't wish to put any obstacle in the way of your getting married," a mistress said to her servant, "but I wish it were possible for you to postpone it until I get another maid." "Well, mum," Mary Ann replied, "I 'ardly think I know 'im well enough to ask 'im to put it off."—*London Standard*.

Dod (from the hall)—Why, Marjorie, how dim the light is in here! *Freddy (the fiancé, not a college graduate in vain)*—Yes, sir. Professor Münsterberg has a theory that brilliant light hembubs the intellect. We are experimenting to find the degree of illumination by which the attention is kept vivid and the mental functions active.—*Judge*.

"What's the big gathering at the depot for? Some eminent citizen expected?" "Nope. That's the usual crowd. Everybody comes down to see the train arrive." "Oh, that's it. And suppose the train was wrecked on the way?" "I dunno what they would do. Sue the road, mebbey. Anyway, th' railway folks better not try it. Our people are mighty ticklish 'bout their vested rights."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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"The Fruit of the Tree."

It is only a few months ago that a reform movement founded upon a real abuse, but promoted under misconception and guided by emotion and passion, undertook to purify one branch of our local judicial system. A judge of excellent character, albeit one who had made a grievous mistake, was deposed under a procedure of recall and in his place there was put a young man, unknown except for his exercise of an interested energy in the immediate procedure. Since then we have seen the man thus deposed sink in humiliation and sorrow into his grave. Still more recently we have noted a futile effort on the part of the beneficiary of this same movement to get himself reelected. "Vote for Crist. He has made good!" This legend emblazoned all over the city during the late campaign had the effect of instructing some of us whom *not* to vote for. Comes now a further development in this interesting history, in the form of a nasty scandal in which Judge Crist is a central figure. A lawyer with whom he was formerly in close association, and who remains in association with his brother, is charged with having sought employment in a criminal case upon the

assurance that through his connection with the court he could "fix" the matter. Judge Crist may or may not be guilty of the implied charge; for the credit of the city and the bench we hope he is not. But this must be said, namely, that he has met the situation, not with the dignity characteristic of a gentleman, but with the rough effrontery of a hoodlum. "I can not," his worshipful honor is quoted as saying, "let O'Connor (a lawyer in the case) get my goat." The phrase lacks an element of judicial reserve, but it has the merit of informing the public as to the type of man who has brought a questionable brand of purity into the judicial life of San Francisco.

This incident, taken by and large, ought to stimulate a movement now in its beginning to reform the bench of the state by substituting the appointive for the elective system. Plainly, reform of such abuses and improprieties as have been thrust upon the public attention is not to be brought about by the recall scheme. A system of which a man like Crist is the first fruit gives small assurance of better things. A surer remedy for the mischiefs existing in connection with our judicial system lies in the taking of our judiciary out of politics, of recruiting it, not by election, but by selection. There are abundant proofs that even careless, even little competent, and even partisan governors find better men for the bench than the general electorate, especially under our fine new system of self-nomination. The series of incidents in which Judge Crist figures emphasizes the point. Your Crists will not make for higher standards in the determinations and enforcements of justice, for the dignity and the honor of the bench. They yield nothing to the force and stability of organized society. Rather, they contribute to the forces which tend to social demoralization and moral decline.

Governor Johnson, who, be it said to his credit, has exercised a commendable carefulness in his appointment to judicial vacancies, now has opportunity to do the state a service which even his critics would be forced to applaud. His influence in the law-making and reformatory departments of our current state life is commanding. Let him for once institute a reform which men of all varieties of political opinion will approve. Let him initiate and put through a reform of the judiciary upon the lines above suggested and he will deserve as he will receive universal commendation. Here is an opportunity for the governor to achieve a really striking reform—make a mark upon the organization of state government in one of its most important branches that will tend to an unquestioned betterment in one of the fundamental conditions of our current life.

The Latest Project of "Reform."

Unless the people of California are willing to cut loose from tradition, habit, the counsels of politically wise men of all countries, and the suggestions of plain common sense, they will not fall in with Governor Johnson's project to eliminate parties from the political life of the state. If you destroy parties, what then? You have nothing left but personality. Worse still, you have only that species of personality which voluntarily busies itself with political matters. In the final account you have only the politician.

We all know what manner of man the politician is. He is first of all the man who wants something; and usually he wants it so intensely that he is willing to make any sacrifice to get it. Your politician in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred—in nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand would be nearer the mark—is willing to abandon or conceal his convictions, his propensities, and his intentions if by these evasions he may get himself into office. Every campaign emphasizes this principle, none more so than that which has just ended in California. We had in our primary cam-

paign some hundreds of candidates for offices directly connected with the making or the enforcement of laws. How many of these candidates, let us ask, had the hardihood to inform the public as to their views respecting controverted issues? Even in the final contest, with the number of aspirants reduced by the test of the primary election, it was impossible to learn for what and against what the various candidates stood. Governor Johnson did in truth offer a partly affirmative programme, albeit his campaign was mostly one of detraction and nullification. But although he made public addresses from one end of the state to the other, was anybody able to find out where he stood on certain large state issues? Was he for prohibition or was he against it? Was he for the so-called red-light law or was he against it? Was he for the single-tax amendment or was he against it? These were leading issues of the campaign; yet the governor, who made a thousand speeches, more or less, dodged them all. He was so anxious to be elected that for all his boasted courage and his pretensions of plain speech he avoided discussion of the questions in which the state was most interested. In his wish to get the votes of all sorts and conditions of citizens he was unwilling to say anything tending to antagonize the sentiment of any particular class or group.

Still more marked was the reticence of other candidates for office. Mr. Phelan, Mr. Knowland, and Mr. Heney spoke from public platforms twice or thrice daily for a period of two months preceding the election. Did any one of the three make clear to those who came to hear him his views upon the vital issues we have named? Did not each of them take precious good care to avoid any expression which might alienate a vote? Up to now does anybody know where any of them stands on any important state issue? Yet these gentlemen, all and singular, assumed and presumed to go before the public as leaders of political thought and agents of practical political action.

Without party organization, without candidates representative of party, how will it be possible for men of common mind to work together in urgency of common purposes? Candidates for office we have seen, with the rarest exceptions, will not stand forth as representative of clean-cut principles or policies. Even the few who pretend to do it will limit their championship to a few minor points, then cringe, fudge, and palter over other points.

Nobody will claim for the party system that it is perfect or that it works out ideal results. But it does provide definite lines of political action; it does pledge candidates for office for and against certain things; it does provide a way by which citizens of common mind may work together in promotion of definite political aims. With all its imperfections the party system exercises a certain supervision—less positive now than in the day of the political convention—over nominations and yields a certain responsibility—less positive it must be confessed than formerly—over public officials. It gives some assurance of definite principles, affords some guaranty of the integrity of the candidates. Not indeed as much as could be wished, but infinitely more than could be gained under a system in which candidates stand each upon a personal platform which for the most part is deftly masked.

Elimination of parties would destroy that coöperation among citizens which gives to our politics whatever of principle and of steady purpose there may be in it. It would substitute government of men for government of ideas. It would cast down officials of conviction and candor and raise up men of adroit and diplomatic qualities. It would eliminate men of honesty and candor; it would exalt the coward and the dodger. It would make our state government a thing of chance and hazard, subject indeed, to extremes of popular feel-

ing, but impervious to influences less spectacular or less emphatic.

Under the plan proposed by Governor Johnson our state government would become a football of personal and political accident. It would be a thing without assurances, without guaranties, without other inspirations than those which reside in subserviency of character, a thing subject to individual ambition, timid in its attitude towards changing public sentiment. It would be a government founded in personality, therefore aiming to hold itself in power by being all things to all men. It would be, not an enthroned strength, but an enthroned weakness.

In a recent study of the government of France President Poincaré has said, "A people unable to organize its political life is a people enslaved." These be weighty words and they apply with a positive emphasis to the situation in California as affected by Governor Johnson's proposal to destroy coöperative action on the part of citizens through party organization. Unless the people of California are willing to cut loose from the guidance of experience, the counsels of wise men at home and abroad, and the suggestions of plain common sense, they will set themselves against a proposal fraught with a thousand perils—perils related to the integrity and efficiency of government, even of that liberty which we claim to be the foundation of our system. For, be it borne in mind, a people whose political life is unorganized is a people enslaved.

The Executive and the Congress.

Right in the midst of the dull days of a congressional vacation there has developed at Washington what may be styled a serious sensation. It comes in the form of a suggestion from the White House that the President is "thinking" (1) about attending in person executive sessions of the Senate, and (2) of asking that members of the cabinet be admitted to the floor of the House of Representatives. The form in which this announcement is made gives an easy clue to its intent. It is a "feeler" put forth with the idea of discovering what Congress and what the country may think about it. If the suggestion meets any sort of approval, the President will go ahead. Probably he will go ahead in any event. When he gets his mind going in any direction he is not easily checked.

As to the first of these proposals it is to be said that the President has and always has had the formal right to sit in executive sessions of the Senate, held for the purpose of discussing relations with foreign countries and the appointment of officials—subjects intimately affecting the President, who negotiates treaties and appoints all the more important officials. This right is implied in a long-standing rule (No. 36), which declares that "when the President of the United States shall meet the Senate in the Senate chamber for the consideration of executive business he shall have a seat on the right of the presiding officer." The rule is clear, but it has fallen into desuetude. Never since the first administration has a President attended an executive session of the Senate.

There is little question as to the attitude of the Senate towards Mr. Wilson's proposal. A few senators closely sympathetic with the President may be expected under partisan or diplomatic motives to welcome the innovation. But in general it will be resented for the reason that there is implied in it a certain suggestion of presidential oversight. The Senate has long vigorously asserted and maintained its independence of the Executive in connection with the treaty-making powers. Under the Constitution a two-thirds vote of the Senate is essential to the validity of presidential acts in matters foreign. The Senate therefore regards itself as having a mandate as definite as that of the Executive. It is not likely to consent that the President shall have a direct eye upon the Senate when it is attending to its own business. The temper of the Senate toward this issue was exhibited early in this administration when Joseph Wilson, brother of the President, was put forward as a candidate for secretary of the Senate. It was argued that this candidacy was unfortunate because of the fact that the secretary of the Senate is present at executive sessions. At these sessions when nominations and treaties are under consideration there is a freedom of speech, oftentimes including criticism of the President, which would not be pleasant for a member of his family to hear.

It is certain that the President would find more em-

barrassment than comfort in attending executive sessions of the Senate, and we may easily believe that he would hurt rather than help his influence with the senatorial body. Senators, resenting the presidential presence with its implied censorship of discussion, would be likely to speak their minds very plainly. Let the Senate get the impression as it surely would, that it was being personally conducted by the President, and it would say things that it would not be nice for him to hear. Even Washington found it so. It is a matter of record—in the well-known book by Senator Lodge of Massachusetts—that the last time President Washington attended an executive session of the Senate he left it in a towering rage exclaiming, "I'll be damned if I ever go there again!" If the beloved Washington could be thus offended in the early and amiable days of our political life, what may be expected to happen in these times of less reverent feeling and of more licensed speech? Discussing this phase of the matter, Senator Borah remarked last week that "while there is no legal or constitutional reason why the President should not attend at executive sessions of the Senate, the practice will be short-lived." We may easily believe it.

Yet it might be good discipline for the President to find himself in a locked room with ninety-six men, every one of them licensed by an authority no less than that of the Constitution of the United States to tell him what they think of him and of his policies. The only limitation would lie in fear of his powers under resentment. But numbers would yield courage. Besides there are some who don't need this stimulus. John Sharp Williams, Cabot Lodge, Elihu Root, William E. Borah, are men quite capable of speaking frankly even in the teeth of the President of the United States if he should venture to come to them in their own house. The President, it is true, could talk back, and he knows something of the art of verbal fence. But he would find it a vastly different thing from laying down the law to his cabinet or talking to a group of reporters amid surroundings illustrative of his high dignities. Mr. Wilson is not a man afraid. But even a courageous man would better not fool with a buzz-saw.

The second phase of the President's new project, that of asking the admission of members of the cabinet to the floor of the House of Representatives, is like the first in that it implies a direct and in a sense a super-visorial attitude on the part of the Executive toward Congress. And as such it will surely be resented by Congress, which grows restive under the growing disposition of the President to dictate the lines of congressional action. The question is not a new one. It has been more or less discussed this half-century and more. Once, in 1864, there was brought in by a committee of which George H. Pendleton, Thad Stevens, Justin S. Morrill, John A. Kasson, and James G. Blaine were members a bill providing that heads of executive departments of the government might occupy seats on the floor of the House. The proposal was discussed at length, the preponderance of sentiment being against it. It did not reach a vote.

Before this—in the very earliest days of the government—there was a close connection between cabinet officers and Congress. Under a law of 1787 organizing the Treasury Department it was provided that the Secretary of the Treasury "shall make, report, and give information to either branch of the legislature, either in person or in writing, respecting all matters which may be referred to him by the Senate or House of Representatives or which shall appertain to his office." On July 22, 1789, Mr. Jefferson, the Secretary of State, appeared personally in the House of Representatives and made "certain explanations." On August 22d of the same year the President, accompanied by General Knox, Secretary of War, came into the Senate chamber and laid before the Senate "a statement of facts." Other instances in the first Congress are embodied in the official records of that session.

In connection with recurrent discussions of this question emphasis is commonly laid upon the fact that in European countries it is the usual practice for members of cabinet to sit in the national legislative body, where they may be questioned concerning matters pertaining to their several offices, or may on their own initiative take part in the discussion of bills. The analogy is more apparent than real. In the British government, for example, every cabinet minister is a mem-

ber of one or the other branch of Parliament. Again, American cabinet officers are responsible only to the Executive, while under British practice the cabinet is responsible to Parliament. Under our system cabinet ministers are the servants of the Executive; under the British system they are the servants of Parliament. All this makes a difference.

If the President shall persist in his plan of giving seats in Congress to members of the cabinet he is certain to encounter warm opposition. Members of the House may be expected to take the ground that nobody is entitled to participate in the law-making function unless duly commissioned by election. To give seats with right to speak on pending bills to members of the cabinet would be in effect to give the executive department the privilege of participation in the work of the legislative department, and it would therefore be a violation of the spirit of a system under which the coördinate branches of government are each presumably independent of the others.

These two suggestions on the part of President Wilson foreshadow what seems likely to become an important issue. There is a growing tendency on the part of the public to regard the President as a species of tribune directly representative of "the people" and in a sense as antagonistic to Congress as representing the states and the congressional constituencies. Nothing could be further from the fundamental theory of our system. Yet somehow there has come about a condition under which this notion is widely cherished. Congress, through the narrowness and selfishness of its individual members, is largely responsible, though something is due to the aggressive spirit of certain recent Presidents. But whatever may be the cause, or whatever the rights of the case, it is certainly a fact that the President is coming to be regarded more directly as a species of champion of "the people" as against Congress. This is an element of Mr. Wilson's power, as it was in that of Mr. Roosevelt. It is a mistaken and a dangerous tendency and one which ought to be corrected. It is not to the credit of Mr. Wilson that instead of seeking to correct it he tends by his practice, as Mr. Roosevelt did, to augment and extend it.

The Land of Chronic Chaos.

Writing about Mexico is dull work because, although much happens in Mexico, nothing really changes. To make new matter of events a year old, detailing slaughterings, burnings and maimings, rapings, robberies, and such like pleasing incidents, it is needful only to change date-lines and substitute the names of new agents of aggression and cruelty for the old. In short, conditions in Mexico are almost precisely what they have been any time these two years past. Every few weeks there is a new president elevated by his own motion to a brief and uncertain authority under assurance that the day will soon come when he, even as those who have gone before him, will be cast down by some aspirant of fresher energies and stronger military backing.

As to the rights of the situation, the status may be summed up in a phrase—there are none. Nobody now in authority or aiming at authority in Mexico has any species of authorization in law or in consent. The spectacle is that of a welter of conflicting ambitions and of competitive selfishness between men of no legal or moral mandate, no character, no patriotism, no anything worthy or respectable. In the meantime there is no such thing as law or justice in the country, industry is paralyzed, property in the ordinary sense is ceasing to exist. A people already half savage is falling into the profounder degradations which wait upon the reign of brutal aggression and universal idleness.

In the meantime the idea is widespread in our own country that the policy of watchful waiting has worked out the noble consequence—of peace with Mexico. Yes, we are at peace with Mexico, since we are not at war with Mexico. We are at peace because we have chosen to evade our responsibilities and leave a country over which under the Monroe Doctrine we claim a species of guardianship to fry in its own grease. We look calmly upon a carnival of cruelty, of destruction, and of anarchy, and complacently say to ourselves that we have done well because forsooth we are not at war. Verily we are at peace with Mexico for the reason that we have failed to meet the obligations of our professed principles as defined in the Monroe Doctrine.

We sit placidly by while our own citizens are despoiled of life and of property. We are giving slaughter and rapine license to exploit itself. We have nullified our rights, we have abandoned our moral obligations. It is indeed peace, but under the circumstances it is a condition upon which no American of patriotic or humane spirit need felicitate himself.

We may thank the war in Europe that this peace with Mexico so applauded by the unthinking has not involved us in a prodigious national humiliation. Before now, if their energies had not been otherwise engaged, the leading nations of Europe would have lost patience with our do-nothing policy. Before now there would have come from beyond the Atlantic, in contempt of our Monroe Doctrine, such intervention of civilized force as the chaos in Mexico invites and demands. Prior to August last both England and France had, with respect to Mexico, about come to the boiling-over point; if now they were free to act they would brush us aside contemptuously as incapable of doing a work which by common consent had been left for us to do. Before now these countries would have made peace, not with, but in Mexico. And all the world would have called it a righteous peace. And in truth it would have been just that.

From a source intelligent and authoritative, but which must not be named, in view of what would happen in reprisal, we have a letter written from northern Mexico under date of November 7th. What has happened since that time does not tend to nullify any of the conditions set forth, although in the interim one nominal presidency has been substituted for another. The writer says:

The trend of popular sentiment is now in favor of Villa, and Carranza seems to be practically relegated to obscurity or exile. The convention at Aguas, I think, is pretty much of an affair for blowing off steam and allowing the different generals to relieve their systems of a congestion of ideas on government. The real force is Villa, who, until quite recently, has been watchfully waiting at Zacatecas, with a fully-armed and equipped force of probably 20,000 fighting men at his command. I do not anticipate much fighting, if any, for some time yet. The trouble, if it comes at all, will be when Zapata makes his usual kick at the way things go. It looks very much, taking things all together, as if in this northern section we may reasonably expect a few months of comparative tranquillity. Matters in Mexico City, however, have been very bad, and the Carranza crowd have been appropriating everything they could lay their hands on.

The labor situation is bad, and going to be worse. The bulk of the able-bodied labor is in the army loafing around with rifles. After the election is over it is doubtful whether it will be possible to get them back to honest toil again; besides, the country is now full of agitators spreading more or less socialistic ideas among the masses. The currency question is bad and getting worse. Nobody knows how many million pesos Villa and Carranza have issued, or how many millions more have been counterfeited and placed in circulation. It takes an expert now to tell whether a bill is good, and at present everybody is refusing all Villa ten-dollar bills offered, as nobody knows whether they are good or bad. Some people hint that stamping the bills "falso" is simply a new way the powers that be have of amortizing them all.

I could tell you a great many interesting occurrences, but it would hardly be advisable to do so by letter; but if the American people knew what Wilson has been covering up, they would have some very different ideas on the Mexican question.

Editorial Notes.

A current story to the effect that Secretary Bryan is about to quit the cabinet to take personal charge of the movement for reelecting President Wilson lacks confirmation. One who investigated the matter for the *Argonaut* at Washington with careful industry finds nothing to indicate that there is anything substantial behind the report. Mr. Bryan, while a sad misfit in the Secretaryship of State, is still so enamored of the distinctions and privileges of office that he is not likely to give it up voluntarily. Nor is there any probability that the President will ask him to do it. Again, Mr. Bryan is about the last man likely to be put in charge of an organized political campaign. He has neither steady industry, organizing power, nor administrative practice. His rôle—the only rôle in which he has ever attained any kind of success—is that of an agitator. He is not a doer of things. He is just a talker, and a loose talker at that.

The report that Bryan is likely to leave the cabinet is an outcome of an effort which has been making to "put the skids under him" as they say in the street. Who is behind this effort does not appear. But three New York newspapers—the *Herald*, the *Times*, and the *World*—have been giving active support to it. Day by

day these journals give forth reports tending to exhibit the now patent unfitness of Mr. Bryan for the delicate work of the State Department or for any responsibility calling for trained and restrained capability. One of these stories, which recently appeared in the *Herald*, tells of an incident which illustrates the ineptitude of the man for the work in his hands. It seems that the State Department had occasion at a time when the Japanese anti-alien land law was under consideration to send a note to the Japanese embassy. The note was drafted in the State Department and was submitted in form by Mr. Bryan to a cabinet meeting, where after a discussion it was revised, several interlineations being penciled in by the President and members of the cabinet. Mr. Bryan is no respecter of small things and it didn't occur to his easy-going mind to have the note rewritten. Off it went slap-dash precisely as it came from the cabinet meeting. Not even a copy of it was made for the department files. The department had to send to the Japanese embassy and get the note back in order to make the necessary record in the files.

Another incident illustrates the fine Nebraskan method of Mr. Bryan in dealing with serious things. The government of Cuba sought to negotiate a loan under conditions which called for the approval of the American government. John Bassett Moore, then counselor of the State Department, asked the Cuban government to submit a statement of account in order that the department might pass upon the matter. This statement was brought in to Mr. Bryan one day as he was hurriedly leaving town. What happened in the Secretary's office is not known. But the diplomat who brought the statement issued forth from the department with an acknowledgment duly in Mr. Bryan's handwriting of which no copy was made and which was interpreted not only as an acknowledgment but as an approval of the loan proposal. When the matter came again to the notice of the department no record of it could be found and Mr. Bryan had forgotten all about it. By a stroke of good fortune a subordinate official was able to interpose the authority of the department and withdraw the official approval which Mr. Bryan had so carelessly given before any harm had resulted from it. These are sample incidents illustrating Mr. Bryan's slap-dash ways of doing things, his contempt of mere details, his temperamental inability to see the difference between trivial and serious things.

It is only in the diplomacies connected with patronage that Mr. Bryan shines. In this sphere he is a past-master. To illustrate: He has recently had a private secretary, one Wyvell, a fresh youth of free Middle Western manners, who has given the conventional diplomats who visit the State Department some interesting samples of the free-and-easy style in personal intercourse. "Here, you fellow, come this way!" is one of his ways of greeting a visitor. Even Mr. Bryan discovered that the interesting Mr. Wyvell was a misfit, yet there were circumstances which implied on his part a certain personal and political obligation. He has found a way out of the trouble by finding for Wyvell—literally digging up for him—a job at \$5000 per year as "counselor" of the International Joint Commission, a commission originally devised as a refuge for certain "lame ducks" which never has anything to do and which has no need for a counselor. But Mr. Wyvell has a sinecure and Mr. Bryan has the vacancy which he desired. Clever, decidedly clever, but hardly up to the moral level of Mr. Bryan's pretensions as a guardian of the public welfare and a champion of official economy.

For the sake of German self-respect, as well as for the world's respect, we hope a report which comes from Amsterdam in the form of a news dispatch is not true. It is to the effect that "the German authorities in Belgium are taxing flour sent from the United States for the starving Belgians at the rate of 13 francs (\$2.50) per hundred kilograms." The Belgian record is enough in all conscience without this fresh imposition. Let us hope that the report is not true—that German policy, which has overrun Belgium, torn down her cities and impoverished her people, may not have to answer for another form of merciless outrage.

We are glad to see that the California Grape Protective Association is initiating a movement for reform of the liquor traffic along lines which people of com-

mon sense may approve. If we may believe those who speak for the association, its idea is to emphasize the distinction between the legitimate phases of the liquor traffic and the low saloon, and to lend aid in a movement to eliminate the latter with its associated evils. The grape growers ought not to stand alone in this worthy and entirely practical cause. They ought to have the help of every legitimate phase of the liquor traffic. A plan should easily be defined in which the legitimate part of the liquor interest and the rational element in the work of temperance reform might cordially work together. By such means a wholesome and regulated temperance could be promoted without assault upon the principles of individual liberty and without injustice to anybody.

In his remarks on Monday night at the Palace Hotel to a company of Democrats assembled at a banquet in his honor Mr. Phelan declared that "In 1916 there will be only two parties—the Democrats and the Republicans." So far we may credit Mr. Phelan's political judgment. But it is not so easy to go with him in the further prophecy that "the Democratic party will be composed of all the liberal and progressive voters of the country; the Republican party will be made up of all those who have no confidence in popular rule." Mr. Phelan's scoop-shovel works too smoothly and too broadly. He has failed to note that in the recent elections the losses of the Progressive party as compared with a year ago were by no means absorbed by the Democratic party. Rather it was the other way about. In New York, Pennsylvania, and elsewhere, where the Progressive decline amounted to party collapse, it is to be noted that the relative gain was made, not by the Democratic party, but by the Republican party. Let it be conceded that under the leadership of President Wilson the Democratic party has abandoned its traditional conservatism and has become in effect the party of radicalism—or of progressivism, if that name be preferred. Still this does not imply that all the Progressives will flock to the revamped party. Most of the Progressives, in fact, are by principle, habit, and association identified with the Republican party, and in abandoning the Bull-Moose movement, as most of them have in disappointment and disgust, they are far more likely to fall back into the old affiliation than to join the now personally-conducted Democracy. Again, the fundamental idea of the old-time Democrat was that of conservatism. The party having now turned right-about-face and having gone over to radicalism, is it not likely to lose very considerable numbers of its conservative rank and file? Certainly there was nothing in the election of last month to indicate that the movement away from Bull-Mooseism implies a movement toward Democracy.

Colonel Goethals has figured out the total cost of the Isthmian Canal, including \$12,000,000 for fortifications, to have been \$353,559,049.69. Since construction began there have been eighty-seven earthquake shocks in the Canal Zone, none of which has caused serious damage. As the construction of the Canal proceeded to the point where a date was set for the admission of the first ship, the population of the zone steadily decreased. On June 30, 1914, the force employed on the Canal was 29,673, compared with 43,350 at the close of the previous fiscal year. "Accompanying the decrease," the report states, "there was a large emigration from the Isthmus, and for the first time since the work was started there was an excess of departures over arrivals of about 15,000."

"Work," said Dr. Meyer before the Congregation Emanu-El last week, "is the salvation for idle wives." The good rabbi might have added that work is the salvation of everybody—the very salt of human life. The man or woman who does not work is a parasite, a corrupting influence, and a decaying quantity. Any scheme of life which looks to avoidance of work cuts athwart every sound principle of living. Most disastrously of all it affects him—or her—who escapes work. A man or woman in mental and physical health without work, and the will to do it, is the most pitiable spectacle on this sorrowful earth.

Practically all inhabited sections of the Beyer district, Norway, can be reached by boat, and as a large percentage of both freight and passenger traffic is by water, there are at least ten motor-boats owned, exclusive of the fishing fleet, for every motor-car.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.

A few days ago the reports of a great Russian victory were numerous and definite. They emanated mainly from newspaper correspondents at Petrograd, and although the censor allowed them to pass, they remained unconfirmed from any official source. Now comes a message from the Russian war office recommending caution in the acceptance of news from the front. The battle, says the Russian authorities, is going well for their forces, but it is not yet over. The Germans are offering a furious resistance, and it is still too early to speak of victory or defeat. And with this somewhat laconic announcement the curtain is allowed once more to fall and we may possess our souls in such patience as it has pleased heaven to endow us with.

The reports of operations are confusing in the extreme, as they must necessarily be, seeing that it is only the military authorities who know the exact disposition of the various armies, and unfortunately they feel under no obligation to impart their knowledge. We can somewhat simplify the situation by supposing that the rival armies form a nearly continuous battle front from Stallupönen in East Prussia to Cracow in the south. All parts of this immense front may be considered as sympathetic with all other parts, and all parts are under the necessity of maintaining their places in a more or less straight line. It is obvious that if the line is pushed back in the centre, for example, the two wings are at once in danger of an attack at their rear, and to avoid this they must fall back. It is also evident that the pressure upon any part of the line may be relieved by an attack upon some other part, which will necessitate the detachment of troops from the assault of the distressed section. Therefore when we read of a German advance upon Warsaw, for example, this does not necessarily mean that the Germans are particularly covetous of the occupation of Warsaw, but that they hope thereby to relieve the pressure upon East Prussia in the north and upon Cracow in the south. A German army at Warsaw would obviously be a threat to the rear of the Russian forces advancing into East Prussia and into Silesia, and these would be compelled either to fall back or at least to turn their attention to their own defense.

This helps us to understand not only the actual locality, but also the significance of the present battle, of which the issue is still in doubt, but which the Russians say is developing to their own advantage. It is an attack by the Germans upon the Russian centre at Warsaw in the hope of thus indirectly aiding in the defense of East Prussia and of Silesia, to which the doorway is Cracow. It will be remembered that Von Hindenberg nearly reached Warsaw on a previous occasion, that he was then driven back to his own frontier, that he turned upon the clouds of pursuing Russian cavalry, forced them back, and then began another advance eastward. It is the Russian resistance to this second advance that constitutes the present battle and which occupies a line from Kalicz to the Vistula. Now a glance at the map will show the extraordinary difficulties of such a move. The Germans must not only face the Russian army between themselves and Warsaw, but every step that they take eastward brings their flanks more and more into touch with the Russian forces to the north and south. In other words, the Germans are advancing toward the apex of a triangle, and consequently they are increasingly threatened by its containing sides. Now it is quite possible that the true German objective was not Warsaw at all, but that Von Hindenberg's intention was to turn suddenly either to the north or to the south and strike at one of these containing sides. But in any case his mission seems to have been a desperate one, and one that gives plausibility to the Russian claims of success. We may remember also that the Russians can bring up reinforcements in almost unlimited numbers, not only from the east of Warsaw, but from the armies operating to the north and south. It is hardly likely that the Germans can be very substantially stronger than they were when they were first driven westward from Warsaw, whereas it is probable that the Russians are in much greater force. We may therefore assume with some safety that the cautious announcements from the Russian war office are strictly true, that the advantage of the battle is with the Russians, but that so far there has been neither actual defeat nor actual victory. But nothing less than the actual defeat of the Russians will be of service to Germany. If the German armies merely succeed in extricating themselves it will still be a Russian success and it will presage the end of the war.

What will the Germans do in case they are ultimately forced back over their own frontier, as happened to them previously after their defeat at Warsaw? In this case the centre of their retiring line would be somewhere in the vicinity of Pleschen, and the entire German forces thus bent westward in the centre would assume a lunar formation with the two horns resting on Stallupönen in the north and Cracow in the south. But at least one of the two horns, the northern one, would then be in an untenable position. Russian forces would at once strike north to the rear of the German army in East Prussia and compel it to move rapidly westward. The effect on the southern horn might not be so marked, since Cracow, a very hard nut, would still remain to be cracked. Now with the German centre thus forced back into German territory and with their left wing in East Prussia endangered from the rear there would be practically only one course open to them. They would have to fall back on the line of fortresses that stretch north and south on their own side of the frontier, fortresses that were of course erected for this very purpose, and there they would begin defensive operations that would necessarily be of the most formidable kind and for which extensive preparations have already been

made. These fortresses are marked clearly upon the ordinary maps. The most northerly is Königsberg, and moving south from there we find Thorn, Graudenz, Posen, Glogau, Breslau, and Neise. It is true that fortresses have been rather discredited as means of defense, but this applies only to fortresses that are unsupported by armies. Verdun, for example, is still untaken by the Germans because a vigorous French army is in the neighborhood, and so in the eastern field we may expect to see—in the event of a German defeat in the present battle—the German armies extended from north to south and with the fortresses like knots upon the string.

The most important of these fortresses, strategically and in every other way, is Thorn. Thorn may be said to be the gateway to West Prussia, and it commands both sides of the Vistula River. It consists of sixteen separate forts containing a thousand guns, many of them of the most formidable kind. Five railways run through Thorn, which is also the intersecting point of many good roads. These fortresses, north and south, have already been connected by a maze of trenches defended by wire entanglements and by every other military resource. They are not impregnable, since we now know that nothing is impregnable, but certainly they would prove an obstacle of the most tremendous kind. It is probable that Russian strategy would attempt some sort of flanking movement by way of Königshtute to the south, although this would involve the final crushing of the Austrian armies.

But although the critical fighting is now to be found between Kalicz and Warsaw it owes its main significance to the effect that the issue will have upon the fighting in East Prussia and around Cracow. East Prussia is now invaded by two armies coming westward from Suwalki and northward from Allau. The first of these two armies is somewhere between Stallupönen and Gumbinnen, and is probably directed against Insterburg. The second army, moving to the northwest, is trying to get to the rear of the German defensive force strung along the frontier. A Russian success in the centre between Kalicz and Warsaw or Lodz will mean also a success for these two Russian forces in the north. A German victory in the centre will tend to balk these northerly Russian movements. In the same way it may be said that a Russian victory in the centre will mean an attack upon Cracow from the northwest as well as from the east. But a German victory will relax the pressure upon Cracow from the north.

We may receive with some caution the stories of actual fighting between Austrian and German troops. None the less it is probable that the situation is severely strained and that the Germans are finding that the army of their ally is in the nature of a corpse that must be carried around the neck. With the exception of a single success early in the war the Austrians have met with an uninterrupted series of disasters, and although we still read their monotonous and unvarying claims to victory "everywhere" it is easy to understand that these are intended for home consumption, that the Austrian military power is broken, and that she is a source of weakness rather than of strength to Germany. And the cause lies very visibly upon the surface. Austria can not rely upon her Slav troops, who join the colors only with extreme reluctance, and literally at the point of the bayonet, and whose sympathies are always with their brethren from the north. The Austrian empire has been little more than a house of cards for many years past. The German and Slav elements have kept up the appearance of unity only from a deference to the aged emperor, but the strain of war, first with Slav Serbia and then with Russia, the leader of the Slav union, has hastened a dissolution that in no case could have been long delayed. The Austrian soldier has fine martial qualities and has shown them on a dozen battlefields, but no man can fight well with innumerable sullen enemies within his own ranks. A nation that is almost in a state of civil war can hardly acquit itself creditably against a foreign foe.

From the west there comes the daily official report that nothing has happened, although the unofficial reports are by no means so monotonous. The Germans seem to have abandoned their attacks upon the Yser Canal and to a great extent also upon Ypres, but now we hear of a large movement farther south and directed against Arras. Either the Germans hope that somewhere they may find a vulnerable spot and that they may yet succeed in reaching their cherished goal of Dunkirk and Calais, or their new attack is only a screen for their retirement. In the meantime a Belgian force seems to have been creeping eastward along the coast line in the direction of Ostend and under cover of British naval guns.

It is of course quite upon the cards that a new attack upon a new point may succeed. The factors in war are so numerous and often so fortuitous that to predict either success or failure would be mere folly. But at least it may be said that there seems to be no reason why such an attack should succeed and it is quite possible that it is only a veil for withdrawal. Similar assaults have been made over and over again at various selected and promising points, and although they have resulted in a great deal of ferocious fighting and a few minor successes here and there they have none the less uniformly failed. The Allies have not only held their ground, but they seem to have done so without very much difficulty and without any great call upon their resources. It looks very much as though they had been content to remain upon the defensive, to wear down the strength of their opponents and to await some particular juncture before attempting to drive the German armies back to their own frontier. Although it is customary to speak of the deadlock upon the Yser Canal it may easily turn out that there is no deadlock at all, and that the

Allies have been quite content for the present to arrest the German forward movement and to await the psychological moment for their own aggressive action.

In support of this view we may note various indications that the Allies have very large forces in reserve and that they have found it unnecessary to call upon them. The larger part of the defensive work on the Yser seems to have been done by the British and the Belgians, although every now and then we read of French troops moving forward in support at critical moments. Now there can not be a very large number of French soldiers in the entrenchments on the Aisne. The lines there are admittedly thin, and although the line northward from Peronne is doubtless heavily manned we shall still find it hard to account for the bulk of the French forces. A single report speaks of large French reserves to the west of Ypres that are occasionally called upon for the defense of distressed points, but it looks as though these reserves might be very large indeed and as though they were being held in reserve for a move forwards. And in this connection we may regard the eastern and western fields as one. Extreme pressure from the Russian side must mean the withdrawal of the best men from Belgium, and this seems to be exactly what has happened. An inopportune forward move of the Allies in Flanders—that is to say a move when the Germans in Russia were in easy circumstances—would mean their rapid return to Flanders. But if the Germans in Russia should be seriously distressed the time would have come for an attack upon their weakened lines in Flanders. And it may be for just this reason that we hear rumors of the approaching advance of the Allies in Flanders. If Von Hindenberg's army is in one-half the trouble that is reported it would obviously be the opportunity for the Allies in the west. But if Von Hindenberg is successful there will be no such forward movement of these Allies. But it would be well to expect great events.

The Holy War was declared nearly two weeks ago by the Sheikh ul Islam, but so far there has been no response, although the Kaiser, telegraphing to the crown prince, said exultantly, "This means a Holy War for the whole Islamic world." But surely the Kaiser does not want to see the whole Islamic world in arms, seeing that he himself governs Mohammedans in East Africa, and Austria is the ruler of great numbers of them in Bosnia and Herzegovina. But of course the Sheikh has very little religious authority—about as much as the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Aga Khan of India has much more weight than the Sheikh, seeing that he is the acknowledged head of ninety millions of Indian Mohammedans, and the Aga Khan has just spoken very disrespectfully of the Sheikh and also of the Sultan himself, and has even offered to enlist as a private in the British army. The Mohammedan world has just as many sects as the Christian world and they despise each other just as cordially. It is quite likely that a Jihad or Holy War will one day come, but it will not be at the bidding of the Sultan or of the Sheikh ul Islam. Moreover, a Holy War is declared against infidels in general, and not against individual nations.

The German Taube, says an unidentified clipping, is a small, all-steel monoplane, pigeon-like in appearance as it floats on the air. The Taube avion (or military aeroplane) is painted light blue, so as to be as little distinguishable as possible in fine weather. Practically all German military monoplanes are of the Taube type, and so far as scouting work is concerned, and the art of throwing bombs, have proved eminently successful. It is said that at the beginning of the war the German army possessed between 700 and 800 of these machines, which were the invention of an Austrian millionaire named Ettrich. The design came to him from observation of the zanzania tree, an Indian product, whose leaf, when shed, is carried four miles by the winds of autumn. All the big German firms of constructors are exclusively employed in turning out German "doves" for military purposes. These machines are all made of steel and are fitted with self-starting engine devices, thus enabling the pilot who lands involuntarily to restart without assistance. The engines used are the water-cooled Benz and Mercedes, of varying horsepower. The speed of the Taube is inferior to the best French and English monoplanes, owing to its greater weight. Many Taubes have thus been accounted for by British and French aviators since the beginning of the war. As a bomb-throwing machine the Taube also labors under the disadvantage of being badly designed for bomb-throwing, as the pilot can only see ahead and not below him. The Germans, long before England took them up, adopted the Dunne or arrow-shaped biplane as their military model, which, with the exception of a tail, is an exact copy of the first Dunne biplane. There are about 100 of these, which with 800 Taubes and fifty hydroplanes (copies of English designs), constitute the whole of the German aeroplane fleet, known as the Imperial Flying Corps.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 2, 1914.

SIDNEY CORVY.

Mining for tin under the sea is common enough in Cornwall, where the veins are followed for a considerable distance under the waters of the stern coast, but Cornwall is fairly equaled by Chile, which, instead of producing tin, yields large quantities of coal. On Coronet Bay are located some of the best coal mines in Chile, and as the seams extend beneath the bay and give evidence of continuing far out into the ocean, coal mining is thus carried on at a good depth beneath the harbor. So impervious to water is the overhead rock that the underground workings are dry and clean. Modern equipment is used, and electric power for all purposes is supplied at a low rate.

THE VEIL OF DEATH.

What the Earthquake Revealed to Count Jeppi.

Count Jeppi had a habit of promenading by the seashore for an hour or two, every day after dinner, while smoking his cigar. Possessor of a great name and a colossal fortune, related to the most ancient families of the Roman patriciate, the count had made a marriage of love. He had espoused, five years previously, the daughter of Prince Cinella—superb and placid as a Raphael blonde and stately as a Titian. A cultivated man—elegant, young, handsome, loving, and beloved—the count could not be other than perfectly happy, and he was. During eight months of the year, from November to June, he dwelt in Florence, the city of palaces and pleasures. At the periods of intense heat he came to Casamicciola and installed himself in a coquettish, vine-clad, little villa, hung on the flanks of the mountain, by the side of the sea, between the blue of the water and the blue of the sky—a corner made for reading love stories and for loving. He lived here during the summer, enjoying with his wife the solitude *à deux*, drinking in long draughts of love, enchanted with the sunlight—a spoiled child of fortune.

One suffocating evening toward the last of July the count, according to his custom, shortly after dinner kissed his wife and went out. It was about eight o'clock. The air was sultry and oppressive; not a breath of wind stirred among the leaves of the fig and orange trees, white with dust. The sea, of an azure opaque and profound, stretched away toward the horizon, smooth as a sea of oil, and the sky, saturated with heat, was of a blue so intense and implacable as to appear stone gray. Along the winding streets, peasants, seated on the doorsteps, were drinking Sicilian wine from the wide-mouthed, leathern bottles, and groups of beautiful young girls, brown as the Florentine bronzes, flung back and forth, amid peals of laughter, flowers less red than the coral of their lips. Bare-footed urchins, with eyes of jet, were driving the white goats slowly homeward; long after they had passed, the tinkling of the little bells, hung round their necks, could be heard.

This charming spectacle, always the same, yet always new, never wearied the count. He reached the foot of the hill and passed rapidly out on to the quay. The night had come, superb, and the stars appeared, one by one, like eyes of gold looking down on the slumbering island.

Suddenly, in a second, in less time than it takes the lightning to flash, the earth trembled, as if shaken by the march of invisible armies—armies of giants. The sea, chopping and agitated, hurled its waves together in wild confusion; the heavens veiled themselves in black; a sulphurous wind, like a blast from a furnace, breathed devastation; and in the awful darkness the count, terrified, recommending his soul to God in that supreme instant of lucidity which always precedes a dreadful death, was thrown violently forward on his face.

* * * * *

The first thing which Count Jeppi saw on regaining consciousness was a star looking down at him, then two, then three, and all the beautiful cortège of the silent sky. He remained motionless a few moments, uncertain what had happened to him, then he arose and walked a few steps; he was not wounded. What then had taken place? What formidable power had thrown him, unresisting, to the ground? The amorous sea was washing the beach with its silvery waves, the heavens were clear as the eyes of a bride, a gentle breeze was stirring—all was calm! Yet, strange circumstance, he no longer recognized the country about him, the horizon seemed to him more even and more level than before.

Suddenly he comprehended all, the frightful truth—the earthquake! Like a sword piercing him to the soul, a vision of his wife buried beneath the ruins filled him with a mortal anguish.

He started on the run in the direction of his villa. Was she dead—dying—or living still? She was crushed, perhaps, her lovely body a shapeless mass, caught between two walls. Horror! Ah! how one suffers in such moments! Would he arrive in time? The count shook his fist at the sky, great tears rolling down his cheeks. He did not even take the trouble to wipe them away. He hurried on, stumbling at every step among the stones and heaps of timber, treading on dark objects which moved and groaned. The air was rent with terrible cries—cries of animals in torture, shrill cries of children, agonized groans of women, loud at first, then weakening little by little and ceasing in the death-rattle. There were despairing calls through the darkness, "Father!" "Mother!" "Son!" and invocations to the divine mercy, "Jesu! Maria Santissima!" and every stone, every ruin, gave forth a groan. The count passed shadows staggering like drunken men, walking on tiptoe with arms stretched out before them, or seated motionless like statues of desolation; others holding on their knees heavy drooping bodies which no longer responded to their endearments. Women, disheveled, danced with uplifted skirts, mad. One would verily have believed one's self with Dante.

The moisture cold on his brow, frozen with horror, the wretched Jeppi leaped over corpses, scaled walls, and the one thought incessantly beating in his brain, like

the ticking of a clock, was, "Shall I arrive in time?" At the corner of a street he saw by the light of the moon a woman's arm thrust out from under a heap of fallen beams, a naked arm, caught as in a vise. The white hand, loaded with rings, writhed like a crab. The cries of the sufferer, deadened, stifled under the débris, could not be heard, but these twitching fingers called for help, and this hand, thrust out into space, shrieked: "To the rescue!" The count could have rescued her. He turned away his head and passed on. He had not the time.

After retracing his steps more than twenty times, after wandering about for over an hour, he arrived at last before what had been his dwelling. What a sight! The charming villa, the villa of kisses and flowers, was now but a smoking mass of ruins. One side of the wall alone remained upright, and overhead, in its cage of gilded osier, cooed a turtle-dove, which the countess had cherished. It was a touching sight, this poor, frail little bird, suspended between heaven and earth in its dainty house—this dove of miracle, as if to prove that the God who, in His terrible and mysterious power, razed cities to their foundations in an instant, could equally, if it were His will, save the life of a dove.

At the sight of these great stones, piled one above the other, the count felt himself turn weak as a child. She was there underneath this mass, his adored wife. Where, in which direction? Even if she were dead, he must find her at any cost. Softly, with infinite precautions, with steps of velvet, clinging to the projections, he ventured among the ruins of his house. He hesitated before setting his foot down anywhere, as if fearful of trampling on the beloved body.

Suddenly he thought he heard—he did hear—a distant voice, but so faint one might have said it was but a breath, a sigh borne by the wind. He stopped. It was a subterranean voice, a woman's voice—her voice! He recognized it now. He could not distinguish what she was saying, but it was, indeed, her caressing voice, calling to him from the depths of that fearful night, where she believed herself immured forever.

"I will save her," he said, and he set to work.

Bruising his knees, lacerating his hands, the nails torn away, sweating blood, weeping tears, for over an hour the count toiled at the mass of stones with frenzy. Now, vainly thrusting his bleeding hands into a heap of rubbish, the powdered plaster slipping through his fingers like running water; again, moving heavy blocks of stone, which fell back, catching his hands in an iron grip.

The distant voice guided him continually. It began to grow less distinct, and suddenly it ceased altogether.

Then despair helped him to accomplish prodigies. He lifted blocks of stone, which he threw far from him; he wrested away beams bristling with nails. With blows of his feet, of his shoulders, urged on by a ferocious energy, he rapidly accomplished a giant work, and was ready to fall from fatigue and thirst, when there was a sudden giving way in the mass under his feet, which landed him on the edge of an excavation, which yawned beneath him black and unfathomable. Crouched down over this sinister hole, he reached out his arm and groped cautiously around in the darkness. He encountered something soft and cold. In spite of the horror which seized him he had the courage to examine with his trembling hands the already icy flesh. He distinguished first an open mouth, closed eyes, a smooth brow, then, suddenly, his fingers were buried in a waving, silken mass, which he recognized instantly. Her superb tresses! Merely by touching them he recalled their color distinctly.

Caressing in the darkness the locks he had so often fondled, he murmured softly: "My love—if you are not dead—speak to me."

Only the silence replied to him.

"She is dead," he thought; "I must take her from this too narrow tomb."

Seizing her at hazard by the shoulders he began to lift her toward him. Three times he raised her, and three times was he forced to let her fall back. She seemed terribly heavy, as if some enormous weight were suspended from her feet. At last, gathering up all his strength, he succeeded, and dragged forth a something which he did not at first dare to look at, and placed it near him on the stones.

But he had scarcely cast his eyes on it when he uttered a piercing cry—a cry of rage and horror.

His wife dead, with hair loosely flowing, an ecstatic smile on her lips, held in her arms—a man! Oh! how she strained him to her, with hands tightly clasped behind his back! And *he*—he had thrown one arm around her waist, while his left hand, hanging by his side, grasped a white rose, not yet faded.

The count had fallen on his knees. In a flash he had measured all the depth of his dishonor. The years of love and happiness, he saw them suddenly illumed in all their startling reality, polluted by lying caresses and deceitful kisses.

He approached and leaned over, to view the features of him who had culled the last sigh, the last vow of the perjured wife, but he recoiled in disgust. The head of the man, crushed, almost detached from the body, was but a bleeding mass of flesh. Life had guarded their secret, and now death seemed still to favor them, giving up to the dishonored husband nothing but an unrecognizable and disfigured body. He looked again,

searching for some trace, some mark which would flash a name out from the darkness—the name coveted by his jealousy and his rage! The white hands bore no rings. The body, slender and elegant, appeared to be that of a young man. It was an impenetrable corpse, resolved to guard its secret. The count questioned the motionless lips of his wife, which must have so often let pass the name of the beloved—they remained mute. In a frenzied prayer, broken by blasphemies, he called on God to deliver up to him, on the instant, the abhorred name. God answered not. Only, on the wall overhead, the turtle-dove cooed in its gilded cage. Ah! if the bird of love could only speak.

Then, after passing his hand across his brow, the count, moving mechanically, stooped down and placed one knee on his wife's breast, and, holding her thus, endeavored to separate her from this man's body—this body on which Love and Death had crucified her. It was a long and difficult task. As well try to untwine serpents or to tear away the ivy from the trunk of the ancient oak.

At last the rigid arms relaxed on either side, and the outraged husband, putting an end to this odious embrace, repossessed himself of the body of his wife, which the corpse of the lover had still disputed with him. Then he sat down between them, like a judge, and awaited the day.

In the early dawn, with the aid of some peasants, he buried his wife under the shadow of a little fig tree, in a garden close at hand. The remainder of the day he walked the island, stopping the soldiers, the workmen, every one whom he met, and led them up to the corpse. He showed every sign of the most profound grief. He believed, he said, that he had found the body of a dear friend, but he was not absolutely sure, and he offered twenty thousand scudi to the person who could tell him with certainty the name of the dead man. In spite of the enormous sum no one could identify the body. The count had it interred separately, at his own expense, in a corner of the Casamicciola Cemetery.

Since then he searches ceaselessly for this name—which he is condemned never to know—less jealous of the man who, living, stole from his wife's heart than of the mysterious corpse which had so insolently duped him.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Henri Lavedan.*

One hundred and sixty-two years ago the first theatre in the United States was opened in the Colony of Virginia at old Williamsburg. The originator was an English actor, William Hallam, Sr., who brought his own company from over seas and presented "The Merchant of Venice" as the initial performance. The idea spread rapidly, and soon New York, Philadelphia, and the other leading communities of colonial America each had their theatres. While the Virginia playhouse was the first in the United States, actors had played in the colonies before this date. The first is said to have been the English strolling player, Anthony Aston, who was known as Mat Medley. The actor and his art of that day were generally despised by the Puritanical colonists. The Massachusetts legislature passed a law shortly after amateurs had given "The Orphans" at the Coffee House in Boston in 1749 which forbade such performances, prescribing a penalty for actors and spectators alike at £5 sterling each.

Though generally adroit in launching an undertaking, the Chinese are a people very poor in bringing it to a final success. The number of native industrial companies promoted in China in the last dozen or more years has been very great, but extremely few of them live today to show any favorable financial results. All these modern companies in China start with plants of the latest and most approved type, employing foreign experts, who are generally assisted by Chinese newly returned from abroad with a store of scientific knowledge. But as a rule they seldom reap profits from their enterprise. It is not that the experts are incompetent, nor that their outputs are of an inferior quality. They are overtaken by deficits that interfere with their work, and by contracting loan after loan they sink lower and lower into the quagmire of debts with no hope of ever getting out of it. In their desperation the promoters abandon their work, and in many cases officers run away.

The Emperor of Japan has donated a sum equal to \$25,000 toward the foundation of St. Luke's International Hospital at Tokyo, which will be conducted under the auspices of the Episcopal Church Mission. The announcement of the imperial gift to a Christian institution is without precedent in Japan. The substantial imperial support, it is stated in Tokyo, assures the success of the undertaking, which will cost about a half-million dollars. It is planned to make the establishment the most elaborate in the Far East, and it will mark a distinct advance in medical research work there.

Hongkong, the financial centre of the Far East, now contains a population of 500,000, which includes the new territory, the Kowloon extension. The European population does not exceed 14,000. Its banks control to a great extent the trade of China and other portions of the Orient.

THE UNHAPPY ALIEN.

"Piccadilly" Writes of the Sorry Fortunes of Germans and Austrians in England.

I am distinctly thankful that I am neither a German nor an Austrian and compelled at the present time to live in England, since it is hardly possible to imagine a more uncomfortable place for those who are now known as "alien enemies." Of course a good many of these unfortunates are not enemies at all. For all practical purposes, through long residence and through sympathies, they are British, but they happen to have been born abroad, and it has simply never occurred to them to take out papers of naturalization. Some of them even have sons in the British army. But all this counts for little or nothing. They must pass under the harrow of police investigation, and they will be lucky if they escape the detention camp. Certainly it seems a little hard that a civilian who fires at his country's enemies, and perhaps under unbearable provocation, should be liable to instant execution as a non-militant, but that he should be in no way exempt from the penalties attaching to militancy. At the present time there are several hundred Germans and Austrians in these detention camps. Some of them have English wives, and most of them are quite inoffensive looking. But then who thinks of justice in war time, when a certain orderly and legal cruelty has become the order of the day? But in some cases the injustice is almost ludicrous. For example, I was told of the case of an Italian, a native of the Austrian Tyrol, and therefore technically an Austrian. He was treated as an "alien enemy" by the British authorities, and it was actually a fact that this man's father, still living in the Tyrol, was also being penalized as an "alien enemy," or as likely to become one, by the Austrian authorities. Certainly there is no encouragement nowadays for the non-combatant. It is better for him to get a rifle and take his chance of being honestly shot. Other victims of an enthusiastic police are Poles and Hungarians, who are actually Austrian subjects, but whose dearest wish is to see Austria exterminated. Of course the government itself is not actually responsible for all this foolishness. The high officials have something else to think about, and as a result the unlucky alien is left to the ministrations of a lot of understrappers and jacks-in-office intent upon showing their devotion in the most concrete ways.

It is of course easy to talk of the spy mania and the spy fever as though these things were in some way comparable with witch hunting as mere hysterias and superstitions. But the average Britisher firmly believes in the German spy. He believes that there are hundreds of German spies scattered throughout the country, and he is inclined to think that an appearance of surpassing innocence is the most suspicious of all signs. And certainly he can hardly be blamed for his convictions. Many unquestionable spies have been arrested with proof positive of guilt in their pockets in the shape of dangerous documents. One such spy, self-confessed, has been shot on Tower Hill. At least half a dozen of Lord Kitchener's new recruits have been arrested under reasonable suspicion. It is to be remembered that Germany herself has repeatedly boasted of her spy system and that her intelligence department is the best organized in the world. And a competent spy who knows his work is more dangerous than a regiment of soldiers. It is commonly believed that the three British cruisers torpedoed in the North Sea owed their fate to a spy. Their protecting destroyers had been compelled to make for port because of bad weather, and it is supposed that their arrival was instantly signaled and that as a result the submarines made their disastrous raid. Of course there may be nothing in this story, but we can hardly wonder that it should gain credence in the face of the many convictions that have been secured on unquestionable evidence. And England is feeling just now that she can not afford to take any risks. But it is unfortunate that mob passion should sometimes be allowed to get the upper hand, as was the case in the East End of London, where shops were looted for no better reason than the German-sounding names of their owners. The same rather stupid fear has led some of the large hotels to discharge every employee of German or Austrian birth, even though they were naturalized and had many years of faithful service to their credit. Considering that many of these people came to England in order to escape the militarism of their own countries they must certainly feel that their lot is a hard one and that they may have jumped from the frying-pan into the fire, for who would not rather suffer as a soldier than as a suspected spy?

The latest sensational spy story—and some stories are true as well as sensational—is to the effect that on the occasion of the last visit of the Kaiser to England he brought with him in his suite a certain Herr Steinauer, who is the chief of the central spy bureau of Potsdam. Steinauer is described as something of a dandy, always immaculately dressed and speaking nearly perfect English. Steinauer is said to have appointed his agents in arsenals, dockyards, and at all points where valuable information might be secured. Eventually the police authorities became suspicious of this suave stranger, who seemed to have no legitimate functions, but who was none the less extraordinarily busy about something.

His correspondence was intercepted and most of his agents were listed for observation. Over two hundred of them were arrested when war broke out, but it is believed that some of them are still at large and that there are still various undiscovered wireless plants on the east coast, as well as doves whose feathered occupants know enough to fly away home to Germany as soon as they are released. A full account of Steinauer's activities appeared recently in the London *Daily Express*, and although it rests only on the usual "unimpeachable authority," which may mean anything or nothing, it is accepted as gospel truth by most of those who read it. That it is not wholly imaginative is evidenced by the fact that the government attorney in a recent espionage trial said that Steinauer's name was very familiar to him and that it figured in nearly every case with which he had been concerned. The home secretary, speaking to the same effect, made no actual mention of Steinauer's name, but he did say that the government had found it necessary to establish a special department in order to counteract the efforts of the large number of spies known to be at work in England. We may reasonably believe that popular ignorance and passion have exaggerated the danger and that there have been lapses into cruelties and brutalities, but to describe the whole agitation as a fever or a mania is obviously unjust.

LONDON, November 18, 1914.

PICCADILLY.

Beneath the drifted sands on the west side of Findhorn Bay, Scotland, lie what were once sixteen fruitful farms, orchards, and a hamlet. There also is buried the mansion house of an ancient family. Now all this is a wild waste, known as the Culbin Sands. The estate was overwhelmed late in the year 1694—and in a single night, according to all accounts. From the west a great wind sprang up. It lifted the sand along the coast, gathering force as it drove along, its increasing momentum sweeping great masses of loose sand along with it. This horror, scarcely imaginable, swept with irresistible force down towards the mouth of the Findhorn; it covered the fields and overwhelmed the estate, burying swiftly, beyond hope of respite, the mansion house, farms, and village. A smiling, happy countryside was transformed as by black magic into a wilderness of sand; and today, standing on one of the great mounds, the eye rests on a succession of huge billows of gleaming sand, literally a desert, some four miles long by two miles broad, bare as the palm of one's hand of vegetation, the very picture of loneliness and desolation. The titanic strength, the suddenness of the strange disaster, the pigmy impotence of man before it, seize the imagination. So swift fell the tragedy that, to save his life, a man ran from his plow in the furrow and never saw it again. It was found years afterwards, and is now in a north country museum (says *Chambers's Journal*). Some of the bewildered folk managed to get into their houses from the east side next day and rescued a few household goods, but the demon of the storm rose again, and next morning not a vestige of man's handiwork was visible. An ocean of sand, dashing like spray in the gale, covered the land like a stormy spring tide; and when the gale and the sand-drift died down a mocking waste had taken the place of the Barony of Culbin. And there the miniature desert can be seen today. Alexander Kinnaird, the luckless owner, was ruined. The poor man petitioned the Scots Parliament in July, 1695, for a relief from the cess or land tax, on a statement that "the best two parts of his estate of Culbin, by an unavoidable fatality, was quite ruined and destroyed, occasioned by great and vast heaps of sand (which had overblown the same), so that there was not a vestige to be seen of his manor-place of Culbin, yards, orchards, and mains thereof, and which within these twenty years were as considerable as many within the County of Moray."

There is a law in the Turkish Empire prohibiting the exportation of relics and antiques more than one hundred years old, and the fact that it is on the statute books gives rise to the common practice of offering spurious articles to the tourist. Real objects of art or of sufficient age to be of value are rarely to be purchased, and the general desire of the visitor, therefore, seems to be to obtain stones or pieces of clay from the sites of ancient ruins, or bricks with inscriptions. The former can probably be obtained, but they are practically valueless, as one piece of clay from Babylon is quite like another from Musol. Bricks from either of these places that are known to be genuine are unobtainable. Even the German excavators, who until recently were at work, were only allowed to photograph the antiques which they found, sending the originals to the National Museum at Constantinople or to some other place designated by the Turkish government.

One of the most expensive woods used regularly in an established industry in the United States is boxwood, the favorite material for wood engraving. It has been quoted at four cents a cubic inch, and about \$1300 by the thousand board feet.

The area of California, 158,297 square miles, is approximately equal to the combined area of Roumania, Bulgaria, Servia, Albania, Montenegro, Belgium, and Turkey in Europe.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Passionate Shepherd to His Love.

Come live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Or woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee heds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With huckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy-buds
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love.

—Christopher Marlowe.

Old Winter.

Old Winter sad, in snowy clad,
Is making a doleful din;
But let him howl till he crack his jaw,
We will not let him in.

Ay, let him lift from the hillow drift
His hoary, haggard form,
And scowling stand, with his wrinkled hand
Outstretching to the storm.

And let his weird and sleety heard
Stream loose upon the blast,
And rustling, chime to the tinkling rime
From his bald head falling fast.

Let his baleful breath shed blight and death
On herb and flower and tree;
And brooks and ponds in crystal bonds
Bind fast, hut what care we?

Let him push at the door,—in the chimney roar,
And rattle the window-pane;
Let him in at us spy with his icicle eye,
But he shall not entrance gain.

Let him gnaw, forsooth, with his freezing tooth,
On our roof-tiles, till he tire;
But we care not a whit, as we jovial sit
Before our blazing fire.

Come, lads, let's sing, till the rafters ring;
Come, push the can about—
From our snug fire-side this Christmas-tide
We'll keep old Winter out. —Thomas Noel.

Memory.

Marina's gone, and now sit I,
As Philomela (on a thorn,
Turned out of nature's livery),
Mirthless, alone, and all forlorn:
Only she sings not, while my sorrows can
Breathe forth such notes as fit a dying swan.

So shuts the marigold her leaves
At the departure of the sun;
So from the honeysuckle sheaves
The bee goes when the day is done;
So sits the turtle when she is but one,
And so all woe, as I since she is gone.

To some few birds, kind Nature hath
Made all the summer as one day:
Which once enjoyed, cold winter's wrath
As night, they sleeping pass away.
Those happy creatures are, that know not yet
The pain to be deprived or to forget.

I oft have heard men say there he
Some that with confidence profess
The helpful Art of Memory:
But could they teach Forgetfulness,
I'd learn; and try what further art could do
To make me love her and forget her too.

Sad melancholy, that persuades
Men from themselves, to think they be
Headless, or other hodies' shades,
Hath long and hootless dwelt with me;
For could I think she some idea were,
I still might love, forget, and have her here.

But such she is not: nor would I,
For twice as many torments more,
As her hereaved company
Hath brought to those I felt before,
For then no future time might hap to know
That she deserved, or I did love her so.

Ye hours, then, hut as minutes be!
(Though so I shall be sooner old)
Till I those lovely graces see,
Which, but in her, can none behold;
Then be an age! that we may never try
More grief in parting, hut grow old and die.

—William Browne.

Roumania holds the honor for earliest production of crude petroleum, having put it on the market in 1857. Two years later the United States produced its first petroleum, 2000 gallons. Italy was a producer the following year, and Canada, within twelve months, entered the field. Russia quickly followed, and for years these countries were the sole producers. Russia is now second only to this country.

In the market of Lassa opium is said to be sold for its weight in silver.

FROM DUBLIN TO CHICAGO.

George A. Birmingham, the Irish Novelist, Publishes Some Notes on a Tour in America.

Mr. George A. Birmingham, latest and best of Irish novelists, confesses to a certain sense of tragedy as he christens his new book "From Dublin to Chicago." For the title seems to represent the migration of a race, a migration that still goes on, although in a weaker stream than heretofore. Mr. Birmingham tells us that he could say a good deal about this exodus, and the forsaken cottages and the broken hearts that it involves, but we are glad that he refrains, since "it was not in the spirit of tragedy that we made the expedition to America, from Dublin to Chicago."

Mr. Birmingham was actuated by a variety of reasons in his choice of a journey. He wanted to see Americans in their own land, and he wanted to see old Irish friends whom he had known as boys and girls. He wanted to know what it was that had so changed them, and he wanted also to know why some succeeded and grew rich, and why others, apparently not inferior according to Irish judgment, came back beaten and disillusioned. And then America had the attraction of a familiar language:

There is besides a certain practical advantage, in our particular case, which America has over any other country to which we could travel. The Americans speak English. This is a small matter, no doubt, to good linguists, but we are both of us singularly stupid about foreign tongues. My French, for instance, is despicable. It is good enough for use in Italy. It serves all practical purposes in Spain and Portugal, but it is a very poor means for conveying my thoughts in France. For some reason the French people have great difficulty in understanding it, and their version of the language is almost incomprehensible to me, though I can carry on long conversations with people of any other nation when they speak French. It is the same with my Italian, my German, and my Portuguese. They are none of them much good to me in the countries to which they are supposed to belong. This is a severe handicap when traveling.

Mr. Birmingham was much interested in the linguistic differences as well as attracted by the identities. He would like to be able to say "very" and "America" as these words are said on this side of the Atlantic, but he admits his inability. He welcomes to his vocabulary such new words, or rather words used in a new way, as "cereal" and "through," as in the question put to him by a parlor maid whether he was "through with the cereal":

There are other words—"Baggage check," for instance—which could not be familiar to us, because we have not got the thing to which they belong in the British Isles. And a highly picturesque vigorous phrase meets one now and then. There was an occasion in which a laundry annoyed us very much. It did not bring back some clothes which had gone to be washed. We complained to a pleasant and highly vital young lady who controlled all the telephones in our hotel. She took our side in the dispute at once, seized the nearest receiver, and promised to "lay out that laundry right now." We went up to our rooms comforted with the vision of a whole staff of washerwomen lying in rows like corpses, with napkins tied under their chins, and white sheets over them. Americans ought not to swear, and do, in fact, swear much less than English people in ordinary conversation. The Englishman, when things go wrong with him, is almost forced to say "Damn" in order to express his feelings. His way of speaking his native language offers him no alternative. The American has at command a small battery of phrases far more helpful than any oath. It is no temptation to damn a laundry when you can "lay it out" by telephone.

The author tells us that he was warned not to bring a sealskin coat into America, as it would certainly lead to trouble at the custom-house, and this leads him to some reflections on officialism as found on both sides of the Atlantic:

I have noticed this same kind of cautious reticence among all Americans when the subject of customs comes up. I imagine that the people of ancient Crete avoided speaking about that god of theirs who ate young girls, and for the same reason. There is no use running risks, and the American custom-house officer is a person whom it is well not to offend. This is the way with all democracies. In Russia and Germany a man has to be careful in speaking about the Czar or the Kaiser. In republics we shut our mouths when a minor official is mentioned, unless we are among tried and trusted friends. I myself dislike respecting any one; but if respect is exacted of me I would rather yield it to a king with a proper crown on his head than to an ordinary man done up in brass buttons. However, Anglo-Saxons on both sides of the Atlantic seem to like doing obeisance to officials, and their tastes are no affairs of mine.

But there is another reflection that will strike the reader with some surprise. The Irishman, we are told, is naturally a submissive person, always prone to acknowledge superiorities and to defer to the judgment of others. The author himself is an Ulsterman, which makes this sudden disclosure of unsuspected virtues all the more disconcerting:

The Englishman or the German would stand up to the American.

"I will," one of them would say, "kill a Hudson Bay seal if I like or have him killed for me by some one else. I will wear his skin unless you prevent me by actual force, and I will resist your force as long as I can."

We do not adopt that attitude. We can not, for the spirit of defiance is not in us. When we were assured, as we were in the end, that the American really has strong feelings about seals, we began to think that he might be right.

"America," so we argued, "is a much larger country than Ireland. It is much richer. The buildings in its cities are far higher. Who are we that we should set up our opinions about tea or skins or anything else against the settled convictions of so great a people?"

Mr. Birmingham was thoroughly warned against the American interviewer, and therefore he had prepared a number of definite opinions about the country, its people,

their manners, customs, and laws, to be delivered on demand, and before the ship had reached her anchorage. But no one asked him these questions. Every other stranger is asked them, or says that he is, so the author concludes with a certain sense of grievance that his particular views were considered to be valueless. Nor was he tempted to talk about religion, as he had been warned not to do:

Nor was I tempted or goaded to talk about religion. The warning which I got to avoid that subject was wasted. No one seemed to care what I believed. I do not think I should have startled the very youngest interviewer if I had confided to him that I believed nothing at all. The nearest I ever got to religion in an interview was when I was asked what I thought about Ulster and Home Rule. That I was asked frequently, almost as frequently as I was asked what I thought of Synge's "Playboy of the Western World"; and both these seemed to me just the sort of questions I ought to be asked, if, indeed, I ought to be asked any questions at all. I do not, indeed, can not, think about Ulster and Home Rule. Nobody can. It is one of those things, like the fourth dimension, which baffle human thought. Just as you hope that you have got it into thinkable shape it eludes you and you see it sneering at your discomfiture from the far side of the last ditch. But it was quite right and proper to expect that an Irishman, especially an Irishman who came originally from Belfast, would have something to say about it, some thought to express which would illuminate the morass of that controversy. I could not complain about being asked that question.

But he was duly photographed by the reporter, and his modesty leads him to wonder what pleasure the public could derive from the picture of a "commonplace, middle-aged man":

My first interviewer, my very first, photographed me. I told him that he was wasting a plate, but he went on and wasted three. Why did he do it? If I were a very beautiful woman I could understand it, though I think that it would be a mistake to photograph Venus herself on the gangway of a steamer at eight o'clock in the morning in a downpour of rain. If I had been a Christian missionary who had been tortured by Chinese, I could understand it. Tortures might have left surprising marks on my face or twisted my spine in an interesting way. If I had been an apostle of physical culture, dressed in a pair of bathing drawers and part of a tiger skin, the photographing would have been intelligible. But I am none of these things. What pleasure could the public be expected to find in the reproduction of a picture of a commonplace middle-aged man? Yet the thing was done.

Mr. Birmingham is disposed to like the American railroad train, but is by no means enthusiastic about it. He does not understand why the train always stops as though there had been a collision, and he does not approve of the Pullman sleeping-cars:

The alternative to a drawing-room car, on most trains, is a section in a Pullman sleeping car. Against this we rose in revolt. I can not imagine how the Americans, who are in many ways much more highly civilized than Europeans, tolerate the existence of Pullman sleeping-cars. I am not physically—though I am in every other way—an exceptionally modest man. I have, for instance, no objection to mixed bathing, and it does not make me blush to meet one of the housemaids in a hotel when, dressed only in my pajamas, I am searching for the bathroom. But I do object to undressing in the corridor of a Pullman sleeping-car, and I can not, not being a professional acrobat, undress in my berth. For a lady the thing is, of course, much worse. Besides the undressing and the still more difficult dressing again, there is the business of washing in the morning, washing, and, for most men, shaving. You go into a sort of dressing-room to do that. There are not nearly basins enough. There is not room enough. Somebody is sure to walk on your sponge, will walk on your toothbrush, too, unless you happen to be a clerk, and therefore practiced in the art of holding things behind your ear.

Chicago meets with the author's whole-hearted approval, which must be very gratifying for Chicago. He found there a sense of civic responsibility that was strange to him, as though the city itself felt under an obligation to supervise the efficiency of its every part. He tells us that a letter was awaiting him at his hotel, but that as he made no inquiry for letters it was not at once delivered to him. He made no complaint, being far too meek a man and too desperately afraid of hotel officials even to think of such a thing:

Next morning there was a paragraph in one of the leading Chicago papers about my letter and the manager of the hotel was told plainly, in clear print, that he must do his business better than he did. I was astonished when the manager, taking me solemnly apart, showed me the paragraph, astonished and terror-stricken. I apologized at once for daring to have a letter addressed to me at his hotel. I apologized for not asking for it when I arrived. I apologized for the trouble his staff had been put to in carrying the letter up to my room in the end. Then I stopped apologizing because, to my amazement, the manager began. He apologized so amply that I came gradually to feel as if I were not entirely in the wrong. Also I realized why it is that this hotel—and no doubt all the others in Chicago—is so superlatively good. Chicago keeps an eye on them. The press is alive to the fact that every citizen of a great city, even a hotel manager, should do not merely his duty, but more, should practice counsels of perfection, perform works of supererogation, deliver letters which are not asked for.

Mr. Birmingham tells us that he was much struck by the astonishing display of books on eugenics. In one store in Chicago he saw twenty or thirty copies on sale of a single book on this ill-smelling topic, and most of these works were short handbooks, mere statements of conclusions. He is invariably benevolent in his judgments, and he is so here, but he seems to think that this interest in eugenics is a sign of decadence, as of course it is:

I am not a very good judge of a question of this sort. The whole subject of eugenics and all the other subjects which are associated with it are extremely distasteful to me. I like to think of young men and young women falling in love with each other and getting married because they are in love without considering overmuch the almost inevitable consequences until these are forced upon them. I fancy that in an entirely

healthy community things would be managed in this way, so that the result, generally speaking, and taking a wide number of cases into consideration, would be a race of wholesome, sound children, fairly well endowed with natural powers and fitted to meet the struggle of life. But Chicago evidently thinks otherwise. The subject of eugenics is studied there, and, as a consequence of the study, a number of clergy of various churches have declared that they will not marry people who are suffering from certain diseases. They have all reason on their side. I admit it. I have nothing to urge against them except an old-fashioned prejudice in favor of the fullest possible liberty to the individual. Yet I can not help feeling that it is not a sign of strength in a community that it should think very much about these things. A man seldom worries about his digestion or reads books about his stomach until his stomach and his digestion have gone wrong and begun to worry him. A great interest in what is going on in our insides is either a sign that things are not going on properly or else a deliberate invitation to our insides to give us trouble. It is the same with the community. But I should not like to think that anything either is or soon will be the matter with Chicago. It would be a lamentable loss to the world if Chicago's "I will" were to weaken, if the native hue of this magnificent, self-confident resolution were to be sicklied o'er with a pale cast of thought.

American freedom comes in for a certain amount of kindly attention. Mr. Birmingham wonders how it is that the American is not irritated by the minor tyrannies of his laws, by his inability, for example, to buy a glass of beer in Texas. Democracies, he seems to think, are necessarily tyrannies, because they produce professional politicians whose business it is to make laws. The American, moreover, is apt to resent criticism, and this, of course, is an old story:

America is free, too, in this same way, but is not, I think, so free as England. There are several subjects about which it is not wise to talk quite freely in America. The ordinary middle-class American, the man with whom one falls into casual conversation in a train, is sensitive about criticism of his country and its institutions in a way that the ordinary Englishman is not. It may very well be that in this he is the Englishman's superior. A perfectly detached judge of humanity, some epicurean deity observing all things with passionless calm and weighing all emotion in the scales of absolute justice, might, quite conceivably, rank a slightly resentful patriotism higher than tolerant apathy. We Irishmen are not tolerant of criticism, and I sincerely hope that ours is the better part. We do not like the expression of opinions which differ from our own, and are inclined to suppress them with some violence when we can. As a nation we value truth far more than liberty; truth being, of course, the thing which we ourselves believe; obviously that, for we would not believe it unless we were quite sure that it was true. Americans are not so whole-hearted as we are in this matter. The more highly educated Americans are even inclined to drift into a tolerant agnosticism which is almost English. But most Americans are still a little intolerant of strange opinions and still have enough conscious patriotism to resent criticism.

Mr. Birmingham finds that American and English manners are practically the same, although they have a different basis so far as women are concerned, and here his contention is ingenious, if not wholly convincing:

The manners of a well-bred Englishman are not superior to those of a well-bred American man. Nor are they inferior. Looked at superficially they are the same. As far as mere conventional behavior toward women is concerned, there is no difference between an Englishman and an American. A well-mannered Englishman rises up and opens the door for a woman when she leaves the room. So does a well-mannered American. The Englishman hands tea, bread and butter, or cake to a woman before he takes tea, bread and butter, or cake for himself. So does the American. The outward acts are identical. But there is a subtle difference in the spirit which inspires them. The Englishman does these things because he is chivalrous. His manners are based on the theory "Noblesse oblige." The woman belongs to the weaker sex, he to the stronger. All courtesy is therefore due her. This is the theory which underlies the behavior of all Englishmen to women. Good manners are a survival, one of the few survivals, of the old idea of chivalry; and chivalry was the nobly conceived homage of the strong to the weak, of the superior to the inferior. The American, performing exactly the same outward acts, is reverent, and reverence is essentially the opposite of chivalry. It is not the homage of the strong to the weak, but the obeisance of the inferior in the presence of a superior.

There are a hundred other points of interest on which the author touches, and always with a certain humorous sincerity that delights and captivates. Certainly America never had a more genial critic or one with a more kindly disposition to praise and to admire.

FROM DUBLIN TO CHICAGO. By George A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50 net.

What has been characterized as the worst outbreak of the foot and mouth disease in the history of the country recently manifested itself in different states from Michigan to New England. Rigorous action followed the appearance of the disease, and to the promptness with which measures were taken is due the fact that it has apparently been stamped out. Hundreds of head of cattle were killed, having been found in a diseased condition, among them many prize-winners. The expense of this slaughter is borne two-thirds by the government and one-third by the individual states. The animals are appraised and the owners paid for their loss.

Although the United States refines more nickel than any other country, practically all the ore used comes from Ontario and New Caledonia. It is then shipped to this country for further reduction to metal. The only domestic nickel produced is a small quantity obtained from blister copper as a by-product in electrolytic refining, and even this small quantity is so mixed as to source that what part of it is of domestic origin and what part is of foreign origin can not be determined.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Britton of the Seventh.

Mr. Cyrus Townsend Brady gives us a story centring around General Custer and the Sioux wars, and culminating in a tragedy that ended the life of one of the most picturesque figures in the annals of the American army. But his actual hero is Lieutenant Tony Britton, who belongs to Custer's command and who makes the not uncommon mistake of ingratiating himself with two women at the same time. To make matters worse one of the women is married to a brother officer, who ill-treats her, and Lieutenant Britton nearly elopes with the married woman, and indeed would have eloped but for his timely discovery of his feelings for the other one.

Mr. Brady tells a capital story, but it is one that depends for its interest upon its narrative of events rather than upon its characterization. His stage is innocent of subtlety or complexity, and although there is passion in plenty it is of the elemental and wholesome kind. The picture of Custer is peculiarly pleasing, and we are grateful for it. The story of the final fight is also thoroughly good, and the story as a whole is worthy of the stirring days upon which it is based.

BRITTON OF THE SEVENTH. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Progressive Democracy.

When Mark Hanna died in 1904 it seemed that the traditional political system was so firmly entrenched as to be perpetual. Any one, says Mr. Croly, who even squinted in the direction of reform was practically excluded from polite political discussion. But ten years have witnessed a complete dissolution of the old ideals. Proposals once considered to be so extreme as to be beyond the range of argument have become mere commonplaces, while a profession of conservatism has become tantamount in the popular mind to reaction. It is the extent and meaning of this revolution—for it is a revolution—that Mr. Croly sets himself to examine. He asks, What is Progressivism? To what extent is it subversive of old and basic ideas? How will it act and react upon the character of the people? What risks will it incur? In short, is it worth while?

The questions are large ones and they justify so substantial a volume as this, a volume that is historical and retrospective and that combines an extraordinary lucidity with an earnest and obvious enthusiasm for the

public good. Mr. Croly seems to think that among the chief dangers of Progressivism and of direct government is its implied reliance upon political mechanics rather than the direction of the popular will toward some broad social purpose that must be based upon ethical principles. So long as the popular will lacks a broad and ethical goal, so long as it is tinged with resentment, so long as it relies upon a mere change of mechanism, it "may succeed in abolishing one kind of abuse and oppression, but only at the price of its being succeeded by other kinds." If American institutions are to be renovated there must be "a positive inspiration and genuine social energy."

Into Mr. Croly's defense of the recall there is no need here to enter at any length. It seems weak, and to be based upon certain idealistic conceptions of human nature not always or often to be found actually in operation. A democracy with the recall, says Mr. Croly, has no longer any reason to apprehend serious consequences from its own mistakes. In other words it can afford to weaken its own sense of responsibility, a dubious benefit at a time when the sense of public responsibility is already feeble enough. We are further told that the threat of a loss of popular confidence would act as a stimulus to personal initiative. If a loss of popular confidence were usually found to follow on executive or moral dereliction this might be true enough, but unfortunately there are too many instances where "popular confidence" has been won and kept by time-serving and truckling. The remedy for a betrayal of public trust is the election of men incapable of such betrayal. The recall encourages the election of bad men by offering the lucky bag for another dip and for as many other dips as noisy and leisurely minorities may determine.

PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRACY. By Herbert Croly. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Maeterlinck has written a new hook, "The Unknown Guest," published by Dodd, Mead & Co. In it he makes a study of the "unknown guest" within ourselves—that mysterious, little known, rarely manifested, vaguely realized stranger that is part of us and which is sometimes termed the psychic self. This psychic activity (investigated and studied scientifically for many years) is manifested in premonitions, precognitions, "second sight," apparitions—all of which Maeterlinck investigates and upon which he speculates. It is an

ideal subject for this mystic philosopher, this quietly profound thinker, this poet who expresses his deepest thoughts with inimitable lucidity and simplicity.

In the last few months the Belgians have shown themselves to be a people worth knowing. Perhaps the best way of getting acquainted is through the pages of Dr. William Elliot Griffiths' "Belgium the Land of Art." This is not a guide book or a hook about pictures, but a popular account of the picturesque and turbulent history of this small kingdom, together with much interesting information about the people themselves. It is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

"Pelle the Conqueror: (Apprenticeship)." This is the second volume in the series of four that are to picture the life and career of a great modern labor leader, as "Jean-Christophe" pictures the musical genius. The author is Martin Andersen Nexø. He is perhaps the most famous novelist in Denmark. The critics in England and the Continent have hailed his genius as too big for that one country, and he is being translated as fast as his volumes appear. The hook is published by Henry Holt & Co.

The following important new hooks on the European war are just being issued by the George H. Doran Company: "How Germany Makes War," by General F. von Bernhardi; "Liberty," by Arnold Bennett; "The German Army from Within," by a British officer who has served in the German army; "The Russian Army from Within," by a special correspondent; "How the War Began," by W. L. Courtney, LL. D., and J. M. Kennedy; "The Fleets at War," by Archibald Hurd; "The Campaign of Sedan," by George Hooper; "The Campaign Round Liège," by W. L. Courtney and H. M. Kennedy; "The Red Cross in War," by Miss M. F. Billington; "In the Firing Line," by A. St. John Adcock; "Forty Years After," by H. C. Bailey; "A Scrap of Paper," by Dr. E. J. Dillon.

In "Through Siberia, the Land of the Future," just published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, Fridtjof Nansen, the famous explorer and author, describes the enormous possibilities of this country, together with his many adventures, in a recent expedition over the Kara Sea and right across Siberia to the Pacific. As Dr. Nansen traveled with a government party organized to open new trade routes, he had every opportunity for observation. His interesting style and the many illustrations from photographs place this hook, with his previous hooks of exploration and adventure, in a class by themselves.

One of the most important juveniles ever published by the George H. Doran Company has just been issued. It is "The Forest Ring," by William C. de Mille, the well-known dramatist, author of "Strongheart," etc., who has taken pleasure in here expressing all the Golden Age fantasy which would be more or less out of place in his plays of modern life. There is a lesson in the hook—the lesson that heasts have their affections quite as much as humans—but that is entirely subordinate to the gossamer delicacy, the enchanted wonder of the forest, the humor of the Little People, which he has here expressed.

People who are connected with the book world are interested as to whether the European war, together with the approaching anniversary of the battle of Waterloo will stimulate an increased interest in the Napoleonic era. The J. B. Lippincott Company is well prepared for the increased demand in publishing this fall two hooks upon the "Little Corporal" which will be welcomed by all those who wish to become acquainted with the great Corsican, or to brush up old memories: the Viscount Wolseley's "Decline and Fall of Napoleon" and Major Arthur Griffiths's "Life of Napoleon."

"Winning of the Far West" has just been published by G. P. Putnam's Sons for Professor McElroy, who holds the chair of American history at Princeton. The hook constitutes the completion of the narrative presented a number of years back by Theodore Roosevelt in the four volumes of the "Winning of the West." Mr. Roosevelt has, of course, no responsibility whatsoever for the historical conclusions arrived at by Professor McElroy, but the value of Mr. Roosevelt's history will be added to by the completion of the record to the close of the Mexican War and of the territorial additions up to 1850.

That a good hook is ever new and that a good hook is always popular is indicated by the announcement by Doubleday, Page & Co. of a new holiday edition of Gene Stratton-Porter's popular novel, "Freckles." The outstanding new features of the new edition are the illustrations by Thomas Fogarty. The Fogarty illustrations have the very homeliness and humanness of touch which has endeared Freckles as a character to nearly a million readers.

"Peace Insurance" is the attention-arresting title of a work by Richard Stockton, Jr., which A. C. McClurg & Co. will issue shortly. The author presents and argues the case for a

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larger and more efficient army and navy, supporting his views by the testimony of the highest military authorities in the United States. He makes the somewhat novel statement that a military force is an insurance against war, and giving a business parallel, asserts that the United States is under-insured, likening the situation that may arise to that of a careless merchant who, when his store is on fire, remembers too late that he has neglected this important safeguard.

Thanks to his wonderful *savoir faire*, and thanks to the courtesy and graciousness of the contemporary Germans who granted him interviews for the Paris *Figaro* immediately before the war, M. Georges Bourdon, author of "The German Enigma," published by E. P. Dutton & Co., has accomplished the almost incredible, has achieved, as he describes it, "a modus operandi between French thought and the real German mind." And thanks to this brilliant journalist's skill in painting word portraits of the men who are moulding modern German opinion, American readers now have an opportunity to see a side of German life and thought that has appeared in none of the numerous hooks that have recently come from the press.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Afterwards.

Emma S. Allen has chosen California for the scene of a novel that certainly leaves nothing to be desired in the way of sensation or of an intricacy of plot in which the long arm of coincidence plays even more than its wonted part. First we have the journey to San Francisco of Arthur Eldon and his rascally law partner Burton, a journey interrupted by a collision in which Eldon is severely injured while rescuing a beautiful fellow-passenger with whom he has fallen suddenly in love. Burton, in order to prevent Eldon's exposure of a fraudulent transaction, tries to encompass his partner's death, but Eldon's life is saved at the cost of his memory, and through the devotion of Miss Arlington, who not only nurses him back to physical health, but actually marries him, although he knows neither his name nor identity.

Then the scene changes to California, and we are introduced to Eldon's mother and his sister Grace, who suppose Arthur to have been killed in the collision, since they have heard nothing of him since that event. Mrs. Eldon has become blind and partially insane through grief, and she supposes that Glyndon a young mathematical professor whom she has met casually, is actually her lost son through a supposed resemblance of voice, and under this delusion she practically adopts him. Then Glyndon and Grace fall in love with each other and we learn to our amazement that Glyndon himself is already engaged to an estimable young woman for whom he feels only a platonic affection, and that Grace, too, has allowed herself to be persuaded into a surreptitious but unconsummated marriage with the rascally Burton. For the life of us we can not see how this terrible coil is to be unraveled, but we have every confidence in the author's skill, and we are willing to be led through the maze of relationships and platonic affections until the various matrimonial bavens heave in sight through the

smoke and turmoil of the great fire. Certainly it is a most ingenious story.

AFTERWARDS. By Emma S. Allen. New York: Edward J. Clode; \$1.25 net.

New Books Received.

INTERNATIONAL TRADE AND EXCHANGE. By Harry G. Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

A discussion of the theory of international and intranational trade and with references to the effects of government interferences.

ELSEBETH. By Margarette Muller. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A story of German home life.

GENEVIEVE. By Laura Spencer Porter. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A story of French children in America.

LEGENDS OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS. By Janet Macdonald Clark. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

Retold for children, with colored and plain illustrations.

A GREAT PEACE MAKER. With a preface by Viscount Bryce. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50 net.

The diary of James Gallatin, secretary to Albert Gallatin.

THE END OF THE TRAIL. By E. Alexander Powell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3 net.

Incidental suggestions for the traveler by a famous traveler.

OUTLINES OF INTERNATIONAL LAW. By Charles H. Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50 net.

An up-to-date work including all recent declarations and conventions.

COLLEGE LIFE. Arranged and edited by Maurice Garland Fulton. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

A selection of essays for use in college writing courses.

SAFEGUARDS FOR CITY YOUTH AT WORK AND PLAY. By Louise de Koven Bowen. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

A description of the sordid and careless conditions under which thousands of young people

habitually live, and of the efforts of a small group of citizens to provide a remedy.

MEMORIES. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

The story of a dog. With illustrations by Maud Earl.

ORIGIN AND MEANING OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. By Theodore Wehle. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.

A consideration of sources.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRAINING OF THE GIRL. By William A. McKeever. New York: The Macmillan Company; 50 cents net.

"Ordinary work and industry are the foundation stones of well-poised womanhood."

HOW TO SEE A PLAY. By Richard Burton. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

A concise and general treatment of the use of the theatre.

POTTERY. By George J. Cox. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

Issued in the Technical Art Series.

SEVEN WEEKS IN THE ORIENT. By an American Girl. 518 Wrightwood Avenue, Chicago: Howard D. Berrett.

A story of a journey.

"COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS." By Margaret L. Woods. New York: John Lane Company; \$2 net.

Something about the fairies of the seaside. For children. With illustrations in color.

PARIS WAR DAYS. By Charles Inman Barnard, LL. B. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2 net.

The diary of an American. With illustrations.

THE BOY WITH THE U. S. EXPLORERS. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50.

Sixth volume of the U. S. Service Series.

THE GOLDEN AGE. By Kenneth Grahame. New York: John Lane Company; \$3 net.

An idyll of childhood. With colored illustrations.

A FRESHMAN SCOUT AT COLLEGE. By Marshall Jenkins. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A story of Columbia University at the time of the abolition of football.

Through the Grand Canyon by Boat

One of the most exhilarating books of adventure produced in this country is the new volume by Ellsworth L. and Emory I. Kolb, "Through the Grand Canyon from Wyoming to Mexico," which is prefaced with an introduction by Owen Wister. Beautifully illustrated with half-tone plates which are in themselves a stirring record of a remarkable achievement and told with a simplicity and modesty which only serve to enhance the quality of suspense, it is a work calculated to fire the imagination and to set the pulses beating more quickly.

In 1911 Mr. Kolb and his brother conceived the idea of making a trip through the Grand Canyon by boat for the purpose of taking views and moving pictures. On September 8 of that year they put the idea into execution and, outfitted with two flat-bottomed boats and complete motion-picture apparatus, they left Green River, and for the next four and one-half months their days were full of thrilling experiences. While the Kolb brothers were not perhaps in search of excitement, they nevertheless encountered a great deal of it, and they have vividly reflected it in the pages of their narrative.

The Kolbs are photographers. They know what contributes to the composition of a perfect picture, and in their book there are forty-eight pages of half-tone plates made from negatives taken on the trip described in the text. They constitute the most beautiful as well as the most pictorial survey of the Grand Canyon region that has yet been brought together.

Gertrude Atherton's splendid story of early California, "Rezanov," for some time out of print and hard to obtain, has been announced for publication in a new edition. With "The Doomsday" it will appear early in 1915 under the title, "Before the Gringo Came." The Frederick A. Stokes Company, publishers of "Perch of the Devil," Mrs. Atherton's latest novel, will issue the new edition.

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To preserve the happy mean between conciseness and garrulousness is no easy task, and one that is seldom accomplished by the guidebook writer, but here the author has achieved a distinct success. She enumerates the things that should be seen and she tells us why they should be seen, but she wisely leaves the traveler to "enthuse" for himself and according to his own predilections. She deals adequately with the various routes of travel, she gives us a little chronology, a little about hotels, restaurants, theatres, festivals, and sports, and then we are left to our own devices and to make our own selection from the feast of good things that the state has to offer to the visitor. A competent map and some good illustrations complete a book that should not be overlooked by the traveler to California who needs adequate advice and unobtrusive help.

THE TOURIST'S CALIFORNIA. By Ruth Kedzie Wood. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Oregon.

Oregon owes a debt of gratitude to Dallas Lore Sharp for a book certain to fill the nature lover with enthusiasm and to point his footsteps in the right geographical direction. He tells us that he spent the summer of 1912 in the state, studying the wild life, the fish and the game, and although he took no pencil with him, since nature hates to be interviewed, he none the less preserved a group of impressions, deep and indelible, of the vast outdoors of Oregon. And he is astonishingly successful in transferring those impressions to his readers.

Innumerable animals find honored places in these pages, and even the coyote ceases to be wholly a pariah. Foxes, rattlesnakes, squirrels, spiders, butterflies, wolves, cats, and birds all appear in more or less friendly guise and under a surveillance that is more attentive to virtue than to vices, which is as it should be. In one case the author tells us that he caught a murre, or rather the murre allowed herself to be caught rather than abandon her babies. "And now her terror seemed quite gone. At the first touch of my hand she felt, I think, the love restraining it, and without fear or fret allowed me to push my hand under her and pull out the two downy babies. But she reached after them with her bill to tuck them back out of sight, and when I did not let them go, she sidled toward me, quacking softly—a language that I perfectly understood, and was quick to answer."

Certainly a very delightful book, a book that makes visible the kinship between man and animal.

WHERE ROLLS THE OREGON. By Dallas Lore Sharp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

Briefer Reviews.

Those unable to worship in person at the Chautauqua shrine are not necessarily debarred from an acquaintance with Mr. Bryan's various interpretations of the universe. The Funk & Wagnalls Company have just published a little volume, entitled "Man," an address delivered by Mr. Bryan at various

places, and which seems to be a reply to the question originally put by the Psalmist to Jehovah himself, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?" The price is 30 cents net.

"Lady Rum-Di-Doodle-Dum's Children," by S. B. Dinkelspiel (Demond Fitzgerald; \$1 net), is a successful story of fur and fairies and feathers intended for little children who are not too little. It is a vigorous piece of writing, full of humor, and well calculated to please a discriminating audience.

"How to Cook and Why," by Elizabeth Condit and Jessie A. Long (Harper & Brothers; \$1 net), is a presentation of the scientific principles underlying cookery. It does not give recipes, but it enables the cook to estimate the value of recipes. Its simple language recommends it to the high school girl and to the average housekeeper.

Mr. H. Packwood Adams is to be congratulated upon a successful history of the French Revolution, a history that does not add to our knowledge of facts and can hardly be expected to do so, but that is none the less a concise and interesting statement, and one that shows the Revolution to be a world event and a part of a development that still continues. Such philosophic views of history are all too rare, and the author is to be congratulated on a careful and intelligent piece of work. It is published by A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1 net.

Among later additions to the literature of feminism is "The Enemy of Woman," by Winifred Graham (Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.35 net). Lionel Marsh is a distinguished member of Parliament who is about to deliver a speech against the suffrage. But to the astonishment of every one he pleads passionately for the cause that he was supposed to curse. The explanation is simple, but startling. A woman has disguised herself as Marsh and has made the speech in his stead, and such legitimate curiosity as there may be as to how this miracle was wrought will be found fully elucidated in a story by no means without its interest. But we may hope that this enterprising suffragette will find no imitators.

Since we ourselves live in a flat we have rather a contempt for people who own gardens, although we are willing to admit that various orders of mind must find various expressions. But we can read "The Amateur Garden," by George W. Cable with the same delight that follows the perusal of all his other books. Mr. Cable tells us what he did with his own garden, and upon reaching the last page we are well assured that any garden handled in this sort of way would be likely to become a very human institution, redolent of graces and kindnesses and all beautiful things seen and unseen. In fact Mr. Cable persuades us that after all the possession of a garden might be a good thing and tending to soften the asperities of life. The book is published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50 net.

"The Pastor's Wife," by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," is the last piece of new fiction from Doubleday, Page & Co. for the season. It was published on October 29, together with several other important books, and along with the last of the holiday and gift books which are now in the hands of booksellers all over the country. It is one of the leading books on the fall list and deals with German life and how an English girl lived it.

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64-66 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK



THE ORPHEUM.

Out of eight of the regular numbers on the Orpheum programme of the week five either consist principally of Terpsichorean contributions, or, at least, contain an element of dancing. And, added to these, the seals in Act B danced in the seal language—I am sure that is what they meant—and Trovato, although seated during the whole of his violin-playing act, contributed an occasional double-shuffle from sheer lightness of heart—or at least it seemed so; perhaps it was an act of financial calculation; perhaps this sunny-hearted foreigner was saying to himself, "These Americans are so daffy on the subject of dancing that I would do well to throw in an occasional *pas seul* merely to keep in touch and add to the popularity of my offering." For it certainly must seem to the inhabitant of other lands that here we banquet rather over-largely on the pleasures of the dance. For my part I like more variety. If we have four or five song-and-dance couples on one programme—as sometimes happens—an appreciable proportion of the audience is apt to go home with song-and-dance dyspepsia, and when next Sunday comes around perhaps many of them will say, involuntarily, with only a sub-recollection, perhaps, of that mental dyspepsia, "Let's go to the movies." These be ticklish times in the theatre world, and with the movies at every other corner downtown, and invading in increasing numbers each and every residential district, we who stick to the theatres first and the movies last counsel the vaudeville managers to take heed. Watch your programmes, and look out for them when you are making your bookings. Nobody wants their dinner menu all of sweets or all of meats. "Give us variety!" is the slogan of the vaudeville patron, who supports this branch of theatrical entertainment because he gets it. And may he keep on getting it. A song-and-dance act—one only!—a playlet, a musical number, a humorous monologue, something for beauty, such as the Isadora Duncan dance act given by Gertrude Hoffman and her dancers; or living pictures; or living statuary; character imitations; athletics, or trick riding of some kind. Occasionally the managers capture some entertaining novelty, such as the Australian who does wonderful stunts with his long-lashed whip or the Japanese who writes upside-down, inside-out, or hindside-before. There are the occasional trained-animal acts, magicians and prestidigitators, such as Asahi; once in a while something quite unique, like the tree-felling contest of two muscular young men. All these varieties could not, of course, figure in one programme, but variety in vaudeville we must and will have. Variety! Variety! And always Variety! It is what gives it its vogue.

I note with alarm, too, that musical comedy in tabloid form is invading vaudeville. It seems to be popular, and perhaps my apprehension is unshared. But it does seem as if we had enough and to spare of that class of entertainment on the regular boards. There they have captured the real beauties, the real personalities, and the real voices, and they spend a powerful sight of money on the clothes and stage fixings. So the musical comedy of vaudeville can not adequately compete with the regular thing without exposing such weaknesses as a second-class chorus, second-class costumes, and second-class comedians, while as to an actual lead, a soprano singer of merit and valuable experience, they simply can not afford it. These tabloids, too, are even more mechanical than the full-length article. They are built up of old lumber—ancient tricks, trite ideas, stereotyped humor. Yet they represent, like their bigger prototypes, much work. The carpentered songs, the carpentered jokes, the carpentered plots, all mean hard, honest labor.

They have one on this week, "The Red Heads," and I am bound to say that, although I failed to respond to its attractions, the public did not. The principal performer is James Carson, a comedian of energetic methods who wins much applause. The plot is largely involved with dry goods. There are eight chorus girls who display these goods to varying advantage, and I think the robust-voiced Miss Sadlier is a valuable and equally energetic adjunct to Mr. Carson's palpably popular comedy. This foots the programme as a high wind-up.

Trovato's hit of last week is continued.

The eccentric violinist, who routs the audience horse, foot, and dragoons, stops the clock, metaphorically speaking, and awakens a storm of acclamatory whistles and shouts before he succeeds in finally bowing himself off the stage. Trovato, in appearance, might be somewhere in the forties, but actually, if we go by temperament and general deportment, is an urchin of six or seven years of age. He is, indeed, an unusual blend, a child of nature, a musician, a mountebank, and a small boy. He runs in giddily, seats himself comfortably, holds his violin any old way, and proceeds to toss—literally, I mean—off the strings a heterogeneous collection of musical pieces, popular songs, fragments of chromatic scales, violin conversations with imaginary flirts and interlocutors of other kinds in the audience, hodgepodge occasional roughish caterwaulings of the strings, and medleys of recognizable strains and airs, and a whole lot of schoolboy mischief mixed up with casually, carelessly, brilliant bits of real music. Of course a performer who plays—or pretends to—while he works does not always strike perfectly clear notes. Generally speaking, he does surprisingly well, and with his gay, mischievous insouciance quite captured his auditors, who finally entered with great zest into a sort of game with him, sending forth sedulously competition whistles for him to imitate a reply to, enjoying the game like children, and equally appreciative of the grimaces, violent head noddings, frolicsome capers and so on with which Trovato diversifies his act.

Another meritorious offering is that of Miss Dorothy Toye, a lady gifted with such a peculiar vocal register that she can sing soprano, contralto, and tenor, although I notice that on the programme she only claims two, refraining from mentioning her contralto, which is really her natural voice. It sounds like an operatic organ, rich and full. The singing with the tenor voice, however, must be rather dangerous for the preservation of her natural notes. I noticed in "La donna e mobile" that she struck a false note, and as she naturally adheres to pitch it was evident that her voice ran off the track on account of the muscular strain necessary to give the masculine depth to her tones. That momentary slip, however, scarcely detracted from the general merit of Miss Toye's performance, which is great. She has the generous mouth and dental arch of a natural producer of ample tone. Like Trilby her sounding board is big. Miss Toye added to the surprising nature of her performance by singing "Laughing Eyes" with rapid alternations from the male to the female voice, giving the latter in her lightest and whitest tones.

The three Travilla brothers, assisted by their two seals, give an act that makes people open their eyes, so amazingly long—four minutes, thirty-seven seconds—do the human swimmers remain under water, the willing, docile seals swimming merrily around in the meantime, while the men rest at the bottom of the tank in attitudes of careful ease. Their crowning feat is to take into the tank—all three of them—a small stand and three light stools, sit around the table, and go through the motions of eating with relish. Not a very gustatory idea, when one stopped to reflect that their morsels of banana—which they really placed in their widely-opened mouths—were being immersed in a fluid containing five living beings.

Sascha Piatov and Kitty Glaser gave the regular list of modern dances, although it seemed to me that their abilities did not quite attain to their ambitions; that is, viewing the act from the professional standpoint. The lifting of the feminine partner should always go with a suggestion of the greatest ease and lightness, which was not quite accomplished, and besides Miss Glaser needs to study the art of posing her legs and feet gracefully at such times. What she does accomplish is the pretty expression of her features, in which her partner did not attain a success to match, not possessing equal abandon.

The other principal dancing pair, Charles Cartmell and Laura Harris, introduced a rather happy effect by mingling with their dances a conversational blend of flirtation and vaudeville repartee, which was sufficiently reminiscent of a real dancing party as to tickle the spectators.

"A Happy Combination" shows Charles Howard in a song, dance, and nonsense act, in which he is assisted by two other performers, the girl pretty, but like a mechanical toy, the young man valuable in assisting Mr. Howard in putting over his comedy, which was well done and very much to the taste of the audience. True, the "goes-into" joke is a little venerable, but it took, all the same, and "the suffragette" was a great catch, with its fetching mixture of new jingles with old melodies.

The least interesting feature was Elida Morris's singing and dancing comedy. More grace and less violence would greatly improve it; and oh, ladies of the vaudeville stage, don't you know that a wink and a leer is ugly, ugly, ugly, on feminine features? Even toughened and roughened men feel that they

do not want their standards of what constitutes femininity to be too violently deranged.

THE PANTAGES THEATRE.

The Georgia Magnet! Doesn't that take some of you back into the long ago? When I saw the Georgia Magnet advertised I concluded that it was a descendant of that original and only natural wonder contrived on the same principal with which royal dynasties of the Orient continue their lineage through the ages. However, when I saw the Magnet I realized that, as her youth is over, she is probably the same little woman whose strength was wont to defeat the united muscularity of twelve or fifteen men. Several exhibitions are given, in which the Magnet—looking in the midst of her black-coated group of volunteers like a nice little country-town, church-social, typical American—pitted her apparently tiny strength against theirs and defeated them. But things were not carried out with a sufficient directness and clearness to make the act as telling as it might be, and I rather incline to think that some of that strange, unaccountable, magnetic force has ebbed away from the Georgia Magnet with the years.

"Cannibal Isle" brings up tabloid musical comedy again. It is truly "a roaring comedy," in which Walter Terry and W. C. Johnston contribute the principal incentive for the roars, the former with his dryly jesting missionary's imperturbability in contrast to the cannibalistic ferocities, spear thrusts, mouthings, and Fiji gruntings and grimacings of the lone Zulu warrior who constituted Queen Wapo's body-guard. The six girls ought to have been brown-powdered, like Luana in "The Bird of Paradise," and their singing was rather alarming, but on the whole the act makes a comic picture, which is all it aims at, and the fun is along sufficiently untrammelled lines to be not so bad at all.

"Graft" is one of those hot-cake playlets that depict the political sensation of the hour. It isn't a play, but just an interview between the chief of police and the district attorney on one side and two ardent ladies from the Purity League on the other, who are determined to find something to purify or know the reason why. The author doesn't sympathize with them, and has the chief accuse them and the invisible "Cheney," who is stirring up trouble, of being "muck-rakers," evidently the most damning of labels. As there was no story or dramatic action involved "Graft" fell slightly flat.

Some juggling, singing, and athletic comedy rounded out a fairly good programme, the management promising, however, on Thursday night to stir things up by introducing a contest in strength between the Magnet and a team of horses.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

David Warfield, at the Columbia.
David Belasco will present David Warfield at the Columbia Theatre next Monday night in a brilliant revival of his first great success, "The Auctioneer."

Mr. Warfield's remarkable creation of Simon Levi in this play, as a human study, has been classed as worthy of a Dickens or a Balzac. He is a complex creature, at once crafty and hard, yet generous by impulse, staunch and loyal in his family affections, and pathetic in his uncomplaining courage amidst adversity. To provide scope for the development and display of all these varied traits is no easy task for a playwright; to embody them in a living, breathing, convincing personality as Mr. Warfield does is a work of artistic genius.

The story of "The Auctioneer" is familiar to the older theatre-goers, but for the benefit of the younger generation it may be related briefly that Simon Levi is at first seen in his East Side auction store and home, building up the fortune begun with his peddler's basket. When his adopted daughter, Helga, is about to become the bride of Dick Eagan he moves into a Lexington Avenue mansion, has a good time while it lasts, becomes suddenly penniless, and then has to go back downtown and cheerfully begin life over again with his peddler's basket.

The supporting cast numbers fifty, and is made significant by the appearance of all the living members of the original cast. Some of the prominent names are Marie Bates, Lola Moynello, Harry Llewellyn, Guy Milham, Louis Hendricks, Eva Randolph, Frank Nelson, Harry Rogers, Esther Sacheroff, Richard Lembeck, Alice Avery, Leonard Doyle, Giles Low, and Tony Bevan.

Mr. Warfield's engagement at the Columbia Theatre will be of two weeks' duration, with matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays. There will be no Sunday performances.

Magie and Mystery at the Cort.

Le Roy, Talma, and Bosco, the great triple alliance of mystery people, will head a company of fifty magicians, fakirs, jugglers, and

illusionists at the Cort Theatre, commencing Sunday matinee, December 6. The engagement is a limited one and a part of their round-the-world tour.

Since the death of the "Great" Hermann there has been a dearth of magicians playing the larger legitimate houses of America. The scarcity does not mean that there has been any waning of the public interest in the higher type of magicians, but that the theatre-goers have failed to fix their stamp of approval to the ordinary magician.

It may be safely stated that no magician now living has been so signally honored by the royalty of the Old World as Servais Le Roy. As an inventive and creative genius of magical apparatus Le Roy is said to stand in the frontmost ranks. In London he maintains one of the largest factories ever given over to the manufacture of magical devices. He constantly maintains a large force of workmen busily engaged in experiments. Likewise Le Roy has representatives in the Orient, and in India, the birthplace of magic.

The Le Roy-Talma-Bosco company carries baggage and equipment weighing over one hundred tons and filling three ordinary baggage cars, along with three African lions and 100 head of other live stock, making it one of the most stupendous magical productions the world has ever seen.

Ruth St. Denis for an Entire Week.

On Monday night Ruth St. Denis and her company of artistic dancers and splendid orchestra will open a season of six nights and two matinees at the Alcazar Theatre, by arrangement with Will L. Greenbaum, who brought to this city such artistic dance performances as those of Pavlova, Genée, and Maud Allan. With Miss St. Denis will be seen Ted Shawn, whom the Eastern press has called "the American Mordkin"; Hilda Beyer, a beautiful young première from the Berlin Opera Ballet; Miss Evan-Burrows Fontaine, an interpretative classic dancer; M. Rene, a character dancer, and the Hindu performers who have been associated with Miss St. Denis throughout her career in both Europe and America.

The features in which Miss St. Denis will appear during next week's engagement will include the "Peacock," "The Snake Charmer," music from Delibes' "Lakme"; "In Old Japan," music by Robert Hood Bowers, and "Radha," a mystic Hindu dance of the five senses. With her company she will appear in the romance of the desert, "Oureida," and "The Earth Cycle," a series of dances representing the four seasons, with music by Strauss, German, and Delibes. One part of the programme will be devoted to the modern dance.

Ted Shawn will present "The Dagger Dance," with music from the Herbert-Redding opera "Natoma," and with Miss Beyer he will dance "The Joy of Youth," music by Strauss, and "A Springtime Idyl," music by Saint-Saëns. With Miss Beyer and Miss Fontaine he will render "The Spirit of Autumn," a Grecian fantasy.

Box-offices will be maintained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and the Alcazar. At the mid-week matinee on Thursday popular prices of 50 cents and \$1 all over the house will prevail.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum bill for next week will have as joint headliners Johnny Johnston and his colleagues and the Princess Radjah.

Mr. Johnston and his associates will transfer a bit of college campus to the stage. The scene is at Yale, where a number of students and their girl friends indulge in the singing of college songs and otherwise amuse themselves. Johnston, who is a splendid comedian, is supported by a capital company.

Princess Radjah, the creator of Oriental dances, is an Egyptian with all the grace, witchery, and fascination of her race. Both of her dances are of her own invention and afford fine opportunity for scenic and costume display. Her "Cleopatra Dance" has for its theme the suicide and death of "The Serpent of the Nile," and her "Arabian Chair Dance," which is little short of marvelous, is performed while she holds a chair with her teeth.

Little Minnie Allen, who styles herself "the Volcano of Mirth," has made herself an immense favorite in vaudeville. Her forte is the singing of comedy songs.

Genevieve Warner, who is said to be the foremost harpist this country has produced, will perform several favorite selections. She also sings in a delightful mezzo soprano voice. Miss Warner is assisted by the gifted violinist, Charlotte Francis.

The El Rey Sisters, Zoe and Klaire, will introduce their original and timely dances on skates. They waltz, clog, two-step, tango, turkey trot, and Texas Tommy on wheels.

Will Oakland, the lyric tenor, and his associates will return for next week only, and repeat their hit, "At the Club."

The holdovers will be Charlie Howard, assisted by Bobbie Watson and Dorothy Hayden; Charles Cartmell and Laura Harris, and

Dorothy Toye, the phenomenal double-voiced vocalist.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

"The Little Darling of Vaudeville" is what the profession styles Frances Clare, who with Guy Rawson and their little friends head the new eight-act show opening at the Pantages on Sunday. Miss Clare is a winsome and dainty little comedienne with a sunny smile and charming ways. The production which she will offer is called "Yesterdays," and it is one of the most delightful musical stories of youth in vaudeville. The act is away from the usual routine of musical "tab" production and makes a strong appeal to little folks, although written for the grown-ups. There are eight of the "little girl friends," who sing nursery songs and dance in and out the sketch.

"The Good Shepherd of Mayo" is a beautiful dramatic tale of the Emerald Isle to be presented with a strong cast headed by Charlie Reilly, the brilliant young Irish tenor. Victory Bateman, a former stock leading actress and a prime favorite on the Coast, has the leading rôle in the new playlet. Reilly will play the rôle of Father Burke, the lovable and hard-working priest of County Mayo.

Another jolly Irishman on the same bill is Arthur Whitlaw, whose rollicking ballads and stories have been one of the hits of the new show.

Joseph H. Niemeyer and Kathryn McConnell, a twain of bright musical-comedy dancers, have an eccentric travesty on the present-day ballroom dances, which is different enough to be pleasing and entertaining.

The original New Orleans Creole Band, which broke into vaudeville in this city a few months ago, returns by popular request with a brand new repertoire of ragtime hits which made the organization one of the big hits on its last visit.

Roy and Anna Harrah, society Tango skaters, and Esther King, a high-class vocalist, will complete the bill.

THE MUSIC SEASON

Arrigo Serato, Master of the Violin.

This Sunday afternoon, December 6, at the Columbia Theatre, music lovers will have the opportunity of hearing the greatest violin virtuoso that Italy has produced since Paganini, Signor Arrigo Serato, of whom Fritz Kreisler said, "I know of no greater master of the instrument."

Serato is making his first tour of America and has already won a position among the first of the visiting artists. In New York after he played with the Philharmonic Orchestra he was immediately engaged for a return date, and it is very rarely that any artist has had the honor of playing with this orchestra twice in one season.

The Sunday concert will be a benefit for the charity work of the Vittoria Colonna Club, an organization of about one hundred Italian women, whose labors among the poor are most effective.

On this occasion, with the assistance of Homer Samuels, pianist, Serato will play the "Sonata" by Veracini, "Concerto" in D minor by Wieniawski, and works by Tartini, Simonetti, and Sarasate.

The second and final concert will be given Sunday afternoon, December 13, with an entire change of programme. The Pacific Musical Society will attend on this occasion.

Box-offices are now open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's, and the Columbia Theatre.

On Saturday night, December 12, Serato will play at Stanford University under the auspices of the Peninsula Musical Association.

Orchestra Programme for Next Week.

After the concert of December 11 and the special concert of Sunday afternoon, December 13, at the Cort Theatre, the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will take a vacation until Friday afternoon, January 8, 1915.

Miss Tina Lerner, the Russian pianist, will be the soloist on all three occasions.

Next week's programme will be the request programme, Conductor Hadley selecting the works that received the highest number of votes at the last three concerts. The complete programme follows:

- Symphony, No. 1, in G minor.....Kalinnikow
- Concerto for Piano and Orchestra.....Grieg
- Miss Lerner
- "Liebestraum".....Liszt
- Piano solos—
- Ballade, C minor.....Chopin
- Valse, A flat major.....Chopin
- "Hark, Hark the Lark".....Seubert-Liszt
- "Campanella".....Liszt
- Miss Lerner
- Overture, "La Carnival Romaine".....Berlioz

John McCormack Dates Announced.

Manager Greenbaum has succeeded in inducing John McCormack to sing four times for him this season, so he will be heard at the Cort Theatre on Sunday afternoons, December 27 and January 3, at the Scottish Rite Hall in a special programme on New Year's afternoon, and in Oakland at Ye Liberty Play-

house on Tuesday night, December 29. Manager Bishop laying off the entire stock company for this auspicious event.

AMUSEMENTS



ARRIGO SERATO
Master Violinist
Columbia Theatre
This Sunday aft. Dec. 6,
and Sunday, Dec. 13
Tickets \$1, \$1.50, \$2.
Knabe Piano.



RUTH ST. DENIS
The Great Dance Interpreter
and Her Complete Company,
Grand Orchestra, Gorgeous Costumes,
Scenery and Appointments, assisted by Ted Shawn,
"The American Mordkin," and other Star Dancers.

ALCAZAR THEATRE
SIX NIGHTS—Commencing Monday, Dec. 7
Matinees Thursday and Saturday
Tickets \$2, \$1.50, \$1, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Alcazar. "Pop" Mat. on Thursday 50c and \$1.

IN OAKLAND!
St. Denis at Ye Liberty, Tuesday aft and eve,
Dec. 15. Seats ready next Thursday, Dec. 10.
Dec. 20—Second Concert S. F. Quintet Club.

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
HENRY HADLEY—CONDUCTOR

Next Concerts—Cort Theatre
Friday afternoons, Dec. 4 and 11
and
Special—Sunday, Dec. 13
at 50c, 75c, \$1. Box, Loge Seats, \$1.50
TINA LERNER SOLOIST AT ALL CONCERTS
Tickets on sale at box-offices Cort Theatre, Sherman, Clay & Co., and Kohler & Chase. Mail orders filled in advance of window sales.

ORPHEUM O'FARRELL STREET
Between Stockton and Powell
Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America

Week Beginning this Sunday Afternoon
Matinee Every Day
A WONDERFUL NEW SHOW
JOHNNY JOHNSTON and His Colleagues in "Taking Things Easy"; PRINCESS RADJAH in Her Famous "Cleopatra Dance"; MINNIE ALLEN, "The Little Volcano of Mirth"; America's Foremost Harp Virtuoso, GENEVIEVE WARNER, assisted by Charlotte Francis, Violinist; EL REY SISTERS, Clever Skaters; WILL OAKLAND and His Associate Singers in "At the Club"; CHARLIE HOWARD, with Bobbie Watson and Dorothy Hayden; CHARLES CARTMELL and LAURA HARRIS; Last Week, DOROTHY TOYE, the Phenomenal Double-Voiced Singer, Soprano and Tenor.
Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays, 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

COLUMBIA THEATRE The Leading Playhouse
Geary and Mason Sts. Phone Franklin 150

Two Weeks—Beginning Monday Night, Dec. 7
David Belasco presents
DAVID WARFIELD
in
"THE AUCTIONEER"
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Prices—Lower floor, \$2; balcony, \$2, \$1.50, \$1; second balcony, 50c.
Coming—"The Yellow Ticket."

CORT Leading Theatre
ELLIS and MARKET
Phone Sutter 2460

Last time Sat. Night—Joseph Sanley in "When Dreams Come True"
Beginning Sunday Matinee, Dec. 6
Regular Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
The World-Famous Trio of Magicians
Le ROY, TALMA AND BOSCO
Direct from Australia on Their World Tour
The Magical Show De Luxe
50—Magicians, Jugglers, and Illusionists—50
2—African Lions—2
100—Herd of Livestock—100
"POP" prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1
Next—Com. Mon., Dec. 21, FORBES-ROBERTSON in Repertory.

PANTAGES MARKET STREET
Opposite Mason

"The Little Darling of Vaudeville," FRANCES CLARE, with Guy Rawson and Their Little Girl Friends, in the Beautiful Musical Story of Youth, "YESTERDAYS"; ARTHUR WHITLAW, the Irish Jester; MCCONNELL and NEIMEYER, Society Travesty Dancers; ORIGINAL RAGTIME BAND; ROY and ANNA HARRAH, Tango Skaters; ESTHER KING, the Singing Maid.

VANITY FAIR.

It would really seem that the only women who are willing to have babies are school teachers, and we may suspect that they give way to their evil propensities mainly for the sake of making trouble. A year or so ago New York was convulsed with the case of a Mrs. Someone or Other who undertook to do certain educational work and who then began to have babies in defiance and in nullification of her contract. Now there is a Mrs. Sarah Breslow who has done the same thing, and who is making the welkin ring because she has been asked to choose between her contract to teach the children of other people and her fatal proclivity to have children of her own. It is understood that Mrs. Breslow has no particular defense to offer. She pleads neither inadvertence nor accident. And she makes no promise to reform. If she is allowed to go unchecked on her wild career there is no knowing what she will do next. Have more babies probably.

It is an unfortunate part of these maternity quarrels that they always attract the attention of Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, who has an unequalled power to say things that are not so and to set them forth like respectable platitudes such as "honesty is the best policy." Of course there has been a public meeting in New York to consider the mighty question of Mrs. Breslow's baby, and of course Mrs. Gilman mobilized on the spot, and with horse, foot, and artillery. "Women," says Mrs. Gilman, "are by nature educators. I consider education and motherhood synonyms." Why not medicine and motherhood, or militarism and motherhood? It would surely be hard to find any one more curiously unfitted for educational work than the average mother.

But Mrs. Gilman has more to say. "The board," she tells us, "has practically insisted on celibacy for women teachers." Of course the board has done nothing of the sort. The board said nothing at all about celibacy or its relation to matrimony. The board, being composed mainly of men, would be far too delicate to say anything about such things, even if it understood them. The board has done no more than say that it will not pay for work that is not done, and that it will not employ persons who then proceed to incapacitate themselves for the work for which they receive salaries. The board has done precisely what the merchant does when he hires a woman stenographer. It has contracted for certain work, and if that work is not done the contract lapses. Does Mrs. Gilman suppose that the merchant will retain the services of a stenographer who insists on having babies in office hours, so to speak? Would Mrs. Gilman herself retain the services of a cook who had babies instead of cooking the dinner? Of course she would not. So when Mrs. Gilman accuses the board of saying in so many words, "We shall discharge you for hearing children," she is talking undiluted nonsense, and she knows it. The merchant does not say to the stenographer, "I shall discharge you if you hear a child." The male sense of modesty would prevent him from even thinking of such things. But he does say, "I shall discharge you if you do not do stenography, seeing that this is what I have hired you to do." Nor would he listen to the plea that "maternity is woman's noblest function." He would say, "All right, my dear, go ahead and function, and I will employ a man whose noblest function is otherwise and will not interfere with his work." The parallel is exact.

We hear a good deal too much talk about the sacred duties of maternity. There is no such sacred duty, and the feminists are the first to say so when it suits their purpose. No woman is under any obligation, moral or social, to have babies. In nine cases out of ten it would be better for her to have no babies, and this is proved by a glance at the babies. In fact babies are far too numerous already.

This cruel war must stop. Our privations are becoming unbearable. A few weeks ago we were told that we must henceforth wear white socks because all the dyes are made in Germany and the Germans are too busy just now to make them. We explained at the time that we would not wear white socks, and that we were injured to ignominy, but that we would draw the line somewhere, and that we would rather paint our feet or dip our socks into the inkpot, and now comes the further horrid news that we can not have any more kid gloves.

This time it is the fault of the Allies, and it is a real delight to prove our neutrality by saying so. It seems that kid gloves are made from goatskins, and all the goats are being eaten by the Indian troops, who have an unexplained partiality for goat flesh. At the present time they are eating 5000 goats every day, and as more troops are expected to arrive with the same hunger for goats the outlook for the kid glove trade is a sad one.

Of course these swarthy warriors do not eat the skins. But they lie on them. They take them into the trenches and use them for

heds. The manager of the factory at Grenoble says that if the war lasts for only six months they will have consumed 90,000 dozen skins, which means no kid gloves. Once more, let this cruel war stop.

The fashionable women of England are very anxious to help. At least they say they are, and never would we doubt a lady's word. But their good intentions are thwarted on every side. Lord Kitchener does not want them as nurses. He says he prefers nuns, presumably because they have no matrimonial ambitions, and it is said that he went himself to a nunnery—fancy Lord Kitchener in a nunnery—in order to arrange matters. Doubtless Lord Kitchener has painful memories of the Boer War, where the lady helpers proved such a nuisance that he classed them with the flies as among the unhearable plagues of camp life.

But the ladies who stayed at home were nearly as bad. They, too, felt the enthusiasm of action, and so they made presents for the troops at the front. All kinds of presents, such as ladies make for each other at Christmas time and such as they give to their long-suffering male friends, who say things and throw the gifts away. They made candy boxes for them embroidered with pretty sentiments. They made night-shirt covers and pillow-cases and cigarette cases. They made collar-boxes and hrush bags. Heaven only knows what became of all this truck. Presumably it was burned, but it was all innocent enough in comparison with the activities of the ladies who went to the front as nurses under the conviction that nursing meant hating the hrows of handsome young officers and writing letters for them to their mothers. It is said that a good many of the volunteer nurses in the present war have expressed a preference for the nursing of officers and were thereupon requested to go home and stay there.

The French army allows no nurses at the front except nuns, who can be relied upon for the absolute and unswerving performance of duty and for an absence of the hysterics that so often afflict their more worldly sisters. These nuns go to the firing line and show themselves as indifferent to bullets as the soldiers themselves. But the aristocratic French ladies are allowed to meet the wounded on their arrival in Paris and to offer their ministrations under the strict supervision of medical officers. And they show themselves as willing enough to do whatever is necessary, whether it be washing, scrubbing, or cooking.

A large number of Frenchwomen have been asked to state what male character of history they would wish to be if they could be horn as men, and ninety per cent of them choose Napoleon. Doubtless this is partly due to the war spirit of the day, but it hardly confirms the false and ridiculous theory now dinned into our ears that the political influence of women would be on the side of peace.

Greek and Latin authors refer to the sport of coursing, but during the middle ages it was little heard of. The first set of rules drawn up to govern the sport and for determining the merits of a course was placed on record by Thomas Duke of Norfolk, in the time of Elizabeth of England. There was generally private coursing at that time. The oldest coursing club is that at Swaffham in Norfolk, and it was established in 1766 by Lord Orford. In 1780 the Ashdown Park Club was established. During the next seventy years many clubs or societies sprang up throughout England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, the Altcar Club being formed in 1825. The Waterloo Cup is run at the Altcar meeting every spring. This famous gathering takes place on the Earl of Sefton's estate close to Liverpool. It has for years been recognized as the leading affair of its kind. Only in South Africa is a Waterloo run off on antelopes, the reason being that the African hare will not stand up before a brace of greyhounds.

A sturdy little Lancashire lad went to a recruiting station to enlist. He was much disappointed when the officer told him he was too small and too young. "Can't you find me some job in th' army what I am big enough for?" anxiously asked the lad. "No, I can't, I'm sorry to say," replied the officer. As the lad turned sorrowfully away he said: "Well, don't blame me if th' hloomin' Germans lick t' lot on yo'; that's all!"

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise

Two college students were arraigned before the magistrate charged with hurdling the low spots in the road in their motor-car. "Have you a lawyer?" asked the magistrate. "We're not going to have any lawyer," answered the elder of the students. "We've decided to tell the truth."

Dr. Blomfield, a former Bishop of London was a widower with children. He married a widow with children, and he had a family by his second wife. One day this lady rushed into the library and said in an excited tone: "Do come to the nursery; your children and my children are endeavoring to kill our children."

An English colonel at kit inspection said to Private Flannigan, a new recruit: "Ha! Yes, shirts, socks, flannels, all very good. Now, can you assure me that all the articles of your kit have buttons on them?" "No, sir," said Private Flannigan, hesitating. "How's that, sir?" "Aint no buttons on the towels, sir."

Zeke and Ahe, two Afro-Americans, had decided to go into the mountains and search for gold, which they had no doubt could be found very easily. "Ah hopes we finds uh millyun dollahs wuf," said Zeke. A third negro who had been listening to their plans put in: "When yo' done come hack wid all dat gold is yo' gwine gimme some." "Nuh, suh," said Zeke. "Why doan' you do yo' own hopin'?"

A New York salesman tells of a stay made by him at a Western hotel where he observed an old-fashioned roller towel. "Say," asked the Gothamite of a man in the washroom, "don't the owner of this hotel know that it's against the law of the State of Illinois to use roller towels now?" "He knows it all right enough," said the man addressed, "but that law wasn't passed when this towel was put up."

Mrs. Newlyrich, having come into a fortune through a lucky strike, set up a country home near a big city, where she lived in style. One day, while she was showing some of her old-time friends about the place, they came to the poultry yard. "What beautiful chickens!" the visitors exclaimed. "All prize fowls," haughtily explained the hostess. "Do they lay every day?" was the next question. "Oh, they could, of course, but in our position it is not necessary for them to do so."

Uncle Jim Jackson, colored, was on his way home from the county fair, and having imbibed more freely than judiciously, tacked from one side of the road to the other, making five or ten feet with each effort. He was overtaken by the major. "Jim, you black rascal, you're drunk again," commented the major. "It's a long way home—you'll never get there in this fix." "Yas, suh," answered Jim thickly, anchoring to a post, "it aint dat this heah road's so long, suh—but if dey jes ain' made it so broad, suh!"

A wealthy but miserly haronet was celebrated for having a magnificently decorated dining-room, while his viands were very few. A celebrated wit was invited to dine on a certain occasion, and the host asked him if he didn't think the room elegant. "Yes," was the reply, "but it is not quite to my taste." "And what change would you make?" asked the host. "Well," answered the wit, "if this were my house, you know, I would have," looking at the ceiling, "less gilding, and," here he glanced furtively at the table, "more carving."

Mme de Talleyrand had the name of being as stupid as she was handsome, and her husband took a manly pleasure in leading her on to the commission of the most amazing blunders for the amusement of their guests. One day, for instance, when Denon, one of the savants whom Bonaparte had taken in his train on the expedition to Egypt, was to dine with them, Talleyrand told his wife that he was a traveler of note, whose last book he would give her to read. At dinner, Denon was at first delighted by the accuracy and discrimination of the compliments which Mme. de Talleyrand paid him, but she soon gave such feelings pause by saying: "And that good fellow Friday—what a comfort he must have been to you!" Talleyrand had given her "Robinson Crusoe" to read.

Johnny Soutar and Tam McNah during the course of a railway journey fell to discussing the domestic infelicities of a mutual friend. "Ay, ay," said Johnny, "Jamie Thompson has a sair time wi' that wife o' his. They say they're aye quarreling." "Whit else c'ud ye expect?" was Tam's scornful retort. "The puir feckless crayture mairrit efter courtin' for only seven years. Man, he has no chance to ken the wumman in sic a short time. When

I wis courtin' I courted for twinty year." In the further corner of the compartment sat an Englishman, listening, and much amused. "And may I ask," he inquired, "if connubial bliss followed this long courtship?" Tam looked at him reproachfully. "I tell ye I courted for twinty year," he said, "an' in that time I kent whit the wumman wis, an' so I didna' marry."

The German amhassador, Count von Bernstorff, said at a luncheon at Jacob H. Schiff's cottage at Seabright: "To blame Germany for this war shows an ignorance of welt politik as excessive as the broker's ignorance of art. A hanker said to a broker: 'I want you to come and spend the week-end with me in the country. I want to show you a Murillo, a Bouguereau, and a Tintoretto that I bought last week.' 'Why, man, what a fool you are,' said the broker, 'to buy foreign cars in war time! Don't you know you'll never be able to get new parts?'"

On a dilapidated narrow-gauge railroad in a Southern state a traveler was struck with the general air of hopelessness of the entire country. Run-down farms, fences falling to pieces, and houses unpainted and dismal were seen as mile after mile was reeled off. Finally a countryman got on, and the two fell into conversation. "Country around here looks fearfully dilapidated," remarked the traveler. "Yaas, hut jest wait an' ye'll see sumpin' wuss," replied the countryman. The train stopped. They looked out and saw a rail missing ahead. The entire train crew clambered out, crowbars in hand, proceeded leisurely to the rear of the train, and in due time loosened a rail and carried it forward. It was spiked into position and the train proceeded. "Somebody stole a rail?" asked the traveler. "Yaas, ababout twenty year ago, I reckon. Evah since they haint nobody hought a new one. When the train comes back they've gotter stop an' tear up a rail hehind 'em. Aint that the dilapidatenest thing ye ever see, stranger?"

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Battle Hymn.

Onward, Christian Soldiers,
Slaught'ring as you go,
Plant the Cross of Jesus
O'er the fallen foe.
Pillage, rape, and murder,
Let the bullets rain;
If the foe turns other cheek, just
Shoot him once again. —Life.

War Articles.

I am still neutral, I have read
How one side violates its dead,
And how the others slash the foe
That's fallen—that I also know;
French, German, British, Russian, Turk—
I've read about their awful work!

I know one's savage catchism,
The other's civil barbarism;
One has an ancient, bloody creed.
The other loves to stah and bleed
The enemy, whoever it
May be. I've heard every bit.

I still am neutral. I have felt,
(Being part Saxon and part Celt,
With something of the Latin, Slav,
Teuton and Tartar). Well, I have
Decided that this racial strife
Adds naught to death and naught to life.

By thinking of my family,
I know how all this fight can be;
My father hates my brother-in-law,
My sister hates my mother-in-law;
I can not hear my uncle's son—
And that is how the thing is done.

Of course, I'm more than conscious that
I ought to love my neighbor's cat,
Which wakes me up at half-past four;
But he should love my dog the more
Which wakes him up at half-past three.
We don't. And that's why wars must be!
—Ted Robinson, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Peaceful Europe.

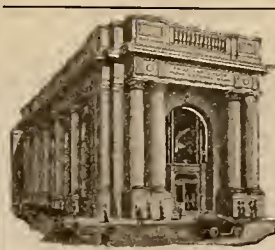
Said Austria: "You murderous Serb,
You the peace of all Europe disturb,
Get down on your knees
And apologize please.
Or I'll kick you right off my front curb."

The Czar said: "My cousin the Kaiser,
Was always a good advertiser;
He's determined to fight,
And insists he is right,
But soon he'll be older and wiser."

"For forty-four summers," said France,
"I've waited and watched for the chance
To wrest Alsace-Lorraine
From the Germans again,
And now is the time to advance."

Said Belgium: "When armies immense
Pour over my boundary fence,
I'll awake from my nap,
—And put up a scrap,
They'll remember a hundred years hence."

Said John Bull: "This here Kaiser's a snob,
If I lets Belgium suffer
I'm a blank bloomin' duffer,
So 'ere goes for a crack at 'is noh."
—Milwaukee Daily News.



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Assets.....\$58,656,635.13
Capital actually paid up in Cash.....1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....1,857,717.65
Employees' Pension Fund.....177,868.71
Number of Depositors.....66,367
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The wedding of Miss Florence Henshaw and Mr. Charles Keeney took place Wednesday at the home in Piedmont of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Henshaw. It was a very quiet affair, owing to the recent death of the groom's father, the late Dr. James Ward Keeney of this city. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Keeney will reside in Piedmont.

The wedding of Miss Helen Fowle and Mr. James Sperry took place Wednesday at the home in Denver of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hunt Fowle. Mr. Sperry is the son of Mrs. Willard Sperry of Sausalito. The young couple will reside in this city.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin entertained the members of her family at dinner Thanksgiving evening at her home on Broadway. Among others who gave similar affairs were Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mrs. Isaac Regua, and Miss Dorothy Baker.

Miss Julia Van Fleet was the complimented guest at a luncheon Saturday given by Miss Corona Williams at the home in Berkeley of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Alton Williams.

The members of the various branches of the Daughters of the Confederacy were hostesses at a reception Monday afternoon at the residence on Clay Street of Mrs. J. B. Hogan. The affair was in honor of Mrs. John Henry Stewart of Los Angeles, who is the state president of the organization.

Mrs. Vere Ellinwood and Miss Mildred Sallee entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Thursday at the Town and Country Club in honor of Miss Louise McNear.

Miss Sallie Maynard was hostess at a tea Tuesday afternoon at her home on Fillmore Street. The affair was in honor of Miss Emelie Tubbs.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Montague entertained a number of young people at a dinner Tuesday evening at their home in Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Jr., and Miss Jean Bolt Wheeler have issued invitations to a the d'ansant Saturday, December 12, at the Century Club.

Mrs. Elsa Greenfield entertained a coterie of friends at a dinner Thursday evening at the Cliff House.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon gave a house party over the week-end at their home at Menlo Park.

Mrs. Leslie Miller was the complimented guest at a luncheon Wednesday given by Miss Marie Louise Black at her home on Broadway.

Miss Maye Colburn was hostess at an informal luncheon and bridge party Wednesday at the Franciscan Club.

Mrs. Fannie Crocker McCreary entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Thursday at the Franciscan Club.

Mrs. Clara Hastings Darling gave a tea Friday afternoon at the Century Club in honor of Mrs. Guy Edie, who has recently returned from the Philippines.

Mrs. Henry L. Dodge was hostess at a luncheon Tuesday at her home on Franklin Street in honor of her niece, Miss Mildred Chapman, who is spending the winter in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith entertained a number of friends at a dinner and theatre party Friday evening in honor of Miss Doris Ryer, who was the complimented guest at a similar affair Monday evening given by Mrs. Warren S. Porter and her son, Mr. Hugh Porter. Monday afternoon Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden entertained a number of young people at the the d'ansant at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Miss Ryer, who was the guest of honor Tuesday evening at a dinner-dance given by Miss Phyllis de Young at her home on California Street. Among others who entertained in her honor were Miss Beatrice Nickel and Miss Jennie Blair.

Mrs. Morris Meyerfield was hostess at a luncheon on Tuesday at her home on California Street, where a dozen friends were asked to meet Mrs. Dario Orsina of Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Clinton Worden has issued invitations to a luncheon Thursday, December 9, at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Miss Doris Ryer.

Mrs. Hamilton Murray was hostess at an informal luncheon Thursday at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Ynez Pischel.

Mrs. Samuel W. Holladay entertained a number of friends at a dinner recently at her home on Clay Street.

Miss Ethel Palmer will be the complimented guest at a tea Friday afternoon, December 11, to be given by the Misses Zephyr and Ynez Pischel at their home on California Street.

Mrs. Halsey Dunwoody was hostess at a bridge-tee Wednesday afternoon at her home at Fort Scott.

Miss Elizabeth Oyster has issued invitations to a dinner Tuesday evening, December 15, at her home on Scott Street. Accompanied by her guests Miss Oyster will later attend the dance to be given by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs at the

Century Club in honor of their daughter, Miss Emelie Tubbs.

Miss Cora Smith will be hostess at a tea this afternoon at her home on California Street.

Captain Franklin Hutton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hutton entertained a number of friends over the week-end at their home at Fort McDowell.

The wardrobe officers of the U. S. S. *Annapolis* were hosts at a dinner recently in honor of Miss Dorothy Bennett, who was the complimented guest at a luncheon Tuesday given by Commander Clarence S. Williams, U. S. N., on board the U. S. S. *Cleveland*.

Captain John Ellicott, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Ellicott will entertain a large number of friends at a dance this evening at their home at Mare Island. The affair will be in honor of Miss Bennett.

Captain Lewis Turtle, U. S. A., and Mrs. Turtle entertained a coterie of friends at dinner Thursday evening at their home at Fort Scott.

Mrs. Ernest Bingham has issued invitations to a bridge-tee Wednesday afternoon, December 9, at her home at Fort Scott, in honor of her sister, Mrs. John Randolph.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin have recently joined the large number of San Franciscans who are enjoying a holiday visit in New York. They expect to be home in time for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. George Delatour have gone East to place their young son, Richard Delatour, in school. Upon their return they will spend the winter in this city.

Mrs. John Parrott, Miss Barbara Parrott, and the three youngest sons of the family will arrive soon from England to join Mr. Parrott, the Misses Emelie and Josephine and the Messrs. John and William Parrott in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Eyre Pinckard and their little son spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Pinckard's father, Mr. Gardner Williams, in Washington, D. C., where they will remain until after the holidays.

Mr. Edwin W. Newhall and his son and daughter-in-law have returned from an automobile trip through Southern California. En route home they spent Thanksgiving in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield Lovell, with their daughter, Miss Minerva Lovell, and their sons have returned to Berkeley, where they are now at 2717 Claremont Boulevard, in Claremont Court.

Mrs. Pelham Ames has apparently quite recovered from her recent dangerous illness and is now visiting her son, Mr. Worthington Ames, and his wife at their ranch in Yuba County.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard C. Chamberlin have been spending the past week in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Moore have arrived in New York from Europe, where they have resided during the past three years. They were established in Paris, where Mr. Moore was studying at the Beaux Arts when war was declared, and have since been in Brittany. Mrs. Moore and her little daughter will spend a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. Page Brown, before coming here to join her husband, who will be associated in business with his stepfather, Mr. Willis Polk.

Mrs. Randall Hunt will depart next week for Annapolis to spend the Christmas holidays with her son-in-law and daughter, Lieutenant Henry Kent Hewitt, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hewitt (formerly Florida Hunt).

Miss Sara Coffin has returned from a visit in the East and has joined her mother, Mrs. James Coffin, who has leased the Wakefield Baker residence for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran and Mrs. Ethel Hager Kellogg spent the week-end in Menlo Park with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Sharon.

Mrs. James A. Robinson and her son, Mr. Porter Robinson, are established for the winter at the Hotel Cartwright.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Taylor have returned to their home in Boston after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank West have come from Stockton to spend the winter season in town and are occupying the home on Pierce Street of Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Plummer have returned to their home in Los Angeles after having spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Plummer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire.

Mrs. James Ward Keeney and her daughter, Miss Helen Keeney, are contemplating leaving shortly for Philadelphia to visit Mrs. George Harding.

Mr. Iliram Johnson, Jr., has sufficiently recovered from a mastoid operation to return to his home on Russian Hill, where he is rapidly regaining his strength.

Miss Isabelle Beaver has returned from New York, where she has been spending a few weeks with Miss Helen Crosby.

Mrs. Leo Korbel has returned to her home in Marin County after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George P. McNear, in this city.

Miss Marian Zeile has recently been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker at their home in Woodside.

Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt, Mrs. Moffitt, and their children, Miss Alice Moffitt and Master James Moffitt, spent the Thanksgiving holidays in Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer and Miss Jennie Hooker have returned from a week's visit in Bakersfield, where they were the guests of Captain William Holmes McKittrick and Mrs. McKittrick.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Shephard have returned from a brief visit in the East.

Mrs. Robert J. Currey and her daughter, Miss Laura Currey, have returned to their ranch in Dixon after a visit of several weeks in Oakland and this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Whipple Hall and their little daughter have returned from Manila and will reside permanently in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dickinson Sherwood of Spo-

kane have been spending the past few weeks with their relatives, Mr. and Mrs. William R. Sherwood of this city and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sherwood of Claremont.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Pacheco Tevis spent a few days in Monterey, having motored there last Saturday from Atherton, where they were married. They are en route to Bakersfield, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Payne have returned from New York, where they have been visiting since their arrival in October from Europe. They have rented the Joseph Sadoc Tobin house, where they will reside after the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tillman have returned from Aptos, where they have been spending several weeks at their country home.

Miss Cornelia Kempff is slowly recovering from a serious operation which was performed Saturday.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Captain Lewis E. Goodier, U. S. A., son of Lieutenant-Colonel L. E. Goodier, Western Department judge-advocate, who was seriously injured by a fall with an aeroplane at the San Diego aviation camp, has arrived at the Letterman General Hospital. Captain Goodier was accompanied here by Lieutenant Harry L. Schurmeier.

Major John L. Hines, U. S. A., has been detailed to fill a vacancy in the adjutant-general's department, relieving Major George W. Martin.

Lieutenant-Colonel Euclid B. Frick, Medical Corps, U. S. A., now in Washington, D. C., will soon arrive in this city.

Captain Murry Baldwin, U. S. A., has been relieved from treatment at the Letterman General Hospital and transferred to the Twenty-First Infantry.

Captain M. L. Bristol, U. S. N., has been assigned to duty as director of naval aeronautics.

Captain Arthur Bryant, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bryant of Fort McDowell have as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Sharpsten of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Jennie Stewart accompanied her son, Lieutenant Lee Stewart, U. S. A., to his new post at Alcatraz Island.

Lieutenant-Commander David Sellers, U. S. N., and Mrs. Sellers, also Lieutenant-Commander Albert Reese, U. S. N., and Mrs. Reese, who were stationed here for two years, are at Old Point Comfort, Virginia.

Ensign Daniel Callahan, U. S. N., and Mrs. Callahan (formerly Miss Mary Torrey), who have been living in Coronado since their recent marriage, will be guests in Oakland during the holidays.

The officers of the United States Army selected to act as observers with the German army are: Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph E. Kuhn, Corps of Engineers; Major Dwight A. Aultman, Field Artillery; Major Samuel G. Shortle, Coast Artillery Corps; Captain James B. Dillard, Coast Artillery Corps; Captain Samuel D. Rockenbach, Cavalry, and Captain Wilson B. Burt, Infantry. All of the mentioned officers speak and translate two or more languages, German, French, and Spanish. They will not make their reports until hostilities are concluded.

Brigadier-General Hunter Liggett will be senior officer on board the U. S. A. transport *Logan*, which sails for Honolulu and Manila on December 5. Among other officers to sail who are well known here are Colonel R. G. Ebert, Major F. A. Grant, Colonel Charles M. Gandy, Colonel Benjamin A. G. Alvord, Major W. J. Snow, Major Samuel G. Jones, Lieutenant-Colonel W. P. Kendall, and Major E. V. Smith.

Benefit for War Sufferers.

There is to be given at the Savoy Theatre on the evening of December 7, and again in the afternoon and in the evening of the 8th, a performance of a musical extravaganza, "The Butterfly Isles," in aid of the fund for the relief of the sufferers by the European war. The performance is to be by amateurs of the Footlight Club and under the auspices of the Red Cross Society. Wide interest, social and humane, is enlisted in this benefit performance. Some twenty-five boxes have been sold at \$50 and \$25 each, and a large number of seats are reserved. Many well-known women in the character of patronesses are promoting the benefit, which promises to be a brilliant as well as an entertaining affair.

A Benefit Bazaar.

The German, Austrian, and Hungarian ladies of the city are working together for a benefit bazaar to be held on December 9, 10, and 11, at the German House, corner Polk and Turk Streets, under the auspices of the following board: Mrs. Karoline Koster, Mrs. Marie Fehleisen, Mrs. George F. Volkmann, Mrs. John Hermann, Mrs. Charles Bundschu, Mrs. Ruiz de Roxas, and Baroness von Schacht. They have decided that only part of the money is to go abroad, and part is to be retained here for the relief of those that have been forced to leave the South Sea Islands, China, and Japan and are now here and arriving here in a destitute condition.

The St. Denis Company in Oakland

Ruth St. Denis and her complete company and orchestra will give two special performances in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, on Tuesday afternoon, December 15, at 3:15, and the same night at 8:15, Manager Bishop laying off his entire stock company for this occasion. The programme will be identical with the elaborate one to be offered in San Francisco. The sale of seats will open at Ye Liberty on Thursday, December 10, and mail orders will receive careful attention. At the matinee performance there will be 500 special seats at 50 cents and 500 at \$1 in the balcony.

Berkeley Musical Association Concert.

The Berkeley Musical Association will give its first concert of the fifth season on Thursday evening, December 10, at 8:15, in the Harmon Gymnasium, on the campus of the University of California. The artists will be Arrigo Serato, the eminent Italian violinist, and Homer Samuels at the piano. Members will be admitted only upon presentation of properly numbered coupon of the season ticket. No other will be accepted.

The home in Texas City, Texas, of Lieutenant John Huff Van Vliet, U. S. A., and Mrs. Van Vliet has been brightened by the advent of a son.

Works by Mozart, Beethoven, and Cesar Franck will be played by the San Francisco Quintet Club at its second concert at the Hotel St. Francis on Sunday afternoon, December 20.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Honorable W. L. Mackenzie King, whom the Rockefeller Foundation has engaged to conduct a series of industrial investigations, was formerly minister of labor in the Canadian cabinet. He is particularly well qualified for the undertaking, which will require many years to complete, having traveled the world widely inquiring into social and economic matters.

Representative Claude Kitchin of North Carolina, who is expected to be the next floor leader of the Democrats in the House of Representatives, is the ranking member of the Ways and Means Committee and will claim the honor by right of seniority. It is expected that he will have the support of the Southern Democrats generally. Mr. Kitchin has been a member of the House for the past fourteen years and previous to his election to the Fifty-Seventh Congress had never held any public office.

Michael D. Telisheff, the man responsible for the present governmental ban on vodka, the demoralizing Russian drink, is a peasant by birth, and originally a house painter. Then he became mayor of the city of Samara, and is now a millionaire. Physically he is a giant, standing over six feet four inches in his stocking feet and of powerful build. Although he is fifty-five years old he looks much younger. Eleven years ago he began the campaign which resulted in the official order against liquor soon after war was declared. Following his term of office as mayor of Samara he was elected to the Duma on an anti-vodka platform, and managed to secure the passage of a bill bearing on the question, which was finally tabled in the imperial council. Nothing daunted, he secured an audience, after a time, with the Czar, and has at last seen his efforts crowned with success—for the period of the war at least.

The most distinguished Red Cross nurse in England is Miss Agnes Keyser, better known as "Sister Agnes," the founder of that notable institution in Grosvenor Gardens known as King Edward VII Hospital for Sick and Wounded Officers. It was on the advice and with the assistance of the late king that Miss Keyser started the hospital. Her father enjoyed the close friendship of King Edward and the royal family generally. He died during the Boer war, and ever since his daughter,

who was only about twenty-two years of age at that time, has devoted herself to the up-building of the hospital.

Ernest P. Bicknell, director of the American National Red Cross, is going to Belgium to assist in the distribution of the relief sent there from this country. He is a former newspaper man, having been engaged in that work chiefly in Indianapolis until 1898. Then he became general superintendent of the Chicago bureau of charities, and in 1908 took up his present position. Following the San Francisco fire he represented the American National Red Cross in the stricken city, and three years later directed its efforts in Sicily and Calabria.

General Baron Arthur von Luttwitz, who has been made chief of the general staff of the German army for Belgium, married an American woman, Miss Mamie Cary, whom he met abroad. The marriage took place in this country in 1893. General von Luttwitz is also military and civil governor of Brussels. At various times in his military career the general has been the German military attaché in London, in South Africa during the Boer war, and at St. Petersburg. Several years ago he was made a colonel of the only Prussian regiment stationed at Hamburg. Last spring he was made a general.

George Thomas Weitzel, who has just been appointed a special agent by the State Department to assist Ambassador Morgenthau in Constantinople, was formerly minister to Nicaragua, and is regarded as particularly well qualified for the trying position to which he has been assigned. He is a native of Kentucky, a graduate of Harvard, and a former attorney of St. Louis. He was a member of the St. Louis battery in the Porto Rican campaign during the Spanish-American war. During the Madero revolution he was on special duty at the American embassy. In July, 1913, he announced his retirement from the service.

Major Henry L. Higginson, founder of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and known as the "first citizen of Boston," has just celebrated his eightieth birthday. His life has been eventful and his usefulness to the community in which he has lived for six decades can not be measured. Despite his age he appears daily at his office and devotes himself to the affairs of the banking firm of Lee, Higginson & Co. He served in the Civil War

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The only departure will be a group of old French songs, during the execution of which the vocalist will appear in Louis XV costume. Mme. Ferrier will be accompanied by Emilio Puyans, the flutist, and Achille Artigues, the pianist.

"The Yellow Ticket" will follow David Warfield at the Columbia Theatre, opening its limited engagement on the night of Monday, December 21. The company has been playing in Chicago for some weeks past, and San Francisco will be the first city on the Pacific Coast to see this much-talked-of play, which deals with the methods of treatment accorded the Jews in Russia. It is a very strong dramatic work.

with the First Massachusetts Cavalry. To him Harvard owes its famous athletic ground, Soldiers Field, given in honor of his fallen comrades in the war, and the Harvard Union.

Mrs. Hetty Howland Green, who for many years enjoyed the reputation of being the wealthiest woman in this country, has just entered on her seventy-ninth year. She retains all of her mental vigor, and seems but little less active physically. From her father she inherited a large fortune, and through her own remarkable talents as a financier she greatly augmented her wealth.

Forbes-Robertson Coming to the Cort.

A theatrical announcement of unusual importance is that of the coming to the Cort Theatre of Sir J. Forbes-Robertson, the distinguished English actor. The engagement is scheduled to begin on Monday evening, December 21. Forbes-Robertson is now making his farewell tour of America, and is appearing only in those cities in which he did not play last year.

A repertory of four plays will be given: Shakespeare's "Hamlet," Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra," Kipling's "The Light That Failed," and Jerome's "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." It was in the latter that Forbes-Robertson was seen at the Cort two years ago. The star will be supported by his London company. His leading woman is Miss Laura Cowie, a beautiful and talented young actress, who has won high praise from Eastern critics.

The Hughes-Wismer-Riley Concert.

The second of the three chamber music concerts by these players will be given in Sorosis Hall, Tuesday evening, December 8. The programme follows:

Trio G major.....John Harraden Pratt
For Violin, Violoncello, and Piano
Violoncello solo—Andante Allegro.....Joseph Haydn
Mr. Herbert Riley

Songs—
"Lungi dal caro bene".....Secchi
"Les Larmes".....Massenet
"Hopak".....Moussorgsky
Mrs. Irene LeNoir Schutz, Contralto
Trio in C major, Op. 87.....Johannes Brahms

The Mme. Andre Ferrier Concert

Under the advice of Henry Hadley and Emil Greenbaum, Mme. Andre Ferrier will give, at her studio, 1534 Sacramento Street, on the evening of December 12, a song recital which promises to be something out of the ordinary. The lady, who is beginning to be recognized as a local exponent of the art of daintily expressive vocalism in the French tongue, will render a programme the numbers of which have been selected from the works of strictly modern French composers, such as Berlioz, Faure, Hahn, etc

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Dad, what's a corruption fund?" "The other party's campaign fund."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

He—I'd like to propose a little toast. She—Nothin' doin', kid! I want a regular meal.—*Michigan Gargoyle*.

"Jiggs seem to be the silent partner at his house." "Certainly. He married for money, and money talks."—*Buffalo Express*.

Urban—How's everything out your way? Subbubs—Very critical; our cook broke off

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all diplomatic relations this morning and demanded her passports.—*Life*.

Sparker—Jones is lucky. Plugge—How so? Sparker—He wants to buy a farm, but hasn't the price.—*New York Sun*.

Woman—What are you selling tomatoes for today? Peddler—Because I haff a wife and ten children, lady.—*Boston Globe*.

English Newsie (selling extras)—Better 'ave one and read about it now, sir; it might he contradicted in the morning.—*Punch*.

She—How do you like my singing? He—Well, I've heard Tetravini and Mary Garden, but you're better still.—*The Club-Fellow*.

First Burglar—Wot 'll we do with this burglar-alarm, Bill? Second Burglar—Slip it in the sack. We kin get somethin' for it.—*Dallas News*.

"Any moral improvements in the old town?" "Oh, yes. We have built a new courthouse and doulhed the size of the jail."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Darling, I think of you every moment in the day." "Law sakes, Tom, give some attention to your work or you'll get fired."—*Baltimore American*.

"Here's a fellow patents a contrivance to keep girls from falling out of hammocks." "More machinery for displacing men."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Then your daughter isn't going to huy a duke?" "Not just yet. I advised her to hold off awhile and for the same money we might get a king."—*Puck*.

"I saw a magician last night turn water into wine." "That's nothing. I saw an ordinary chauffeur turn an automobile into a lamp post."—*Livingston Lance*.

"Yes," said the stranger, "I have made over two thousand dollars this year by aeroplane flights." "Are you an aviator?" "No, I'm an undertaker."—*Livingston Lance*.

Former—Want a joh, eh? Do you understand farming? Applicant—Thoroughly, sir. Farmer—You wouldn't do. I want a man who is enthusiastic about it.—*Kansas City Star*.

Charming Widow—And what are you doing nowadays? Mr. Bach—Looking out for number one. And you? Charming Widow—Oh, I'm looking out for number two.—*Houston Post*.

She—Why do authors always speak of a smile creeping over the heroine's face? He—Perhaps they're afraid that if it went any faster it might kick up a dust.—*New York Globe*.

Congressman—Want a joh, eh? What can you do? Constituent—Nothing. Congressman—Sorry, but those high salaried johs are all taken long ago. You must wait for a vacancy.—*Washington Post*.

"Why did Ferdy drop out of business with his father?" "Well, the old man said he could stand for college flags and posters, but he positively would not have any sofa pillows around the office."—*Puck*.

Man of the Door—Tell yer maw I'm the installment collector, and if she don't pay up I'll have to take the piano. Boy—I wish ye would take the darn thing. She's threat'nin' to gimme music lessons.—*Life*.

Dolly—Mrs. Bronson has divorced her husband on account of his failure to understand the needs of family life. Polly—How so? Dolly—He used to go out after coffee and come home with the milk.—*Town Topics*.

"So you're not to be married?" "No. He says he has changed his mind." "What's his excuse?" "The war." "And you have no witnesses, nor love letters?" "No." "Well, isn't war just what they say it is."—*Buffalo Courier*.

Miss Beacon (of Boston)—Do you never feel an insatiate craving for the unattainable—a consuming desire to transcend the limitations which hedge mortality, and commune, soul to soul, with the spirits infinite? Omaha Mon—Y-a-a-s, kinder.—*Judge*.

Willis—We thought our hank cashier was a good business man because he was always talking about making the funds go as far as possible. Gillis—Did he do it? Willis—Yes; the last trace the detectives got of him he was in South America.—*Town Topics*.

First Modern Parent—Aren't your two children something of a problem? Second Modern Parent—Ycs, indeed. They go away to school for thirty-eight weeks, to camp for ten, and that leaves four whole weeks when I don't know where to send them.—*Life*.

Alkali Pete—Heard about Pioche Shorty's hereavement? Red Dog Sam—No. Who's dead? Alkali Pete—His father. Red Dog Sam—Means a kinder heavy funeral expense fer Shorty. Alkali Pete—Oh, no. County stands it—they hanged him.—*Spokane Statesman*.

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The glad Christmas season approaches, and it should serve as a reminder to make somebody happy. A good practical way is to make your wife a present of a safety deposit box at the Crocker Bank, where she—and you, too, if you wish—may keep valuable papers, such as wills, stocks, bonds, insurance policies, in addition to articles of jewelry.

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MATTHEW HAMILTON, Business Manager.

THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The President's Address to Congress.

Like everything which comes from Mr. Wilson's pen the Address to Congress is admirable in its literary form. Also like everything which comes from his pen, it lacks the value of clean-cut directness. The Address may be characterized as an exhibit of the President's rhetorical powers, rather than a business-like statement of what the President thinks the national legislature ought to do.

The characteristic fault of the President's outgivings is that they require to be interpreted. In the immediate instance, for example, we are told that the legislative achievements of the past year "afford a clear road for business to travel to unclouded success." This fine phrase is taken as an assurance that the Administration has no further plans tending to put the business of the country on the grill. Yet this assurance, if it be such, comes in terms so vague as to lose much of

its force and value. Then it is recalled that in a former address to Congress the President said something to the effect that he had no plans calculated to "disturb business," and that the statement was only a prelude to a series of radical and questionable proposals of which the plan to disjoint our California railroad system was a feature. The immediate expression therefore tends hardly more to assurance than to doubt. When the President comes to outlining policies, both Congress and the country would be better instructed if he would cut out rhetoric and talk plain—if he would say what he wants and what he doesn't want. Poetic conceptions and imaginative phrases are very well in their place, but the place is not in a communication which assumes to set forth the judgments and plans of the President to Congress and to the country.

In the immediate instance we gather that the President finds in recent events, including the Mexican situation, no motive for augmenting our military powers. He thinks that we may rely safely on straightforward policies to sustain the interest of the United States in a world which shows no disposition to abandon the authority of concrete force for the authority of moral suasion. Here as in relation to other things his meaning is involved in imagery—"we shall not turn America into a military camp." The President would much better have said precisely what he meant, though it is plain that he will oppose any plan to augment our military forces. In this connection he overlooks altogether one of the most important considerations advanced in support of proposals to increase our military activities, namely, the incidental benefit which a system of universal military training would yield to the youth of the country.

Upon one question the President is positive. We have, he says, grossly erred in our policies toward our merchant marine. This is plain fact, and the President has put it in understandable form. Here at least we know definitely what he means. As to what is proposed to be done about it the address is less definite; but we are prepared for executive support for some plan tending to governmental aid in the rehabilitation of a national merchant marine. Whether this plan is to be founded in the policy of subsidization or in the repeal of laws which restrain American adventurers from building ships where they can be built cheapest and operating them by the cheapest methods, we are left in doubt.

The President sees in the situation produced by the European war a great commercial opportunity for the United States in South America. This vision, we are bound to say, is not so clear to the mind of expert business. Transportation, upon which the President lays special emphasis, is only one of the many practical requirements of commercial interchange. Even if there should be provided fleets of ships for the routes which lie between the United States and South America there would still be lacking much that is essential. Our financial machinery has little or no bearing upon the countries of South America. Our manufacturers are not acquainted with the requirements, the habits, or the whims of South American trade. Our commercial agents have not yet had experience in Spanish-American countries. At all these points we shall have to pull up if we are to do anything important in South America. Transportation, we repeat, is only a single factor among the conditions which in the past have operated to our disadvantage. If the President knows this, there is no reflection of his appreciation of it in what he has to say to Congress on the subject.

The Address is really a thing of small significance. It is largely made up of what Jim O'Brien calls general glitteralities. It outlines no working plan; it pledges the Administration to nothing definite. It is an utterance of fine rhythm, but nowhere does it get close

enough to the ground to indicate just what the President wants or how he proposes to go about getting it.

Waking Up to the Facts.

Recall of the American army from Vera Cruz with subsequent developments demonstrating that the general situation in Mexico borders upon unrestrained anarchy, has had the effect of emphasizing the abject failure of President Wilson's policy. Apparently the President himself now has a glimmering conception of the truth. He no longer speaks of watchful waiting. His idea now is "to isolate Mexico" and let the Mexican people fight it out themselves. The word "isolate" is a new one in this connection. Probably we shall hear it again in connection with the Mexican policy.

The country at large, which has been curiously patient with "watchful waiting," is coming to see both the futility and the mischief of what the Administration has done and what it has left undone. "It would," says the *State Capitol Record* of Olympia, Washington, "be difficult to find an historic parallel for the blundering fatuity and impudent meddlesomeness which has characterized our treatment of Mexico. * * * The one and only policy of the Administration, so far as public utterances give light on policy, was its insistence that Huerta should get out. As to what was to follow the downfall of Huerta it apparently did not care. The one and only thing which the Administration did succeed in accomplishing was the downfall of Huerta, the elimination of the one man in Mexico who had the confidence and support of the intelligent white people of Mexico, and the only man who seemed able to restore order to the distracted country and to protect the life and property of foreigners there." Proceeding, the *Record* says:

Conditions in Mexico are anarchic. They promise to be worse long before they are better. And for this condition the responsibility rests largely upon the Administration at Washington, for its insistence on mixing in the mess in the first instance, merely to advance the interests of one faction and to secure the downfall of the only man who seemed to have any reasonable chance of preserving order and giving anything approaching a decent government. As an exhibition of futile blundering, on sentimental reasoning, it would be hard to furnish an example of folly to equal that made by the present Administration.

Similarly ex-President Roosevelt has given to the public a thorough-going review of the Mexican situation. "To say that we did not go to war with Mexico," Mr. Roosevelt declares, "is a mere play upon words. Seizure of the leading seaport of another country, the engagement and defeat of troops of that country, and the retention of territory thus occupied for a number of months constitute war; a denial that it is war can only serve to amuse the type of intellect which would assert that Germany has not been at war with Belgium because Germany has never declared war on Belgium." President Wilson's policy, Mr. Roosevelt declares, may "rightly be stigmatized as a peculiarly unwise, ignoble, and inefficient war; but it is war nevertheless." Proceeding, Mr. Roosevelt says:

When President Wilson refused to recognize Huerta he committed a definite act of interference of the most pronounced type. * * * He maintained for a long time a friendly intercourse with one set of political adventurers through irregularly appointed diplomatic agents, and he adopted an openly offensive attitude toward the chief of another set, although he was then the head of whatever government Mexico had. By his action in promoting the transmission of arms over the border President Wilson not only actively aided the insurrection, but furnished it with the means essential to its triumph, while at the same time his active interference prevented Huerta from organizing an effective resistance. * * * By the course President Wilson pursued towards Huerta, and by the course he pursued towards Villa and Carranza he actively interfered in the internal affairs of Mexico. He actively sided with the factions which ultimately triumphed—and which immediately split into other factions which are now no less actively engaged in fighting one another. Personally, I do not think that the Ad

ministration should have interfered in this manner. But one thing is certain. When the Administration did interfere, it was bound to accept the responsibility for its acts. It could not give any aid to the revolutionaries without accepting a corresponding share of responsibility for their deeds and misdeeds. * * * Not long ago President Wilson, in a speech at Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, declared that "nowhere in this hemisphere can any government endure which is stained by blood," and at Mobile that "we will never condone iniquity because it is most convenient to do so." At the very time he uttered those lofty words the leaders and lieutenants of the faction which he was actively supporting were shooting their prisoners in cold blood by scores after each engagement, were torturing men reputed to be rich, were driving hundreds of peaceful people from their homes, were looting and defiling churches and treating ecclesiastics and religious women with every species of abominable infamy, from murder and rape down. In other words, at the very time that the President was stating that "nowhere on this hemisphere can any government endure which is stained by blood" he was actively engaged in helping install in power a government which was not only stained by blood, but stained by much worse than blood. At the very time that he was announcing that he would "never condone iniquity because it was convenient to do so" he was not merely condoning but openly assisting iniquity and installing into power a set of men whose actions were those of ferocious barbarians.

From all this it would seem, at last, that the country is waking up to the facts of the Mexican situation and to comprehension of the shameful part the United States has played in relation to it. Nothing in the whole range of our international relations has been so discreditable—not even the Panama incident. Vowing it would not interfere in Mexican internal affairs, the American Administration put the whole weight of its powers against Huerta and drove him from the country. Concurrently it gave aid, comfort—and arms—to the futile Carranza and the ruffian Villa. It is due to its interference that Huerta, who might have pacified the country, is now an exile and that chaos reigns in Mexico. It follows by the simplest logic that we are responsible. We created the conditions out of which have come the ten thousand crimes of the past year and which now hold the country in the grip of a remorseless anarchy. Nobody, by fine phrases, can put any other face upon the matter.

The Canal and the Railroads.

President Sproule of the Southern Pacific Railroad, who has the rare merit of addressing the public only when he has something to say, makes an important contribution to public information respecting the operations of the Panama Canal up to date. The tonnage from California to the Atlantic seaboard, by sea and rail combined, for the months of August, September, and October of 1913, Mr. Sproule says, totaled 120,000 tons. Of this freight the railroads carried 67,000 tons, or 56 per cent, and the sea carriers 53,000 tons, or 44 per cent. For the same period in 1914 the total tonnage was 170,000 tons, of which the railroads carried 67,000, or 39 per cent, and the sea carriers 103,000, or 61 per cent. Thus, says Mr. Sproule in summarization, the sea carriers' takings of the total tonnage from California increased 17 per cent (easily accounted for by the large crops of the year), while the tonnage by rail remained stationary.

It is yet too early, Mr. Sproule points out, to define the effect of the canal upon the interests of California. So far it has affected only the current of traffic at a greatly reduced sea rate. It has created no new traffic. The character of the business moving today is practically the same as in the past. The canal may for California stimulate new production. "But," says Mr. Sproule significantly, "the Eastern buyer will absorb the reduction in cost of carriage. It is not likely that the Pacific Coast producer and distributor can retain any part of whatever reduction in cost of transportation the canal may achieve. It is not likely that new manufactures will be stimulated, because of our higher wage scale and a higher standard of individual living. On the contrary, this market is likely to be crowded with the productions of Eastern manufacturers because of the low cost of water transportation." These be significant phrases. Coming as they do from an expert and from a Californian whose interests personally and officially are here, they tend to conviction—and we may add to disappointment. None the less it is the part of common sense to look facts fairly in the face.

Proceeding, Mr. Sproule presents an instructive comparison of conditions as they effect rail and ocean routes of transportation. The rail carrier must possess and maintain a right-of-way, stations, water facilities, and road-structures. It must maintain machine shops, sup-

ply stations, and a costly equipment. It must have agents and employees everywhere in the territory it traverses. The sea carrier, on the other hand, is not subject to these costly requirements. The ocean is free and transport is from one terminal port to another. It is not, like the rail carrier, a home industry, so to speak, whose expenditures are distributed largely through many communities.

Incidentally Mr. Sproule sets forth certain interesting facts with respect to the Southern Pacific Company, which he correctly characterizes as a home institution. The Southern Pacific pays in California \$3,264,000 a year—or \$9000 a day—in taxes. It spends yearly in California about \$6,000,000 for material and supplies. Its yearly pay-roll in California, upon which there stands 30,000 names, totals \$29,000,000, not including the salaries of executive officers. Answering a statement that when a dollar's business is diverted from the railroad the railroad has lost that dollar, Mr. Sproule declares that out of every dollar of business lost the railroad loses only its net profits, which are 4.92 cents. Out of every dollar lost local labor loses 44.05 cents; merchants and supply men lose 14.45 cents—and so on. Thus whatever losses may directly affect the Southern Pacific Railroad in California fall ultimately in very large measure upon the employees and suppliers of the road here, and through them indirectly upon the public. In conclusion, Mr. Sproule says:

Let us not forget that the prosperity of the railways generally tends to the prosperity of the communities generally, and our railways remain the best in the world. It will require only a brief interval for traffic to find its balance between rail and canal after the first flush of competition and enthusiasm naturally aroused by the opening of the canal. It is to the public interest that the railroads should not suffer, but should maintain their effectiveness and be prosperous. Finally, the effect of the canal upon the railroads will be measured by the effect of the canal upon the communities generally which are traversed by the railroads.

A Shame of Journalism.

Sensational journalism has suffered a stinging rebuke at the hands of no less a personage than Lord Kitchener. The aggravation was gross and the punishment is deserved. The pity of it is that it must fall not alone upon the wrongdoer, but upon the entire newspaper press of America.

Irvin S. Cobb of the *Saturday Evening Post* was received by the head of the English War Office and there was, according to an authoritative statement, "a few minutes' talk," but "nothing in the nature of a special interview." Whereupon Mr. Cobb printed a long report with elaborate statements of opinion attributed to Lord Kitchener and duly covered by quotation marks. Now it is authoritatively declared that "the remarks attributed to Lord Kitchener are imaginary."

Mr. Cobb's statement in rebuttal does not go far to help the situation. He says, "I did see Lord Kitchener on October 21st for about forty minutes. I used no pencil and paper during the conversation, following the custom of interviews. I afterward reproduced the conversation with Lord Kitchener as exactly as I could. I did not deliberately or wilfully misrepresent him, and I am quite positive that I caught his meaning, and as nearly as possible the text of what he said, and I am sure that I quoted him correctly." The sharp disclaimer of the London War Office is hardly needed to exhibit the futility of this statement. No man can carry in his mind a give-and-take conversation of forty minutes and reproduce in quoted phrases what was said. No man has the right to quote another man in definite words and phrases "as nearly as possible" upon the basis of what he himself styles a "fairly good memory." The man who does this—who attempts to cover the doing of it by such an explanation as Mr. Cobb has made—is a fakir. He stands condemned by his own statement.

Concurrently another flagrant instance of downright misrepresentation under the cover of an "interview" comes from Portland, Oregon. Mr. Philip Snowden, a Socialist member of the British Parliament, says the *London Telegraph* of November 19th, had a very unpleasant experience with an unnamed newspaper at Portland, Oregon. (Not the *Portland Oregonian* we venture to say.) "My prosaic discourse to the reporter on European diplomacy," says Mr. Snowden, "was evidently not the thing he wanted." In the published report he found what purported to be a statement to the effect that he would like to see the soldiers "turn round and shoot their officers and bring the war to an end."

"I was," says Mr. Snowden, "simply flabbergasted when I saw the report. There was not, of course, a shadow of foundation for the statement. I had never said one word of the kind. The sentiments were utterly abhorrent to me." Then Mr. Snowden got into communication with the editor of the paper, who agreed that the false report should not be printed in subsequent editions nor telegraphed to any press agency. Later, after he had returned to the East, he found the story revised in a New York newspaper in the form of a special telegram from Portland. He at once returned to Portland, three thousand miles distant, saw the British consul, and then went to see the editor. "After a good deal of trouble," says Mr. Snowden, "I got the reporter to go with me to the British consul, where he signed a sworn declaration that the statement attributed to me had never been made by me."

Another flagrant case of the handiwork of the lying sensationalist occurred in San Francisco last week. In this case the victim was a woman, a visiting artist—Miss Tina Lerner, the Russian pianist. The interviewer representing the *Examiner* found her at her hotel and inquired if she, presumably in respect to the fact that she is a Jewess, could go back to Russia. She replied that she had played recently in Warsaw, and was always well received in Petrograd and Moscow. So the interviewer headed his article, "Tina Lerner, Pianist, is Russ Exile," and "Artist hopes her country will be beaten for its own good," and puts into Miss Lerner's mouth the words, "I am not allowed to return to Russia." Referring to a report that Prince Kropotkin, the famous revolutionist, would enlist in the present war, Miss Lerner remarked that inasmuch as he was an exile and over seventy years of age this seemed unlikely. Out of this statement the interviewer made the following: "I know Prince Kropotkin, and it is inconceivable to me that he would put himself on the side of the reactionaries who drove him into exile." Then he gratuitously attributed to Miss Lerner these words: "What shocks me is to find England, which has done so much for liberty, throwing in its lot with Russia."

How false, cruel, and boorish this whole business! The published report gave to the victim of it a serious nervous illness. Her appearances in San Francisco, which should have been an artistic pleasure, were under the blight of illness brought about through the inventions and falsehoods of this fabricator of sensational lies.

American journalism is brought by these incidents, as well as by a thousand others which have preceded them, under a grievous indictment. The respectable journals must suffer with the outlaws in the contempt which all must feel for rudeness and vulgar mendaciousness. If our journalism is not utterly to lose respect and confidence at home and abroad it must find ways to muzzle the lying sensationalist.

Minor Matters at Washington.

A cherished tradition has been knocked galley-west-and-crooked in recent months. The theory has been that no matter how "hard times" might affect the country at large, Washington was immune. The backbone of the local population is approximately thirty thousand government civil employees. Good times or bad, their pay goes on just the same. Their purchasing power is practically the same one time as another. None the less in this year of grace 1914 times are very bad at Washington, and they tend to grow worse. Many houses, large and small, are awaiting tenants at half the ruling prices of former years, and with no takers. Realty values even in the choicest "inside" property are low beyond recent precedent, while in "outside" property nothing is doing at all. Trade in Washington is said to be duller than at any time in a dozen years. The big department stores are all hard hit, and the smaller special stores which deal in what may be styled merchandise of luxury are deserted. As yet there is no sign of activity in the Christmas trade. Many of the long-established houses are seeking by devices of one kind or another to keep their heads above water. Every office building in the city has many vacant rooms. Democratic simplicity is not to be blamed, because, truth to tell, there is little of it in those quarters which give the tone to Washington life in its higher phases. The case is one which precisely fits the President's interesting theory of a "psychological depression." It must be psychological. Practically everybody at Washington comes from some-

where else. Your government civil employee gets letters from home telling of bad times. He begins to fear for his job. Then he cuts down his expenditures. He buys no more than he needs, which is a very unusual policy for a civil service employee. All down the line they are practicing thrift.

At all times at Washington multitudes of people regularly and even by calculation spend more money than they ought to. Take the average man in an administrative post, from the cabinet down, or the average man in the Senate or the House of Representatives. His tour of service in Washington is his one chance, and that of his family, to have a bit of a fling. So they proceed in the flinging process upon the theory that when they shall go back home they will make up by economy for extravagance at Washington. Thus very many officials expend in the gayeties of Washington life more money than they can legitimately afford. It is needless to say that under the inspirations of this policy there is a good deal of gentled distress at times. But the most pitiable figure is the near-great really poor man who is an assistant secretary in a department or a bureau chief. Five thousand dollars per year is the most any of them get. And it doesn't go very far when it comes to keeping up a fashionable position. Invariably the wives of men of this rank get the notion that they must keep up appearances and move in the cabinet set. By and large people of this sort are the poorest in Washington and the unhappiest.

The latest of many stories illustrative of the funny side of Mr. Bryan's character is to the effect that meeting a young attaché recently he took him into a quiet corner for a confidential talk. I don't, he is reported to have said to the young man, place much dependence upon the ordinary channels of diplomacy. I have my own methods, my young friend, and I am going with your permission to employ you in a very delicate connection. Then he unfolded to the astonished young man a surprising grist of information and suggestion which he wished to get directly into the ear of the German Kaiser. Now, he said, I am told that you are about returning to Europe; and when you get home I would like you to go directly to the Kaiser and tell him what I have said to you. "I am sure," replied the young man, "you will understand how flattered I am at your condescension and how I appreciate your confidence. But it will not be possible for me to have a personal interview with the Emperor of Germany. I am a Russian."

For the first time in half a dozen years we have a chief of staff of the army who is a West Pointer—General Hugh L. Scott. Both General Leonard Wood and General W. W. Wotherspoon, recent chiefs of staff, came from civil life. Wood came from the volunteer service, after having served as an army doctor, and Wotherspoon from civil life by direct appointment. They are considered by and large the very best men in the army. General Scott has a fine record both as an Indian fighter and as an Indian pacifier. He is an adept in the sign language and has no difficulty in making himself understood or in winning the confidence of any Indian with whom he comes in contact. Some doubts, however, are expressed as to his abilities as an administrator. He is not as forceful a man as either Wood or Wotherspoon, and it has been suggested in explanation of his appointment that possibly the Administration does not want a highly forceful man as chief of staff. General Wotherspoon, curiously enough, like Field Marshal French of the British army, began life in the navy. For more than three years in his early life he was a master's mate in the naval service. A number of other very able officers of our army also had a preliminary period of service in the navy.

The general laugh which has gone up at the expense of the Vice-President—"and Mrs. Marshall"—in connection with their mutual appearances on the lecture platform at one-night Middle Western stands, has had the effect of "riling" the ordinarily self-complacent Mr. Marshall. He retorts angrily that as long as he is "on the job" at Washington at the times when there is anything for him to do the country ought to be satisfied. It's nobody's business, he thinks, if he gets "off the job" during congressional vacations and—always accompanied by Mrs. Marshall—does a turn or two to the profit account. All of which reminds us of Sam

Blythe's remark at the time of Marshall's nomination. "What manner of man is Marshall?" asked somebody of Blythe. "Well," was the answer, "there's a Tom Marshall in every county seat in the United States."

If we may credit the prophets of newspaper row there is at this coming session of Congress to be a sharp contest over battleship construction. Naval men, army men, statesmen generally, all favor a liberal policy with the laying down of at least four big ships. But there is a very important opposing force in the shape of three influential members of the House Naval Committee, who are to the fore with arguments against building any more battleships and in favor of more submarines and flying machines. These naval strategists, getting their information from that certain source of accurate information, the Sunday supplement, hold that the great lesson of the war in Europe is that battleships are no more needed. The contrary opinion held by experts who have given their whole lives to study of the subject is declared to be of no account. One of the three congressmen who want no more battleships is Frank Buchanan of Chicago, a bridge builder and structural iron worker. He was, they say, a very good riveter, when he worked, but he gave up riveting to become president of the Bridge and Structural Iron Workers' Union of Chicago and later president of the International Structural Iron Workers' Union—of which we heard something in connection with the blow-up of the Los Angeles Times. Mr. Buchanan is now serving his second term—in Congress of course—and has been reelected. Another of the coterie of protesters against more battleships is Mr. E. R. Bathrick of Ohio. His knowledge of the problems of the navy was gained by a residence of fifty-one years at Akron. The third is Samuel Andrew Witherspoon of Meriden, Mississippi, an amiable Southern lawyer, fond of a corn-cob pipe and the freedom of stockinged feet in the evening, a kindly soul and honest. Now these three members of the Naval Committee will find support from men who think as they do, also from those who upon general considerations favor disarmament. And with an Administration that has been leaning towards disarmament the situation is not of the best from the point of view of those who are firmly convinced that now if ever we need a strong navy.

Editorial Notes.

This concrete illustration of how the Underwood tariff works out in one of its phases comes from Portland, Oregon: There is, the *Oregonian* tells us, in the vicinity of Portland a hardwood lumber mill which is about to move away. Until recently it imported logs from Japan and sawed them into veneers for sale in this country. Since we reduced the duty on hardwood the Japanese have built mills in their own country. They have taken to exporting the sawed lumber to this country. The Oregon mill is closed and the owners announce their intention to remove the plant to Japan. They will maintain only a distributing yard at Portland. The mill soon to be dismantled employs about one hundred men at an average of \$3 per day. The Japanese mill will employ men at thirty to forty cents per day. The Oregon millmen operating in Japan will have the advantage of this cheap labor, but what is to become of the one hundred Americans who are to be displaced? And what reason have we to expect that hardwood lumber and its products will be any cheaper because it is saved by thirty-cent Japanese instead of three-dollar Americans? The millmen are not moving to Japan in order to save money to the consumers. They are moving in order to save money for themselves and to increase their profits. The owners of the mill in question, the *Oregonian* tells us, are enthusiastic Democrats. Why should they not be?

Why the Progressive Party Has Failed.

Amos Pinchot, brother of Gifford, has written for *The Masses*, a New York magazine, an article on "The Failure of the Progressive Party." Mr. Pinchot was one of the founders of the party and during the campaign of 1912 a large contributor to its funds. The article does not mince matters. It admits at the outset that "until a new and more social conception of politics dawned upon the party leaders the Progressive party will be dead as a national force; in fact it will seem almost unnatural that it should be about at all." Mr. Pinchot maintains that "a new party has no place in the United States unless it represents radicalism," and that its only chance was to make an appeal to the public "founded on the proposition that there is a real social problem in the United States, and that this problem can only be solved by a long and constructive campaign of thoughtful but essentially radical statesmanship, * * * or it should have kept its fingers out of the pie." He accuses it of having "under blind leadership" followed "a shallow, middle-of-the-road course," of

having "contented itself with a series of unobjectionable reforms, supposedly adapted to vote-getting from all quarters," of carrying a "withered and decidedly suspicious-looking olive branch to labor and capital and to democracy and oligarchy alike." He says it has "many leaders of real public spirit and high ability," but it was "not really a political party, but rather a political faction," drawing its support "less from the adherence of ideas than from the personal followers of a man," having been founded "on the great personality and popularity of Theodore Roosevelt; and its fall has gone far to prove that a personal following is not enough to constitute a party."

Mr. Pinchot deplors the fall of the Progressive party as "a lamentable event" and says that "to thousands of earnest men and women, who enlisted for what they supposed was a campaign against privilege and injustice, it has been a tragedy." They told each other that a dream had come true and they meant what they said. But "they began to realize that the line of march had been changed." Mr. Pinchot continues:

"They had supposed the gist of the situation in America—the cause of our social unrest and agitation—was the concentration of wealth and power in a few hands of a few people. They had believed that the advance of democracy in this country meant the establishment of a juster distribution of wealth and power, and that this was the fundamental consideration upon which the new party was founded."

"But within a few months from the party's birth all this was altered. A new atmosphere began to pervade its councils. The fight against privilege was abandoned, so far as national headquarters was concerned. Any one who now talked about 'privilege' or the distribution of wealth, was called a visionary or a doctrinaire. In the disputes between the consumer and the trusts, between labor and the trusts, and between capital and labor, headquarters either kept silent or else took the side of capital."

The rank and file and the radical leaders thus found themselves opposed to the dominating influence, which "financed the party from the beginning to the end, controlled party machinery, and furnished backing, largely in proportion to willingness of the state organizations to stand only for principles and individuals that were friendly or at least neutral to large industrial interests." A pamphlet propaganda "was organized by headquarters, which included bitter denunciation of every one inside or outside the party who would not admit that monopoly was the people's best friend." Mr. Roosevelt's autobiography contained "a further and exceedingly influential defense of the monopoly principle in general and of the Steel Corporation in particular."

Mr. Pinchot says he wrote a number of letters to Mr. Roosevelt in which he said the party would have to change its pro-trust position and eliminate the tendencies summed up in Mr. Perkins's leadership "or else cease to hope for popular support," and he makes the following quotation from Mr. Roosevelt's reply:

"I believe that the spirit, however honest, which prompts the assault upon Perkins, is the spirit which, if it becomes dominant in the party, means that from that moment it is an utter waste of time to expect any good from the party whatsoever, and that the party will at once sink, and deservedly sink, into an unimportant adjunct of the Debs movement or some other similar movement."

Recent events show, says Mr. Pinchot, that the spirit of democracy never did become dominant in the party, "utterances from headquarters drifted more and more into old-time political lines and all issues but personal ones were practically abandoned." He finds the consequences in the fact that in New York the Progressives failed to elect an important candidate of any kind," while the Socialists elected a representative in Congress from a strong Tammany district and the Prohibitionists polled twice as many votes as the Progressives for governor. He admits that his party would have been defeated, "even if it had stood on a real platform instead of on a well-meaning but unmeaning collection of platitudes," but he finds comfort in the statement that "a few independent spirits did break away and campaigned for principles which offered the community hope of ultimate economic relief." He cites as instances Francis J. Heney, who polled 180,000 votes in California "on the issues of government ownership of railroads and of all the basic sources of energy, such as oil and coal and water power"; Gifford Pinchot in Pennsylvania, who polled over a quarter of a million votes on a platform including government control of Pennsylvania's anthracite mines and a general anti-monopoly policy, and this in the face of America's most powerful reactionary machine.

Mr. Pinchot then says: "A new party, supporting issues worth fighting for, can not expect to win immediately. But, if from the beginning, the Progressive party had adopted a policy consistent with the aspiration of justice which gave it birth; if more of its leaders had sat down and asked what the social problem in America consisted of, and how to solve this problem, irrespective of immediate success at the polls, instead of asking, as did the majority of them, what political issues were the most likely to win, and what superficial economic reforms could be championed without running foul of special privilege—if this course had been followed we would have laid the foundation of a real party."

Mourning over the downfall of his hopes, Mr. Pinchot becomes satirical, saying: "The Progressive programme had something of everything in it, from the care of babies to the building of a birchbark canoe. It was the expression of social aspiration, but not of a social programme. If in a Progressive party you find the Steel or Harvester trusts, carrying its financial burden and directing its policies, it is not proof—but it is at least suggestive of a certain dilution of purposes."

Answering the charge that radical proposals are visionary, Mr. Pinchot says nothing he ever heard "from the wildest radical exceeds in visionary impracticability the proposition of maintaining a third party, standing for nothing more concrete than a general aspiration of democracy, and financially fathered by representatives of the commercial interests which the public most thoroughly distrust."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Point Well Taken.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 1, 1914.
EDITOR ARGONAUT: Where does your contributor, Professor Edgar Eugene Robinson, find his authority for speaking of the Middle Western States as "the interior provinces"? The professorial mind has a fondness for the phrase "provinces," but we have no real provinces in this country in the common acceptance of the term provinces. We have states. A great many persons seem to think we have provinces. Such persons are found in every bureau in Washington. They look upon the states as the dependencies of the Federal government. It is an attitude that has been productive of a great deal of harm. There are enough blame fools in the country now who labor under the delusion that this is an elective monarchy. What's the use of making more of them?

A. B.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.

The war reports from Poland are so numerous and so conflicting as for the present to defy analysis. Nothing definite emerges from the welter of unpronounceable and undiscoverable names. Unofficial correspondents talk loudly of victory and defeat, but these words mean little or nothing unless we know the precise areas to which they are applied and the exact geographical changes that are involved. There are some victories so costly as to be calamities. There are defeats that can be wrested into opportunities and triumphs.

The Russian front may be considered as stretching from Gumbinnen in East Prussia to Cracow in the south. A few weeks ago this front was practically a straight line, and Warsaw was its centre. We were momentarily expecting to hear that Warsaw had been taken by the Germans when we were told of a great battle under its walls and of the retreat of the invaders with the Russians in pursuit. The line then ceased to be straight. It was bent westward in the centre and toward the German frontier. Then came the news of a German rally and of a new battle front between the Warthe and the Vistula. We heard of a fresh German advance and of fierce fighting, and then there came a stream of unofficial reports describing a great Russian victory, the shattering of the German armies, and of enveloping movements that were compared with Sedan. But the Russian War Office kept silence until the clamor for news became irresistible. Then came the laconic announcement that the reports of victories were premature and should be received with caution. Victories would be announced as soon as they were won, and not before. So far there have been no such announcements, at least from Russia, but the Germans have claimed great successes and there is even talk of a new and triumphant advance upon Warsaw.

Now the best that any one can do is to state what seems to have happened and to remember that inferences and conclusions are impossible without a knowledge of the vast strategic plans that govern the situation. Whatever may have occurred upon this particular battlefield is an integral part of a great campaign, and the other parts of that campaign are hundreds of miles away to the north and south, and it may be that we hear little or nothing of them. The movements of the commanders in a particular area may be governed by the plan that they are unfolding elsewhere, and they may even willingly accept a reverse in one place, or at least fail to insist upon a success, because of considerations that are quite invisible to us. A doctor who is combatting a disease may reasonably disregard the minor symptoms, however distressing they may be, while pursuing a general curative plan that is directed toward the larger issue.

But what seems to have happened is this: General von Hindenberg, after his defeat at Warsaw and after his rally near the German frontier, moved forward in great force against the Russian centre around Lodz. His attack was so determined that he pierced the line and even penetrated to the Russian rear, where his progress was arrested by Russian reinforcements, as he himself announced to Berlin. In his turn he was attacked in the rear by converging Russian forces from the north and the south, and while he was not actually surrounded, he was so nearly hemmed in as to give rise to the sanguine expectations of a Russian Sedan. He found himself in a bag with the neck of the bag slowly closing behind him. Doubtless it seemed impossible that he should escape, and the unofficial correspondents hurried to send the news of victory. But Von Hindenberg accomplished the impossible. Hurrying reinforcements from Thorn he prevented the bag from closing, and even so far enlarged the aperture that he was able to turn the tables, to assume the offensive, and to capture Lodz. It was a magnificent feat of arms, and its success must have been due as much to the fighting bravery of the soldier as to the skill of the command. At the same time the capture of Lodz is not itself important, except that Lodz is a railroad centre and thus in connection with Warsaw. Lodz is an unfortified city and it was in the centre of the fighting. It was the prize of even a slight advance or success upon either side. That the Russians must have been immensely disappointed by their failure is likely enough, since the failure came so close to being a decisive success. We are even told that General Rennenkampf has been superseded for his failure to close the mouth of the bag in which the quarry seemed so fairly caught.

But it is the final results of battles rather than the battles themselves with which we are concerned. We have to estimate the hearing of events upon the general situation. And here we are once more balked by the lack of facts. At present we do not know whether the Germans have actually won a victory, or whether they have merely avoided a catastrophe. In the latter event they are no better off than they were before, and they are the poorer by their losses, which were certainly enormous. But if they have actually won a victory and are forcing the Russians backward toward Warsaw then we shall quickly see the results to the south and around Cracow. It will be remembered that when the Germans first forced their way eastward to Warsaw their success was severely felt by the Russians in the south. The Russian left was immediately called upon to counteract the danger to the centre. The siege of Przemyśl was raised. Jaroslaw went back to Austrian custody, and so did Czernowitz, and the attack upon Cracow was postponed. This was the inevitable result of the German advance far to the north. But when the Germans were defeated at Warsaw the southern harrier was again affected. Jaroslaw was taken again and the Russian once more laid siege to Przemyśl, while Cracow heard

the sound of the advancing Russian guns. Now if the Russians are actually defeated and in retreat we shall probably see the same programme played over again. The Russian armies to the south can not tolerate a large German force at Warsaw, or to the east of Warsaw, that threatens their rear. They will be compelled to fall back all along the line and so to postpone the assault on Cracow and even of Przemyśl. Such indeed must actually be the object of the German advance upon Warsaw. The intention is to apply a counter irritant and to compel the diversion of Russian forces from the Russian left wing in the south to the Russian centre.

We shall not be far wrong if we assume that Cracow is actually the heart of the fighting in the eastern field. If the Germans can compel the Russians to fall back from Cracow they have won a substantial victory. If they can not do this then their successes in the north count for little or nothing. We shall know more about this in a few days. It may transpire that the Russians to the immediate east of Lodz are strong enough to hold their enemies from further advance, and in this case the attack upon Cracow will go on, and the German success will be a negative one. Let it be remembered that Cracow is the doorway to Silesia. If Cracow falls then the invasion of Silesia will be inevitable, and the successful invasion of Silesia will have an importance impossible to exaggerate. Therefore we shall do well to disregard all claims to victory upon either side and to content ourselves with observing the effect upon Cracow. If there is no relief of Cracow then there has been no real German victory. But if it should turn out that Cracow has been relieved then the German victory is a substantial one.

In the west there is nothing to report, to use the monotonous language of the French bulletins. For the past month we have been told that the Germans were preparing for one more attempt to pierce the lines of the Allies and to reach the coast, but no such attempt has been made. The rival forces are pretty much where they were after the nearly continuous battle that waged for over a month. There can be no question that the Germans strained every nerve to break through the lines that held the Yser Canal and that stretched away to the south from the canal, and that they accomplished nothing in spite of the splendid fighting powers of their men. And now we hear of little except desultory artillery fire that seems to confirm Sir John French's report that the last stages of the battle from Ypres to Armentières have been reached. It would be rash to predict that no further attempt to go forward will be made by the invading armies, but at least it seems highly probable that the German advance has reached its high-water mark and is now receding. The drafts for the eastern field must have been heavy, and perhaps the losses are even heavier. Sir John French has never shown any inclination to rosate guesses, and he says that "throughout the course of the battle we have placed at least three times as many of the enemy *hors de combat* in dead, wounded, and prisoners," which is just what is likely to happen where immensely strong positions are being attacked. The Germans received heavy reinforcements after the fall of Antwerp and still they were able to do nothing. In fact the Belgians alone were able to hold the line of the Yser Canal practically without aid, and the Belgians were in a pitiful plight from exhaustion and depletion. Therefore it seems hardly likely that a further effort will be made in the north, or that a much-weakened German force will try once more to crack a nut that so easily resisted them when they were at the height of their strength.

But if the German strength in the west has reached its high-water mark it is very certain that the strength of the Allies has by no means attained that point. On November 19, speaking publicly in London, Lord Kitchener said that he had 1,250,000 men ready to pour into the fight, and now we read of a great fleet of transports passing across the Channel and presumably carrying at least a part of this immense force. The reports say that these men are being landed at Havre just as fast as the ships can find berths, that they are mostly Territorials, and that they pass cheering through the streets and then disappear. Now if the whole of these million men are being sent into France it must be for a very definite offensive purpose, but of course the whole of them are not being sent. The recruits probably number about 250,000, and this would bring Sir John French's army up to about the half-million mark. But it is very certain that they are not going to the front for the work of defense. Obviously they are not needed for any such purpose except in so far as it may be necessary to repair losses, but if there is an intention presently to assume the offensive we should expect to see just such a reinforcing movement.

Curiously enough, Sir John French's report makes no mention of a German intention to capture Calais and Dunkirk, and he surely would have mentioned it had he believed such to be their objective. He speaks as though the German aim were to outflank the Allies, and while the taking of the ports might be incidental to such a plan the chief aim would doubtless be to crumple up and sever the line with a view to another rush southward. And certainly the Germans themselves have never pointed to Calais and Dunkirk as their objective.

Among the news items of startling significance is the call for men issued by the German emperor on December 6, assuming that the terms of the summons have been correctly transmitted and translated. First comes the call for all members of the Landsturm not included in the order of August 15. "Every one of them." Then follows the following extraordinary clause: "All the men in the country are ex-

posed to report themselves not later than December 20, and those Germans who are in foreign countries must either by writing or orally report themselves to the nearest representative of the German government." Now "all the men in the country" would include the aged, the sick, and the deformed, and while in such cases the report would be only a formality, yet such a summons would seem to point to a desperate need, from which the inferences would be obvious. But we may well assume that the report has suffered at the hands of the transmitter, or the translator, or both.

The *Literary Digest* compiles for us a summary of some more or less expert opinions as to the probable length of the war, and as the range is a wide one we can all find some support for our own forecasts. General Berthaut, deputy chief of the general staff of the French army, thinks that "the war will come to an end in another three months, and then not by force of arms, but by force of hunger, together with exhaustion of other means of carrying on the war." The *Kölnische Zeitung* negatives this view by a placed assurance that Germany and Austria have everything that they need for a quite indefinite period and that they can put new armies into the field consisting of eighteen million men. The *Russki Invalid*, the organ of the Russian ministry of war, believes that Austria will be beaten early in the winter, but that the victory over Germany will be postponed until the early summer. Colonel Feyler, the Swiss military expert, thinks that the war is now in its last phase and that Germany is in the position of the netted salmon, strenuous but hopeless. Colonel Evetovitch of the Austrian army believes that 1916 will see the end of the struggle. The King of Bavaria believes that the war will last "a long time," while the London *Daily Telegraph* publishes a letter by an American who has lived for a long time in Germany and who says that the German ammunition will be exhausted by next June and that she has no means of making more. The London *Daily Mail* quotes a distinguished French officer, too distinguished to be named, who says that the Germans will be driven out of France in 1916 and that peace will be concluded in the following year. The London *Standard* is equally pessimistic, but we may console ourselves by the reflection that the factors are incalculable and that just as the will of a few men brought the war into being so the will of a few men may bring it to an end. Apart from the direct military issues the budget of the unforeseen is too full for prediction.

A writer in the New York *Evening Post* finds an element of grim humor in the reports from the seat of war. How comes it, he asks, that the German crown prince is able to be present, not only at some of the battles, but at all of them, even those that are fought simultaneously? After we have conceded to that remarkable young warrior all the skill and the audacity and the mobility that rightly belong to him it must still be admitted that he can not be in two places at the same time nor move contemporaneously in two opposite directions.

SIDNEY CORN.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 9, 1914.

In the Juan Fernandez group of islands, 360 miles from Valparaiso, the Chilean government is establishing a wireless station. Three islands comprise the group, but the name is usually applied to the largest, Mas a Tierra, closest to the mainland. Here it was that Defoe pictured Alexander Selkirk in exile. Mas a Tierra is of irregular form, about twelve miles in length, but hardly four miles across in its widest part. When seen from a distance the peak of El Yunque—the anvil—appears conspicuously in a range of precipitous mountains and attaining a height of 3000 feet. From the summit to the base the mountain is wooded, with a wonderfully fertile valley extending to the shore. Dr. Carl Skottsberg of the Swedish Magellanic expedition, landed on the island in 1908, and the eminent geographer wrote subsequently that "from a botanical point of view Juan Fernandez is one of the world's most famous places. So many wonderful plants are brought together here on a small area that one must touch them to realize that one does not dream." Colonization of Juan Fernandez began some years ago, and a considerable fishing settlement is now in evidence. In the finer restaurants of Valparaiso and Santiago the lobsters of Juan Fernandez are considered delicacies for which fancy prices are paid.

The extraction of gasoline from casing-head gas (natural gas from oil wells) has become one of the important adjuncts of the natural-gas industry in the United States. The production is increasing rapidly, the quantity produced in 1913 having almost doubled that of 1912, owing to the installation of a greater number of plants and to the advance in the price of gasoline. The uses of natural-gas gasoline are many and varied. It is principally used for raising the standard of naphthas or low-grade distillates consumed in motors; it is also used for lighting and it can be used like regular gasoline in all the arts. There is an ever-increasing demand for this gas to be used in automobiles.

Half a million cases of California apples are tied up in San Francisco on account of the war in Europe. They are being offered at seventy-five cents a case retail, the lowest price ever known here. Formerly these apples, shipped to local commission merchants by the growers, were sent to Europe. But now that the European markets are practically closed by the war, there is no outlet for the fruit. Growers will lose heavily.

QUAND FINIRA-T-ELLE.

For Carnot Every Tomorrow Would Be Born Dead.

Amidst the clamor of the crowd, the sway of military music, the click of feet and the clang of accoutrement, the careering Gallic cheers, the flashing joy and panting enthusiasm alone possible in Paris—crushed and jolted out of breath, and with white, tense face lifted to the serried, cheerful profiles of the marching soldiers, Vanda Carnot edged onward. Even in that crowd of contrast, color, and intensity, in that turmoil which filled the sky, she was noticeable. The slope of her shoulders was lyric, a line of poignant allure; the elegance of her figure, betraying itself in glimpses, and simply garbed, was something to make the looker pause even in such madness. To real beauty there is always that veiled wonder of spring which stops one in the greatest storm. Her evident anxiety betokened only the deeper beating of her heart—like one of those cold winds that shake a wild flower. She forced her way onward with difficulty.

At the corner of the Chaussee d'Antin a tall, mustached American sculptor, about thirty, catching sight of her, plucked the sleeve of his companion.

"It's Vanda," he whispered, "the famous model of the Quartier. She married Paul Carnot, whose picture was given first honors at the Louvre and was the talk of Paris two years ago. He went to the war. I wonder if he has returned? Perhaps his regiment is among these. She appears to be looking for him. Their marriage was one of the romances of Paris."

The young Italian to whom this speech was addressed raised his hands with that inimitable gesture of the Latin denoting the divinity of beauty and its worship. "J'en suis ravi, j'en suis ravi," he breathed transcendently. "To see her is to know that God is the one great artist."

It took Vanda more than an hour to reach the caserne where Paul's regiment would disband. By this time her heart was beating frightfully and her limbs trembled under her. She had seen his regiment pass, but had not recognized him among them. With the breath tight in her throat she had tried to keep up with it, but found it impossible owing to the denseness of the crowd. She had a ghastly feeling that he must be dead. The thought hammered on her intelligence till she felt sick and faint. At the Gare de l'Est, where the statue of Strasbourg stood resplendent with wreaths, she had been disappointed first. After, it seemed, having waited for hours she had been swept back and out of range in the rush of the immense crowd as the train arrived. But she had raised herself to her utmost height and watched the bedraggled uniforms emerge quickly and form while the bands played a thrilling welcome and the people broke wildly the restraint of months. And all about her had been the sound of laughter and sudden weeping, the convulsive embrace, the shouted greeting, the happy gesture of recognition—but for her there had been nothing—nothing at all.

At the caserne she waited in front of the main entrance with other women. They spoke of sweethearts, husbands, brothers, and sons. But Vanda stood silent and a little apart, the terrible strain in her face increasing.

Then a touch on her arm, and he stood looking down on her. Grand Dieu! She put her hands to her eyes. She could scarcely recognize him, his face was so scarred. And one eye was gone. It was horrible, horrible. So much so that she shrank instinctively while his other eye smiled down on her. And then she fell forward, sobbing, into his arms with the gladness of having him.

She raised her head in a moment and stood proudly. The throng had broken into the cry, "Vive la France! Vive la France!" and a block away a band had struck up "La Marseillaise." A small party of the One Hundred and Forty-Ninth issuing from the caserne took up the cry. Then they spied Paul Carnot and his companion and raced toward them, dancing a ring around them while they voiced loudly: "Le Sauveur de son regiment, le sauveur de son regiment!" A dozen mouths supplementing each other poured out the story to Vanda, and she listened with the wild color stinging her cheeks and her eyes beaming a softness close to tears. Paul, her Paul, a hero! And she had not known it, not a word of it, till now. Few seemed to have known it, indeed, but his corps. When his regiment would surely have been cut to pieces it was he, the artist, who had saved their retreat. A plain infantryman, he had taken a deserted gun and destroyed a pontoon upon which the enemy were crossing in great numbers. Hundreds of them had been killed and as many wounded and drowned. His own regiment and supporting troops could then retreat in good order. They carried him with them covered with glory and wounds. One eye was gone, the sight in the other impaired. He had been in the hospital at Havre. But he had got out in time to join his regiment on the way to Paris.

For a considerable time the artist and the beautiful girl on his arm were the centre of an admiring, hand-shaking crowd eager to voice its congratulations. Then with Sergeant Beranger, who was a celebrated journalist and an old friend, they set out gayly.

Paul Carnot had been a well-known figure in Paris. Every half hock he was stopped by some one who had

revered him as an artist and who held up his hands at the sight of his wounds and glowed over his medaille militaire. The flush of patriotism and the glory of France were in the air, the honor in arms and the gratification of the new peace. The heart swam in it, it seemed, forgetting everything else. The real sense of tragedy belongs to the impotence of its pause.

At length they reached the studio in the rue de la Tour des Dames. Sergeant Beranger had accepted their invitation to dine and Vanda proceeded to prepare the meal herself.

How many joyous dinners they had had here before! What discussions and dreams! Literateurs, bon viveurs, and artists of all characters and degrees had spoken their minds in this sanctum. Scarcely a dreamer in Paris but had smoked his cigarette here. For Paul Carnot stood at the head of that younger set of artists whose ideals were thrusting themselves like young flowers above the long frost of convention in art. His winning first honors at the Louvre had been recognition of this in the highest quarters. When the war broke out he stood at the April of his career.

They talked of art now while they ate dinner, with the gathering twilight at the window and in the soft glow of one big, shaded lamp. And Vanda with her golden hair was like a star in it all, one of those bright objects of Heaven that keep aspiration alive in the world.

After the meal was over she brought to Paul the canvas upon which he had last worked before the war started—a picture of the genius of music evolving from a marvelous purple background. It was full of subtle tones and was but half finished. Upon inspecting the painting Beranger became enthusiastic, praising it in sparkling journalistic terms. Above everything else he ardently repeated: "Quand finira-t-elle, quand finira-t-elle!" (When it will be finished).

And Paul Carnot, who had drank freely, was completely carried along, forgetting that the picture could never be finished, or any other, because of his eyes. Only Vanda, her heart trembling like an autumn leaf, remembered—remembered, it seemed, in a sweeping tragic instant. The great gladness of having him had all at once dropped to this. And in the dark corner of the room, as she put away the canvas, her smile died as a dove dies in a flickering, pitiless moment.

But she could not, she must not, spoil his homecoming. Even a sob might plunge him into his years of torture. Of all the beings in the world she knew that an artist could suffer most. It was the awfulness of this fact, not that she must suffer with him. She must do something to fight the grip of the Thing. Sinking down on the piano stool she played "La Marseillaise." It served slightly to control her.

With the first notes of the anthem the men had risen to their feet. In the pause which followed Beranger took out his watch and excused himself to keep an appointment. They bade him good-night at the door together. Then Carnot drew her in, kissing her. She returned to the piano and he asked that he might lie down while he listened.

It was the anthology of her life that she seemed to play so tenderly. The deep, sweet call of spring, the odorous blossoms and sighing, scented winds and shaping harmony. The beating of a heart, the birth of passion. The universe caught in the pure quality of the lyric. The height of dreaming and the elegie, that marvelous heart wail of Massenet. Through a dozen varying moods, improvisations, and compositions she ran. Then her fingers rested idly on the keys.

"That was beautiful, Vanda," said Paul behind her. "Will you play me a lullaby, dear; I feel that I may sleep."

She did so, repeating it over and over—a lullaby like the drift of violets on a hillside and full of the velvet wistfulness of twilight.

She ceased only when she knew by his breathing that he slept. She stepped over and kneeling down kissed tenderly his poor, scarred face and his eyes. What a gift God had given him, and a German shell had shot it away. German or French, British or Russian—what difference! It was the needless, pitiless, hellish sacrifice of it, the century, world-heaping wrong!

With her hands tensed on the window-sill she looked over the roofs of Paris. Perhaps a million tragedies unfolded there that night. All over Europe it was the same. A year ago and it had been so much happiness! Now he whose creed was beauty lay a wreck behind her. Never would another dawn bring to him anything. He, the master of painters, would never paint again. His artist soul would die an hour at a time, day after day, and all for what?

Over the dry, hot rims of her eyes the tears burst in a silent shower beyond repressing. She flung herself back to the dark corner of the room and the canvas at which she had looked so often and so lovingly during his absence. With it clasped to her heart she sank there weeping, her head buried in the cushions of a divan to still the sobs that shook her body. She must weep tonight, for she must smile tomorrow. Through ten thousand tomorrows she would smile for his sake—he, for whom every tomorrow would be born dead.

BILLEE GLYNN.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1914.

Portuguese letter carriers save themselves much walking on Sunday by delivering letters at church.

THE LITTLE DAUPHIN'S DEATH.

"Why, Then, to Be Dauphin Is Nothing at All."

The little dauphin is sick, the little dauphin is about to die. In all the churches of the kingdom the holy sacrament is exposed night and day, and great wax candles are being burned for the recovery of the royal child. The streets of the old residence are silent and sad; the bells do not ring; passing carriages move slowly—the coachmen keep their horses at a walk; outside the palace curious citizens watch from behind the railings the great Swiss guards with gold-laced paunches in the court-yards, talking together with a most serious mien.

The château is all emotion. Chamberlains and majordomos ascend and descend the marble stairways at a run. The galleries are thronged with pages and courtiers in silken attire, who go by turns from one whispering group to another, asking for news in an undertone. Upon the broad steps the forlorn ladies of honor make low courtesies, wiping their eyes with prettily embroidered handkerchiefs.

In the orangeries there is a large meeting of robed physicians. Through the windows they can be seen extending and moving their long, black sleeves, and doctorally nodding their periwigs. Before the door the little dauphin's tutor and riding-master walk slowly to and fro, waiting for the decision of the faculty. Scullions pass by without saluting them. Monsieur the ring-master swears like a pagan; monsieur the tutor quotes verses from Horace; and from the direction of the stables, far off, comes a long, melancholy neigh. It is the dauphin's chestnut pony, forgotten by the grooms, calling plaintively from before his empty manger.

And the king? Where is the king? The king has shut himself up alone in his rooms, at the other end of the château. Their majesties do not like to be seen weeping. As for the queen, it is quite another matter. Seated beside the pillow of the little dauphin, she weeps so that her beautiful face is bathed in tears; and she sobs aloud before everybody, like a common draper's wife.

On his couch of lace the little dauphin, whiter than the cushions upon which he lies, reposes with closed eyes. They think he slumbers; but no, the little dauphin does not slumber. He turns toward his mother, and, seeing that she weeps, he says to her: "Madame the Queen, why do you cry? Do you really believe, like the rest, that I am going to die?" The queen would answer, but her sobs prevent her from speaking.

"Now do not weep, Madame the Queen; you forget that I am a dauphin, and that a dauphin does not die thus." But the queen sobs more passionately than ever; and the little dauphin becomes really afraid for the first time. "Ho! there!" he cries; "I will not permit Death to take me away; and I know well how to prevent his coming hither. Order forty very strong lansquenets to come here at once, to mount guard about my bed. Let a hundred heavy cannon be rolled into the court under our window; and let the gunners stand by them night and day, with matches lighted! And woe to Death if he dare to come near us!"

Then in order to please the royal child the queen makes a sign. And in a moment is heard the rumbling of the heavy cannon rolling into the vast court, and forty tall lansquenets, armed with partisans, range themselves all about the room. They are all veteran troops, with gray mustaches. The little dauphin clasps his hands when he sees them. He recognizes one and calls him, "Lorrain! Lorrain!" The veteran makes one stride toward the bed. "I love you very much, my dear old Lorrain. Show me your great big sword. If Death tries to take me he must be killed, must he not?" Lorrain answers, "Yes, monseigneur." But two large tears trickle down his bronzed cheeks.

Suddenly the chaplain approaches the little dauphin's bedside, and commences to talk to him in a very, very low voice, and shows him a crucifix. The little dauphin listens to him a while with a very astonished look; then, suddenly interrupting him, exclaims: "I understand very well all that you tell me, Monsieur l'Abbé; but pray inform me could not my little friend Beppo be induced to die in my place, supposing they give him plenty of money?" The chaplain continues to speak in a very low voice, and the little dauphin looks more astonished than before.

When the chaplain has finished the little dauphin responds with a deep sigh: "All this that you have told me is very sad indeed, Monsieur l'Abbé; but one thing consoles me. I know that on high, in the paradise of stars, I shall still be the dauphin. I know that the good God is my cousin, and that He can not fail to treat me according to my rank." Then, turning to his mother, he says: "Order them to bring me my finest clothes—my doublet of ermine, and my velvet shoes; I wish to appear bravely dressed before the angels, and enter Paradise in the costume of the dauphin." Yet a third time the chaplain bends forward, and, leaning over the little dauphin, whispers to him for a long time. In the midst of his discourse the royal child interrupts him with a cry of anger: "Why, then to be dauphin is nothing at all!" And, refusing to listen any more, the little dauphin turns his face to the wall.

But he does not turn away from the wall. For the little dauphin is dead.—Translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet.

"THE GARDEN OF PARADISE."

"Flaneur" Describes the New Fairytale Play Just Produced at the Park Theatre.

If any theatrical managers were present at the Park Theatre on Saturday night at the production of Edward Sheldon's "The Garden of Paradise" they may have gained a new and wholesome view of the public taste. They may even have learned that the public has still a love for beauty, sentiment, and romance, in spite of theatrical conditions to the contrary. The theatrical manager usually labors under the conviction that he has some special skill in the interpretation of "what the public wants." The book publisher harbors the same delusion, and it is unfortunate that they both stand at the gateway, so to speak, and are therefore able to insist upon their own signs and passwords. The book that takes the public by storm has usually been despised and rejected by publisher after publisher. The play that "inaugurates a new era," or "makes an indelible mark," is generally the play that violates the traditions and affronts conservatism. We may notice the same stupidity among public singers. The audience will appreciate the coloratura, the fireworks, the vocal gymnastics, but it does not go wild with enthusiasm nor raise the roof until the fourth encore reveals itself as some homely old ballad with real music in words and score. But the expert rarely learns and he never repents. He seems impervious to the truth that after seven o'clock in the evening the public wishes to live in its heart and not in its head. It is willing to face a problem, but it so much prefers a sentiment.

And so here we have the Park Theatre crowded to hear and see a fairy story, and a plain old-fashioned fairy story at that. Now Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" was a fairy story in a sense, but then Maeterlinck is a magnet, and modern, and mystical, and his play had theological and other audacities. It had been heralded from Europe, and society had bestowed its imprimatur. Its auspices and its credentials were in every way unimpeachable. But "The Garden of Paradise" is simply our old friend Hans Christian Andersen and his story of "The Little Mermaid," a story that we all heard in our childhood and that we are now invited to hear again as a sort of reminder that we are still children where beauty and sentiment are concerned. It is true that we were invited to see as well as to hear, and certainly nothing more entirely exquisite has ever been put upon the stage. Mr. Joseph Urban has outdone himself in the production of sheer loveliness. The first glimpse carries us actually into fairyland, and after that we are beyond the reach of surprise. It is the dreary shabbiness of life that become unreal. Cities and streets and railroads become mere ugly dreams, and at the fall of the curtain there is no one who would not repel with indignation a charge of incredulity in the matter of fairies. But what a pity that Andersen himself, who so wanted to be a dramatist, did not live to see how great a dramatist he really was and to appreciate his power to create enduring and immaterial worlds.

Mr. Sheldon begins his play at the bottom of the sea, and it says much for Mr. Urban's courage and stagecraft that he should not only attempt such a scene, but succeed in it. He showed us the sea itself, and the mermaids floated in it and swam in it just as mermaids are well known to do. It seems that it is the custom of royal merpeople—forgive the word: it is needed—to send their daughters to the surface of the water on their fifteenth birthday in order to see the world and to congratulate themselves that they do not have to live in it, which would certainly be a dreary fate. And so the Princess Swanhilde, who is a most delicious young mermaid, although damp, follows the custom of her people, not without the hope that something may intervene to hinder her marriage with the Emperor of the Crabs, to whom she has been unwillingly betrothed. And sure enough something does happen, for there on the top of the water, and as though waiting for her, is the King of the Blue Mountains, a mere mortal, it is true, but with all the charms of novelty that are just as potent with mermaids as with other and more familiar varieties. The king's ship is wrecked and he himself would have been drowned but for the aid of Swanhilde, who leads him to an island where dwells the young Queen of the Southland. And of course the King and Queen fall in love with each other, and without a thought of the finny beauty whose compassion has thus been her own undoing. For how could a mermaid, with all her marine embarrassments, be expected to succeed against such competition as this?

But Swanhilde is not wholly discouraged. Every one knows that there are magic spells that can work surprising transformations and that there are wise old women who are learned in such lore. So Swanhilde takes counsel with an ancient sybil, who tells her that if she will only make the necessary sacrifices she can become a mortal, and perhaps it is not only mermaids who can have their wish in exchange for sacrifice. So Swanhilde becomes a mortal, and we see her serving the young king as a page. But it is all in vain and her love is unrequited. The king knows nothing of her passion, and as the coping-stone to her discomfiture she is actually selected as the messenger to bid the Queen of the Southland to prepare for her marriage.

Then comes the culminating scene. It is quite well

known that mermaids who become mortal by enchantment must surrender their new estate and return as slaves to the depths of the sea if the men to whom they have given their hearts should show themselves to be irresponsible. There seems to be no escape for Swanhilde, but just as she is preparing for her fate she learns that the purity of her love has canceled the bond and that she has earned an everlasting paradise of immortality.

So it is just a fairy story, without the hint of a problem or the suggestion of an audacity. Whether it would have been so gripping without the extraordinary spectacular effects must be left to conjecture. And they were extraordinary. They were overwhelming, magical, indescribable. There was not an incongruity, an awkwardness, or a clumsiness anywhere. The artistic taste was perfection, the mechanism a miracle. Much of the success was also due to the cast. Miss Emily Stevens was the most marine that ever was seen. George Relph as the King of the Blue Mountains might have been born in the purple, so fine was his acting. Renée Kelly as Queen of the Southland was adorable, and it was no wonder that the young King fell in love with her. Every one did. And Lionel Braham as the Emperor of the Crabs was a horrid and repulsive crustacean. It made our blood boil to think of him as the husband of Swanhilde. And now we would remind Mr. Sheldon and Mr. Urban that Andersen wrote other fairy stories, and we would express the hope that they are already at work upon a new selection, since while mermaids may be immortal, dramas are not, and even "The Garden of Paradise" must come to an end after every one has seen it about twenty times. And there should be no avoidable delay in the production of a new one.

NEW YORK, December 4, 1914. FLANEUR.

Sheepdog trials may be considered a national pastime if not a national sport in Australia. There is an annual agricultural show in every town and village in the pastoral parts. There are general competitions on the lines of the American county and state fairs. There are horse races, buck jumping, shearing, log chopping, and other strenuous competitions. But not one of these excites more interest than the sheepdog trials; and in these tests Australians have set the example of certain of the most serious tasks that a man and a dog may be asked to accomplish with three strange sheep—sheep that had never previously met until they had a moment before been turned out from three separate pens to be packed or gathered together by the dog. It was the Australians who first put forward, and they still maintain it, the Maltese Cross test. The eight six-foot hurdles are set in the shape of a Maltese Cross. The passages are of a width that will permit only one sheep to pass through at a time. The animals have to be driven north and south and east and west, all the passes being open at the time. The skill and patience of the dog are here tried to the utmost, and there can be little wonder there is a gasp of satisfaction and a cheer of joy when the sheep have been successfully driven through these narrow ways. The Australian sheepdogs are the smallest in use in the world, but are quick and lively in their work. It is no wonder that the Australian gives much thought for his dogs, for it goes without saying that the work of the sheep station could not be accomplished without them. In ordinary cases it is reckoned that one dog can do the work of half a dozen men; in many instances a dog is superior to fifty humans; and where there are such vast flocks of nimble sheep, such as the merinos in Australia are, it would be impossible to round them up so that they may be examined counted, and duly looked over without the dogs.

Banking conditions in Norway have been and continue good. Christiana, as well as the other larger cities in that country, has plenty of money for several years to come. The large merchant fleet, placed in practically all parts of the world, is doing a splendid business and will probably continue to do so after the war. During a short time after the war began it was almost impossible to get cash on money orders, travelers' checks, etc., drawn abroad, and money could not be transferred by cable. The savings banks availed themselves of their right to defer payments, allowing customers to draw only fifty crowns (\$13.40) each day. At all times, however, when assured by the consul that depositors had secured passage to the United States, the savings banks paid their deposits in full if the depositors so desired. The financial position of the Bank of Norway is very good. No one having money deposited in open account in any Norwegian bank has had the least difficulty in getting his money as usual.

At Waterford, Ireland, noted for its glass, the white-washing of the solidly built stone gateposts to match the white cottages in the country parts is an annual event, and takes place in May.

Columbia University again claims the largest registration in this country, having 10,961 students. The University of California is second with 8481.

Forbach, Germany, is said to have the most profitable town forest known. It yields an annual net gain of \$12.14 an acre.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Last Conqueror.

Victorious men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are;
Though you hind-in every shore
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day,
Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring Famine, Plague, and War
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are;
Nor to these alone confided,

He hath at will
More quaint and subtle ways to kill;
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.
—J. Shirley.

The Song of David.

He sang of God, the mighty source
Of all things, the stupendous force
On which all strength depends:
From Whose right arm, beneath Whose eyes,
All period, power, and enterprise
Commences, reigns, and ends.

The world, the clustering spheres He made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade,
Dale, champaign, grove, and hill;
The multitudinous abyss,
Where secrecy remains in bliss.
And wisdom hides her skill.

Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said
To Moses: while Earth heard in dread,
And, smitten to the heart,
At once, above, beneath, around,
All Nature, without voice or sound,
Replied, "O Lord, THOU ART." —C. Smart.

Winter.

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu-whit!
To-who! A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all about the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl—
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu-whit!
To-who! A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

—W. Shakespeare.

The Happy Heart.

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplex'd?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vex'd
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace,
Honest labour hears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?
O sweet content!
Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
O punishment!
Then he that patiently want's hurden bears
No hurden bears, but is a king, a king!
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace,
Honest labour hears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

—T. Dekker.

Gathering Song of Donald the Black.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
Pibroch of Donuil
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war-array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky;
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one.
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that hears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corps uninter'd,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and harges;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadsword and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come:
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaid, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
Knell for the onset!—Sir Walter Scott.

PARIS WAR DAYS.

Charles Inman Barnard Relates His Impressions During the First Six Weeks.

Mr. Charles Inman Barnard is at least to be congratulated on the rapidity with which he has given us a description of Paris under the great war cloud. Mr. Barnard is Paris correspondent of the New York *Tribune* and president of the Association of the Foreign Press in Paris. He was in the French capital when war was declared, and presumably he is there still. At least we may hope so, as we may then expect another such book as this, or a continuation of it. He tells us that he kept a diary in which he recorded, day by day, the aspect, temper, mood, and humor of Paris. He saw the city under circumstances the like of which will probably not be seen again by any one now living, and it may be said that Mr. Barnard is in a peculiarly favorable position to make comparative judgments, since in the spring of 1871 he witnessed Paris, partly in ruins, emerging from the scourges of German invasion and of the Commune. He was in Paris also during the days of the Dreyfus affair and of the winter floods of 1910, and he adds with some feeling that "whether in storm or in sunshine I have always found myself among friends in this vivacious centre of humanity, intelligence, art, science, and sentiment, where our countrymen, and above all our countrywomen, realize that they have a second home."

Mr. Barnard tells us that he had determined to relinquish active journalism, but at the request of Mr. Ogden Reid he had consented to retain his position until the early autumn, as "a quiet summer was expected." He begins his diary on Saturday, August 1, the day following the assassination of Jaurès. War had then become certain. The author had been told by a cabinet minister that at whatever capital there appeared the slightest hope of a compromise there the "mailed fist" diplomacy dealt an unexpected blow:

At four o'clock this afternoon I was standing on the Place de la Bourse when the mobilization notices were posted. Paris seemed electrified. All cabs were immediately taken. I walked to the Place de l'Opéra and Rue de la Paix to note the effect of the mobilization call upon the people. Crowds of young men, with French flags, promenaded the streets shouting "Vive la France." Bevy of young girls, *midinettes*, collected at the open windows and on the balconies of the Rue de la Paix, cheering, waving their handkerchiefs at the youthful patriots, and throwing down upon them handfuls of flowers and garlands that had decked the fronts of the shops. The crowd was not particularly noisy or hoisterous. No cries of "On to Berlin" or "Down with the Germans" were heard. The shouts that predominated were simply "Vive la France," "Vive l'Armée," and "Vive l'Angleterre." One or two British flags were also borne along beside the French tricolor.

Writing on the following day, Mr. Barnard speaks of the sudden paralysis of the capital and of the rioting against Germans that broke out spasmodically here and there. But the general aspect was one of calm and confidence, although it was impossible to spend more than a few minutes in the streets without witnessing scenes suggestive of war:

Everywhere there are touching scenes. In the early hours of the morning a chasseur covered with dust, who had come to bid farewell to his family, was seen riding through the city. As he rode down the street an old woman stopped him and said: "Do you hear. They killed my husband in '70!" The young soldier stooped from his saddle and silently gripped the old woman's hand.

On the fifth day of mobilization the Rue de la Paix had become the most forlorn street in Paris. Seventy-five per cent of the shops were closed, and at night the streets were dark and silent. Everywhere women were taking the places of men. On the following day the author records the arrival of British troops in France:

Disembarking of British troops in France has begun, and the greatest enthusiasm is reported from the northern departments. I went to see the Duc de Louhet this morning and met there Mr. De Courcy Forhes, who told me that the French mobilization was working like clock-work two days ahead of scheduled time. He said that about a hundred Germans and Austrians had been arrested as spies. They were tried by court-martial at eleven o'clock yesterday morning, and fifty-nine of them, who were found guilty, were shot at Vincennes at four o'clock the same afternoon.

It subsequently turned out that these spies had not been shot, after all, but had been imprisoned and kept in close confinement.

Germans were treated well in those early days. The German ambassador was honorably escorted in a special train to the frontier, but the Germans actually seized and confiscated the train. The author tells us that he saw a thousand Germans and Austrians entrained, and the crowds watched them almost sympathetically. A curious feature of the situation, and one noticed also in other countries, was the sudden increase in the marriage rate:

The mobilization in France has caused an extraordinary increase in the number of marriages contracted at the various Paris town halls. From morning till night the mayors and their assistants have been kept busy uniting couples who would have separated the same day or the next, when the husband joined his regiment. At the bare announcement of the possibility of war the marriage offices at the town halls were literally taken by assault. As there was no time to be lost, arrangements were made by the chief officials to accept the minimum of documentary proofs of identity in all cases where the bridegrooms were called upon to serve their country. The other papers required by the law will be put in later.

The statistics of the first five days of the mobilization show that one hundred and eighty-one marriages were performed a day as against the ordinary figure of one hundred and ten. In the suburbs the increase is even greater, and a notable fact, both in Paris and outside, is that the largest number of marriages took place in the most populous districts. In the

eleventh arrondissement the ordinary figures were trebled. All wedding parties wear little French, English, Russian, and Belgian flags.

Soldiers were quartered everywhere in private houses, and the author tells us of an American friend who gave up three of his five rooms for this purpose. The only complaint of the American was that the officer in charge woke him at six o'clock every morning by playing the "Pilgrims' Chorus" from "Tannhauser" on the piano:

Germans are still found in strange places, considering the fact that the French are at war with them. I saw one man ask for his papers at the Gare de l'Est this afternoon, where with incredible assurance he was watching the entraining of French troops. He was led away between two policemen, and ought to feel thankful that the crowd did not get hold of him. He might have shared the same fate as that which befell one of his imprudent compatriots last Sunday at Clarendon. It was the day after mobilization had been declared, and the German knew that he must leave the country. But in a swaggering mood he said he would not leave until he had killed at least one of these condemned Frenchmen. His words were reported, and he fled into an entry and made his way into an adjoining house, where the crowd lost sight of him. When he emerged a cavalry escort protected him against the mad people who wanted to lynch him, and bundled him into a cab. He had been very badly handled, and his face was streaming with blood. He drove away as fast as the horse could gallop, but bystanders went after him, climbed up behind the rear of the cab, and shot him dead through the little window.

Precautions against spies became very rigorous. Wireless installations were suppressed, it being explained that in order to hear the messages from Russia the Eiffel Tower needed "dead silence" in the air. All foreigners were liable to challenge, and authorization papers must always be in readiness. On the eighth day of mobilization the author tells us that he met MacAlpin of the London *Daily Mail*, who said:

"I took a walk in the Bois de Boulogne yesterday afternoon. In a lonely alley I was stopped by three cyclist policemen. They asked for my papers. Fortunately I had with me my passport and the 'permission to remain' issued to me as a foreigner. If I had happened to have left these in another coat I should have been arrested."

"The policemen told me these were their orders. They added confidentially that they were looking for Germans. After this I saw many more cyclists on the same errand. They are hunting the woods systematically, because many Germans of suspicious character have taken refuge there."

"I rang up a friend on the telephone, and began, as usual: 'Hullo, is that you?' I was immediately told by the girl at the exchange that 'speaking in foreign languages was not permitted.' 'Unless you speak in French,' she said, 'I shall cut you off at once.' I suppose she listened to what we were saying all the time."

"I went into a postoffice to send a telegram to my wife. 'You must get it authorized at a police office,' I was told. Not the simplest private message can be accepted until it has passed the censor."

On August 11 it was officially announced that the British army had landed in France and Belgium. Everywhere the men were received with enthusiasm, and especially by the women, who had their own way of extending a welcome to the strangers. The author met a M. Picard, who had just arrived from America via Boulogne in order to act as reservist on the general staff:

M. Picard said that Boulogne was full of British troops. They marched through the narrow streets of the city wearing their khaki uniforms, thousands upon thousands of them, roaring as they passed the new British war slogan: "Are we downhearted? No-o-o-o-o. Shall we win? Ye-e-e-e-s-s-s-s." Then came an Irish regiment with their brown jolly faces beaming with fun, and singing: "It's a long way to Tipperary. . . . It's a long way to go."

A Welsh battalion followed, whistling the "Marseillaise." The prettiest girls in every town throw flowers and kisses to these stalwart British lads. As soon as the order to break ranks is given heaves of smiling lassies surround the troops, offering them sandwiches, fruit, wine, and flowers, and even kisses. There would be thousands of jealous girls in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales today if they could but witness the reception. Highland regiments wearing the kilt have stupendous success with the blushing young women of France.

News from the front was scarce, but sometimes information could be obtained from wounded men. Many casualties were caused by the impetuosity of the French soldiers, who were almost ungovernable at the sight of their foes:

A wounded sergeant of a Highland regiment, in talking yesterday with a friend of mine at Amiens station, bitterly denounced the German practice of concealing their advance by driving along in front of them numbers of refugee women and children. The Scottish sergeant said: "Our battalion was badly cut up. We were using our machine guns to repel a German advance. Suddenly we saw a lot of women and children coming along the road toward us. Our officers ordered us to cease firing. The refugees came pouring through our lines. Immediately behind them, however, were the German riflemen, who suddenly opened fire on us at short range with terrible effect. Had it not been for this dastardly trick of shoving women and children ahead of them at the points of their bayonets we might have wiped out this German rifle battalion that attacked us, but instead of that we were driven back. Damn these Germans." With these words the Scottish sergeant, his right arm shattered from shoulder to elbow, climbed into the train of British wounded and was carried off toward Rouen.

On the thirty-fourth day of the war Paris was congratulating herself on the diversion of the great German attack. The city was slowly resuming its wonted appearance, and Mr. Barnard says that on looking in at the National Library he found the usual collection of inveterate bookworms pondering over dusty volumes. Later on he met a British officer buying books at Brentano's, perhaps to while away the tedious hours in the trenches:

I met today another British officer buying books at Brentano's. He gave me a picturesque description of the German method of advance. "It is the scientific development of the

wild, fanatic, life-regardless, condensed rush of the *Sturmtruppen* dervishes," he said. "The Germans mass together their big field guns. They close in around them serried infantry, goaded on by their wonderful, machine-made, non-commissioned officers, who prick them with sword bayonets, and whenever, from wounds or from sheer exhaustion, men fall out, they are shoved aside, to die by the roadside, or to be trampled under foot, like mechanical tools that have become useless. The German officers and non-commissioned officers are utterly regardless of life. The German flanks are protected by quantities of machine guns placed so close together that their gunners jostle one another. This strange engine of modern warfare creeps on like a monster of the apocalypse, carrying all before it. Aeroplanes hovering over the fronts of the columns direct movements by signaling. The dense, serried mass of infantry offers a splendid target. The losses must have been frightful, exceeding anything recorded in modern war. The German infantry are poor marksmen. They don't know how to shoot. Scarcely any of our men were wounded by bullets. Nearly all the wounds were inflicted by shells."

The author tells us of a curious conversation between Mme. Delbet, living on the Grand Morin, and the general of a German force that passed through her property and that took seven hours to do so. The general was courtesy itself, and explained the intentions of Germany after the capture of Paris and the conquest of France, which would of course be merely a matter of a few days:

On Sunday the general took his departure. As he came to bid Mme. Delbet good-by, he said: "I am going to Paris, madame, and if I can be of any service to you there, kindly let me know." He then mounted his beautiful bay charger and rode away, followed by his staff. A couple of officers and a small detachment were left in the village.

Monday morning a German automobile dashed through the village at fourth speed. A sentry discharged his rifle as a signal. The same troops came trotting back again over the three bridges. One of them, who had been particularly attentive to Mme. Delbet's maid, passed through the little courtyard. The maid slyly asked: "Is that the road to Paris?" She received the reply from her admirer: "Plus Paris. Plus Paris."

The American Ambulance Hospital at Neuilly comes in for a word of well-merited praise. Mrs. Vanderbilt herself presided. She wore the white Red Cross uniform, and half concealed about her neck was a double string of pearls. "Rose-colored silk stockings were tipped with neat but serviceable white shoes, and in this attire she seemed to impersonate the presiding good angels of the hospital."

Through the courtesy of a friend who was going to Meaux in charge of a Red Cross automobile to distribute hospital stores to a field hospital near Plessis-Pacy, I had an opportunity to visit the scene of the recent battles along the Ourcq Canal, where General von Kluck's army met its first signal defeat. We came near to the villages of Chahmy, Marcielly, Etrepilly, and Vincly—along the road from Meaux to Soissons—and found that the trenches dug by the Germans were filled with human corpses in thick, serried masses. Quicklime and straw had been thrown over them by the ton. Piles of bodies of men and of horses had been partially cremated in the most rudimentary fashion. The country seemed to be one endless charnal house. The stench of the dead was appalling.

The author's diary takes us to September 16, which was the forty-fifth day of the war. Paris was once more breathing freely, and we are told that the Academicians were continuing their labors on the Dictionary of the Alphabet. They were approaching the latter end of the letter E and were discussing "Exodus." May that mean, says Mr. Barnard, the German exodus from French soil. Certainly his is a most entertaining and valuable book.

PARIS WAR DAYS. By Charles Inman Barnard. LL. B. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2 net.

In the Juamara region of the Amazon the natives use a crude system of wireless telegraphy, which, it is claimed, has been in operation for thousands of years. The transmitter found by an explorer was a hollowed trunk of a tree suspended from a horizontal pole stretched between two stumps. Inside the transmitter had been arranged much like a violin, and it was explained that when the instrument was struck smartly with a small rubber hammer a vibration was created that carried for miles over the hills. The receiver is very similar to the transmitter, except that it is placed on a hardwood platform, the base of the hollowed tree trunk being grounded on the platform. When the message is struck in the neighboring village, sometimes thirty miles away, this receiver catches the vibrations, causing a jerky, singing sound. The sound system, it is said, can be read by the members of the tribe, and in this way news of victories and other happenings are told throughout the countryside.

Silver Mountain, once a booming mining camp of Idaho for a few weeks, is now deserted save for one citizen, a forest ranger. The deserted town on the top of Silver Mountain, had a mushroom-like growth thirty years ago, when an English syndicate decided that the place had a wonderful mining future. Money was fairly poured into the enterprise, and a town and a quartz mill were built. Altogether it is estimated by pioneers that a million and a half in good money was sunk in the project. The mill ran just ten days, the "mine" gave out, and it was not long before the place was deserted.

Waialepe, or Green Lake, on the island of Hawaii, is a body of fresh water in the pit of an old crater near Kapoho. This lake covers an area of about five acres and is fed by springs below the surface. A pumping plant takes water from this lake for domestic use and for irrigation purposes.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

War's Aftermath

The authors wisely conclude their inquiry into the effects of war upon national manhood by the admission that they are dealing with "matters insusceptible of precise determination." Devoting themselves mainly to the results of the Civil War upon the manhood of the South, they point out that the struggle was followed by the maintenance of the democracy, by the spread of education, and by the extinction of slavery, but on the other hand all these benefactions were inevitable sooner or later. The exhaustion of the South opened the way to them, but their final establishment was already certain.

The results of war are certainly, as the authors admit, unascertainable. Certainly they are not wholly bad, and it is well that a proper hatred of war should not blind us to the fact. Already from many parts of Europe we have reports of what amounts almost to a moral reformation. That sorrow and tragedy have a certain redemptive effect upon the individual is almost a commonplace of observation, and there seems no reason why we may not expect similar results on a collective scale. If the present war should result in an approach to disarmament—surely not an unreasonable hope—who shall say that the price paid is wholly incommensurate? How, too, shall we measure the inevitable sweeping away of the selfishnesses and degeneracies bred by peace and the increase of moral virility that comes from sacrifice? The price to be paid even for the greatest of these benefactions is hideously high, but at least there is compensation, and the part of wisdom is to see to it that the compensation shall be the largest obtainable.

WAR'S AFTERMATH. By David Starr Jordan and Harvey Ernest Jordan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 75 cents net.

The Three Sisters.

The woman who writes a novel about women, and with the intention to reveal rather than to conceal, may usually be trusted to produce something startling. If a man had written "The Three Sisters" he would have been denounced as a traducer. But no man could or would write such a book.

The three sisters are the daughter of a clergyman whose third wife has left him for reasons of self-protection that are delicately but unmistakably conveyed. In order to punish his youngest girl, Alice, for certain clearly inherited weaknesses of self-surrender he has

moved with his family to a desolate country village where the only marriageable man is the doctor. Alice's physical cravings incite her once more to the pursuit of the elusive male, and then Gwenda, the second sister, who also has fallen in love with Dr. Rowcliffe, and he with her, magnanimously goes away to London in order to leave a fair field for her weaker sister, whose necessities she recognizes and whose malady she understands. Then comes the chance of the eldest sister, Mary, whose pose is that of a village Madonna and who quietly captures the prize while poor Alice in desperation gives herself to a boorish young farmer, who has the grace to marry her and so to depart from his usual custom under such delicate circumstances.

With the exception of Gwenda, who has a certain tragic sublimity about her, every character in the story tends to lessen our estimate of human nature. And since this is a story by a woman about women it may be pointed out that sex, and sex alone, dominates the whole mental field of these three sisters. Eliminate sex and the passion of sex and there is nothing left of them. It is the art of the novelist that strips away the externals and the visibilities, the protective screen of normal activities, and that shows them as living, moving, and having their being in the life of sex, and nothing but sex. And so we may ask if May Sinclair has given us a just analysis of typical women, not alone in this story, but in other stories that have preceded it and that resemble it. Does she wish us to understand that women are organisms surrounding the sex functions, and nothing more? These are questions that it might be indiscreet to answer.

THE THREE SISTERS. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35.

Artist and Public.

Mr. Kenyon Cox knows the value of a striking statement by way of introduction to his work. He tells us that the art of the past was produced for a public that wanted and understood it, and by artists who sympathized with their public. The art of our time has been produced for a public that did not want it and misunderstood it, by artists who disliked and despised the public for which they worked. You will scarcely find an unappreciated genius in the whole history of art until the beginning of the nineteenth century. Perhaps there could be no more bitter commentary on an age that vaunts itself with all the vulgar clamor of self-esteem, but that has actually reached an almost un-

precedented level of degeneration. It is not that we are indifferent to beauty. We positively hate it. And here we may express our appreciation of Mr. Cox's characterization of the monstrous insults to art that Rodin has been encouraged to throw in the face of a vapid and ignorant public.

Mr. Cox gives us seven chapters. Three of them are devoted to individual artists—Millet, Raphael, and Saint Gaudens, chapters full of sound criticism and enthusiastic appreciation, chapters that are frank, sincere, and unconventional. The chapter on "Artist and Public" is largely a comparison of the past with the present, and we have a sort of continuation of the same theme in the chapter on "The Illusion of Progress." In art at least there has been no progress, nor can we reasonably talk of progress in connection with art. The race, says Mr. Cox, grows madder and madder. Instead of building on the past we invent insanities such as Cubism and Futurism and think that we are advancing, as indeed we are—toward the lunatic asylum. Indeed there can be no such thing as progress in art, but there are such things as nobility and beauty and reason, which are neither old nor young, but rather parts of the fabric of being and of the nature of the only realities, and not to be measured by time. Mr. Cox's vigorous exordium may at present fall upon deaf ears, but we may at least hope that he has something of the gift of prophecy when he foresees a day that will call hideous and degraded and indecent and insane things by their true names and that shall cease to prate of a progress that is no more than an aberration.

ARTIST AND PUBLIC. By Kenyon Cox. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

With Jack London.

Mr. Jack London's voyage on the *Snark* attracted an attention that was, perhaps, incommensurate with its actual importance. That a forty-five-foot ketch should undertake a journey so formidable was remarkable enough, but it was by no means unique in the annals of the sea. But that such a voyage should be chronicled by such an author was certainly something in the way of an event, and it was in lively expectation of a travel story that the world watched the departure of the little craft.

Mr. Martin Johnson, the author of the present book, was one of the crew. His application was accepted, not for any of the qualifications that he had so proudly displayed, but because he knew how to cook, or said he did. But if he can cook as well as he can write, which is extremely doubtful, there should have been no culinary complaints on board the *Snark*.

Certainly Mr. Johnson has written a charming book, a book that has the outward seeming and form of a diary, but without any of its faults, a book saturated with individuality, and incident, and anecdote, and dialogue. He gives us the whole story of the voyage, a voyage that has been described as a failure, although no voyage could be a failure or anything but a triumphant success that resulted in two such books as Mr. London's "Cruise of the *Snark*" and this vivacious travel story by Mr. Johnson.

THROUGH THE SOUTH SEAS WITH JACK LONDON. By Martin Johnson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The Houghton Mifflin Company announce the following new printings of recent books: The fourth of Robert Herrick's latest novel, "Clark's Field"; the fourteenth of Professor Roland G. Usher's "Pan-Germanism"; the second of Frances Jenkins Olcott's collection for children, "Good Stories for Great Holidays"; the third of William Maxwell's "Salesmanship"; and the second of Havelock Ellis's "Impressions and Comments."

Henry Sydnor Harrison, author of "Queed" and "V. V.'s Eyes," has been elected a member of the American Institute of Arts and Letters.

In "Bohemian San Francisco, Its Restaurants and Their Most Famous Recipes," Dr. Clarence E. Edwards unfolds living pictures of the queer and quaint foreign quarters of the city, and the reader is shown the daily life of those who have brought even the environment of mother land and set it down in the midst of a great metropolis. Their foods and how prepared forms a most interesting feature of the book. It is elegantly printed on toned American drawing paper with subject heads brightly rubricated throughout the volume. Frontispiece, "The Old Cobweb Palace at Meigs's Wharf," reproduced on a mounted tip in duo-tone. Bound in semi-flexible full crash buff buckram with richly toned end papers and uniform jackets of national cover. Stained top, uncut edges. Paul Elder & Co. are the publishers.

In the past the name of Henry Russell Miller, the well-known Pittsburgh novelist, has been linked with such powerful stories as "The Man Higher Up," "His Rise to Power," and "The Ambition of Mark Truitt." "The

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House of Toys," as his latest novel is called, is a delightful bit of sentiment and idealism—just a fairy-tale sort of a book, with its plot laid in real, everyday life. As a matter of fact, it is better written, better handled, even than its predecessors, and represents not only a departure in kind but an advance in quality. It is published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The John Lane Company has just published "India's Love Lyrics," a new edition of Laurence Hope's poems, illustrated in full color by Mr. Byam Shaw. Mr. Shaw, who is a well-known painter, born in India, has designed some splendid tapestries to be woven by Dearnley, William Morris's successor.

Henry Holt & Co. recently published Heath Robinson's richly illustrated edition of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in which his noted ability in the treatment of children's and of fairy subjects is conspicuous; "Musicians of Today," by Romain Rolland, famous for his long musical novel, "Jean Christophe"; "Raidillon: The Voyageur," a highly picturesque verse drama concerning the French explorer to whose work the founding of the present city of St. Paul is largely due; in fact, the principal hotel in that city is named after him.

One of the most significant books which the great European conflict has called forth is perhaps Percy MacKaye's "The Present Hour," which may be described as a vital expression of America in themes of war and peace. The first section (War) contains the gripping narrative poem "Fight: The Tale of a Gunner," and is followed by a series of powerful poems dealing with the gigantic struggle abroad. Among these are noted "American Neutrality," "Peace," "Wilson," "Louvain," "Rheims," "The Muffled Drums," "Magna Charta," "France," and "A Prayer of the Peoples." The second section (Peace) includes "Goethals," "Panama Hymn," "School," "The Prologue and the Epilogue to a Bird Masque," "The Player," and other representative work. It is published by the Macmillan Company.

The Century Company's Cyclopaedia of Names is most thorough and timely. Towns and places mentioned in the war news are adequately described in this cyclopaedia. For instance, this paragraph is devoted to Verdun: "A fortified town in the department of Meuse, France, situated on the Meuse in latitude 49 degrees 9 minutes north; the ancient Verodunum in Gaul. It manufactures confectionery, liquors, etc.; has a cathedral of the 12th century; and is strongly fortified. In the 10th century it passed to the German empire; was made a free imperial city; was occupied by Henry II of France in 1552, and with its territory was formally annexed to France in 1648; was held a short time by the Prussians in 1792; and capitulated to the Prussians in November, 1870. Population, commune, 21,706."

"Twilight Sleep," by Dr. Henry Smith Williams, has just been published by Harper & Brothers. This account of the new discoveries which are making possible painless childbirth is written in simple language so that any one can understand it, and with all the precision and authority that Dr. Williams's name implies. The method as practiced at Freiberg is explained in detail. He deals with the Freiberg method as it affects the mother and as it affects the child, points out the defects of this treatment and suggests that hypnotic suggestion may play a part in its success.

"A character of the most profound and most moving sweetness and wisdom" is the way a reviewer describes Mrs. Watts's new novel just published.

The Rise of Jennie Cushing

the new novel by MARY S. WATTS, is "a book that is so human, so vital, that one rejoices and suffers with the people who inhabit it."

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Christian Life.

Professor Peabody's book is a weighty contribution to the present discussion on Christianity in the modern world or perhaps it might be more accurate to say Christianity versus the modern world. But the author's note is not so much one of antagonism as of reconciliation. He asks how the Christian life can be made compatible with the family, with the business world, with the making and the use of money, with the state and with the church, and he seems to discern a certain tendency toward adjustment and rectification from which he augurs hopefully.

All such discussions become perplexing without some definite understanding of the nature of Christianity itself. If Christianity has any meaning at all it would seem to consist of a personal ideal to which its adherents conform, or try to conform, and that personal ideal seems best expressible by the Golden Rule or by the life of complete unselfishness. How, then, can such a life be compatible, how can it ever become compatible, with the social and commercial ideals of the day, which are avowedly based upon gain and upon self-preservation? A great bishop said recently that modern society must at once dissolve under the application of the Sermon on the Mount, and this is incontestably true. This may be a sorry outlook for Christianity, or for modern society, but the two are certainly incompatible. All these discussions seem then to contain something more than a suggestion that a compromise must be found by some process of adroit dilution of Christianity. And perhaps this is the only way likely of adoption.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE IN THE MODERN WORLD. By Francis Greenwood Peabody. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

California.

Mrs. Atherton is considered by an undiscerning public as an accomplished novelist and a bright and particular star in the literary firmament of the state, but she will not live in the annals of California as a historian. Her imagination is too exuberant, too unfettered, for so sober a task. Her conception of history seems to be the selection and elaboration of a few spectacular and dramatic incidents, served up without either balance or perspective, and highly spiced with a prejudice that there is no effort to conceal. As evidence of the lack of balance it may be said that Mrs. Atherton's volume contains 330 pages, and that not until page 307 do we take leave of Dennis Kearney's anti-Chinese agitation. The last thirty-five years of this "intimate history" of California are represented by less than that number of pages, surely a meagre allotment for events as vital as any that have happened in the whole story of the state.

It is hard to avoid a feeling of regret that Mrs. Atherton should undertake a work of such importance without at least the disposition to do it well. And it is not done even passably well. It is not a history of California, but of San Francisco, and quite inadequate at that. Topics of importance are consistently omitted, while unimportant ones are emphasized. There is no apparent attempt anywhere at judicial interpretation. There are painful and flippant distortions of fact as well as blunders of spelling and clumsiness of style. The commercial and agricultural development of the state is barely mentioned. The great cities, with the exception of San Francisco, are ignored. The story of the graft prosecution is a careless

caricature and a mere expression of heedless prejudice. It is true that individual narratives, such as those of the Vigilance Committee and of the Broderick-Terry duel, are well told, and if the book had professed to be something other than a history of California we could enjoy to the full a presentation of events that is spirited, vivid, and dramatic. We can only hope with Mrs. Atherton herself that her book will stimulate an interest in the real history of California and in the records of fact that are somewhat more free from illusions and preconceptions.

CALIFORNIA: AN INTIMATE HISTORY. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2 net.

Science and Religion.

Professor Cassius J. Keyser, Adrian Professor of Mathematics in Columbia University, has done well to publish this striking address delivered by him before the Phi Beta Kappa Alumni in New York. He invites science to recognize the fact that there is a domain of supernatural being into which it can never penetrate and concerning which it should be silent. Science may rightly classify the objective phenomena of this higher consciousness, but it must recognize that there is an uncharted region of which only the mere outermost fringe has been explored, and it is with this uncharted region that religion has to do.

What right has science, asks Professor Keyser, to assume that its methods of knowledge are the only methods or that their extension will give us all attainable achievements? "Man has some powers or faculties for knowing that the beasts do not possess. Why should he assume that his faculties are in kind the highest possible or the highest actual? And even if they were, why assume that he has them in the highest possible degree?"

The author is to be congratulated upon a piece of sound and original thinking and one that should prove a salutary corrective to the arrogances of materialistic speculation.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION. By C. J. Keyser, Ph.D., LL.D. New Haven: Yale University Press; 75 cents.

New Books Received.

FLOWER SONGS AND OTHERS. By Alice Lotberingdon. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. A volume of verse.

THE BURIED IDEAL. By Charles Lawson. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net. A study of some modern problems.

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS. By Mary E. Hyde. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.35 net. A novel.

A CENTURY'S CHANGE IN RELIGION. By George Harris. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net. An examination of some recent changes.

THROUGH THE BRAZILIAN WILDERNESS. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3.50 net. An account of a journey.

CIVILIZATION AND HEALTH. By Woods Hutchinson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net. A discussion of some important health topics.

CARILLONS OF BELGIUM AND HOLLAND. By William Gorham Rice. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net. Tower music on the low countries.

CARMEN. Book by H. Meilhac and L. Halévy. Music by Georges Bizet. Boston: Oliver Ditson Company; \$2. An opera in four acts. Adapted from the novel by Prosper Mérimée. English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney.

BARRICADES. By Louis How. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net. A volume of verse.

YET SPEAKETH HE. By Gertrude Capen Whitney. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net. A story.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT THE HAGUE. By Frederick W. Holls, D. C. L. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$4 net. Its bearings on international law and policy.

THE NIGHTSIDE OF JAPAN. By T. Fujimoto. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.50 net. Japan from a new point of view. With illustrations.

THE PRESENT HOUR. By Percy Mackaye. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net. A volume of verse.

ARTIFICIAL WATERWAYS OF THE WORLD. By A. Barton Hepburn. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net. The salient facts as to artificial waterways and their relation to commercial development.

THE MELTING POT. By Israel Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net. A drama.

SIGHT TO THE BLIND. By Lucy Furman. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net. A story.

THE BIBLE AND MODERN LIFE. By Joseph S. Auerbach. New York: Harper & Brothers; 75 cents net. An appreciation of the Bible from the religious and literary standpoints.

TWILIGHT SLEEP. By Henry Smith Williams, M. D., LL. D., B. Sc. New York: Harper & Brothers; 75 cents net. An account of the new discoveries which are making possible painless childbirth.

GIOUSE CARDUCCI. By Orlo Williams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 75 cents net. Issued in Modern Biographies.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION IN SAN DOMINGUE. By T. Lothrop Stoddard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2 net. A history.

THE FOREST RING. By William C. de Mille. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2 net. A fairy fantasy for children.

FRA ANGELICO. By I. Gregory Smith. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. A volume of verse.

PELLE THE CONQUEROR: APPRENTICESHIP. By Martin Andersen Nexø. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.40 net. A second volume in a series of four.

KEEPING FIT. By Orison Sweet Marden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.25 net. Issued in the Marden Efficiency Books.

SONGS OF THE OUTLANDS. By Henry Herbert Knibbs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net. A volume of verse.

The Rise of Jennie Cushing.

Mary S. Watts's new novel, "The Rise of Jennie Cushing," which one eminent critic describes as "an episode in a new and Americanized 'Les Misérables,'" is now in its second large edition. "From whatever angle it is approached," says the Cincinnati Enquirer, "it stands out as one of the largest and most significant literary achievements of this and many preceding years." It is a fine, large theme, having to do with the attainment of a woman who succeeded in spite of heavy odds, while the element of love is not lacking. Naturally the story is intensely human—full of the joys, sorrows, pleasures, and pains of its people—and throughout it runs the vein of strong vitality. One suffers and rejoices with the characters. The book is published by the Macmillan Company.

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"THE AUCTIONEER."

The atmosphere in the Columbia was charged with some unusual quality on Monday night, felt as soon as the outer door was passed. That audience had assembled for two reasons, to see "The Auctioneer" and to participate in the return of David Warfield (which, unlike that of Peter Grimm's, was human and warm, and welcome). When "David Belasco presents" we know in advance that mechanically and scenically everything will be accurate, that the play will be well cast; but what every one was mentally on tip-toe to decide was whether this fifteen-year-old play would still make good. New York had re-stamped it with a metropolitan approval, which would never affect San Francisco, as she prides herself upon deciding for herself. Her vote Monday was unanimously with that of New York.

As a play—and by the way it seems to have grown like Topsy, as no author is mentioned—it is technically faulty. Its construction is, to say the least, whimsical, its plot thin, the story illogical. But what difference does all that make when, in spite of its deficiencies, it so cleverly mixes pathos and humor that one's tears are almost immediately dissipated by a hearty laugh. It forms a perfect vehicle for an artist's creation. The character of Simon Levi is no less than that, a complete creation, born of the union of Mr. Warfield's brain and heart and taking fuller life from his imagination and tenderness. What a triumph it is to be able to take this, the simple type of East Side Jew and endow him with the qualities by virtue of which his appeal becomes universal.

To the portrayal of this character Mr. Warfield brings a sympathy, a knowledge which result in producing a Jew who is true to life absolutely. Simon Levi's loves are the real Jewish loves, those of family, home, and friends; he has ambition to rise, he has thrift, and an innate understanding of men.

The well-known characteristics of the race are in this interpretation not overlooked, but are for once not unpleasantly indicated. How one feels that typical Jewish nervousness when the assistant will not stop whistling, yet strong as it is and coupled with much temper, not strong enough to permit the luxury of throwing things when the price is too high.

The quick blending of emotions, and the ability to contrast them of which Mr. Warfield is capable, his wonderful smile, his charm of personality, are too well known to need elaboration. His accent, too, is so perfect that it is with some shock that we hear him speak without it as one did in his short speech of thanks before the curtain.

Every one in the cast contributed to the success of the performance, and as a well-balanced company is not always sent us, it is more than ordinarily appreciated.

The simplicity, devotion, loyalty of her kind of a woman were delightfully felt and given by Mamie Moscowitz as Mrs. Levi, and the others, from the villain so sympathetically played that the audience forgave when his brother did, to the last of the giggling girls, were all excellent. We can not imagine what a play with Warfield as star would be like without his main satellite, Miss Bates, and it was a privilege to welcome her again. She was Mrs. Egan in the original company, and is in this, as in everything she has ever done, a joy forever. And maybe she wasn't a thing of beauty in her good clothes in act two!

It is a temptation to go on indefinitely singing praises, but too much sweetness is cloying and too great praise may become so, too. Therefore it only remains to thank Mr. Warfield for again playing "The Auctioneer" and to tell him that those who saw it before rejoiced in greeting it as with the pleasure of meeting an old friend, and those who see it for the first time feel relieved, since they can now join the group which always asked after every discussion of Warfield's art, "Have you seen him play 'The Auctioneer'?" Well, if you haven't you've missed the biggest of all.

THE CORT MAGIC, MYSTERY.

The keynote of the rattling good show at the Cort this week is struck by Servais Le Roy himself when during his clever patter he says to the audience, "The more you look the less you see." In spite of the truth of this

statement you see a lot, and what you do see delights you.

The moment the curtain rises, and before you have time completely to take in the elaborate and appropriate scenery which throughout the programme, is a feature, you become breathless while Marvello justifies his name in balancing and juggling feats. He flings his hat and coat on a hat rack balanced on his chin and then he's off—juggling with chairs, chandeliers, human figures. Even the much-dreaded dirigible has no terrors for him. He changes his stunts as rapidly as he does his suits, which is enough said.

The old German proverb says, "All good things come in threes," and so it proves in this triple alliance between Le Roy, Talma, and Bosco, who aid, ah, and supplement each other perfectly.

Miss Talma—ladies first—is a vivacious, pretty woman, who is a magician of no mean order herself. She dances and acts well and adds the feminine touch of charm and grace plus personality to the entertainment.

Le Roy is an artist in his line, skillful, deft, quick as a flash, and has a refinement of manner and speech which add much to raise the standard of his marvelous work. He is exceedingly versatile as he does what he calls the "simple problems," such as producing hundreds of pieces of silk from a paper bag or sending silk handkerchiefs into sealed glass bottles, or shuffling cards with hands, arms, and feet as cleverly as he produces those elaborate, maddeningly puzzling illusions. Such trifles, for instance, as having a reclining woman suspended apparently unsupported in mid-air, or changing places in and out of boxes and cabinets in a way so novel as to seem supernatural.

Bosco (who says nobody loves a fat man?) is really the comedian of the trio and has in his bag of tricks several amusing stunts which would be spoiled if described, the best one of which is the hurlesque melodrama, "Amelia."

How these three clever people got together it would be interesting to know, but that they found each other is a mighty good thing for the public.

The management presents in this combination two straight vaudeville numbers, a pair of eccentric male dancers, Warner and White, and the "wizard of the accordion," Santucci. The latter as nimble with his fingers upon his keyboard as the dancers with their feet, and they are the quickest ever. One of them does everything but tie knots in his legs.

Some of the most important actors in the cast are the animals, which range in variety from the tiny canary bird to a roaring lion. The only one named on the programme is Napoleon, a wise and wary dog, who knows what many of us do not, viz. when to make a silent and rapid exit.

There is a footnote on the programme which makes one happy to the effect that "the animals used in this production are handled with painstaking care."

The performance takes one from India to Rome, as the final act is a dramatic episode of Nero's time. But to appreciate the originality of the evening's pleasure one must experience it.

THIRD SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The third Symphony Concert drew a capacity house to the Cort Theatre on Friday of last week to greet Miss Tina Lerner and to hear a programme composed entirely of Tchaikowsky's music.

To open a concert with the symphony, a form much used now, is admirable. One brings to its hearing a certain untired freshness which adds possibility of enjoyment to that number usually the heaviest part of the programme. The "Manfred," though very long (it took almost fifty minutes to play), is constantly interesting, as it is descriptive music of the highest sort and changeable in its color and tone throughout. The whole concert was a constant reminder of the endless melodic fertility of the great Russian composer.

Tina Lerner was greeted by a house full of admiring friends who remembered vividly the pleasure she gave upon her last appearance

here, when she played the same concerto which she chose for her first appearance this season, and she surpassed even herself, a standard hard to reach.

The beauty of this most lovely piano concerto becomes heightened and intensified by Tina Lerner's reading of it. On the technical side her entire sureness, her purity of tone, and on the intellectual her poetry and spirituality make her playing a delight to ear and heart and brain. More than all else Tina Lerner's art carries conviction; she knows exactly what she wants to do and does it. It was obvious that both conductor and orchestra were stimulated to do their best by the personality of the soloist, for it was she who forced rhythm into the tempi of the accompaniment.

The "Romeo and Juliet" overture, "Fantasie," which closed the concert, was the number least well played and least well understood. It is a composition worthy of its romantic world-loved theme, and Shakespeare himself would have approved Tchaikowsky's expressive interpretation of his masterpiece.

H. H. S.

THE RUTH ST. DENIS COMPANY.

For a period of years extending back beyond the memory of many who make up what has come to be known as "the Alcazar audience" the O'Farrell Street home of the drama has been devoted to stock work. There each week the regulars saw their favorites—and there have been some very capable ones—interpret what, with an exception or two, had been tried elsewhere and found good. There for this week Mr. Will Greenbaum arranged for the appearance of Miss Ruth St. Denis and company, including Mr. Ted Shawn, in Oriental, Greek, and modern dances. From the size of the audiences each night it is evident that this radical departure, this violation of tradition, was relished exceedingly. Yet it was with calm appreciation that Miss St. Denis and her covey of pretty and graceful maidens were received; their work afforded too few opportunities for smiles and none for tears. It distinctly does not appeal to the emotions, but it does call for intellectual appreciation, which usually shows itself in undemonstrative form. And perhaps that is the reason Miss St. Denis's Alcazar audience on Tuesday night nodded and chatted their approval, and only occasionally displayed what might be designated as enthusiasm. Perhaps that is why it was thought necessary to print above many of the numbers on the programme an explanation of the movement and its origin.

The explanation of Miss St. Denis's "The Peacock—A Legend of India" may be entitled to acceptance—it probably is—but it added nothing to her achievement in this instance. Of all the programme this number was the most striking and the most beautiful. It did not matter if you were not versed in Hindu lore, or if you were unfamiliar with peacock ways; you saw here dancing art of so high an order that you forgot it was dancing. You saw only beautiful postures, and beautiful lines, and graceful movements, and refinement of color that needed no explanation.

Later, to show that she is of this world, Miss St. Denis did some modern dancing with Mr. Shawn, and did it very well. This portion of the entertainment, as might have been expected, proved most popular, and Miss St. Denis's partner appeared to advantage, not having to combat that prejudice which most normal males have for the man dancer of so-called classical rôles. Masculine grace, as shown by the swimmer or the acrobat, most men appreciate, but they have little liking for the pretty movements of the male classical dancer; they don't go prettily with the sex.

Of Miss St. Denis's assistants Miss Fontaine shone out with a light that was all her own. Especially in the Danse Egyptienne and a Spanish dance did she acquit herself creditably.

The music incidental to the St. Denis engagement is by no means the least of the entertainment and included arrangements from "Lakme" and "Natoma." J. A. G.



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"The Yellow Ticket" Coming Next Monday.

Following David Warfield at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, December 21, will appear the much-talked-of attraction, "The Yellow Ticket." The play was written with the view to awakening interest and sympathy in the Jew's condition in Russia. No treaty between that country and the United States exists today, the restriction of the Jewish subjects there being one of the chief obstacles in the way of such a treaty. But as a play "The Yellow Ticket" has an appeal to all people because its story is an intensely absorbing one. The play is in three acts, the first of which takes place in the Hotel d'Europe, the second in the drawing-room at Baron Audrey's, and the last act occurs in the bureau of the secret service. "The Yellow Ticket" comes with the special endorsement of a long run at the Eltinge Theatre, New York City. Among the members of the cast are W. L. Abington, Belle Mitchell, Paul McAllister, John Ravold, Robert Cummings, Dorothy Ellis, Reginald Carrington, Arthur Maitland, and others. The advance sale of seats began Thursday.

"The Auctioneer" Plays to Large Audiences.

The Columbia Theatre has for its important attraction this week David Warfield, whom David Belasco is again presenting at that playhouse in a revival of "The Auctioneer," the comedy in which Warfield achieved his first great success on the legitimate stage, thirteen years ago.

It is eleven years since Mr. Warfield played "The Auctioneer" in San Francisco, and the realization of David Belasco's promise that he would some day revive a better and greater auctioneer is attracting a series of capacity audiences to the Columbia, which is a wonderful tribute to the former San Franciscan in the rôle that was his first legitimate step to fame. For the present revival of "The Auctioneer" all of the leading members who appeared with Mr. Warfield at the Bijou Theatre, New York, thirteen years ago have been gathered together.

So great has been the demand for seats that the management of the Columbia arranged to utilize the space occupied for the orchestra to place additional seats. Extra performances no doubt will be given during the final week. There will be no Sunday night performances at the Columbia, as Mr. Warfield does not appear on Sunday. Matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday.

Another Week of Magic at the Cort.

The season of magic at the Cort Theatre will be started on its second and final week with tomorrow night's performance. Le Roy, Talma, and Bosco and their company of necromancers have scored emphatically with local amusement seekers. Their entertainment has proved a decided novelty in these days, for a whole performance devoted to magic is not common.

The organization has in every way lived up to its advance reputation. The three stars are experts in their particular lines and the entertainment is lavish in its settings.

Servais Le Roy, who is regarded as the world's foremost illusionist, presents many ingenious and mysterious effects. The Hindu rope trick, in which a boy vanishes in mid-air from a suspended rope, is one of these.

But it is particularly with cabinet tricks that Le Roy carries the art of deception to a fine point. Ghostly forms are made to come forth from apparently empty cabinets at will, and the final transformation to the illusion at the end of the first part of the programme, termed "The Flying Visit," leaves the audiences gasping.

Mercedes Talma is the cleverest magician of her sex, and does much good work. Bosco is the comedy worker of the trio. The final week will see two matinees, Wednesday and Saturday.

Forbes-Robertson's engagement begins on Monday night, December 21.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

William J. Montgomery and Florence Moore, last seen here as the stars of "Hanky Panky," will be the headline attraction next week at the Orpheum. Eulogy in their case is superfluous. Like good wine they need no bush. They are two of the cleverest and most diverting people on the American stage, and no matter what vehicle they choose for the display of their ability they always score a hit. For their present brief Orpheum Circuit tour prior to starring in another big musical production they have an act which totally eclipses all their previous vaudeville efforts and makes a strong demand on their versatility.

A new mark for animal trainers to follow will be found in Robert Everest's "A Monkey Circus," new and augmented in every detail. A monkey manager whose eccentricities are highly amusing introduces his own compositions, specialties, aerial features, bewildering but interesting as performed by his Simian troupe. No director or tutor stands by with

whip in hand to threaten; the monkeys yielding implicit obedience; if not to a master mind, at least to a master "monk."

Herbert Williams and Hilda Wolfus will offer their original travesty on present-day piano acts, entitled "Almost a Pianist." While burlesque predominates, some really good music and some spectacular piano playing are introduced.

Alfred Bergen, the possessor of a splendid baritone voice, will give a song recital in fifteen minutes. He will be heard in a number of selections ranging from ballad to grand opera.

Barry and Wolford, a clever and popular singing couple, who sing their own songs and whose voices blend harmoniously together, are expected to prove a pleasing incident of the new bill.

The holdovers will be Minnie Allen, Princess Radjah, and Johnny Johnston and his colleagues in "Taking Things Easy."

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

On the regular eight-act bill at the Pantages Theatre the Staley, Birbeck, and Staley company in one of the most gorgeous transformation novelties on the stage will be the circuit headliner. Theirs is an act called "The Musical Blacksmiths," and the action of the production opens in a blacksmith shop in the forest, where the stalwart smiths are forging steel. In a twinkling the scene is changed to an elaborate palace with the brawny musicians now garbed in immaculate and correct attire. The act is conceded to be one of the greatest novelties in the realm of vaudeville and the members of the company are all accomplished players.

Edgar Atchinson Ely, a favorite in the legitimate profession, and his own company of comedians will present "Billy's Tombstones," one of the funniest farce playlets in vaudeville. The sketch has been shown here before with Sydney Drew in the leading rôle and scored a tremendous success. It has since been made into a three-act play. Ely has been making a big hit with the piece on the Pantages Circuit, and the scenic equipment showing a yacht at sea is a splendid bit of stagecraft.

Dunn and Mitchell, a duo of talking comedians, have a lively discussion on the present craze of buying lots on the installment plan. They call their act "The Lemon City Land Agent," and the lines of the skit are chock full of sparkling epigrams.

Joe Lanigan, the elongated monologist, is another comedian with a budget of brand new quips and topical parodies.

Old-time songs which delighted our grandfolds will be rendered by Lovell and Lovell. The couple show the songs on slides and the audience is invited to join in the singing.

Dainty Mlle. Chevillie is a barefooted and graceful dancer who will interpret Grecian dances.

The Three Kraytons in a hoop-rolling novelty and the usual comedy Keystone film will round out a strong bill.

The Yosemite in Pictures and Lecture.

The Savoy Theatre, "the playhouse beautiful," on McAllister Street near Market, will be re-opened for the week beginning Monday with a novel, beautiful, and instructive entertainment consisting of motion pictures of the Yosemite Valley and high Sierras, accompanied by a "lecturette" by the best-known man in the valley, also known as "the man with the voice" and "the Stentor of Yosemite," David A. Curry.

The cinematographer who accompanied the Sierra Club on its annual outing this year has secured five reels of what are pronounced to be the most wonderful and beautiful scenic pictures extant of the Yosemite, many points being visited that are entirely off the beaten track. On account of the propinquity of the Sierra Club members there is no lack of action during the unfolding of the film, the hardy men and women climbers having entered heartily into the spirit of the affair and making very effective substitutes for professional "movie" actors.

Curry, who has a camp in the valley and who has acted as host to over fifty thousand guests in the last fifteen years, is a robust, man with a voice that can be heard a mile and then echo its way back. When he steps on the porch of his office and gently remarks, "Those who wish nudes for any of the trips tomorrow must register tonight," they hear him on the other side of the cañon. He knows everything worth knowing about the subject in hand and his talk is said to be a cheerful entertainment in itself.

Matinees will be given at the Savoy every day at half-past two, with the evening performances at a quarter past eight.

The Forbes-Robertson List of Plays.

Mail orders are pouring in on the offices of the Cort Theatre at a lively rate, which is indicative of the tremendous interest that is being taken in the forthcoming engagement of Forbes-Robertson. The star is making his farewell tour of America. His engagement

at the Cort will begin Monday night, December 21. Following is the arrangement of plays: First week, beginning Monday, December 21—Monday, "Hamlet"; Tuesday, "The Light That Failed"; Wednesday matinee, "Hamlet"; Wednesday night, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back"; Thursday night, "The Light That Failed"; Friday night, "Hamlet"; Saturday matinee, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back"; Saturday night, "The Light That Failed." Second week, beginning Monday, December 28—Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights and Wednesday matinee, "Cesar and Cleopatra," by Bernard Shaw; Thursday night, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back"; Friday night, "The Light That Failed"; Saturday matinee, "Hamlet"; Saturday night, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."

THE MUSIC SEASON

The Arrigo Serato Farewell Concert.

Tomorrow afternoon, December 13, at the Columbia Theatre, Arrigo Serato, the Italian master of the violin, will give his farewell concert. On this occasion the members of the Pacific Musical Society will attend in a body to do honor to the artist who has proved to be even more than was expected. Serato is a musician of the highest attainments as well as a virtuoso—one of the kind that assist in making musical history.

The piano work of Homer Samuels is no small feature of the Serato concerts. Mr. Samuels was a favorite pupil of the great Lhevinne.

The programme will include the brilliant "Concerto" in D minor by Vieuxtemps, the "Chaconne" by Liszt, "Prelude and Fugue" by Bach, Schumann's "Zapateado," Schumann's "Abendlied," and by special request Mr. Serato will add to the printed programme a group of the charming Kreisler adaptations.

Tickets may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's, and the Columbia Theatre.

First Special Symphony Concert.

The first special symphony concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, and which the Musical Association of San Francisco is practically donating to the music-hungry public, compelled by employment or otherwise to remain away from the regular symphony concerts on Friday, will be given at the Cort Theatre this Sunday afternoon at three o'clock sharp. This special symphony concert will have as soloist Miss Tina Lerner, the Russian pianist, whose delightful touch, purity of tone, and polished elegance of execution make of the piano an instrument at once communicative and eloquent. The prices for the special concert are one-half of those asked for the regular symphony concerts, and the programme which follows is one of the best ever given in this city:

Symphony, No. 1, G minor.....Kalinnikow
Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra.....Grig
Miss Lerner
"Liebestraum".....Liszt
Piano solos—
Ballade, G minor.....Chopin
Valse, A flat major.....Chopin
"Hark, Hark the Lark".....Schubert-Liszt
"Campanella".....Liszt
Miss Lerner
Overture, "Le Carnaval Romain".....Berlioz

Seats are on sale at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., the Cort Theatre, and Kohler & Chase.

Ruth St. Denis in Oakland.

This coming Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock, and again in the evening at eight-fifteen, Ruth St. Denis and her company of dancers and actors will appear in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Manager Greenbaum having arranged to have the entire stock company laid off in honor of the occasion. This is a great expense, but the impresario is positive that the art of Miss St. Denis will be warmly appreciated by the people of Alameda County.

John McCormack Coming Soon.

Last year hundreds were turned away unable to gain standing room at every concert of the Irish tenor, John McCormack, and people who came from as far away as Marysville were bitterly disappointed. This year Manager Greenbaum announces that he will accept mail orders from now on and fill the same in order of their receipt. From all indications McCormack will do more business than ever here, just as he is doing in the East, despite the business depression.

The artist will appear at the Cort Theatre Sunday afternoon, December 27, and again on Sunday afternoon, January 3, and on Friday evening, January 1, he will give a special New Year's recital at Scottish Rite Auditorium.

There will be an entire change of programme at each concert. Every programme will include a grand operatic aria, a group of classic, a group of modern, and a group of old Irish songs.

In Oakland the artist will appear at Ye

Liberty Playhouse on Tuesday night, December 29, at 8:15.

Address mail orders for San Francisco concerts to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, corner Sutter and Kearny Streets; in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

AMUSEMENTS



SERATO
Violinist
Columbia Theatre
This Sunday aft. Dec. 13
at 2:30
Tickets \$2, \$1.50, \$1.
Knabe Piano.

SAN FRANCISCO QUINTET
Next Sunday aft. Dec. 20. ST. FRANCIS
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MAIL ORDERS NOW RECEIVED FOR
JOHN McCormack
The Irish Tenor
Sunday aft. Dec. 27, at
Friday eve, Jan. 1, at
Sunday aft. Jan. 3, at
Cort Theatre

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Monday, December 14
SECOND AND LAST WEEK
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
David Belasco presents

DAVID WARFIELD
in
"THE AUCTIONEER"
Last Time Saturday Night, Dec. 19
Prices Nights and Matinees \$2 to 50c
Monday, December 21—THE YELLOW TICKET

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Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Round the World Tour

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The Magical Show De Luxe
The Most Wonderful Entertainment Devoted to Magic Ever Presented in San Francisco. Saturated With Novelty.
"POP" prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1
NEXT—Beginning Monday Night, Dec. 21—FORBES-ROBERTSON in Repertory.

PANTAGES MARKET STREET
Opposite Mason

STALEY, BIRBECK and STALEY in the gorgeous transformation, "THE MUSICAL BLACKSMITHS"; EDGAR ATCHINSON ELY and CO., in "BILLY'S TOMBSTONES"; DUNN and MITCHELL, "The Lemon City Land Agent"; THE THREE KRAYTONS, Hoop Rolling Expert; JOE LANIGAN, The Elongated Monologist; Mlle. CHEVILLE, CLASSICAL DANSEUSE; LOVELL and LOVELL, Songs of the Past.

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McALLISTER STREET, near Market
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Shown in Five Wonderful Reels
Lecturette by "The Man with the Voice"
DAVID A. CURRY
"The Stentor of the Yosemite"
Admission, 25c; Children, 10c

VANITY FAIR.

Chicago is likely soon to become so holy a place that the ordinary unregenerate male will feel a little diffidence about staying there. The odor of piety will assail him from every side, and even his most ordinary frivolities will be stifled by the atmosphere of disapproval. The time will come when we shall all make pilgrimages to Chicago—those of us who are sufficiently sanctified—like the Mohammedans to Mecca, and come back to boast of it and thank God that we are not as other men.

For example, take the dance hall problem. A lady writes to the newspapers to point out that some eighty-six thousand young people go to these resorts every night, and the terrible fact seems to be that these young people are more or less poor and therefore presumably lacking in virtue. Now if there is such a thing as a thoroughly well-established fact it is that the amusements of poor people ought to be carefully supervised by people who are not poor and who are therefore presumably virtuous, and so the lady in question goes on to suggest that the consumption of liquor in these dance halls be prohibited and that police women be empowered to see to it that there are no improper dances. The lady says some other things to be subsequently noted, but let us pause for a moment to get our breath and to survey the enemy's trenches.

Now it would be a good thing if no liquor were consumed at dances, or, indeed, anywhere else. It would be a good thing if there were no improprieties at dances or, indeed, anywhere else. But it would be interesting to know whether in the opinion of this lady of Chicago, and all other ladies of both sexes, liquor and improper dances are more mischievous to the poor than to the rich and whether she thinks that the supervision of the police is demanded in the dance hall, but not in the ballroom? Personally our acquaintance with both dance halls and ballrooms is strictly limited, but there have been some few opportunities for personal observation, and personal observation has led us to the conviction that the distinctly obscene dances are to be found in the ballrooms and the dances of decorum in the public halls. And as for liquor, there seems to be no substantial difference in the results of champagne that is given away in unlimited quantities and other more plebeian liquors that must be bought and paid for. C. O. D. And if an unpleasant truth must be told it is to the ballroom that we should go for the unsteady footsteps and the unruly tongues that mark the liberality of the libations to the terpsichorean gods. And as for improprieties, we may cite the testimony of Florence Hull Winterburn, author of "Novel Ways of Entertaining," who says that one of the great restaurateurs in whose ballrooms many private dances are given has notified certain mothers that it is the custom of their daughters to take a turn about the park in their automobiles after saying good-by to their hostess in the ballroom and before meeting their maids in the dressing-room just before dawn. And we all know what may happen in connection with automobiles and late hours—at least if the girls are poor. Now does it not seem strange that an age that prides itself upon its democracy should none the less impudently draw the dollar line between dancers who are rich and dancers who are poor, and that the necessity for police supervision should be determined by income and by nothing but income? And does not the afore-said impudence become entirely staggering when we remember that the obscenities of the modern dance were introduced and sustained by the very classes that are now so busy in imposing police officials upon persons who for the most part are far more decent and self-respecting than themselves? If the story of Sodom and Gomorrah should ever be repeated the provocative cause will not be the dance halls, but the ballrooms.

But the lady who writes to the newspaper has something to say for the girls who have not much money, and who therefore are assumed not to have much virtue. Poor things, she says in effect, they do not understand the sex dangers that await them. They should be protected against their own ignorance. They should be hedged around by police, and authority in uniform should prohibit whatever dances may seem to be suggestive.

Now here we are almost tempted to recall and to use some profane words that we once overheard in the street, but we forbear. So these young women "do not understand the sex dangers that await them," don't they? Oh, no! Why, if the average man of middle age understood half as much he would blush scarlet as he encountered his wife's eye over the tea tray. He would be too embarrassed to meet the female cat. He would be too shy to take a bath without a skirted bathing suit. Considering that the young woman of today has been preached at for two years by pornographic parsons, initiated into sex hygiene at the school, saturated with sentimental filth by the novelist, and physiological filth by the sociologist, it would indeed be strange if

there were anything in the whole universe of nastiness still unknown to her. Her innocence, in the usual silly sense of that word, is not at all likely to be betrayed, seeing that it does not exist. On the contrary, she has been elaborately taught that men, all men, have one aim in life, and one aim only, which is to accomplish her ruin. And that is not a good thing for the girl to believe.

Nina Wilcox Putnam contributes an article on "Fashion and Feminism" to the October issue of the *Forum*, but she seems to do no more than reiterate the old complaint that women are slaves, and this we knew already. What we need now is for some one to tell us how women are to be liberated.

But we are grateful to the writer at least for some new points of view. The fashions, it seems, have got themselves into politics. For two years the tight costumes were in vogue, and then the textile manufacturers became alarmed. Their methods were so flagrant that they would have been funny if they had not been so disgraceful. Everywhere they offered bribes to designers. "Draw full skirts," they said; "draw pleated skirts, and draped gowns and draped waists; we want to sell our overstock!" The current fashion was taking only six or eight yards of material to a gown, and the obvious way of improving the matter was to establish a demand for gowns which would require fourteen to eighteen yards instead, or gowns which would require the more profitable full-width materials; above all, gowns which the old, straight styles could not be remodeled to imitate! The bribery was as well handled as political "favors," and as to the result, behold the manner in which our women are swathed in mummy fashion today!

The rapidity of the fashion changes has had a generally degrading effect upon the quality of the material. Of what use to make good cloth if the garment will be obsolete in a month or two. Anything at all will do so long as it will keep its appearance for the required time. The dress of the rich woman, says the author, will be discarded at the slightest hint of a change in style, while its cheaper imitations, worn by the poor, are made of stuff deliberately calculated to last only for a season of three months! Needless to say, the fact is not advertised to the working woman who spends her savings on a suit at a price varying from five to eighteen dollars.

The halemma, a short, gold-striped fish much appreciated by the Mohammedan natives of Mogador, is said to be "anti-Christian" to such an extent that the European fisherman, however great his skill at home, finds his hook quite ineffective, while alongside him a ragged Moor may be rapidly filling his baskets. A quaint legend is attached to the fish, which every good Mohammedan firmly believes. In the dim and distant past halemma were so numerous close to the town that townfolk went down and caught them from the rocks, and when the boatmen came back from their hard day's toil on the island they found the market glutted and no sale for their fish. So they complained to a saintly man then staying in the town, called "Sidi Boubeker," asking if he could not send the fish away from the rock ledges near the town. Being duly propitiated the holy man went down to a commanding position on a high rock, summoned all the halemma tribe before him, claiming the law of Allah against them, making them an impressive oration, ending with an injunction to leave those waters and proceed to certain rocks specified by his clients. Whereupon the gold-striped ones obediently departed, and since that day not a halemma has been taken from the mainland rocks near the town, whereas they may be found and caught plentifully—by pious Moslems, be it understood—every summer at the "Rock of Grass," the "Rock of Haha," and other points outside Mogador Island, designated by the pious and faithful fishermen.

As far back as 1668 experiments were being made with what savants called an "otacousticon," which brought distant sounds to the ear and was a far-off promise of the "long distance" and "wireless" messages of today. Samuel Pepys was abroad in those days, and of course he saw the new toy, tried it, and mentions it in his diary. He went with Lord Brouncker to "the Royall Society," and "here, to my great content, I did try the use of the otacousticon, which was only a great glass bottle broke at the bottom, putting the neck to my ears, and there I did plainly hear the dancing of the oars of the boats in the Thames to Arundel gallery window, which without it I could not in the least do."

Mr. Levi (to stronger who has just rescued him from drowning)—Ah, mien dear goat friend, I shall neffer forged you so long as I lif! I will nod insult you mid offer of reward, but you must come up to my store und ged some nice, new, dry clothes. I'll led you haf dem cheaper as anybody.—*Livingston Lance.*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A wearied young lady hastened the departure of a tedious caller by remarking, as she looked out of the window, "I think we are going to have a beautiful sunrise."

A young clergyman, small of stature, preaching as a candidate in a certain place, one Sabbath, peering over the pulpit Bible, announced as his text: "It is I. Be not afraid."

A judge, in remanding a criminal called him a scoundrel. The prisoner replied, "Sir, I am not as big a scoundrel as your honor"—here the culprit stopped, but finally added—"takes me to be." "Put your words closer together," said the judge.

A countryman in Savannah observed a gang of darkies laboring on the streets, each wearing a hall and chain. He asked one why that ball was chained to his leg. "To keep people from stealing it," said the darky; "heap of thieves about here."

Bishop Clark of Rhode Island once went to see one of his parishioners, a lady with a prodigious family, which had recently been increased. As he rose to leave, the lady stopped him with, "But you haven't seen my last baby." "No," he quickly replied, "and I never expect to!" Then he fled.

A hare-footed darky while hoeing cotton one day saw his big toe under a clod, and, thinking it was a mole's head, hit it and hurt himself. After working with it for a while he got tired, set his foot on a stump and said: "Well, jes pain away now; I doesn't care, you hurts yeself wusin ye do me."

An old, rough clergyman once took for his text that passage of the Psalms, "I said in my haste all men are liars." Looking up, apparently as if he saw the Psalmist standing before him, he said: "You said it in your haste, David. If you had been here, you might have said it after mature deliberation."

One gloomy day a young countryman went to a dentist to have a tooth extracted. Seeing the patient's obvious nervousness, the dentist inquired: "Would you like gas?" "Would I like gas? Of course I'd like gas," exclaimed the irate patient. "Do you think I'm going to have you yanking out my teeth in the dark?"

A street-car inspector was watching the work of the green Irish conductor. "Here, Foley, how is this?" he said. "You have ten passengers and only nine fares are rung up." "Is that so?" said Foley. Then, turning to the passengers he shouted: "There's wan too many av yez on this car. Get out of here, wan av yez!"

At the bedside of a patient who was a noted humorist five doctors were in consultation as to the best means to produce perspiration. The sick man overheard the discussion and, after listening for a few minutes, he turned his head toward the group and whispered with a dry chuckle: "Just send in your bill, gentlemen; that will bring it on at once."

On a crowded San Francisco street-car one wet, miserable night not long ago, a coin was heard to drop. As near-by passengers craned their necks an old man stooped and picked it up. "Anybody lost a five-dollar piece?" he asked, anxiously. Nine passengers hurriedly searched their pockets and shouted: "I have." "Well, I've found a penny toward it," said the old man.

Two young attorneys were wrangling for a long time before Judge Knox of Virginia over a point of law. His honor rendered his decision, and the sprig who had lost impudently remarked: "Your honor, there is a growing opinion that all the fools are not dead yet." "Certainly," answered the court, with unruffled good humor, "I quite agree with you, Mr. B., and congratulate you upon your healthy appearance."

In a certain California town lived a man who was willing to have his neighbors think him a fine musician. He installed a mechanical piano near a front window of his home, and spent hours pedaling out melodies. He received compliments for a time, but his eight-year-old boy betrayed him in the end. "Your father is a great piano player, isn't he?" asked a woman who lived across the street. "Yes," said the kiddie, "but it makes his feet awful sore."

Among the Monday morning culprits haled before a Baltimore police magistrate was a darky with no visible means of support. "What occupation have you here in Baltimore?" asked his honor. "Well, judge," said the darky, "I aint doin' much at present—jest

circulatin' round, suh." His honor turned to the clerk of the court and said: "Please enter the fact that this gentleman has been retired from circulation for sixty days."

A British soldier in Belgium was one morning wending his way to camp with a fine rooster in his arms, when he was stopped by his colonel to know if he had been stealing chickens. "No, colonel," was the reply. "I saw the old fellow sitting on the wall, and I ordered him to crow for England, and he wouldn't—so I just took him prisoner."

During the recent political campaign a New York candidate kissed and praised an assortment of eleven children, marveled much at their resemblance to a matronly lady, who blushed the while, and then requested that she should tell her husband that Mr. So-and-So had called. "Alas, sir, I have no husband." "But these children, madam?—you surely are not a widow?" "I feared you were mistaken, sir, when you first came up. These are not my children—this is an orphan asylum."

An old Scotchwoman, who had resisted all entreaties of her friends to have her photograph taken, was at last induced to employ the services of a local artist, in order to send her likeness to a son in America. On receiving the first impression she failed to recognize the figure thereon depicted as herself, so card in hand, she set out for the artist's studio to ask if there was no mistake. "Is that me?" she queried. "Yes, madam," replied the artist. "And is it like me?" she again asked. "Yes, madam; it's a speaking likeness." "Aweel!" she said resignedly, "it's a humblin' sight."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The "Ins of It."

Daughter seems really to think
Nothing but dress is worth while;
Visions of purple and pink,
Daughter is always in style.

Clothing like this costs a pile,
Money's not easy to get;
Daughter is always in style,
Father is always in debt. —Puck.

Perversity.

One man went to business schools,
Learned to do each thing by book.
Another never studied rules,
What he liked he went and took.

The first man should have fallen through.
The second knew no word like "fail."
The first man now is in "Who's Who."
The second man—oh, he's in jail. —Philadelphia Ledger.

Helping Him Out.

A tramp drew near a cottage door,
And rapped upon the sill;
An elder lady looked him o'er—
Seemed heaving with good will.

He said, "Kind friend, in me you lamp
A cold and hungry ho;
I'm sure you'd keep a poor old tramp
From starving in the snow."

The lady listened open-eyed;
His smile lit up the gloom;
She quickly turned and went inside,
Then came back with the broom.

"Indeed you shan't," the dame replied,
"If you must fill a grave
Just take this broom and clear a space
And starve upon the pave." —Milwaukee News.

Amid Hostilities.

The barber to the right of me was hoeching for the Kaiser,
The barber to the left of me was hacking for the Czar.
A gentleman from Greece was shearing of my fleece,
While very near a swart Italian stropped his sinaitar.
And when presently discussion, polyglot and fervid,
On political conditions burst about my chair,
I left the place unshaven—I hope I'm not a craven,
But I sort of like to wear a head beneath my hair! —New York Sun.

Letter From the Battle Front.

The army has suffered an awful rout
In the terrible battle of (name left out),
But the enemy's hordes have been defeated
On the banks of the River (name deleted).
The Austrians, under General Gank,
Attacked the Russians at (name left blank);
On the road near (cut) they fled in fear.
But they turned and fought at (blue penciled here).
In Asia, I hear, three thousand Japs
Have taken—(consult the maps).
Our men have had but little rest
Since the fighting began at (name suppressed);
But a funny thing happened—we had to laugh—
When (word gone) we (missing paragraph).
We laughed and laughed, it was lots of fun,
In spite of the awful (sentence gone).
If the censor destroys this letter, well,
I wish the censor would go to (the rest of the page was torn off by the censor). —Seattle Sun.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Dr. Kaspar Pischel and Mrs. Pischel have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Ynez Pischel, to Mr. Harold Augustus Fletcher of this city. Miss Pischel is a sister of Miss Zephyr Pischel. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Louise Noyes and Captain George W. Wallace, U. S. A., took place on Monday evening, December 7, at the home of the bride's parents, General and Mrs. H. E. Noyes, 1216 Spruce Street, Berkeley. The attendants were Miss Margaret Noyes and Mr. E. J. Stewart. It was a quiet wedding, witnessed by relatives and a few intimate friends. The marriage more firmly unites two families which have been quite closely united by long service together in the army, the fathers of the bride and groom having served together in the Second Cavalry, U. S. A., before and during the Spanish war. Captain Wallace will join his regiment on the Mexican border near El Paso.

The wedding of Miss Leila Harrison and Lieutenant Geoffrey Keyes, U. S. A., took place Tuesday evening at the home in Washington, D. C., of the bride's mother, Mrs. George Harrison. Miss Harrison is the daughter of the late Colonel Harrison, U. S. A., and a sister of Lieutenant William Harrison, U. S. A. She is a cousin of Lieutenant Ralph Crystal Harrison, U. S. A., of this city.

Miss Marian Lee Mailliard was hostess at an informal tea Thursday afternoon at her home on Gough Street.

Miss Ruth Welsh has issued invitations to a dinner Wednesday evening, December 23, preceding the Assembly Dance. Among others who will entertain at similar affairs the same evening are the Misses Helen Hughson and Louise McNear.

Miss Lucille Johns entertained a coterie of friends at an informal tea Thursday afternoon at her home on California Street.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker and Miss Marian Crocker have issued invitations to a dance Monday evening, December 14, in honor of Miss Julia Van Fleet and Miss Leslie Miller.

Miss Jennie Hooker entertained a number of friends at an informal dance Thursday evening at her home on Gough Street.

Miss Ethel McAllister was hostess at a tea Wednesday afternoon, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mrs. Walter Seymour was hostess at a bridge-luncheon Wednesday at the Town and Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holbrook entertained a number of friends at a dinner Friday evening at their residence on Pacific Avenue.

Colonel Hamilton Stone Wallace, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wallace have issued invitations to a dinner Tuesday evening, December 15, at their home on Pacific Avenue in honor of their daughter, Miss Ruth Winslow.

Mrs. Edwin Janss of Los Angeles was the complimented guest at a bridge-tea Friday afternoon given by Mrs. Richard Heimann, Jr., at her home on Gough Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Diering will entertain a number of friends at a dinner Wednesday evening, December 16, at their home on Washington Street.

Miss Florence Braverman was hostess at an informal bridge-tea Friday afternoon, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mrs. C. O. G. Müller was hostess at a luncheon Thursday in honor of her niece, Miss Marjorie Mhoon, whose engagement to Mr. Harry Heasley Fair has recently been announced.

News comes from New York of a dinner given Saturday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Whitman. They were assisted in receiving their guests by Mrs. Whitman's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander.

Miss Doris Ryer was the guest of honor at a luncheon Thursday given by Mrs. Morton Mitchell at the Francisca Club.

Mrs. Wendell P. Hammon entertained a number of friends at a bridge-tea Thursday afternoon at her residence on Washington Street.

Mrs. William Smith O'Brien has issued invitations to a dance Tuesday evening, December 29, at her home on Buchanan Street in honor of her daughter, Miss Gertrude O'Brien.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander de Brettville entertained a large number of friends at a dance Saturday evening at their home on Vallejo Street.

Mrs. Fletcher Ryer was the guest of honor at a luncheon Friday given by Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith at her residence on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Clara Hastings Darling was hostess at a tea Friday afternoon at her residence on Clay Street. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Guy Elie.

Dr. John Rogers Clark and Mrs. Clark have issued invitations to a dance Monday evening, December 28, at their home on Gough Street. The affair will be in honor of their little daughter, Miss Dorothy Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Requa will give an informal dance at their home in Oakland New Year's Eve, when they will entertain the young friends of their daughter, Miss Amy Requa.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson have issued invitations to a the dancsnt Monday afternoon, December 21, at the Century Club. The affair will be in honor of their niece, Miss Helen Jessup, who on this occasion will make her formal debut.

Dr. I. Walton Thorne and Mrs. Thorne will entertain a number of friends at a bridge party this evening at their home on Broderick Street.

Mrs. Silas Palmer was hostess at a tea at her home on Van Ness Avenue Saturday afternoon, when a score of friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Miss Louise McNear will be the complimented guest at a dance Wednesday evening, December 16, to be given by Miss Christine McNab at her home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young have issued invitations to a dance New Year's Eve at their home on California Street in honor of Miss Jane

Hotaling, whose engagement to Mr. Alfred Swinerton has recently been announced.

Captain Arthur Bryant, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bryant and Captain George Pond, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pond gave a progressive dinner Saturday evening preceding the dance at Fort Scott.

Captain Samuel Morris, U. S. A., and Mrs. Morris entertained a number of friends at dinner Wednesday evening at their home at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Maxwell Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray gave a bridge party Tuesday evening at their home at Fort Mason.

Mrs. Wallace Berthoff was hostess at a luncheon recently at her home at Yerba Buena.

Mrs. Lewis R. Burgess entertained a coterie of friends at a luncheon Tuesday at her home at Fort Miley.

General John P. Wisser, U. S. A., and Mrs.

Wisser gave a dinner recently at their home at Fort Miley in honor of the Misses Morrison of San Jose.

Movements and Whereabouts

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Edwin Goodall and her daughter, Mrs. Charles Minor Cooper, have returned from a visit in the East.

Mrs. Edward Dutton arrived Sunday from New York, where she spent a few days en route here from Europe after an absence of several years. Mrs. Dutton is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, with whom she will remain during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean will sail Decem-

ber 16 from Honolulu so as to be home in time for Christmas.

Miss Marjorie Josselyn is expected home December 23 from New York, where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm D. Whitman.

Mrs. W. H. Matson, who was called East by the illness of her mother, will return home before the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Kelham spent the weekend in Menlo Park with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore are enroute to Honolulu, where they will spend the holidays.

Mrs. John Bidwell arrived from Chico a few days ago and is a guest at the Hotel Stewart.

Mrs. Marie Wells Hanna has arrived from the East and is the guest of her parents. Mr. and Mrs. George R. Wells.

Mrs. Alexander Rutherford has returned to her

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- 154. (Top Right) WALKING CANE—a large selection—in box.....\$2.50
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- 158. DRESS MONOCLE or WATCH GUARD, silk.....\$1.50
- 159. MEN'S FULL DRESS SET—Silk Tie, Silk Sox, Silk Guard, in handsome Gift Box. SPECIAL.....\$3.50
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- 161. LADIES' UMBRELLAS, extra special value (boxed).....\$2.50

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- 150. MEN'S FULL DRESS ACCESSORIES—Silk Reefer, Silk Tie and Silk Hose, in Gift Box.....\$5
- 151. "EVERWEAR" SOX—SIX pairs, any color, in box.....\$1.50
- 152. THREE pairs Silk Fibre Sox, any color, in Gift Box.....\$1
- 153. THREE pairs CLOCKED Silk Sox, white or black.....\$1.50
- 162. LADIES' GLOVES—White Kid, Cape or Mocha.....\$1.50
- 163. LADIES' GLOVES in washable Chamoisette, plain or black embroidered.....\$1
- 164. LADIES' SWEATERS in SILK fibre—any fashionable colors. SPECIAL.....\$7.50
- 165. MEN'S "PRESIDENT" SUSPENDERS in Gift Box.....50c
- 166. SILK PAJAMAS, plain or striped, handsomely trimmed.....\$5
- 167. CLUSTERED SILK PLEATED SHIRTS—a most acceptable gift to a man—VERY SPECIAL.....\$3
- 168. LADIES' "EVERWEAR" Lisle Hose—THREE pairs in Gift Box.....\$1
- 169. LADIES' "EVERWEAR" Silk Fibre Hose—THREE pairs (boxed).....\$1.50
- 170. LADIES' "EVERWEAR" Pure Silk Hose—THREE pairs (boxed).....\$2.25

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ranch near Pleyto after having spent a week with Dr. Herbert W. Allen and Mrs. Allen at their home on Laguna Street.

Mrs. John B. Mhoon and her daughter, Miss Marjorie Mhoon, will leave next week for Riverside, where they will remain a month.

Miss Lucy Bancroft has returned from Europe, where her travels were interrupted by the war, and will spend the winter with friends in the East.

Miss Emmeline Childs has returned to her home in Los Angeles after a visit of several weeks in this city, during which time she was the guest of Mrs. Eleanor Martin and Mrs. Ethel Hager.

Mr. and Mrs. Eliot Rogers are expected home today from the East, where they went a month ago on their wedding trip.

Since their arrival from Europe Dr. James Whitney and his bride, who was formerly Miss Elizabeth Goodrich, have been established in Cambridge, where Dr. Whitney has been pursuing a special course of study. They are planning to return home in January and will reside in this city.

Miss Olive Wheeler has gone to Montana to spend several weeks with friends.

Dr. H. J. Stewart and his daughter Miss Frances Stewart have gone to San Diego to remain indefinitely.

Miss Marian Sproul has returned to her home in Chico after a visit of several weeks with friends in this city.

Miss Isabelle McLaughlin writes interesting letters of her hospital work in Shelbourne, England, where she is nursing the convalescents. Miss McLaughlin and her stepfather, Dr. Walter McEnery, spent last winter in Burlingame, where they rented the Annex.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston are planning to come from their ranch in Medford, Oregon, to spend the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Willard N. Brown.

Miss Virginia Jolliffe has returned from Burlingame, where she has been spending two months with Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. George Tasheira, who have been living in San Francisco since their return from extended travel in Europe, have recently built a new home at 2336 Piedmont Avenue, Berkeley, where they will reside permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Lowenberg have returned from a visit to Los Angeles and San Diego.

Mrs. Edwin Janss has come from her home in Los Angeles to spend the holidays with her mother, Mrs. William Cluff. Dr. Janss will join his wife here for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm D. Whitman have returned to their residence in New York after having spent two months in Tuxedo.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Van Sicklen, Miss Hilda Van Sicklen, and Mr. Frederick Van Sicklen, Jr., have closed their home in Alameda and are established for the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. John Black of Claremont is expected to arrive December 31 from Europe, where she has been since July.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Schuyler Kamm will spend a few days here en route from Honolulu to their

future home in Portland. Mrs. Kamm was formerly Miss Marie Roberts of Riverside.

Mrs. Eugene Bresse left Monday for New York to join her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Leopold Heebner, who are residing on West Fifty-Fourth Street. They expect to leave February 1 for South America and will come here to spend March with Mrs. Bresse at her home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William V. Bryan left last week for the East and will be away during the winter. They will visit Florida and Cuba before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis are established for the winter in their residence on Washington Street. They spend the week-ends at their country home in San Mateo.

Chaplain James Miles Webb, U. S. A., has returned from the border at Nogales and is at his quarters in the Presidio.

Major E. V. Smith, U. S. A., who is stationed in the Hawaiian Islands is here on leave of absence.

Major Samuel Jones, U. S. A., stationed at Manila, is a guest at the Hotel St. Francis.

Captain James Houston and Lieutenant R. H. Jacob sailed Thursday for their new posts in the Philippines.

Major-General Frederick Funston is expected to be given command of the Western Department, with headquarters in this city, upon the retirement of Major-General Arthur Murray, which occurs April 29, 1915.

Major-General Arthur Murray and Mrs. Murray spent the week-end at Saratoga, the guests of Miss Mary Phelan and Senator James D. Phelan.

Lieutenant Prentiss Bassett, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bassett have returned to Norfolk, Virginia, having been the guests of Major Henry L. Pettus and Mrs. Pettus at Fort Monroe.

Colonel Charles J. Gandy, U. S. A., and Mrs. Gandy of Washington, D. C., Miss Leila Gandy, and Dr. F. Gandy arrived recently in this city and are the guests of Colonel Euclid Frick and Mrs. Frick at the Presidio. They will sail on the U. S. A. transport for Colonel Gandy's new station in the Philippines.

Mrs. Gove, wife of Admiral Charles Gove, U. S. N., was the week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher at San Mateo. Mrs. Gove has not decided when she will join Admiral Gove, who is in Washington, D. C., awaiting orders. Mrs. Gove is a guest at the Hotel Monroe.

Lieutenant M. A. Vestal, U. S. A., has been ordered to the Letterman General Hospital for treatment and Lieutenant John K. Boles has been given a month's leave of absence.

Captain Richard Park, U. S. A., until recently stationed in Manila, will be stationed in San Francisco, under command of Colonel Rees.

Ensign Paul Bates, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bates (formerly Miss Ray Bell of Honolulu) have sailed for Honolulu, where Ensign Bates will be stationed on the U. S. S. *Alert*.

Lieutenant Frederick Seydel, U. S. A., has been ordered to take his examination for promotion. Lieutenant Seydel and Mrs. Seydel (formerly Miss Phyllis Capwell) have only recently returned from

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their wedding trip and are at their quarters at Fort Winfield Scott.

Lieutenants Joseph F. Cottrell, Charles A. Schimelfenig, and Robert C. Gildart, U. S. A., now at foreign stations, have been ordered here for duty.

Captain William H. Tobin, U. S. A., Mrs. Tobin, and Miss Virginia Tobin have returned to their home at Fort Scott after having spent the past two weeks as guests of Mrs. J. P. Coulston at Pasadena.

The home at Annapolis of Lieutenant Kirkwood Donovan, U. S. N., and Mrs. Donovan has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Donovan was formerly Miss Dorothy Draper of this city.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. David R. C. Brown has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Brown was formerly Miss Ruth McNutt.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy M. Pike has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Pike was formerly Miss Edith Simpson.

The Yosemite.

Mr. John H. Williams is already well known for his literary services to the Pacific Coast, and certainly few men have done so much or done it so well. He now gives us a new edition of his "Yosemite and Its High Sierra," with more than two hundred illustrations, including eight plates in color from paintings by Chris Jorgensen. It would certainly be hard to find a volume or finer workmanship or one wherein a textual description so worthily competes with views that are not only exquisitely reproduced, but selected with an artistic and discriminating skill. It is evident that Mr. Williams has worked *con amore*, and the result is a book to gladden the heart of the Westerner and to prove a revelation to those dwelling in regions less favored scenically. It is published by John H. Williams, Tacoma and San Francisco. The price is 75 cents net, with a library edition at \$1.50 net, and an edition de luxe at \$2.50 net.

The next famous prima donna to visit San Francisco for the first time will be Alma Gluck, the youngest star that has ever twinkled in the Metropolitan Opera House's firmament. Mme. Gluck is said to be a quite exceptional concert artist, and in New York she stands with John McCormack and Schumann-Heink in point of popularity. In private life Mme. Gluck is Mme. Efram Zimbalist, wife of the wonderful Russian violin virtuoso.

Wife (with magazine)—Here's an article on "How to avoid war." *Hub*—What does it say—remain single?—*Dallas News*.

Second Quintet Concert.

The second concert of the San Francisco Quintet Club will take place Sunday afternoon, December 20, in the Colonial ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis. On this occasion the quintet will be assisted by Nathan Firestone, the well-known viola player. The programme will consist of the "String Quartet," Op. 76, by Haydn; "Serenade," Op. 25, Beethoven, for flute, violin, and viola, and the "Quintet" for piano and strings by Cesar Franck. Tickets may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

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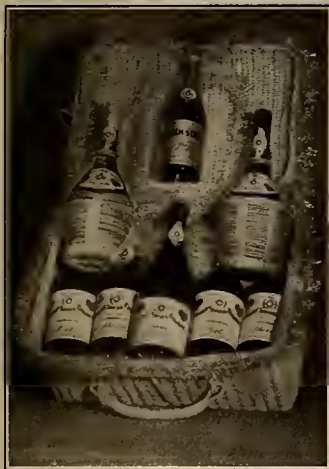
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Jones has offered to sell his automobile at a low figure." "Which is broke, Jones or the machine?"—*Boston Transcript*.

"Jones has figured out a scheme to avoid paying real estate tax." "Let's have it," "Sell the property."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Stout Wife—How do you like my masquerade costume? I'm a page. *Husband*—Page? You look more like a volume.—*Princeton Tiger*.

Wild-Eyed Customer—I want a quarter's worth of carholic acid. *Clerk*—This is a

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hardware store. But we have—er—a fine line of ropes, revolvers, and razors.—*Yale Record*.

"I see, John, where the German army has a right and a left wing; it can't fly, can it?" "The Allies are trying to make it."—*Houston Post*.

Chump—Were you ever at an afternoon tea? *Grump*—No, but once I was in a place where sixteen phonographs played simultaneously.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Driver O'Flanagan (to his horse, which refuses to get up after falling)—Well, of all the lazy spalpeens. Get up, will yez, or Oi'll drive right over yez!—*London Opinion*.

"What are you doing now, Gus?" "Oh, I write for a living." "Newspapers or magazines?" "Neither. I write to father twice a month for it."—*Merchant Traveler*.

Grotesque Patient—Doctor, how can I ever repay you for your kindness to me? *Doctor*—Doesn't matter, old man. Check, money order, or cash.—*Boston Transcript*.

Clerk—I would like to marry, Mr. Broker, but on my salary I can not. *Junior Partner*—Well, I could on your salary, but I can't on my share of the profits.—*Chicago News*.

"Grayce is engaged to four different men. I wonder which one she'll marry." "She doesn't know herself. She hasn't had the rings appraised yet."—*Buffalo Courier*.

Sportsman (at the border of the copse)—Last two cartridges, Dan. What's to be done now? *Daniel*—Ye'll hev to take to the baint, colonel.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune*.

"Madam, can't you give me something? I haven't had a mouthful for two days." "Certainly, you poor creature. Take this chewing gum. It will last a week."—*Pearson's Weekly*.

"Yes, I can secure you a divorce. And without publicity, too." "You don't understand. I am an actress." "Pardon me. I understand. All the publicity you want."—*Kansas City Journal*.

Mother—What kind of a show did papa take you to see while you were in the city? *Bobbie*—It was a dandy show, mama, with ladies dressed in stockings clear up to their necks.—*Puck*.

"She doesn't like her new gown. It's pretty and all that, but she thinks it still needs something to improve its shape." "Well, why doesn't she let some other girl wear it?"—*New York Sun*.

"I think two can live as cheaply as one, sir." "You can't edge into my family on that theory, young man. I'm willing to keep on supporting my daughter, but you'll have to pay board."—*Louisville Courier*.

Brown (on fishing trip)—Boys, the boat is sinking! Is there any one here who knows how to pray? *Jones* (eagerly)—I do. *Brown*—All right. You pray, and the rest of us will put on life belts. They're one shy.—*New York Globe*.

"I've lent my neighbor my garden hose, my lawn-mower, my phonograph, and my safety razor, but I had to refuse his last request." "What did he want?" "He wanted to borrow my photograph to carry on a flirtation by mail."—*Judge*.

Settlement Worker (visiting tenements)—And your father is working now and getting ten dollars a week? That's splendid! And how much does he put away every Saturday night, my dear? *Little Girl*—Never less than three quarts, ma'am.—*New York Post*.

"We want posterity to feel that it owes a great deal to us," said the statesman. "I don't know about its owing much to us," replied the politician. "But after we get through piling up debts, posterity is going to feel that it owes a great deal to somebody."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Mistress (indignantly)—Jane, whatever did you mean by wearing my low-necked evening dress at the bus-drivers' ball last night? Really, you ought to have been ashamed of yourself! *Jane* (meekly)—I was, mum. You never heard such remarks as they made.—*London Sketch*.

"I understand that your nearest neighbor, Lizardville, adopted prohibition." "Yes," replied Three-Finger Sam, "us leading citizens of Crimson Gulch saw to that. There aint enough saloon business for two towns in this locality. Crimson Gulch hein' the natural centre of commerce, me an' Piute Pete an' a few others went over an' took charge of the ballot an' reformed Lizardville."—*Washington Star*.

"So you come from New York," said an English lady to a traveling American. "I supposed, of course, you came from Boston." "Why did you think that?" inquired the New York lady. "Because I supposed all cultivated, intelligent Americans came from Boston." "But what in the world made you think that?" was the natural question. "Oh, I don't know, exactly. I think it was a Boston lady who told me."—*Christian Register*.

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The glad Christmas season approaches, and it should serve as a reminder to make somebody happy. A good practical way is to make your wife a present of a safety deposit box at the Crocker Bank, where she—and you, too, if you wish—may keep valuable papers, such as wills, stocks, bonds, insurance policies, in addition to articles of jewelry.

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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Our Demoralized Police.

It appears that San Francisco pays more for service of police than any other city of its class in the country and that it gets less in the way of protection, as illustrated by reports published daily of burglaries, hold-ups, and other crimes of violence. The reason is in plain view. The San Francisco police department now for many years has been administered, not as a public service, but as an adjunct of the political and other purposes of whatever class or particular group has happened to have possession of the municipal government. The police has been less a public service than an official snap. Naturally the system has tended to many evils, not the least of which has been demoralization of the force itself. A body of men sworn to a specific duty, yet withheld by authority from exercising it, must of necessity suffer not only at the point of discipline, but at the far more serious point of moral quality. The police service of San Francisco has been for years a training school of moral delinquency. We had a notable illustration of the result a year or two ago in an exposé which exhibited a coterie of our police officials

in league with an organization of gamblers and hold-up men, guaranteeing them protection in consideration of a share of their profits. A similar effect was exhibited when one Conboy, captain of police, in a fit of drunkenness assaulted and murdered an unoffending citizen. The evils now existing will not be cured until we can get a mayor who will impress upon the police that its first duty is not to him, his friends, and his political associates, but to the public.

The Newest "Reactionary."

The Argonaut has long cherished a profound respect for the mental and moral character of Editor Rowell of Fresno, despite his many and amazing vagaries of political and personal judgment. We have always felt that where there was so much talent there must be some sense. And now, after long waiting, comes the demonstration. Within the period of one week Mr. Rowell through his *Republican*, which for three or four years has been pretty much everything but Republican, finds three serious flaws in that system of Progressive philosophy and practice which he has so persistently and illogically promoted and supported.

Referring to the statement of State Comptroller Chambers before a recent meeting of state assessors at Merced to the effect that a shortage of \$2,000,000 in needed revenue faces California the next fiscal year, Editor Rowell suggests that "a limit should be placed on direct legislation, so far as it affects finances." Proceeding, Editor Rowell says:

It is now possible for the initiative to create additional sources of expense and at the same time to curtail the revenue. Part of the deficit that will face the administration is brought about by the repeal by popular vote of the poll tax. The popular sphere of direct legislation is in the field of governmental policy, and not in detailed administrative functions. Certainly there can be no consistent budget policy, if sources of income and items of expense are voted on without any attempted correlation.

Again, in the course of a discussion of the initiative and referendum in their working aspects, Editor Rowell says:

It must be admitted that there is some dissatisfaction with the working of the initiative and referendum. * * * It will be necessary soon, if not this coming year, to provide that the initiative proceeding shall be invoked in reality as well as theoretically by not less than the legal minimum of voters. This could be accomplished by preventing the securing of signatures to initiative petitions by unofficial or privately paid persons.

It appears, too, that Editor Rowell is coming to see one of the characteristics of the Progressive mind, namely, its inability to consider public questions upon their merits, uninfluenced by prejudice or resentment in relation to the men who propose changes of law, unaffected by the political atmosphere created by the new movement. In this connection he says:

It must be admitted that the coming legislature will likely refuse to do anything toward making any changes. * * * The man who goes to the legislature with proposals for amendment will be properly suspected of being a reactionary, who would rather have the state ruled by self-perpetuating central committees and by caucus-named judges than by lawmakers picked at direct primaries and by laws voted on by the people. So a do-nothing policy on the initiative clause is almost certain.

Still again: The latest novelty in the Progressive bag of tricks is that of proportional representation. Los Angeles, with her usual readiness to accept the novel and the untried, has this scheme under formal consideration and will vote upon it in a few days. It might have been expected that Editor Rowell, who has swallowed without chewing everything else on the Progressive bill of fare during the past three years, would give to this newest proposal the weight of his approval. But no, he declares proportional representation to be The most complicated of all systems of voting. * * * Is it not better to err if at all on the side of simplicity, rather than on the side of complexity as this Los Angeles proposed

charter amendment does? Here is a scheme of elaborate "groups," designated not by names, but by numbers. Each elector votes for a candidate or candidates, and also, if he chooses, for a "group." The number of votes for each group is determined, and then it is computed how many councilmen proportionately that group ought to have. Each voter voting for the group number is construed thereby to have voted for as many of that group as the subsequent count may determine, and for which ever members of that group may receive the highest number of other votes. Thus, when the elector casts his ballot, he does not know how many candidates he is voted, nor which ones. In fact, unless he is a legal and mathematical expert, he can not even figure out afterward for whom his vote was counted. But the actaries in the registrar's office can figure out a system whereby each party or group of voters will have, as nearly as can be made commensurable, its proportionate share of members of the council.

Would this result be worth so intolerable a reel of red tape, even if it could be got by it, and could be got in no other way? * * *

For our part we prefer the risks of simplicity—even of too much simplicity—to those of so purposeless a complexity.

Really, it begins to look as if the pep were oozing out of Editor Rowell's Progressivism. When a man begins to reason about things, when he shys at novelities, when he sees flaws in the tendencies and the methods of the Progressive movement, and when he discovers motives of caution and finds in himself a respect for simple as distinct from complicated processes, with the temperamental disposition to let well enough alone, that man is no longer a Progressive. The animating spirit of reform has gone out of him; whether he knows it or not he has become a "reactionary."

What can have wrought this change in the spirit of Editor Rowell? Three years' observation—including some participation—in the business of political theorizing, of supporting novel and uncooked proposals in constitutional and statutory laws, with a good deal of activity in arbitrary political practice, including the raw work necessary for creation of a rough-riding political machine—all this made no impression upon Editor Rowell's moral consciousness. In the fine phrase of his friend and co-laborer, Mr. Pillsbury, the magic lantern artist of the Progressive movement, he gulped at nothing. But clearly he now sees with a vision more critical than that of yesteryear. Can it be that experience as a candidate has opened his eyes—has enabled him to see some things as they are? Is it possible that the determination of his party in the recent primary senatorial election has made plain to him certain things that have been plain to the rest of us from the beginning? Has he discovered that Progressivism is an emotional rather than a rational movement, that it is chiefly made up of theorists, cranks, and malcontents, that it prefers a vulgar creature like Frank Heney to a scholar and a gentleman like himself—that it is, in short, an excited and reckless beast more likely to run amuck to the end of a general smash-up of things than to pursue a reasoned, orderly, and calculated course in the light of experience, under the restraints of caution and in general respect of the instructions of plain common sense?

The Touch of Pity.

In these democratic days statesmanship is a hard game whichever way you play it. It is especially a hard game when one set of manners is requisite for election and something very different is desirable for the maintenance of dignity in office. Take the case of Mr. Speaker of the House of Representatives. In his individual character he belongs in Bowling Green, Missouri, and thereabouts, where the prime requisite of political success is to be a hellofaffer. In his official character at Washington he is one of the very highest officials in the biggest and best government in all creation, a status which calls for formality of life. Now, if he would keep on being elected from the Ninth District of Missouri and at the same time keep on being Speaker

of the House he must be—or seem to be—two kinds of a man.

The Speaker of the House is a very versatile gentleman, and he has long contrived with reasonable grace at once to be what the situation called for in the Ninth District of Missouri and in the Speakership at Washington. For a long time he played both rôles with a fine inconsistency, but as his importance at Washington increased, as his dignities grew, he found it difficult to combine the character of a helloworlder with the sober and dignified attitude of a responsible statesman. Forced to make selection, and fairly well assured of the favor of his constituents in the Ninth District of Missouri, he abandoned the methods of the candidate—not, we suspect, without certain fond regrets—and gave his energies to the larger phase of his character. For twelve years Mr. Clark has made it cold tea and refrained from gazing upon the wine when it has bubbled in the cup.

But to a man brought up in the political life of Missouri sustained abstinence is not an easy rôle. There come times when it is impossible. If we may believe a story current in Eastern newspapers, there came such a time a fortnight ago out in Detroit. Under the inspirations of Michigan hospitality Mr. Clark's resolution lost its rigidity. To put it in the vernacular, he fell off the water-wagon. It was a hard fall. Mr. Speaker of the House made a spectacle of himself, and it was not precisely a pleasant one.

What poet was it who said a touch of frailty makes the whole world kin—or something like it? The story of Mr. Speaker's lapse reached Washington. Likewise gossip tells how he was received upon his return to a humiliated domestic environment. It had gotten pretty well about Washington that Mr. Speaker, finding the inside of his house hot in spite of the season, was sleeping in the woodshed. This possibly had its effect in stirring the sympathies of his congressional associates. But be the motive what it may, when Mr. Speaker entered the House last Tuesday, right on the heels of the Detroit exploit, the membership of the House rose to a man and gave him a hearty salute.

Now there is nobody in Congress or out of it who approves of indulgence to excess in liquors. There is not a member of the House who would not feel a sense of disgust upon encountering a drunken man. Yet we suspect that Speaker Clark's mishap has rather endeared than estranged him from the affections of the House. Human sympathy is a curious thing. In our feelings we are often very kind toward things which in our minds we loathe—always, of course, provided that the demerit be of an amiable kind. Nobody warms up to a sordid man, or to a grossly selfish man, or to a cruel man, but everybody, excepting perhaps those who are so extremely virtuous as to have lost all human charity, finds it easy to look with toleration upon the occasional lapse of a man, who in his general character and even in his vices reflects sympathy and generosity. Take the case of Mr. Speaker: he is one of the most amiable of men, he is a man of brilliant mind. His impulses are all generous. His whole spirit is that of kindness. In the very weakness which has tripped him up there is a suggestion of warmth and good-fellowship. And so we venture the suggestion that he stands a little nearer to the heart of his colleagues than he did a month ago. Curious, but true.

The principle has found abundant illustration in the public life of the country. The immortal Washington was a cold and colorless even though a heroic figure as painted by early biographers. It was not until historians of a later day brought to light his whimsicalities and his human frailties that he became a creature of flesh and blood. Washington the intrepid commander, Washington the rigid and frigid administrator, was forbidding. But Washington the ardent though disappointed lover, Washington in a towering rage over General Sinclair's defeat, Washington roundly damning trespassers upon his Mt. Vernon estate, stirs the blood and warms the heart. So with Daniel Webster. Who does not love the stories which represent him as swallowing "a full half-pint of brandy" by way of mellowing up for the Bunker Hill address? Who does not feel a certain kindness for the improvidences which clouded over his later years with irredeemable obligations? Nobody will claim that all this is intrinsically admirable; rather the contrary. Still Webster historically a convivial and little-prudent man is a more

human and more likable figure than Webster the paragon of cold intellect.

We are not precisely telling tales out of school in saying that today the most lovable and most loved members of the United States Senate are the two men who occasionally violate the simple rule of decorum which calls for sobriety. It is not necessary to name names. But both these men are favorites, not only in their own states, but among their fellow-senators. Their habits of excess are deplored; none the less nobody would be willing to enforce against them any severe penalty. Both are generous, warm-hearted men, kindly even beyond limits. Their vices are not a consequence of any quality of mind or heart which men instinctively dislike; rather they grow out of a temperamental warmth, a native generosity of spirit, the instinct and propensity for fellowship.

English history furnishes a hundred instances of similar toleration of what we may call the generous vices on the part of public leaders. Charles James Fox, than whom no better loved figure may be found in English history, was a man almost abandoned at times to temperamental excesses, yet he had the respect of his own age and he commands the reverence of history. We find a more recent illustration of the principle in the late King Edward. Very early it developed that despite the inspirations of careful breeding he was no Puritan. His loves and his indulgences were an open secret, if not an open scandal. Yet the heart of England was always with him. His vagaries were those of a human feeling, which not even the severe obligations of royal character could control. The English people loved him, if not for his eccentricities, at least for the human spirit out of which they grew. Verily human sympathy is a curious thing.

The Crist Incident.

Some wise old nut of formal philosophy has laid down the principle that every vicious thing contains within itself the germ of its own destruction. We are freshly reminded of this principle by current events as they exhibit the practical working of the judicial recall recently established in California. The recall, it will be remembered, was to rebuke the wrong and sustain the right. It was to exorcise evil and establish the reign of virtue.

The first fine fruit of the system came to us in the form of one Wiley B. Crist, an energetic agent of purity in politics. With the unseating of a police court judge not ideal in his character, but distinctly better than the average, Mr. Crist was elevated to his place. The consciously virtuous who had brought about the recall of Judge Weller were exhilarated to gladness by the elevation of Crist. Here, it was said, and said over again with dramatic emphasis, is what the "people" can do when they get the machinery of government rightly organized.

Now in a little more than a year behold the outcome. A brother of Judge Crist and his former partner, with a friend, likewise formerly associated with him in a professional way, have been peddling out promises of immunity for serious offenders in Judge Crist's court for money in advance. Evidence of their activities comes in authenticated forms.

Of course the fact that Judge Crist's brother and his friend have been caught with the goods is not proof positive as against Judge Crist. There is, of course, the chance that what has been done by them is without his knowledge and coöperation. Yet it must be said that the judge himself yields suggestive if not corroborative testimony. The terms in which he denies the allegation betray the mind and the manner associated with a vulgar hoodlumism. The wonder is how a man who speaks in the language we are hearing every day from Judge Crist could have so impressed that group of nice people which brought about the recall of Judge Weller and the election of Judge Crist in his place. What a curious thing the ultra-reforming mind, that in its zeal it throws over the commonest standards of judgment and fails to apply the simplest tests of character! It would seem that anybody should have known that a slang-slissing vulgarian like Wiley B. Crist could in himself possess no qualification for judicial responsibility. Even the pure, to whom all things are pure, ought to know a hoodlum as marked by his appearance, by his manner, by his talk. Yet this same Wiley B. Crist was selected by a group of political purists largely of the feminine gender presumed under all traditions to have especial gifts of read-

ing character, was made the agent of the recall propaganda and selected as the first beneficiary of the system. Verily by its fruits the system speaks!

Yet again, the principle that every vicious thing contains within itself the germ of its own destruction may find a new demonstration aided by the collapse of the judicial recall as marked by the Crist incident. It is a fact of universal acceptance among those who have the right to judgment that an elective judiciary is essentially a vicious thing. It tends to vitiate the very fountain of justice by placing unfit men in the seats of judgment. It tends to low and lower standards of judicial character; it opens the door to management and chicanery in the administration of the law; by destroying confidence in the governing system it breaks down patriotic spirit. Men of wisdom everywhere and always have wished to place the judiciary above the game and beyond the chances of politics. The popular tendency has with us long been the other way. But wherever the spirit of wisdom has prevailed the tendency is seen in increased security and enlarged independence of the judiciary. Some years back it took the form in California of promoting a change by which the official terms of the judges of our courts were extended. But more recently the movement has been the other way. It has tended to "popularize" the courts—to bring them more and more under the whip of immediate public sentiment; and two years ago, as we have seen, the popular idea won a tremendous victory in the imposition of the rule whose workings are so edifyingly exhibited in the case of Judge Crist.

Now partly in consequence of collapse of the hopes placed in the recall we have a back-swing of the pendulum. Multitudes who only the other day were vociferous for the judicial recall, are now convinced that when it comes to judicial office the best way is, not to elect, but to appoint. Selection, it is seen, is a better instrument than election when it comes to filling a judicial office. And so we are likely to have at the hands even of those who gave us the judicial recall a proposal to abandon the scheme of election of judges and place judicial nominations in the hands of the state executive. It would seem that the democratic spirit which ran to a vicious and demoralizing extreme in the recall scheme, is in the way of lending its aid in substitution of a system based on another and a better principle.

It will not be practically difficult in the present state of the public mind to substitute the appointive for the elective system in judicial nominations. There are two ways to bring about the constitutional change required—one through the initiative of the state legislature, to be followed by popular vote; the other under the initiative of public petition, likewise to be followed by popular vote. The first is the traditional and far the better plan. Governor Johnson is in a way to help mightily in a reform movement which even his critics would be forced to commend. The way is open for him to bring about a change which can not fail to increase in California the dignity of the law, to promote justice, and to stimulate the spirit of patriotism, whose surest foundation is confidence in the integrity of government.

The Presidential Message.

In other days the President's annual Message to Congress was a more or less dry, but a much more than less informing summary of the affairs of the government, domestic and foreign. It gave to the country what the country can never get in any other way, namely, a summarized, consecutive, rational round-up of governmental interests. Of course such a document was practicable only in written form. It afforded no opportunity for oratory. No man could have recited it at a single sitting of Congress and nobody would have listened to it. But everybody who made any pretensions to general intelligence read it, and everybody was the better informed for reading it.

President Wilson's innovation, the substitution of a spoken Address for the written Message, has the one merit, if it be a merit, of giving to a trained and effective speaker opportunity to exhibit his art. But the spoken communication must be brief and it must be in general terms. It can not possibly treat of the great variety of subjects proper in an annual Message: it must of necessity be less a definite declaration than a string of generalizations. In the substitution much is lost to a President through failure of the country to possess itself of the facts upon which his judgments and policies are based.

The universal judgment of the recent Address is that

it was a failure. It was rich in rhythm, but it was shy of facts, and it touched bottom at no single point. It was an ornate speech—nothing more. It leaves Congress and the country more or less edified by a rhetorical performance, but practically uninformed as to the President's intentions. It is a case where the vanity of a brilliant orator has sacrificed something of real value both to the Executive and to the country.

Mr. Wilson, who is very "set" in his ways, will no doubt continue the practice of addressing Congress in person throughout his administration. To go back to the conventional practice of written communications would be an acknowledgment of error. It is not to be expected from a man of Mr. Wilson's temper and habit. Yet we venture the prophecy that future Presidents will return to the old practice of communication with Congress in writing which, inaugurated by Jefferson, has been followed by every President up to the beginning of Mr. Wilson's term.

Assuredly the country would be better pleased to have again a message packed with information, in form easily preserved and in terms so detailed and definite as to be intelligible. Few are they so enamored of showy rhetoric as to prefer a glittering but indefinite Address to the substantial merits of the old-fashioned Message.

Minor Washington Matters.

It has been just a bit amusing since the opening of the winter season at the national capital to observe the social advance of Mrs. Marshall, the Vice-Presidentess, and Mrs. Clark, the Mrs. Speaker of the House. In consequence of the death of Mrs. Wilson the White House has in a social sense been closed. This has made an opportunity for the lesser lights of officialism, and they have duly trimmed their lamps. Mrs. Marshall, while exhibiting an energetic spirit, is still too fresh from Indiana to make much impression upon an international society. But Mrs. Clark, who has had nearly twenty years of Washington life and has the support of a particularly energetic daughter, has contrived to make herself quite a figure. Then the social attitude of the Clarks has in it a certain force of self-confidence based on the fact that the Clark femininity conceives itself to have been cheated of its due rights by the Wilsons. The season is yet young, and it remains to be seen what its developments are to be. But knowing ones are of the opinion that the Clark family will more or less lead the game such as it is to be during the winter.

However, it is almost certain to be a dull season socially. The very fact that the White House is closed tends to shadow the social atmosphere. Then the war in Europe has its reflections in serious problems for the social life of Washington. No tactful hostess would think of inviting an English and a German diplomat to the same dinner-table; and when it is remembered that pretty much every country in Europe is at war with some other country, the grouping of foreign guests at Washington becomes a very serious problem. Then the season is to be disturbed by the changes in Congress. True, most of the long-established congressional families will remain, but some will go, which means the closing of several hospitable and popular houses. Viewed broadly, the outlook is not promising for a brilliant season. Those who live for the gayeties of Washington—and they are many—are preparing for a dull winter.

Mr. Tumulty, the gray-eyed grandson of Erin who in the capacity of Secretary to the President is master of the key to the executive door, has been giving himself airs. In many small ways the Tumulty pretensions have advanced, and they have now reached a point where Mr. Tumulty regards himself as authorized to instruct the public in its manners as related to the President. There is living at Washington a man of fine character and some distinction, much interested in public affairs, although in no way connected with the government. He knows the President, not intimately, but sufficiently well to address to him from time to time letters in frank discussion of governmental policies. He is no crank, but a sane, normal, healthy man, a member of the Metropolitan, Chevy Chase, and other clubs—a gentleman *par excellence*. A few days ago he was called upon at his home by two secret service men, who came, as they explained, by order of Mr. Tumulty to say that he, Tumulty, regarded a recent letter sent to the President as discourteous. The call was not appreciated.

"Go back," said the recipient of the visit, "and tell Mr. Tumulty that his notions of propriety and mine are not the same. Just tell Mr. Tumulty that—nothing more." Probably Mr. Tumulty, who got his social training in the political life of New Jersey, will not see the point.

A question frequently asked in these days at Washington is, "Will Justice Hughes come out for the presidential nomination?" Nobody knows. But there are those who do know the prime reason why Mr. Hughes is undecided. Mrs. Hughes is against the whole business. She is a woman without vanities. She doesn't like politics and its associations, and she is against any scheme of life which would take her husband away from the home circle and make him a belabored public figure. She would much rather be Mrs. Justice Hughes, wife of a man who might be President, than to be the wife of a President. All of which betrays an amount of common sense not often found in man or woman. Justice Hughes himself is maintaining a careful reserve. He gives no encouragement to suggestions of his candidacy. He will not talk with anybody about it. Yet it is a common belief that his ears are wide open, that so far he has not permitted Mrs. Hughes to put mufflers on them. In other words, it is a common belief among those who know Justice Hughes that if the leaders of the party should insist upon his being a candidate he will not say them nay.

Mexico.

The newest phase of the Mexican situation relates directly to the United States. There has been mobilized near Naco on the Arizona border a very considerable body of Mexican soldiers with an effective battery of machine guns. Every day the men in charge of this armament amuse themselves by spitting spitefully across the border. In the course of ten days some twenty or more Americans have been shot, along with a considerable slaughter of cattle, Arizona nightingales, and stray dogs. Of course Mr. Bryan has protested. He will protest again tomorrow and then again he will protest the following day—and so on.

The matter would lead to serious consequences if we were not informed by a long-suffering experience that nothing comes out of playful doings of this kind. Now for two years and more gangs of Mexican ruffians styling themselves armies, under the lead of irresponsible bandits who style themselves generals, have been doing whatever they like to Americans resident in Mexico or within gun-shot of the boundary line. In special cases, where the sniping is not at easy range, they venture across the line by way of adding insult to injury. But the Washington Administration has done nothing and will do nothing. It has in its own view achieved a great triumph in making Mexico untenable for the one man who might have enforced peace and order. It is satisfied with this achievement and will take no further action.

It need surprise nobody that the average Mexican has come to hold Americans and their government in supreme contempt. A government which does nothing for the protection of the lives and the property of its citizens is of course unworthy of respect from the Mexican point of view—we fear from any point of view.

The Mexicans are as mystified as we are over the occupation and abandonment of Vera Cruz. Nominally we sent an army to Vera Cruz to demand a salute to our flag. We killed about a hundred Mexicans in the landing, and the Mexicans in turn killed some twenty or more of our men. It was not war—at least so we are assured from Washington. What it was the same authority has not ventured to suggest. Then we camped some five or six months on Mexican soil and finally we came away—without even getting the salute. We presume the government at Washington knows what it had in mind in the Vera Cruz incident. But nobody else, either at home or in Mexico, knows why we went to Mexico if we didn't mean to do anything there but to lay out a camp and live in it for half a year. Why did we come away from Mexico without the acknowledgment for which we ostensibly went there? Again, nobody knows.

The incident, with the mystery attending it, has one title to fame in that it duplicates the historic example of a King of France who, according to the classical story, marched his army up a hill and then marched it down again. In respect of this naïve performance history has never demanded the reason. It is to be hoped

for the credit of American common sense that history will be equally charitable in its dealings with our landing at Vera Cruz and our coming home again.

Editorial Notes.

The mail carriers of California and other Western states, including the short line railroads, have a good case in their contention with the Postoffice Department. Under regulations governing the parcel post service merchandise is carried at rates lower than those of ordinary commercial carriage, even at less rates than the government itself pays under its contracts for carrying the mail. The result is that at points distant from main line railroads a large proportion of current freights go, not by freight, but by mail. Government losses are largely paid out of government funds. The government therefore, which does business at a loss, becomes an unfair competitor with established agencies of transportation. The injustice to the short line railroads is obvious; and it is even more serious in relation to many of the so-called star route postal lines. Many a mail carrier would gladly throw up his contract if he could; but every contract with the government for carrying the mail pledges the carrier under heavy penalties to continue the service at established rates until such time as the government may make other arrangements. It being impossible to make any contracts at the old rates, the Postal Department in many instances is forcing service at the hands of contractors whose period of service has expired. It is to be explained, of course, that the matter is one of many confusions growing out of the establishment of a new governmental service, that of the parcel post. But where the conditions impose an obvious injustice upon contractors in the mail service the government ought to find ways to act not only justly, but promptly. It is not doing it because the Postoffice Department at Washington is apparently more eager to make a record for the parcel post service than to carry on its operations honestly.

With the statement that he "shares the sorrows of the Belgians," the Pope has freed the Catholics of Belgium from the obligation of Peter's Pence. The United States, likewise sharing the sorrows of the Belgians, is dispatching shipload after shipload of food and clothing. England, herself involved in war, shares, too, the sorrows of the Belgians, and is contributing largely for their relief. It would seem that Germany, which has had something to do with creating the sorrow of the Belgians, might at least waive her demands for "indemnity" against a people whom she has reduced to want—indemnity demanded in penalty for the defense of their homes under treaty with the German government itself.

It would be easy to take too seriously during these early months of operation minor infractions of the rules established for government of the Isthmian Canal. It is not difficult to understand that shipping people have carelessly failed to make themselves familiar with the rules, and that petty derelictions imply no disrespect. But acts in contempt of American authority over the Canal and its approaches come under quite another head. At this point, now at the beginning, the government should make its authority positive and enforce it by any and every means. Other means failing, the Canal would better temporarily be closed to traffic than to be operated under conditions permitting the creation of precedents in contravention of American authority. Colonel Goethals exhibits a proper spirit in the matter by demanding a sufficient force to sustain the neutrality of the Canal, and the Administration has done right to provide the ships which he has asked for. The one circumstance subject to criticism in connection with this whole matter is that there should have been a moment's uncertainty at Washington as to the dispatching of ships and even an hour's unnecessary delay.

A Compliment Duly Appreciated.

BERKELEY, December 11, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I wish to express appreciation of Mr. Coryn's weekly summary of war news in the *Argonaut*. It makes a pleasant contrast to the flood of journalistic ignorance and stupidity. This is, as usual, most pronounced in the more pompous journals. War summaries in the *Nation*, the *Outlook*, and the *Review of Reviews* are written by men who do not even read with attention the official announcements.

Mr. Coryn's articles show knowledge of European conditions. They are based on the official announcements and other fairly trustworthy material. They are concerned with what the armies are doing, not with what they might be doing if directed by scribes ignorant of essential facts. And they display real judgment as to the relative importance of military movements.

ARTHUR W. RYDER.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.

The sensational news items of the week are the destruction of the German ships off the Falkland Islands, the reoccupation of Belgrade by the Servians, and now, at the moment of going to press, the raid of a German squadron on some three or four cities on the east coast of England. The third item on the list is obviously one of the highest importance, although lack of precise information renders comment nearly impossible. There are rumors that the attack was repulsed by the fortresses at West Hartlepool and that two ships were sunk. There are also reports of extensive operations in the North Sea, but the British Admiralty contents itself with the brief announcement that the situation is "developing." Various theories naturally suggest themselves, although without further facts all theories have about the same value, that is to say none at all. The attack may be a mere desperate raid or it may presage a formidable and concerted movement on the part of the whole German navy. In the meantime there is nothing available except the bare fact that there has been a raid.

There is a tendency to look upon the destruction of the German ships off the Falkland Islands as incidental and without direct bearing upon the main issue, but actually its bearing upon the main issue may be very great. That a squadron of German commerce destroyers has thus been put out of action is indeed incidental and therefore, in a sense, insignificant. But that an armada of warships has been liberated for other uses is neither incidental nor insignificant. We do not know how large that armada is, but sometime before the battle off Coronel it was stated by the British admiralty that seventy warships—British, French, and Japanese—were engaged in the chase. Then came the clamor of protest from the British public at the continued ill-success of the pursuit, and still other warships were dispatched. We do not know how many nor of what size, but the ships actually engaged were large, swift, and heavily armed, since their foes were able neither to run nor to fight. The *Scharnhorst*, for example, sank with all hands, and neither she nor her sisters were able to inflict any appreciable injury upon their enemies. This means that she was sunk by a fire of longer range than her own, probably six or eight miles, and this also explains the total loss of her crew.

That the British admiralty makes no statement of its own strength is natural enough. If the home fleet had been weakened such a secret must obviously be kept until the ships are home again. Some of the lighter vessels must of course remain in western waters, but such battleships and dreadnoughts as were sent will now be hurrying back, and their return means a vast increase of strength to the stationary fleet, wherever that may be. And such a reinforcement may easily determine the attempt of some great undertaking in the North Sea.

The object of the German ships in seeking Atlantic waters must remain in doubt. They must have been in sore need of supplies and perhaps of ammunition. They may have been injured in the fight with Craddock's squadron. Possibly they intended to make a desperate effort to return home, or they may even have designed a raid upon the Irish coast or upon the west coast of England. But their destruction is a tragic commentary upon the futility of human bravery at sea against long-range guns. Soldiers on land can at least do something against almost any odds. They must be destroyed individually, so to speak. But the lives of sailors are in the fabric of their ship. They must sink or swim as a unit. The distance of the contending vessels from each other usually prevents even an attempt at rescue, nor can a commander surrender to the most overwhelming odds, since his ship will then become a prize of war and will be used against his country. When Germany shall have leisure for the bestowal of individual laurels she should erect a monument to Admiral von Spee in memory of as fine a piece of naval strategy as the war has produced or is likely to produce.

That Serbia should drive the Austrians out of Belgrade was not unexpected. Many days ago the Servians reported a victory at Valievo, which, if confirmed, could have no other result. It was an Austrian victory at Valievo, which lies to the east of Belgrade, that necessitated the evacuation by the Servians of their capital. But the significance of the event lies in the Austrian admission of defeat, and it is an admission expressed in the most unqualified terms. "Our advance," says the Austrian war office, "was not merely stopped, but we were compelled also to make more extended retirements of our troops, which for many weeks have fought obstinately, but with many losses." No such statement has yet been issued from any official source in the whole theatre of war. There is no pretense of strategic reasons, no effort to mitigate the blow. Official reports are always addressed, not to the world at large, but to their own public. What must be the effect of this report upon the Austrian public, sustained for months by almost daily bulletins of successes everywhere? Already we read of open demands that Austria withdraw from the war and make her own terms. There are unverified reports that she has already tried to do this, and there are other reports of internal distress that are likely enough to be true. Austria has had the awful handicap of innumerable Slav enemies in her own ranks. She has had to submit to German military leadership, and her plight must grow worse as Germany withdraws her forces from the south in support of her own struggle in Poland. It would be well to face the fact that Austrian exhaustion against the terrific assaults of a cruel foe may suddenly prove a factor in the restoration of peace. It may be said that Serbia's total army at the beginning of

the first Balkan war was 340,000 men. After the Balkan wars and after four months of the present struggle she is yet able to drive the Austrians out of Belgrade and to compel their general retirement. Could any fact be more eloquent?

Rumors continue to reach us of an offensive movement by the Allies in the west, and the sudden dropping of the censorship curtain may be regarded as a possible confirmation. That there will be an offensive movement along the whole line is extremely unlikely, since this would prevent the concentration of force necessary to success. It is to be remembered that the battle line is still as long as ever it was, although our attention has been riveted upon the northern section from Lille to Nieupoort. The armies still lie like vast serpents from the North Sea directly south to Roye and Noyon, and thence directly east to Nancy and over the frontier into Alsace. The Argonne, where there is constant fighting, lies half way along the east and west line, and then comes the fiercely disputed point of St. Mihiel, where the line has been sharply looped under the pressure of German advance. East of St. Mihiel are Metz and Strasburg, and we have only recently awakened to the fact that French successes in the invasion of Alsace have actually placed these mighty fortresses in danger.

Now in the event of an Allied offensive it would be well to look heedfully either to the North Sea division from Lille to Nieupoort or to the division that ends in Alsace. It is hardly likely that there will be any Allied movement at the great blunt angle marked by Noyon, where the battle line starts eastward. Be it remembered that Noyon is only sixty miles from Paris, and while the French will certainly watch this angle narrowly, they are not likely to risk the breaking of their line here and a German inundation toward the capital. It is probable that the two supreme objects at present are the clearance of Belgium, at least of some of it, and the further invasion of Alsace. In that event the fighting in Belgium would fall to the British, who are evidently receiving large reinforcements, while the attack to the east would fall to the French, who are certainly concentrating large bodies of men in that vicinity. At the same time we may note that the French have apparently been advancing in the neighborhood of Varennes in the Argonne. A German bulletin says that recent attacks on Varennes have been repulsed, but how comes it that the French are at Varennes, which not long ago was the headquarters of the crown prince? This must account for the "slight advances" which Paris has so often reported, it being understood that such advances were usually a matter of yards. But a speculation as to the Allied offensive is a speculation, and no more. It would be well to disregard vague reports from Rotterdam, but instead to watch the official bulletins, not for the vague claim of successes which are worth nothing, but for the significant mention of specific points of attack and to compare them with previous battle lines. Thus the German report of successful fighting at Varennes seems to point to quite unsuccessful fighting previously. The map alone remains the actual test of advance or retreat.

And what about the situation in Poland? Once more we are at the mercy of unofficial reports. Last week it was suggested in this column that the actual test of victory around Warsaw was to be sought in the situation around Cracow. Warsaw itself is of no importance. The supreme Russian objective is the taking of Cracow. The supreme German objective is the relief of Cracow. The German advance in the centre had no other aim than the diversion of Russian forces from the south. Into the vicissitudes of the central battle there is no need now to enter, save to remind ourselves that Von Hindenberg was first defeated under the walls of the Polish capital, that he was forced into retreat, that he rallied, re-assumed the offensive, worsted his foe, and was reported as once more advancing eastward toward Warsaw. Now come reports that the German advance has been stayed by forces coming from the north, and this is officially admitted from Berlin. That the previous German victory was not of a vital kind is further evidenced by the apparent fact that the advance upon Cracow has not been stopped, and if this is actually true then it is probable that Von Hindenberg's victory has been barren of practical results and that the Russian line to the north has not been shattered. It may be repeated that an actual Russian rout anywhere along their battle line from north to south would mean a retreat of the whole line or at the very least a stay of activities, since an attack from the rear must always be guarded against. A genuine tactical success by Von Hindenberg in the centre would mean a falling back of the lines around Cracow, and there is no report of any such falling back. On the contrary we are told that the Russian line has now been straightened from East Prussia in the north to Silesia in the south.

Cracow is not yet besieged, and it would be premature to say that its siege is imminent until the issue in the centre has been fought to a finish. But if Cracow is once besieged the chances are that it will be taken, no matter how strong its defenses. Fortresses have lost their prestige during the last few months. Nothing is now impossible to artillery. The only thing that can save Cracow is the presence of a strong army, not in the fortifications, but near them, and ready to harass the besiegers. Verdun, for example, has not been saved by its forts or guns, but by the presence of the French army outside. Whatever forces may be available for the defense of Cracow are not likely to shut themselves up in the fortifications and so to isolate themselves. They will remain in the field and face the vicissitudes of the field, and it will be fighting in the open that will decide the fate of the city, and not fighting from behind its walls. If the Russians once

invest the city after disposing of the defensive forces outside then Cracow will be doomed. And we do not know what defensive forces there may be.

As evidencing the reality of the Russian invasion of East Prussia the New York *Evening Post* in the course of an editorial draws attention to the report of a German war correspondent to the effect that more than forty thousand German refugees fleeing from the invader had passed through Interburg during the preceding week. Most of these people had nothing but their clothes. Their horses had been taken, and their abandoned wagons were heaped by the roadside. Such cities as Stalluponen, Goldap, and Gumbinnen have been practically deserted, only about five hundred people remaining in Gumbinnen, once a large and prosperous town. Undoubtedly these people have cause enough for their flight. It will be remembered that the present Russian advance into East Prussia is the second, and doubtless it was an early experience with the Cossack that gave wings to the feet of the wretched people in their exodus. If the Russian advance should be continued either into East Prussia or into Silesia the plight of an increasing swarm of refugees would prove to be a serious problem. The New York *Evening Post* concludes its editorial with the remark that in East Prussia "there ought to be genuine sympathy with the Belgians."

A dispatch from the western field speaks of a certain German officer as having been killed by an arrow discharged from an aeroplane. We heard of these arrows some months ago, and were then inclined to wonder how long it would be before the re-introduction of catapults, halistas, and mermen armor. These arrows are small steel darts, about the thickness of a carpenter's pencil, needle-pointed, and heavy. At first they were thrown by hand from the aeroplane and they were so effective that an improved method of discharge was devised. It is said that they are now enclosed in bombs, and they scatter in all directions on the bursting of the bomb. Gathering impetus in their fall, they strike with a remarkable penetrating force and are much more deadly than any other projectile that is portable in an aeroplane. A report from England some two months ago said that these arrows were being manufactured by the ton, and now this casual report shows that they are in use on the battlefields.

Mr. Stanley Washburn, representing the London *Times* in Russia, gives us a few realistic pictures of what war means in these horror-struck regions. Speaking of a recent engagement, he says: "Dead horses and half-buried men everywhere, with bits of insides, hands, arms, and legs scattered about the field, mark the track of empire as it moves to the adjustment of the balance of power. Even the little action that we came upon at the finish—so small as to be hardly worth mentioning by cable—cost, I suppose, a thousand lives. Over in the wood, just beyond our artillery position, were three or four hundred German dead. Our troops are doing well with the bayonet, I believe. I did not visit the wood. I'm so sick of it all. But others of our party came back with glowing accounts of it, and bloody relics taken off dead bodies. One I saw was the Soldat Record. I read his age in the bloody book: 'Born 1900. Parents: only a mother.' Just fourteen years old. And there was 'only a mother' left behind in Germany."

We hear a good deal about entrenchments and of the soldiers that "dig themselves in" and we usually picture to ourselves a number of men with shovels and pickaxes working in much the same way that laborers work on an ordinary excavation job. Shovels and picks are of course used when there is time and opportunity and when the tools themselves are available, but the ordinary soldier who finds it suddenly necessary to protect himself against rifle fire would be in evil plight if he had to wait for a supply of the regular tools of digging. So every soldier carries his own tools with which he can throw up some sort of defense if it is only six inches of earth, and which can be enlarged if necessary into a regular trench. Curiously enough this trenching tool, says the New York *Evening Post*, was the invention of an American engineer, Brigadier-General H. W. Benham of the Army of the Potomac. It was twenty-two inches long and weighed a pound and a half, and it is practically this same tool that is used today, although of course with modifications. The present model is usually lighter, the best design being that used by the Austrians. It is less than twenty inches in length, the blade being eight inches long by six inches wide, one side having a cutting edge and the other a saw edge. A tool of this kind can be used by the soldier while lying down, and a few vigorous strokes are enough to throw up some sort of temporary protection, which can easily be enlarged if the position is to be held. The Belgians are said to be the cleverest at this temporary entrenching work, but the British also have won praise by the rapidity with which they sink into the earth and disappear, leaving nothing to show their whereabouts except heaps of soft earth that render bursting shells almost innocuous. Trenching drill, says the writer quoted from, is hated more than anything else by the soldier in time of peace, but that same soldier acquires a positive love for his little spade after he has once been under fire and so discovered for himself the salutary qualities of a little mound of earth in front of him. The soldier in a good trench is absolutely safe except from well-aimed shrapnel, or from shells that happen to burst in the trench itself, which of course is a rare happening. Perhaps it is worth noting that the advantages of the trench were discovered by Alexander the Great.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 16, 1914.

SIDNEY CORYN.

Chile has 8000 miles of telephones operated by an English company.

TILL CALLED FOR.

The Christmas Adventure Into Which Medford Led Himself.

John Medford was threading his way through the hurrying crowd in the large waiting-room of a city railroad station, when he found himself suddenly at the beginning of a real adventure—a thing above all others he had longed to have ever since he was a boy. It was an hour which saw this particular station like a veritable ant colony broken into by some ruthless invader, and as Medford elbowed his way through the throng each member of which seemed to be running into the thickest part of it he noticed upon the floor a small, square piece of cardboard. He picked it up, hardly noting what he did, and carelessly examined it before tossing it away, when he noticed that it was no waste bit of paper, but a check for some suitcase or parcel left at the checking window. He turned over the check. It bore the marks of many a heedless foot. Doubtless scores of people had passed it by, thinking it but a worthless scrap—if, indeed, they even saw it at all in the mad rush.

Having ascertained that changes in the time-table made it necessary to wait twenty minutes longer than formerly for his evening train, Medford sat down near a news-stand, and turned the check over and over. It was fascinating him as he never before had been fascinated by so unpretentious a bit of cardboard. The number—77—on its face seemed to dance before his eyes mockingly, as though daring him to penetrate the mystery for which it stood. Of course the proper thing for him to do was to take the check at once to the parcel window, explain how he had come by it, and leave it with the man in charge; for whoever lost it would go there to inquire for his or her suitcase or parcel in time.

With this worthy intention in mind he crossed to the window in question, and found himself at the end of rather a long line of waiting customers. To the fact of having thus to wait Medford laid the blame for his further actions in the case. Sometimes reflections are not conducive to wise conclusions—second thoughts are not always best. As he stood there in line he began to wonder what sort of parcel this check would bring to hand should he present the check. The craving for that never-found adventure seized him. The number 77 danced more fascinatingly than ever before his eyes, and suddenly he found himself next to the head of the waiting ones. Once, indeed, the horrible thought came that perhaps the owner of the check already had been there to seek that parcel or suitcase; maybe even now he had proved his property and 77 would be a blank, in which case Medford might be arrested as a suspicious character; or the owner might be the very man behind him, should no claimant have appeared as yet. Cold chills chased up and down Medford's spine, and then his turn came. Subconsciously he must have made the decision to run all risks, for as in a dream he saw himself handing in the check. As though he were some one else, a mere onlooker, he saw himself waiting calmly, while the man in charge went back to search among the shelves of suitcases and packages. Then Medford coolly received over the counter a large object, bulky and square, and wrapped in thick, dark brown paper.

The parcel was a heavy one. No wonder No. 77—whoever he might be—did not wish to carry such a weight about with him. Five minutes more remained before any one would be allowed to pass down Stairway B to the waiting train, and during those five minutes, in which Medford sat holding his burden between his knees, with his evening paper spread over it as much as possible, he thought an eternity elapsed. It seemed as though every one in the station could hear the beating of his heart. He imagined a private detective at his very elbow. To his excited fancy each one of that hurrying throng appeared to be running about in a wild search for the very object he was trying to conceal carelessly. He stared at the headings of his paper, and tried to read. Not one word could he remember as his eye mechanically went down the columns. How absurd! He was committing no crime, for of course he would return the parcel next day.

At last Medford's train was called. His knees fairly shook as he hurried down the stairway, through the tunnel, and up to the platform. Luckily the car was not a crowded one, and he was fortunate to find a whole seat to himself. Had he been obliged to share it with any one he feared he would have shown his guilt at once. He placed his burden upon the floor and drew a sigh of relief. The light was dim, and in the shadow under the seat no object would be apparent to a passer-by. As the train sped onward no doubt he appeared deeply engrossed in his paper, but in reality he was not conscious of a printed word. It still seemed that though he had not of course committed a crime he was committing one, nevertheless. Again he most emphatically told that conscience that certainly he would return the package next day. Whatever it might contain, never had he intended to keep it. It was merely for the sake of the adventure itself—just a craving for the never-realized romantic event of a hazardous sort—that he was carrying off this package. He wanted to see what was inside that paper; but even should it contain jewels or articles of intrinsic value he would not take so much as one. Moreover, should the contents prove of no

worth at all he would as conscientiously take back the parcel. He wanted merely the fun of the adventure—nothing more.

As he descended at his suburban station he was glad of the dusk of the winter afternoon. He could get to his home without creating notice, and might be able to go through the dark passage to the library and study, without letting his wife know that he had any package whatever. He would tell her all about it after he had investigated his mysterious burden, and together they would laugh over the affair. He was sure she would not think him an evil-doer. She might laugh at him, and call him a silly, overgrown boy, but he could stand that.

He was fortunate in having things turn out as he had hoped. His wife called to him cheerily as he opened the door, but said she was busy with something upstairs which he must not see, as it was a Christmas present for himself. In his library he would find a bright fire burning in the fireplace, and she would be downstairs in two minutes.

When the two minutes were up she appeared for their little visit before dinner was announced, but the package was hidden safely behind the screen which divided the library from the inner study.

Dinner-time passed. Evening callers came, and cards were proposed. It was therefore not until late that the guests departed. All the time they were playing that number 77 danced before Medford's eyes, and he refused to have anything to do with keeping the score.

When at last he was alone in his study, where he always smoked a late cigar after his wife had retired, he set the parcel on his desk and leisurely surveyed the mystery. What a most miserable few minutes it had given him in that station! He began to untie the knots carefully, for he wished to do up the package exactly as it had been done up when he received it. When the papers were off, for there was an inner double covering, he beheld a long white box, and taking off the cover he saw nothing more exciting than seven volumes—but what volumes! There was a complete set of his favorite author's works bound most beautifully. He glanced out into the library, where the dying firelight still showed his row of dog-eared copies of this very author. How well these new books would look in their dark green bindings on his shelves! The whole tone of the library was green. How harmoniously these covers would blend in the whole scheme! Just to try the effect he carried the new volumes into the library, took out his old copies, and placed the new ones in their places. The result was too fine to enjoy alone. He thought it would be a rare way to introduce the story of the adventure to his wife. He called up softly, to see if she were still awake, and soon she came down in her light dressing-gown to see what he wanted. He pointed to the book-shelves. She exclaimed at sight of the handsome set, and Medford knew she must be impressed by the effect as was he.

"Are they not beautiful?" said he.

"Wonderful!" said she.

They sat by the fire and he told her of his adventure. She was rather quiet at first, but the spirit of the affair suddenly seized her and she laughed merrily.

"Would it not have been a joke if you had drawn a suitcase!" said she. "Think of the collection of things that might have been in it!"

"Somebody will be sorry to lose those books," said he at length, "and I must take them back to the city in the morning, of course."

He sighed when they had finished tying the package. It was a sigh partly of regret at having to substitute his old, worn copies for those costly ones, and partly because the adventure practically was at an end. It seemed so tame an episode when the mystery was gone.

The next morning his wife accompanied him to the city, in order to finish her Christmas shopping, so she said. She must have read his nervousness as they entered the station, for she said suddenly:

"Here—give me the package and let me attend to it! Your car is waiting, and I take a different line anyway, so hurry, and leave the thing to me. I can see the adventure through to its unromantic, final stage."

As she quite insisted, and in fact seemed to be amused to undertake it, Medford caught his car, and left her to her own devices. She returned home by an early afternoon train, so he did not see her again until evening.

"How did you get along?" he inquired anxiously.

"With no trouble whatever," she said. "I simply handed in my package, and no questions were asked."

* * * * *

Christmas Day arrived. Medford's wife led him blindfolded into the library, where the presents were to be undone, and when she had taken off the handkerchief he found himself standing in front of his book-shelves. He hardly could believe his eyes. The firelight was playing over the backs of seven beautiful, dark green volumes, and the dog-eared set was nowhere to be seen.

"This really is the end of your adventure," said she, laughing at his bewilderment. "You need not be so surprised. You have seen those books before."

"But you don't mean—" he began.

"I do mean!" said she. "The very same!"

"Then," said he, a sudden, serious thought coming to

him, "you—you did not give the package back to the man in the checking-place—you—why, Elizabeth! You don't tell me you *stole* the books, do you?"

"No, you poor, bewildered man. Of course I did not steal the books! I paid for them myself in good United States coin. Now, listen while I tell you an adventure that is an adventure."

They settled themselves cozily.

"You must know, dear man," said she, "that on the very morning of the day you brought home your mysterious package I took the train after yours into town and bought those books, and before doing the rest of my errands had the package checked at the parcel-room of the station. I was busy until train-time, and hurried to catch the four-o'clock local, for I wanted to be at home before you, so that you would not know I had been shopping at all—you are so curious at Christmas-time. My hands were full of small things, and I had to hurry so fast to catch that train that I never once thought of the large parcel, although I had slipped the check handily into an outside rubber-band of one of the small parcels. It was not until after the train started that I remembered the books. I knew it was too late to go back, so decided that I would go in by first train with you in the morning. It was the truth when I told you I had Christmas shopping to do that day, for I had not finished what I had intended to do in the city. Well, I searched for my check, and it was gone. When I saw those books on your book-shelves that evening I nearly jumped. Then as you told your tale I knew what had happened. It was my check you found. Was there ever such a coincidence?"

"But," said Medford, "you let me do up that package and cart it all the way back to the city!"

"That was the only way to keep you from knowing those books were your Christmas present," said she, "and besides you deserved just a little punishment for your wickedness."

"And," said Medford severely, "you told me you handed back that package after I left you that morning and no questions were asked. How is that?"

"That is the truth," she said, enjoying his quizzing. "I did hand the package back, for I had it checked again. Do you think I intended to carry it about with me all the morning?"

She laughed at his discomfiture.

"There were no questions asked either," she went on. "Why should there be? There was no one to claim the package. It had been handed to you the night before and I was simply having it checked again. It was a perfectly straight performance."

When the light at last penetrated Medford's brain he laughed like a boy. However, as he gazed at those rare books he had stolen from himself, as it were, he decided that one adventure of that sort was quite enough for his peace of mind.

BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1914.

Three to six months, working four or five hours each day, are required in Ecuador to complete the best Manavi (Panama) hats; but children will make two of the cheapest grade hats from undressed straw in a day. Qualifications such as patience, good eyesight, and the skill acquired by years of experience are necessary to produce the very best grade of hats. The finest hats ever made were the work of a native Ecuadorian named Palma, which were purchased for \$200 each and presented to Emperor Napoleon III and Marshal MacMahon. According to the most reliable accounts the first toquilla straw hat was made 285 years ago in the province of Manavi, Ecuador, by Francisco Delgado, a native of the country. As at that time Panama was the great distributing centre for articles produced on the west coast of South America many of these products were credited to that city; hats woven from toquilla straw in Manavi thus came to be called "Panama" hats. While this misnomer should be corrected to "Manavi" hat, the name by which it is commonly known has come into such general use that it is very doubtful if the change will ever be made. The plants producing the toquilla straw from which Manavi hats are made are five or six species of stemless screw pines, the most important being known to science as *Carludovica palmata*, which grow wild in the hot humid regions of Ecuador and Colombia, and in the forests of Peru along the headwaters of the Amazon River; but they are seen at their best in the dense, dark, tropical forests on the Pacific coast of Ecuador. The plants attain a height of six to ten feet, and present the appearance of diminutive fan-shaped palm trees. Repeated attempts have been made to cultivate the plants with but little success, for only in the wild state do the screwless pines best develop their characteristic qualities.

Among the rare specimens not open to public inspection in the Harvard Zoological Museum is what is claimed to be the largest frog in the world. It weighs about six pounds, is twenty-seven inches long from tip to toe, and of a slaty black color. Its web feet are equal in size to those of a large swan. But three of its kind have ever reached the United States. Dr. Boulenger of the British Museum was the discoverer of the new species in 1906, while on an expedition in Central Africa. All known specimens have been found in two districts, called Kribi and Efulan, of the German colony, Kamerun.

UNMASKED.

When a Man's Word Was Not Lightly Given.

They were discussing the latest scandal. A young man of good connections had been ignominiously expelled from a club. Playing in collusion with a professional gambler, he had cheated at cards and in a few months had won a considerable sum.

"And has he killed himself?" asked some one.

"Bah!" replied another. "Do men kill themselves for so little nowadays? It was different in the good old times."

"In the good old times, as you call them," said old General Roy, "those who adopted the card-sharper's profession killed themselves no more than do those of the present time. A few exceptions there may have been among those who were detected at the outset. But if the first attempt succeeded, they did as they do today, they quickly accustom themselves to their degradation. Ah, it is so easy! When respect for his own good name will not restrain a man at the first step, it is entirely dead within him, and even a scandal will not revive it. By the way, I can tell you of a curious case in point, where the hero blew out his brains, but it was not a suicide. No, strange as it may sound, it was not a suicide. Listen:

"It was some fifty years ago. The press of that time was not the terrible gossip that it is today, and sensational news never passed certain bounds. There were not fewer scandals, but the scandals were less known. In fact, I think there were rather more. Not that we are more virtuous, but the fear of publicity is certainly a great check.

"Among the elegant young fellows, the gilded youth of those days, who furnished the greater part of the scandalous gossip by their eccentricities and duels, was a young gentleman attached to the king's household. I shall call him the Vicomte Roland. The name was not an illustrious one; in fact, the vicomte was the fruit of one of those mixed marriages introduced by Napoleon I. General Comte Roland, whose heavy cavalry charges are matters of history, had married the daughter of the Marquis de Bransac, a member of one of the wealthiest and most powerful families of France. His son was then about twenty-six years of age. He had not the robust, plebeian beauty of his father, who had been one of the handsomest men in the army. His was rather the delicate and distinguished grace of his mother, whose idol he was. Having loved her husband passionately, the countess was now wrapped up in her son.

"The extravagant life led by the son had caused a quarrel between the parents. The countess lived in the Bransac Hotel, one of the finest in the Faubourg Saint Germain, while the general, secluding himself in a little chateau in the forest of Sénart, passed his time in the pleasures of the chase. They say he had ill-treated his wife, but it was utterly untrue. The fact is that there had been between the general and his wife two terrible scenes.

"The first was caused by an idea which took possession of the countess. She found this name 'Roland' too plebeian for her son, and tormented her husband to obtain the king's authority to add to it that of De Bransac. The general energetically refused.

"My name has sufficed for me," said he, 'for me who have made it famous. It will do for this fine gentleman, my son. If he does not find it brilliant enough, let him try to add to its lustre.'

"The second scene was brought about by the vicomte abducting a ballet dancer, and by a duel and a debt which were the consequences of this little affair. The general brought the son before his mother and roughly reproved him for his folly. Instead of supporting her husband, the countess made excuses for her son. Women always are indulgent toward the man in a love scrape.

"As the general told his son that his fortune was not sufficient to maintain such scandalous absurdities, the countess unhappily interjected:

"Oh, the fortune of the De Bransacs will amply suffice for him."

"She had not calculated the effect of her speech. An hour later the general left the hotel and went to his chateau; at the end of a week the family notary informed the countess that her entire personal fortune was at her disposal. The separation was complete, and the general lived alone on the fifteen thousand francs which constituted the revenue he received from his own fortune.

"The son made ducks and drakes of her fortune. At the end of six months the countess was half ruined, and the energy of the notary alone saved her from her son's extravagances.

"All at once it became known that the Vicomte Roland no longer belonged to the king's household, and that he had handed in his resignation as lieutenant in a cavalry regiment. That is what was given out, but rumors of a different character were afloat. The countess no longer appeared in public, but confined herself to her hotel. In a few weeks she seemed ten years older.

"The vicomte, after a voyage of some weeks in Italy, returned to Paris, took apartments in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, and lived the life of an idler on the pension of a thousand francs a month allowed him by

his mother. It would be little today; but at that time it enabled a man to make quite a figure in the fashionable world. He passed his time between love adventures, the theatres, and the green table. Then little by little his elegance and his eccentricities began to be talked about. Clubs were not as plentiful as they are now, but the gilded youth and the gamblers had a few of them where lovers of the green cloth could amuse themselves.

"One evening when the Vicomte Roland, after having won a considerable sum from one of his friends, offered him his revenge, his opponent rose, and, pushing away the cards, looked at him in a singular manner.

"Well, no, Roland," said he; 'what with your luck with women and your luck with cards, you have too much luck for one man.'

"Roland, though somewhat choleric, demanded no explanation, and contented himself with laughing.

"Some days after the préfet of police announced himself to the general at his chateau. What passed between them I do not know. All that is known of the affair is that they returned together to Paris.

"At eleven o'clock of the evening following that interview the vicomte was seated at a table playing écarté. He had just won ten successive games from an Englishman, who, passing through Paris on his way home, had been introduced at the club by one of the members. Roland had a considerable sum before him. The loser had just risen, and before leaving the table had bowed thrice, when an elderly gentleman approached the table.

"Will the Vicomte Roland permit me to take the gentleman's revenge?"

"The young man paled. It was his father.

"As you are a bold player, I offer you a bold game. It will be useless for you to say that it is too high. Read.' And the general handed him a note folded twice.

"The vicomte glanced over it, and shuddered visibly.

"Do you accept?"

"He bowed. The general seated himself opposite his son, cut a king, and dealt the cards. He won the first hand. When it was the vicomte's deal he trembled slightly and a strange light shone in his eyes; nevertheless he played on. The general won again.

"The vicomte rose, pale as a ghost, and in a smothered voice said:

"In an hour, sir, I shall have acquitted myself."

"He left the room without another word.

"On the following morning the guardians of the Bois de Boulogne brought in the body of the Vicomte Roland. His head was blown to pieces, his hand still grasping the pistol. In a portfolio was found an unsigned scrap of paper, on which were the words: 'The loser will blow out his brains.'

"The pretended Englishman was an accomplished card-sharper, sent by the préfet of police. The three bows had been the sign agreed upon between him and the general to indicate that the vicomte had cheated.

"The game was one for life and death between father and son. Both were dishonored—the son by his own act, the father by the son's. But this dishonor was a secret, which threatened to become an open shame. Death could stifle it—the son's death or the father's, for the stern old soldier would himself have disgraced his son had that son not kept their pact. The price of the general's secrecy was his son's life."—Translated from the French of Edouard Sichecker.

The lofty volcanoes of the Hawaiian Islands, rising above the ocean from 5000 to nearly 14,000 feet, are only the summits of gigantic mountain masses that rise abruptly from the bottom of the Pacific. Mauna Loa, on the island of Hawaii, stands 13,675 feet above sea level, but its slopes descend beneath the sea, as shown by deep-sea soundings, with a grade fully equal to if not greater than that of the visible slopes. The same is generally true of the submarine slopes of the other islands, and the depths attained by these continuous slopes, within thirty to fifty miles of the shores, vary from 14,000 to 19,000 feet. Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, if their true bases are considered to be at the bottom of the Pacific, are therefore mountains of as great an altitude as Mount Everest, or approximately 30,000 feet. No other volcano in the world approaches Mauna Loa in the vastness of its mass or in the magnitude of its eruptive activity. In the aggregate of its eruptions Mauna Loa is also unrivaled. Some of the volcanoes of Iceland have been known to disgorge at a single outbreak masses of lava fully equal to those of Mauna Loa. But such outbursts are infrequent in Iceland, and a century has elapsed since any of such magnitude have occurred, though there have been several minor eruptions. The eruptions of Mauna Loa are all of great volume and occur irregularly, at an average interval of about eight years. In view of the total quantity of material it has disgorged during the last century, no other volcano is at all comparable to it.

The Sihlwald, or city forest, of Zurich, Switzerland, adds to the town's revenues \$7.20 per acre a year, reducing the amount needed to be raised through taxation by more than \$32,000.

About 6000 tons of straw braid go from Shantung each year to foreign countries for manufacture into straw hats.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Bells of Yule.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid: the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swell out and fall, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound:

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and good-will, good-will and peace,
Peace and good-will, to all mankind.

This year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wish'd no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again:

But they my troubled spirit rouse,
For they controll'd me when a boy:
They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,
The merry merry bells of Yule.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

Peace on Earth!

FROM "THE END OF THE PLAY."

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And how before the awful will,
And hear it with an honest heart.
Who misses or who wins the prize—
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!
(Bear kindly with my humble lays;)
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days;
The shepherds heard it overhead—
The joyful angels rais'd it then:
Glory to heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men!

My song, save this, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas hirth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still:
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

—William Makepeace Thackeray.

To a Nightingale.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'T is not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness—
That thou, light-wing'd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of heechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delv'd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O, for a heaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With headed bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Darling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fæery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a hell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy can not cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf,
Adieu, adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 't is buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

—John Keats.

The ancient "dew ponds" of England have their modern counterparts on the Rock of Gibraltar, where drinking water is obtained by the condensation of the abundant dew in especially prepared basins. The primitive process consists in making a hollow in the ground and filling the bottom with dry straw, over which is placed a layer of clay. On a clear night the clay cools very rapidly and the dew is condensed into water in the basin. The pond is improved by putting a layer of asphalt or Portland cement under the straw. At Gibraltar the present practice is to use wood instead of straw and sheet iron instead of clay.

GOOD HUNTING.

Daniel J. Singer Relates Some of His Adventures in North and South America with Jaguars and Bears.

Mr. Daniel J. Singer in the preface to his "Big Game Fields of America" tells us that he has made a hunting specialty of the jaguar and the bear, and that in pursuit of these formidable animals he has made a good many big game hunting trips in North and South America, from Alaska to the Equator. But Mr. Singer does something more than give us an account of his actual exploits in the field. He has studied his victims in captivity and in the open, and he devotes two admirable chapters to natural history, and we are by no means sure that they are not the most interesting of the lot. Most of his writing, he says, was done with a pencil either in the shooting tent or while awaiting the advent of some night prowler, and he therefore merits all the praise that should be given to steady nerves.

Mr. Singer begins his record in the British Guiana bush. His objective, so to speak, was the jaguar, and he tells us that on one occasion when he had been left in camp with only one attendant he received news of the finding of a freshly killed wild hog, only partly eaten and carefully concealed. Upon that occasion he missed his quarry, having made the mistake of bringing only his shotgun instead of his rifle, and on attempting to return to camp he found himself in the grip of jungle fever and in danger of a grip even more unpleasant:

Walking over to the gnarly roots of a giant tree, I sat down to "take stock" of my chances. "A man should never give up until he is quite dead," I would say slowly, which seemed to have a slightly stimulating effect. Taking a deep breath, I sent a long, loud call chasing through the jungle, and when it ceased it struck me that it had something of the tone in it that reminded me of a lone wolf howling the loss of his mate. I then listened intently, straining my ears to catch the slightest sound. Suddenly a heavy, hissing breath close behind me made me whip around with a sensation of the hair rising on my scalp. Not more than a few paces away was coiled a huge boa constrictor in the low branch of a tree, with his head protruding too unpleasantly near, and eyeing me with a pair of cold, uninking, malignant eyes. A forked, colorless, flickering tongue added to his heinous appearance. Fickle fate seemed pitilessly and endlessly whimsical. What would happen next?

The deadly contents of the shotgun flew out and quite demolished his whole head. And then slowly his great coils unwound, and gracefully even in death, they slid to the ground until the tail finally came down with a flip. I couldn't help but smile when the thought struck me, that I would have fresh meat, at any rate. Thence once more came the mysterious whispering, terrifying silence. But now a sharp sound came up from the depths of the gloom, for the light was pallid now, and still another sharp sound. Then I hallooed long and loud—and waited; like an echo it rolled back through the jungle. There was no mistaking it now—it was John Charley coming with the dogs.

On a subsequent occasion the author was more fortunate. His hounds had taken the scent, and their clamor was evidence that somewhere in the thick jungle the crafty and powerful jaguar was facing the infuriated pack:

The moments were precious now; the haleful chorus of the hounds warned us the quarry was within a stone's throw; yet we could see nothing. Then my eye lit upon something that held me for a long moment arrested, motionless. Close along a bough, its ears flat against its neck, its tail twitching, its lips drawn back from its yellow fangs in a vicious snarl, lay the handsome jaguar I ever saw. From between their wide lids his eyes blazed into mine, as I raised my gun to my shoulder, took careful aim, and fired. The claws relaxed their hold; slowly the great body rolled over and fell into the midst of the frenzied pack. But, before I could take a forward step, the huge cat had leaped to its feet—I had aimed too high: the hullet penetrating the upper part of the shoulder. Into the wild mêlée I dared not fire, though my soul sickened at each lightning stroke of those terrible paws.

At last my moment came—for an instant the dogs drew back. Before they could again rush in, my second hullet crashed through his brain.

The cattle-killer had paid his debt—many lives had he asked—now he had paid with his own.

Mr. Singer gives us a valuable chapter on the habits of the jaguar, an account that increases our respect for an animal not so well known to the huntsman as his prowess deserves. The jaguar will attack a human being of his own accord and, unlike the lion and the tiger, he gives no warning. Running noiselessly with his belly on the ground he springs to the shoulder and sinks his fangs in the neck, while lacerating the body with his great claws:

The jaguar takes its prey in a variety of ways, depending on the animal it selects and its surroundings. In many cases the game upon the capture of which his subsistence depends is more fleet of foot than himself, and, therefore, he must resort to strategy to effect its seizure. So, either by stalking or ambushing his prey, his victim is invariably taken by surprise. The jaguar frequently strikes down and kills game with a blow of its massive forearm, but in the case of a large quadruped it usually springs for the shoulder and seizes by the throat, while one paw is placed on the muzzle and the other on the neck, and with a single tremendous wrench he breaks the neck. As might be supposed, circumstances often require them to vary their tactics. I have known a jaguar to kill one of his own kind almost instantly by a bite through the back of the neck which pierced the vertebra. The power in their jaws is indeed terrific. When they have killed their prey they never attend to the hindquarters first, according to the custom of the tiger, but tear open the under parts and eat first the heart, lungs and liver, then the meat along the breast. After satisfying their hunger, they sit down and make their toilet, for after such butchery the blood-stains must be carefully removed with their great, rough tongues, for they are clean, fine-looking beasts; we must at least give them credit for this, even if they do kill one of us occasionally. The great cat then retires to some nearby hiding place, and if undisturbed will return to its prey a little after sundown on the following day.

We have a remarkable account of the stalking by a jaguar of two tapirs that had come by night to the water. They came separately and with all the caution that would seem to be indicated in those deadly jungles:

Suddenly, noiseless as a shadow, another figure joined the first, and two tapirs were now clearly outlined in silhouette. Their muzzles began to go out and down—to be quickly raised again with a jerk. Their ears hinged forward, then back, then forward again. They were gazing intently, fixedly into the velvety shadows of the big trees. The lower jaw of the jaguar hung slightly open, his black lips quivered and drooled with the expectancy of a meal; his spotted tail waved from side to side at the extreme tip, ever so gently, as he crouched, belly to the ground, all his muscles tense.

At last a paw of the stalker went out, with infinite caution, and remained there. Very slowly, indeed, another followed and passed it. And then, inch by inch, paw by paw, each advanced in turn with almost inconceivable stealth, a gray shadow, a mere suggestion of shape, began to creep along. So slowly did it travel, this phantom form, only a few inches in height—that it was only after long intervals of time that it seemed to have moved perceptibly nearer.

Then, into the moonlight, from the gloom of the big mora trees, shot a long, low, shadowy form. Fifteen feet from the tapir there was the slightest noticeable pause; the lithe and muscular form gathered itself together like a most powerfully compressed steel spring. The jaguar sailed through the air. There was a dull thud and a clattering of hoofs as one of the tapirs went galloping in terror off through the jungle, while something of great strength clutched at the nape of the neck of the other. Five cruelly lacerating claws fixed themselves into her long, sensitive nose, and her neck was seized in a terrible grip. There was a sudden, quick movement, a dull crack, and the tapir sank down, her cervical vertebra dislocated. Long after this was heard a queer, low sound as of bubbling, a frothy breathing, and a ripping, tearing noise. Then it ceased, and a deep, throaty purr vibrated.

On Mr. Singer's first trip to Mexico he had the good fortune to shoot a lion. One of his horses had been bitten by a poisonous fly and had died in the bush, and Mr. Singer determined to watch by the body in the hope of bagging some night prowler attracted by the scent:

Presently I heard a slight noise to my right, and upon looking saw a little skunk run by, almost within arm's reach. He stopped at the carcass and commenced his evening meal. A few minutes lapsed and I saw the skunk hurrying away, as if disturbed by some unseen object. Almost directly in front, and some forty yards away, was a boulder about ten feet in diameter. The queer action of the skunk made me all the more alert, and looking carefully I made out a form, crouching low, just over the boulder in front. With all my caution this animal had stolen up while I was unaware. I glanced for a moment to be sure, when the form disappeared behind the boulder as mysteriously and as silently as it had appeared. I felt that I had been outwitted, when out from behind the boulder, with slow, deliberate strides, walked a lion, every step bringing her within easy range. On she came, thirty yards, twenty-five yards, and she stopped, seeming to scent the air. My eye ran along the little ivory front sight and I pressed the trigger. With one great bound the beast cleared the earth some eight or ten feet, and rent the air with a most piercing scream. As she came to the ground she seemed to gather herself for another spring, as I was about to fire the second time; but just at that moment her feet seemed to fall from under her and she toppled over on her side and lay motionless, save for an occasional twitch of her tail. This lion proved to be a female, not as large as the first lion. She measured a little over six feet. I had been looking forward to a smoke, so filled my pipe, and had not taken many puffs when I heard Hi coming with the horses.

In the course of a chapter on the American black bear Mr. Singer removes a common idea that this animal kills its victims by hugging, while giving us the comfortable assurance that the black bear will do no harm to any one who is minding his own business and who will allow enough elbow room for the owner of the soil:

It is the common idea that a black bear will hug people to death. This of course is a mistake. A bear almost invariably makes its attack by striking a stunning blow with the forepaw and tearing with his very formidable claws. A large black bear can strike a terrific blow and is capable of knocking down and mortally wounding a full-grown caribou. When their enemy or prey is felled to the ground they usually bite them about the head and neck until death ensues. They are remarkable for the strength of their jaws, and have been known to bite through the skull of a man. Many animals that can generally be counted on not to attack may do so when come upon suddenly, crowded, wounded, or annoyed. The black bear is no exception. The more I see and study animals the more I am impressed with the fact that there is no fixed rule what the same species of animal will do under similar circumstances, as they seem to vary as much in mind and temperament as the individual. Although one might predict with a very good average of correctness, there would always be the exception.

Mr. Singer tells us how, quite accidentally, he found a black bear while hunting near the Wyoming line in North Colorado, and just as a failure of the commissariat department had threatened the need of retreat. In obedience to a "hunch" he had descended a steep declivity by the simple process of tobogganing down a snowslide for some sixty or seventy feet:

I had no sooner gained my comfortable seat than directly in front of me, not more than twenty-five yards distant, my attention was directed by a "Whoof!" Now, if I had known exactly where this bear was and had practiced stalking it all my life I could not have done it better, though it was, of course, mostly a matter of luck. I could just see his black head and neck, a hush concealing the rest of him completely. Upon hearing his *Whoof!* I had swung my little carbine to my shoulder (for I was only carrying a .32 special), and dropped a ball through the lower part of his neck. The bear went down, falling behind some brush and rocks, which prevented me momentarily from seeing him while I worked the lever in case another shot was needed. To my surprise the bear had gained his feet and was coming up, a little trail that led directly toward me. Now, I did not think for a moment that this bear was charging me; I believed he was simply running blind and had taken this trail as the easiest apparent way of making off. Contrary to all my learning and experience here was a black bear coming on, and, what was more, getting uncomfortably close, too. I got down in my sights again and no snap shots for me this time; I really meant to do some aiming. The bear was below me and some

twelve or fifteen yards off. I pulled down for the top of his head and hurled a hullet exactly between his ears that rung down the curtain on this bear story in a hurry.

The author gives us the curious information that the cub of the black bear weighs but a few ounces at birth. Its eyes are closed, it has no teeth, and no fur. Its diminutive size is due presumably to the fact that the mother has been all winter without food, and can not forage for some weeks after the cubs are born, and is therefore unable to nurse offspring of a large size:

Now a little bear knows exactly what he wants, and what is good to eat just as well as you do. He knows every root, every hulk, every berry that will make him fat and happy. How does he know this? I can not say; you will have to ask him. When I say this I have in mind the following case that was brought to my notice: A young cub, only a few weeks old, was caught one spring and fed on milk. He was kept in camp until the following fall, when they moved camp down on some bottom lands. Here, while running about, he would suddenly stop, dig up some roots and devour them with a relish. He seemed to be as fully prepared to forage for himself as if he had been taking lessons from his mother all summer. Another much mistaken idea about the black bear is that he emerges from his winter quarters very thin and emaciated (this so far, is true); that he is desperately hungry after his long fast; or is terribly ferocious, and inclined to attack anything on sight, man included. This is not so, although I have often heard it so stated. Not even a black bear with his enviable digestive apparatus can or does indulge in a hearty meal after so long a fast. The organs of a bear are no different from those of a man in this respect, and after their long disuse are only capable of assimilating the daintiest morsels of food—such as grass shoots, tender roots, and the like. In fact, at first they show little or no desire to eat, but after a few days they commence to partake again of pretty much everything. I say this because a bear is omnivorous, which means that he eats quite generally everything—both vegetable and meat. They are not as carnivorous as generally supposed, usually being contented with such small animals as ground squirrels and field mice, but still, when the opportunity offers, they have a great propensity for stealing down ever so carefully to a near-by farm and carrying off a fat little shoat. They, too, have a great weakness for sheep, and it is hardly necessary for me to mention honey and sweets, for here we see them again like good-natured, mischievous boys.

The black bear likes his meat well tainted, the more so the better. Unlike the grizzly, he does nothing seriously, much preferring mischief to work. His maximum weight is from four to five hundred pounds and he reaches his maturity in about six years, and lives for about twenty. The black bear is a great climber, but he will never pursue a man up a tree:

How many of us have gone into the woods on our early hunting days (I am going to include myself in this) and looked around wondering which would be the safest tree to shin up in case an old black bear should have designs on us. Now that little sapling over there looks good. They say a slim tree with no low branches is the best to nest in on an occasion like this. But for those who do not already know we will settle that question right here. It does not matter in the least what tree you select, whether it is one some two or three feet in diameter or just that little sapling; it is safe to say if you can get up, so can the bear. But this is the point; he won't come. No black bear, when given such a fine opportunity to get away, will stick around. Their claws, which are very unlike those of the grizzly, are especially adapted for climbing, while the front paws of the grizzly are especially adapted for digging, being long, and from four to six inches in length, and nearly straight. Grizzlies do not and can not climb trees. On the other hand, the black bear's claws are shorter, more curved, and thicker at the base, which enables them to go up a huge tree very much as a cat or a squirrel would, and also a slim one just large enough to sustain their weight.

Mr. Singer tells us of a hunting scene that he witnessed in Sonora, where a cougar began as hunter and finished as hunted:

Mounted one day on jennets, we determined to inspect and hunt a likely-looking stretch of country to the south. The weather had turned very cold during the past week, and at this altitude, freezing hard every night as it did, made fresh tracks difficult to discern. The day had been an uneventful one, and we were wending our way toward camp, evening being close at hand. Nearing the top of a small saddle, we suddenly stopped without word or sign, for our eyes had simultaneously met the object of our search. I drew my rifle from the scabbard, pressed back the hammer, but for a moment held my fire. The unexpected scene that lay before me surpassed anything I had ever witnessed in all my experience with wild life. There sloped before us a pretty grassy glade where three deer, two does and a fawn, were leisurely feeding along. The grass, growing to the height of some twelve or fifteen inches and having been touched by the recent frosts, had taken on a red brown color. Not twenty feet behind the nearest doe, and scarcely discernible, so perfectly did its color harmonize with the frost-nipped grass, was the long, lithe, tawny form of a cougar in the very act of stalking its prey with all the stealth and cunning known to its genus. So light, silent, and cautious was his every move that he might be said to drift light as a wisp of smoke toward his prey before making the death-dealing spring. Now crouching with fierce aspect, fore paws extended, head laid between them, while his lithe tail oscillated at its extreme tip with a gentle waving motion, his pale gooseberry eyes glared malevolently upon his unsuspecting victim. The cougar sprang—but it was not the well-directed, accurate spring that cleaves the air like the strike of a monster snake, hurling him to the shoulders of his prey. It was a leap of pain, for the .30-40 had struck home, piercing the very heart itself, and he fell to the ground a shapeless heap. So fate had spared the life of one and taken that of another. The cougar of Black Cañon was dead.

Mr. Singer's book contains good stories upon every page, and not only stories, but fascinating bits of wood lore that show him to be a keen and observing naturalist as well as a successful hunter. There are few books of the kind better written or better worth writing. And the illustrations from his own camera are excellent.

BIG GAME FIELDS OF AMERICA, NORTH AND SOUTH. By Daniel J. Singer. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.25 net.

The timber industry represents thirty-seven per cent of the annual production of wealth in British Columbia.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Demi-Gods.

We should like to believe that angels sometimes visit the earth and still more that sometimes they decide to remain. But perhaps this happens only in Ireland, and it is only writers like James Stephens who know it.

As a matter of fact the angels comprise an archangel, a seraph, and a cherub, although we do not know the precise implications of rank in the angel world. But when the heavenly trio introduce themselves to that ingenious rascal and tramp, Patsy MacCann, and his daughter, it is apparently the cause of no surprise. What more natural than that even an archangel should desire to know the state of Ireland from personal observation, or that he and his companions should attach themselves to a vagabond tinker and conform themselves to the ways of the country in the matter of dram-drinking and chicken-stealing? Furthermore, it is only to be expected that the ensuing conversations should be often of the mystical kind and that the celestial visitors should improve the shining hour in ways comprehensible to their humble hosts. But there is a concluding incident that meets with our strong approbation. When the time comes for the return of the angels to heaven the cherub has become so human through association that he destroys his shining raiment and his wings and wanders away into the *Ewigkeit* with his arm around the shapely shoulders of Mary MacCann.

Mr. Stephens has given us a daring flight of mysticism and humor. Perhaps it is not the best of his books, but then he has already spoiled us with feasts of good things. If this were the only book that he had written we should acclaim it as a masterpiece.

THE DEMI-GODS. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Greylake of Mallerby.

The author seems to have in his mind a marvelous collection of quaint and curious portraits and to be actuated by an exuberant desire to set them forth. Eventually they sort themselves out into a plot which centres around Martin Greylake, whose father has removed from Mallerby to London and made a fortune. Martin returns to Mallerby for his health, and henceforth oscillates between the extraordinary people of Mallerby and the extraordinary people of Parkton, the London suburb. Never before was there such a museum of oddities, from the old colonel who so hated the Jews that he could not go to church

because the mention of a Jewish name gave him apoplexy, down to Jesse Sinson, who dug his garden with a fork instead of a spade as being less deadly to the worms, and who wore carpet slippers because he had once trodden on a toad. There are a dozen or more such characters as these, and eventually they weave themselves into a narrative where love plays its appointed part. The author is a humorist of high rank, and we hope that he has not been so prodigal of his actors as to leave none in reserve for a further effort. His name on a title-page should be a guaranty of precedence.

GREYLAKE OF MALLERBY. By William L. Cribb. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Old Tales from the North.

The preface to this remarkable book says very truly that the genuine old folk tales are imperishable, and perhaps this is because they contain something of a real revelation not expressible in any other form. Fifteen of these stories are here given. They are selected from the "Norske Folkeeventyr" of Ashjörnsen and Moe, and if they have lost something by their English rendering the loss is certainly not discernible in this admirable translation.

But the great charm of this large and handsome volume are the twenty-four illustrations in color by Mr. Kay Nielsen. Surely Mr. Nielsen must have dreamed these drawings. Nothing quite so unearthly comes to the waking consciousness.

EAST OF THE SUN AND WEST OF THE MOON. Illustrated by Kay Nielsen. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Brieux, author of "Damaged Goods," etc., has written an enthusiastic preface to a volume of four plays of the Free Theatre, which the Stewart & Kidd Company are publishing. The four plays are "The Fossils," a play in four acts by François de Curel; "The Serenade," a Bourgeois study in three acts by Jean Jullien; "Françoise's Luck," a comedy in one act by Georges de Porto-Riche; "The Dupe," a comedy in five acts by Georges Ancey. There is also a sonnet to Antoine by Edmond Rostand. The plays have been produced at the Free Theatre in Paris by Antoine. The Free Theatre was to the French drama of the past quarter-century what the Reformation was to Christianity; Andre Antoine was its Martin Luther.

The President of the United States and two living ex-Presidents are contributors in three

books recently issued by the Houghton Mifflin Company—a unique distinction for any publishing house. An appreciative essay on Burke by Woodrow Wilson is the introduction to the new edition of "Conciliation with the Colonies." Mr. Taft contributed the introduction to "A Course in Citizenship," a book to aid teachers in their efforts to give children an ideal of human brotherhood. In the foreword to "Democracy's High School" Mr. Roosevelt sets his approval on Mr. Lewis's plan for increasing the usefulness of our high schools to the community.

The recent passage by the House of a new Philippine bill, and the probability that this measure may be seriously considered by the Senate at the next session of Congress, lend special interest to the latest edition of Dean C. Worcester's "The Philippines Past and Present." The first edition was published by the Macmillan Company in February, 1914. The author spent four years in the islands during the Spanish régime, was a member of both first and second Philippine commissions, and served as secretary of the interior from 1901 to 1913. Mr. Worcester has now brought his book to date by adding to the third edition, which has just appeared, an important chapter entitled "One Year of the New Era," in which he gives a concise summary of the results of Democratic administration in the islands.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish at once a story by Florence L. Barclay, author of "The Rosary," based upon the present war, bearing the title of "My Heart's Right There," which will be recognized as the last line of the chorus of the marching song of the Allies, "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary." They have in press for publication early in the new year a second volume of "The Essays of Treitschke," which present the author's conclusions of a world policy (welt politik) and on the duty and mission of Prussia and of Germany.

Literature on the subject of cathedrals has been enriched by a small but precious book entitled "Some French Cathedrals," published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Written in terse, epigrammatic English by an author who elects to hide his cleverness behind the veil of anonymity, this little volume contains one of the finest appreciations of Gothic church architecture extant. Unawed by the solemnity of his subject, the writer has dared what few scholars have to portray the grotesque as well as the sublime features of Bourges, Chartres, Amiens, and Beauvais. Here are two typical extracts: "A great Gothic cathedral has the beauty of a bicycle, a ship, or a suspension bridge combined with the beauty of a poem or a picture." "Nowadays Gallic ferocity is confined to the comic papers . . . in the thirteenth century . . . they carved their lampoons on the west front of a cathedral." "Some French Cathedrals" has a companion volume in "A Dickens Pilgrimage."

The Century Company is issuing the first of the new Century war books, "The New Map of Europe." The author, H. H. Adams Gibbons, is Doctor of Philosophy, *magna cum laude*, from Princeton University. He has been professor of history for some years at Robert College, Constantinople, and for twelve years the correspondent of the New York Herald in the Near East. "The New Map of Europe" has been written, largely in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, since the outbreak of the present war.

A rebel leader quite equal to Señor Don General Pancho Villa for plain and fancy trouble-making has just been restored to fame by Ralph Connor, who has put him into his latest novel, "The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail." This rebel leader was Louis Riel, half Indian and half French, who was executed at Regina in 1885, after having led two rebellions of Indians and half-breeds, the Red River Rebellion of 1869-70, and the still more dangerous rebellion of 1885, which was put

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down by the entire Canadian militia, under General Middleton, after all the ranches and towns of the Northwest had been threatened with destruction and slaughter. It is the latter rebellion, with its big possibilities of drama, which Connor uses in "The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail."

In spite of the war two American novels are enjoying remarkable popularity in England. "Perch of the Devil," by Mrs. Atherton, is being widely read, and Amélie Rives's "World's End," published last spring, has reached its seventh edition.

The Yosemite.

Those who have visited the Yosemite and those to whom that delight is still an anticipation should welcome a new edition of "Yosemite and Its High Sierra," by Mr. John H. Williams, published by himself at Tacoma and San Francisco. Mr. Williams's literary services to the Pacific Coast, services always rendered with enthusiasm, are too well known to need comment, and this beautiful book is not the least among them. Of works of perfunctory description illustrated from picture postals we already have enough, but here is something of a genuinely fine workmanship, its letterpress worthy of its theme, its illustrations selected with care, and its workmanship of the highest order. Mr. Williams has produced a book deserving of a place on the de luxe shelf, the most convincing evidence of a natural beauty unsurpassed on the American continent. The price is \$1, with a library edition at \$1.50 net, and a few copies of super-excellence at \$2.50 net.

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the new novel by MAY SINCLAIR, just published, is

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THE RISE OF JENNIE CUSHING, by MARY S. WATTS, the book which we recommended last week, is probably the best new American novel, as "The Three Sisters," by May Sinclair, is the best new English novel of the year.

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AT ALL THE BOOKSTORES

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Turkish Fairy Tales.

Dr. Ignace Kunos explains that Turkish fairy tales are not easy to collect, seeing that there are no books of the kind in Turkey. He has therefore obtained them from the lips of the story-tellers, and they must therefore rank among the distinct novelties of the day. And indeed they seem to be quite different from the fairy tales of other lands, and often with noticeable points of superiority. The work of collection was well worth doing, and the author has done it with skill and with an eye to the juvenile audience.

The illustrations and decorations that appear upon nearly every page are by Willy Pogány, and they are therefore as good as they can be. The color inserts are done in four colors and the text is printed throughout in a green and black motif, making an unusually beautiful book.

Forty-four Turkish fairy tales. Collected and translated by Ignace Kunos. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; cloth \$3 net, leather \$6 net.

The Red Mirage.

The French Foreign Legion in Algeria has been made the subject of many novels, but it has been left to Mr. I. A. R. Wylic to paint it in peculiarly sombre and repellent colors. One is inclined to wonder if the Foreign Legionary is quite such a lost soul as is here depicted and, if so, why even the most desperate of adventurers should join those despairing ranks or prefer such a service to death itself.

So far as the story is concerned it is well and deftly told and with the proper mixture of fighting and sentiment. There are soldiers who betray their countries and women who betray their husbands, tangled paternities, and love's labors lost and found.

The Red Mirage. By I. A. R. Wylic. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; 50 cents net.

Live and Learn.

Dr. Washington Gladden here gives us one of those volumes of an exquisite benevolence that we have learned to expect from his pen. His eight chapters are actually eight lectures delivered by him to audiences of young men and women, and they consist of advice on the learning to think, speak, see, hear, give, serve, win, and wait. Dr. Gladden's ideals are hardly consonant with the spirit of the age, and perhaps it would be hard to give them any greater commendation than this.

Live and Learn. By Washington Gladden. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net.

Lohenegrin.

Among the sumptuous gift books of the season a place of honor should be found for this fine volume in which the poetic ability of T. W. Rolleston combines with the rare artistic grace of Willy Pogány. Mr. Rolleston adopts the ballad style, but with a frequent variation of metre that has a most pleasing effect. His verses are free and vigorous, and in every way attuned to their theme. The quality of the illustrations is in every way guaranteed by the name of the artist. Every page bears a special decoration in offset lithography, with numerous insert plates done in the four-color process. The volume is bound in fine cloth and also in ooze leather, hand-tooled and lettered in gold. It is as fine an example of the bookmaker's craft as one could wish to meet, while the literary and artistic values are unmistakable.

LOHENGRIN. Verse by T. W. Rolleston. Illustrations and decorations by Willy Pogány. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; cloth \$5 net, leather \$10 net.

The Nightingale.

Hans Andersen is always a favorite at Christmas time, and here we have a particularly fine edition of "The Nightingale," "The Garden of Paradise," and "The Mermaid." There is no need to comment upon the text except to say that the type is of the largest and most comfortable size. Nor, perhaps, is there need to comment upon the colored illustrations, seeing that they are by Edmund Dulac. They are twelve in number and equal in quality to anything that has yet come from that deservedly popular artist.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND OTHER STORIES. By Hans Andersen. With illustrations by Edmund Dulac. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2 net.

Briefer Reviews.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company has done well to publish "Moni, the Goat Boy," from the German of Johanna Spyri, by Helen B. Dole (50 cents net). Anything by the author of "Heidi" should have a welcome, and here we have something that is just as good as its more famous forerunner. Those in search of a small gift book for children should not overlook this choice little work.

"This Year's Book for Boys," published by the George H. Doran Company, is as fine as any of its predecessors, which is to say a great deal. Among its contributors are dozens of the best writers of the day, as well as the

doers of deeds. Its contents seem to include every topic that interests the boy, and they simply defy enumeration. The reviewer, under the pretense of a critical examination, has spent half a morning in pure self-indulgence.

Sherman, French & Co. have published "A Summer Siege," by Lucy T. Poor (\$1.25 net), described as a story for girls, and further described as a narration of the "lively times ushered into a quiet vacation by an American joke in collision with a British lack of humor."

Paul Elder & Co. have published an attractive Christmas greeting card with a poem by Bishop Nichols introduced by Coleridge's verse, "He prayeth well who loveth well, both man and bird and beast." Bishop Nichols selects as his theme the love of St. Francis for birds, and "especially our brothers the larks." The card is richly illuminated by Audley B. Wells, while its general production is of the finest kind. Price, 20 cents net.

A recent addition to the National Social Science Series, now in course of issue by A. C. McClurg & Co., is "The Cause and Cure of Crime," by C. R. Henderson (50 cents net). The author has had wide experience, and he writes lucidly, but we nowhere find an indication that crime is the result of false collective ideals which supply a predatory impulse, very often in the nursery. Nor do we find even a definition of crime. Does crime relate only to human law or has it a wider significance?

The authors of "Yoyo's Animal Friends," Rowland Stroug and Pierre Jan, have produced an attractive and educative volume, which though not exactly listed as a holiday gift book, yet will be thoroughly appreciated by young readers. They announce that they "anticipate that 'Yoyo's Animal Friends' will be widely used as a Progressive Reader in Young Ladies' Schools," as the chapters have been arranged not only to fit the dramatic movement of the story, but are set as impositions. Some are long, others short. The many unique illustrations are by Noel Flower, which means that they are all that they should be. Published in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, \$1.25.

Miss Furman's settlement work in the Kentucky Mountains deserves to be more widely known at a time when apparently we have unlimited money for the absurdities of foreign missions. And those who wish to know more about it should procure a little story called "Sight to the Blind," by Miss Furman herself, and that has just been published by the Macmillan Company (\$1 net). Miss Ida Tarbell writes an introduction, and of course it is a good introduction. She asks, "What more fruitful and appealing world for work, particularly for women, do these United States offer? If there is an idle or lonely woman anywhere revolting against the dullness of life, wanting work with the flavor and virility of pioneering in it, let her look to these mountains."

New Books Received.

A WANDERER IN VENICE. By E. V. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75 net. Not a guidebook, but intended to "create a taste."

THE WAR WEEK BY WEEK. By Edward S. Martin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net. A reprint of editorials from Life.

BOHEMIAN SAN FRANCISCO. By Clarence E. Edwards. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. Its restaurants and their most famous recipes. The elegant art of dining.

LITTLE SIR GALAHAD. By Phoebe Gray. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. A novel.

THE BLOSSOMING ROD. By Mary Stewart Cutting. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. A Christmas tale.

THE PASTOR'S WIFE. By the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.35 net. A novel.

A HANDBOOK TO THE POETRY OF RUDYARD KIPPLING. By Ralph Durand. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$2 net. Prepared with Mr. Kipling's personal help.

THE RAINBOW CHASER. By Kenneth Rand. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net. A volume of verse.

A CARAVEL OF DREAMS. By Lila Munro Tainter. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net. A volume of verse.

MAKERS OF MADNESS. By Hermann Hagedorn. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net. A war drama.

JAPAN TO AMERICA. Edited by Naoichi Masaoka. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

A symposium of papers by political leaders and representative citizens of Japan on conditions in Japan and on the relations between Japan and the United States.

THE TRAWLER. By James B. Connolly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 50 cents net. The Collier prize story.

THE TRAINING OF A SOVEREIGN. Edited by Viscount Esher, G. C. B., G. C. V. O. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.50 net.

An abridged selection from "The Girlhood of Queen Victoria," being her majesty's diaries be-

tween the years 1832 and 1840. Published by authority of the king.

A POET'S CABINET. Selected and arranged by Marion Mills Miller, Litt. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Being passages mainly poetical from the works of George Lansing Raymond, L. H. D.

THE POEMS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2 net.

Collected and edited with a critical introduction and notes by Edmund Clarence Stedman and George Edward Woodberry.

ON A PUNCHION AND OTHER FAIRY TALES. By Mary De Morgan. New York: Duffield & Co. With thirty illustrations by William De Morgan.

THE PHILIPPINES, PAST AND PRESENT. By Dean C. Worcester. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$6 net.

A new edition with new chapter and maps.

SAUL OF TARSUS. By John Fielding Crighter. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A religious drama.

Books Bearing on the War.

The following is a selected list of notable books bearing on the war, published by the Macmillan Company:

"The Growth of the French Nation," by George B. Adams; "The Principles of War Historically Illustrated," by Major-General E. A. Altham, C. B.; "How the World War Began," by Elbert Francis Baldwin; "The Case of Belgium in the Present War: An Account of the Violation of Belgian Neutrality and of the Laws of War on Belgian Territory," by Belgian delegates to the United States; "Modern Artillery in the Field," by Colonel H. A. Behell, R. F. A.; "Neutral Nations and the War," by James Bryce; "Why Britain Is at War," by E. T. Cook; "A History of Cavalry from the Earliest Times with Lessons for the Future," by Colonel George T. Denison; "Home Life in Turkey," by Lucy M. J. Garnett; "France," by Cecil Headlam; "Short History of Germany," by Ernest F. Henderson; "Hungary's Fight for National Existence, or the History of the Great Uprising Led by Francis Rakoczi II, 1703-1711," by Ladislav Baron Hengelmüller; "Essentials of International Public Law," by Amos S. Hershey, Ph. D.; "Germany," by A. W. Holland; "The Peace Conference at The Hague and Its Bearings on International Law and Politics," by Frederick W. Holls, a member of the conference from the United States of America; "England Invaded," by Edward Foord and Gordon Home; "Principles of Prussian Administration," by Herman G. James; "The Statesman's Year Book," statistical and historical annual of the states of the world for the year 1914, edited by J. Scott Keltie, LL. D.; "The Philosophy of the Present in Germany," by Oswald Kulpe; "Effects of War on Property, Being Studies in International Law and Policy," by Alma Latin; "War and Neutrality in the Far East," by T. J. Lawrence; "One Hundred Years of Peace," by Henry Cabot Lodge; "The Government of England," by A. Lawrence Lowell; "The Remaking of Modern Europe, 1789-1878," by J. A. R. Marriott; "Historical Papers on Modern Explosives," by George W. MacDonald; "Social Progress in Contemporary Europe," by Frederick

Austin Ogg, Ph. D.; "The Government of Europe," by F. A. Ogg, Ph. D.; "Home Life in Russia," by Angelo S. Rappoport; "History of German Civilization," by Ernst Richard, Ph. D.; "Our Cavalry," by Major-General M. F. Rimington, C. V. O.; "War and Insurance," by Josiah Royce; "William of Germany," by Stanley Shaw; "Home Life in Germany," by Mrs. A. Sidgwick; "War Rights on Land," by J. M. Spaight, LL. D.; "Aircraft in War," by J. M. Spaight, LL. D.; "Hungary and Its Revolutions from the Earliest Period to the Nineteenth Century," with a memoir of Louis Kossuth, by E. O. S.

Children's Holiday Books.

Particularly appropriate for the holiday season are the following dainty and attractive volumes for children, published by the J. B. Lippincott Company: Agnes and Egerton Castle's "Our Sentimental Garden," W. Radclyffe Dugmore's "The Romance of the Beaver," and Mrs. Molesworth's "The Cuckoo Clock." They are in the Stories All Children Love Series. The publishers have also just issued a calendar that will delight the children and all those older folk who still love the beautiful things of the imagination. Twelve pictures in colors on the twelve calendar sheets are from the fine illustrated edition of the Stories All Children Love Series. The calendar may be had for fourteen cents in stamps from the publishers, the J. B. Lippincott Company, Washington Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The Houghton Mifflin Company announces the second impression of Davis's "A History of Medieval and Modern Europe," revised to October 1, 1914. The summary of causes of the European war was written immediately after the author's return from Europe, where he made a first-hand study of the situation. Illuminating war maps supplement the text.

Brieux of the French Academy has written the Preface of this Remarkable New Volume

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THE ORPHEUM.

There is not a mediocre number on this week's Orpheum programme, and it is built upon strictly scientific lines. For it begins with the monkeys, evolves through all periods of vaudeville, and ends with an act displaying the strength and beauty of the human form and its development.

The monkeys are almost human in their circus act. The band and its leader, the strong man, trapeze and slack-wire performers are all there. Beside the clever work of the animals the act recommends itself because of the original ideas in its presentation—the one, that of having trained the monkeys to act as stage hands and assistants, the other that of eliminating the trainer from the stage entirely.

Alfred Bergen is a really good baritone who sings with taste and musical feeling. He combines a fine voice with good training and quite remarkable diction. His selections were wisely made, as they suited his voice and his hearers. Why is the young woman who accompanied him so well and is so ornamental left modestly anonymous?

Herbert Williams is a scream! He succeeds in making even the blasé members of Rosner's tormented orchestra laugh, and what he does to the rest of the house may be deduced from that. Miss Wolfus is an able second. I should recommend the roller-shade attachment to her gown as a useful adjunct to modern dresses off the stage.

George M. Barry and Maud Wolford not only write delightfully clever topical songs, but deliver them so that their act seems too short even after they have responded to several recalls.

The climax of the bill is the appearance of William J. Montgomery and Florence Moore. They are called "late stars" on the programme, but this is not true; they are right on the job. San Francisco had a warm welcome for them, as they are not old, but well-known favorites here. Their turn fascinates because of its spontaneity, which is no doubt carefully rehearsed or it would not get over so far and so fast. Mr. Montgomery's piano work is a joy, and as a foil for Miss Moore he is the right man in the right place. Miss Moore has personality plus, and everything she does, from monopolizing the conversation through her songs and recitations—even her speech in faked French—has charm and chic. These are the newcomers for the week.

Johnny Johnston and company in a farce which is amusing, neatly done and quick. Minnie Allen in an original and taking turn, and Princess Radjah in her gracefully executed Oriental dance, gorgeously staged and costumed, and her Arabian chair dance are the hold-overs.

Every number is in its way excellent; thus the performance is this week highly entertaining, and best of all it has what variety shows should have, viz., variety.

THE PANTAGES THEATRE.

One feels sometimes as though there would be no novel ideas left for vaudeville stunts. Yet the fund seems to be inexhaustible, as is proven by the top-liner, "The Musical Blacksmiths," on at Pantages this week. Their scene opens in a blacksmith shop with the smiths at work, and all their tools and the objects they repair are musical instruments. A whistle sounds, and presto change there occurs—but go to see for yourselves. It would be a pity to spoil the surprise by divulging it. The act has originality and goes very well.

Lovell and Lovell, with no properties save an accordion, a girl, and a moving-picture screen, change the quietly listening audience into a big chorus singing with zest and enthusiasm such old songs as "Climbing Up the Golden Stairs," "Down Went McGinty," or "She's My Annie." This simple device shows how we in front love to cooperate with those on the stage, and that the old songs, unlike best sellers in fiction, do not die, but lie latent or dormant until memory is kindled by the merest spark, and then they immediately live again.

Edgar Atcheson Ely and company present a broad farcelet which could be improved only in one respect, more careful enunciation in the opening scene between the two young

ladies, who are at first unintelligible. The hero reminds one of Stuart Robson in his palmy days and is a much better all-around actor than most one sees in his line.

The Three Craytons are remarkably agile and accurate hoop-rolling experts and put on their turn in an interesting style. The hoops go to school as reluctantly as small boys, but they go every time.

The two men who do the Lemon City land agent and his prey are realistic and amusing. Joe Lanigan, a monologist, uses his own personal appearance as a means of extracting laughs and sings some funny songs.

Cheville, a classical dancer, evidently believes in combining art with realism, as her Spring Dance is an imaginative interpretation in which she uses real water from a real spring.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT,

The programme of Friday of last week's Symphony Concert proved that at least those who availed themselves of the privilege to "request" were folk possessing taste and discrimination.

Though this method resulted in producing rather a mixed menu, the varied courses were fine and formed an easily digestible whole. Schubert's unfinished symphony is always a good choice, both for the sake of its own beauty and because it is one of the best examples of the composer's genius. Its reading on Friday gave the pleasure its rehearsing always gives, though played without special inspiration. The first movement was too slow in tempo; thus much of the lightness was lost and there was in consequence too little contrast between the two movements. Either might have been the *andante*.

Mr. Hadley understands Dubussy much better than he does Schubert, and the tone picture of the faun and his varying moods was given with appropriate finesse and daintiness.

The first movement of the Tchaikowsky Pathétique should have received a greater rhythmical emphasis, the second was a spirited ending to the programme.

It was a delight to hear Tina Lerner again, which enjoyment justified the unusual proceeding of engaging the same soloist for two successive symphony concerts. The Saint-Saëns Concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, was played with great success and met with much appreciation. H. H. S.

John McCormack recently stated that he had sung "I Hear You Calling Me" at every concert since 1908. And there were only two concerts where there was not applause at the end of the first two bars from the smaller town audiences to those of the great cities. He explained how the song was first given by the English composer, Marshall, to a young English tenor, whose publisher refused it. Then McCormack took it to his publisher, who promised to bring it out if McCormack would sing it at his next parlor concert in London. The young tenor agreed to do this. McCormack was humming the air over at the piano to the composer's accompaniment. It was then that he bumbled the A natural in the third verse. "There! that is the tone I want," said the composer, and that note remained.

The musical and dramatic committee of the University of California announces that no further half-hours of music will be given until the first Sunday in March. The concerts next year will be a distinct novelty. For some time the chairman of the committee has been arranging so that practically all will be under the direction of Californian composers, whose compositions will be presented by vocalists and instrumentalists of their own selection. The many visitors to the Panama-Pacific Exposition who will go over on Sunday afternoons to see the Greek Theatre will thus have the opportunity of hearing there music that is in every way a local product.

Edward H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe (Mrs. Sothern) are now living quietly at Litchfield, Connecticut, where they settled down in August after having been driven out of Europe by the war. They expect to remain in their present location until the beginning of the season of 1915-16, when they will return to the stage. Miss Marlowe has almost entirely recovered her health, and Sothern is quite well again after his recent illness.

It is practically certain that Alfred Noyes will take up his work as visiting professor of English literature at Princeton University during the second term. It was at first thought that the war might prevent his occupying the chair this year.

A record for holding a note is claimed for Wilfred Douthitt, the English baritone. In Andreas Dippel's production of "The Lilac Domino" it is said that Mr. Douthitt sings one note for fifty-eight seconds without pausing for breath.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

The San Francisco Quintet Club Tomorrow.

This Sunday afternoon in the Colonial ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis the San Francisco Quintet Club will give its second concert. This is the most important ensemble organization that San Francisco has yet boasted of, and at this concert the club will have the assistance of Nathan Firestone. The programme will include a string "Quartet" by Haydn, "Trio" for flute, violin, and viola in the form of a serenade, by Beethoven, and the glorious "Quintet" for piano and strings by Cesar Franck. Tickets may be secured at the usual music stores and on Sunday at the St. Francis.

The McCormack Concert Programmes.

Next Tuesday morning the sale of seats will open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's, and the Cort Theatre for the concerts of John McCormack, the young Irish tenor, whose success has been great both on the operatic and concert stage.

On his present tour the artist will be assisted by Donald McBeath, the gifted young violinist, and Edwin Schneider, composer-pianist, who has visited here with several great artists.

The first concert will be given Sunday afternoon, December 27, at the Cort Theatre, when McCormack will sing the exquisite "Aria" from Mozart's "Don Giovanni"; a Hungarian folk song, entitled "There Is on Earth But One Precious Pearl," arranged by Korbay; a Norwegian ballad, "Sylvelin," by Sinding; a Russian song, "Oh, Thou Billowy Wave," by Rachmaninoff; a group of three classic old Irish melodies, and compositions by Landon Ronald, Cyril Scott, and Coleridge-Taylor. The encore numbers will include "I Hear You Calling Me," and many other favorites identified with the career of McCormack.

The second concert will be given Friday night, January 1, at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, when an entirely different programme will be given, the star singing among other great works the "Aria" from "La Bohème," Weingartner's "Among the Stars," Elgar's "In Moonlight," and by special request Schubert's "Ave Maria."

The third concert will be Sunday afternoon, January 3, at the Cort again, when the "Aria" from Mascagni's "I Ranzau," Hugo Wolf's "Secrecy," Max Reger's "Quiet of the Woods," and Bizet's sublime "Agnus Dei" will be featured.

Mail orders should be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

On Tuesday night, December 29, McCormack will sing in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, repeating his great opening programme. Tickets for this event will be ready at Ye Liberty on Tuesday.

Alma Gluck Coming in Concert.

No singer before the public has had a more remarkable career than Alma Gluck, who at the age of twenty scored unprecedented triumphs at the Metropolitan Opera House. The young artist was little more than an amateur when opportunity knocked at her door, and in one night she became famous. The voice, art, and personality of Alma Gluck have combined to place her in the front ranks of the world's great singers before she has reached her twenty-sixth year. Alma Gluck will make her first Western tour this season, and Will Greenbaum has secured her for three concerts, opening at the Columbia Theatre on January 31, and closing Sunday afternoon, February 7.

After a strenuous campaign abroad, signing operatic celebrities, Gatti-Casazzi has returned to New York. He has opened the season with "The Masked Ball." The cast was just the same as last season—Mmes. Destinn, Hempel, and Matzenauer, and Messrs. Caruso, Amato, De Seguro, and Rothier as the leading singers, and Toscanini as conductor. The splendid revival of "Carmen" occurred during the first week, with Miss Farrar as Carmen and Miss Bori, Caruso, and Amato in other prominent parts, and Toscanini as conductor. Weber's "Euryanthe," a great masterpiece, and practically unknown to the present generation in this country, will be revived under the direction of Toscanini during the fourth week. Later there will be revivals of "Fidelio" and of "Il Trovatore." The latter Toscanini will conduct, and with a new distribution of parts. The first novelty, Giordano's "Madame Sans Gêne," will be produced in January. The composer has promised to come over for it.

From France, William Somerset Maugham sends word to the American producer of his plays that he has abandoned the comedy upon which he was at work and has joined the British army as a surgeon. Before he enriched himself by writing a long list of pleasant comedies he was a practitioner in London.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Yellow Ticket" at the Columbia Monday. The Columbia Theatre announces as its attraction for two weeks, beginning next Monday night, "The Yellow Ticket," a new play by Michael Morton, one of England's best-known playwrights.

"The Yellow Ticket" is in three acts, the scenes of which are laid in St. Petersburg, Russia. The leading characters are taken from official and diplomatic circles in the great Russian capital. Mr. Morton wishes to make clear the fact that while the scenes of his play are laid in Russia, it is not a Russian play in the sense of being made up from the usual ingredients that go to the writing of Russian dramas. "The Yellow Ticket" has to do with life in modern Russia. The story is of Marya Varenka, a young Russian Jewess who comes into possession of the "yellow ticket," the holder of which is afforded protection, but only as a social outcast, by the secret police. Marya is a good girl of reputable family, and is forced to hold the ticket in order to remain in St. Petersburg, where she is employed. Her efforts to lead a reputable life cause the police to become suspicious of her. She is betrayed by the "Okhrana," secret police of Russia, who disclose her secret to her employer, who at once discharges her. This furnishes the main theme of the play. The author has not hesitated to dip his pen in vitriol for the purpose of proclaiming, through a great dramatic medium, the plain truth about some vital conditions in Russia of the present day.

A splendid cast, including Belle Mitchell, Warner Oland, Edward Foley, John Ravold, Louis Hartman, Dorothy Ellis, Reginald Carrington, Arthur Maitland, and others will appear in this play.

Matinees are announced for Wednesdays, Saturdays, Christmas Day, and New Year's Day.

The Forbes-Robertson Season Opens Monday.

It seems incredible that an actor of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's gifts and attainments should retire from the theatre at the summit of his power, but his visit to San Francisco at the Cort Theatre, beginning Monday night, marks his positively last appearances in this city. Forbes-Robertson is not the man to "lag superfluous on the stage." His exit will be the stateliest part he has ever played, and all who witness that final performance of "Hamlet" will carry away with them the memory of the greatest prince the

English stage has ever seen. It is now seventeen years since Forbes-Robertson produced "Hamlet" in London for the first time, and since that time he has come to be regarded as the greatest modern player of Hamlet. He has never been seen in San Francisco in this tragedy, but his present engagement will give playgoers an opportunity of seeing him in the rôle that has made his name famous around the world.

Forbes-Robertson's repertory for his first week at the Cort Theatre follows: Monday and Friday nights and Wednesday matinee, "Hamlet"; Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday nights, Kipling's "The Light That Failed"; Wednesday night, Saturday matinee (also Christmas matinee for the benefit of the Christmas Fund for Homeless Belgians), "Passing of the Third Floor Back." Second week: Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday matinee and night, Bernard Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra"; Thursday and Saturday nights, "Passing of the Third Floor Back"; Friday, "The Light That Failed," and Saturday matinee, "Hamlet."

Miss Laura Cowie will appear in all the leading feminine rôles in Forbes-Robertson's repertory. His supporting company of London players is practically the same as supported him in London and New York.

The Orpheum's Road Show Opens Tomorrow.

The Orpheum Road Show, under the direction of Martin Beck, which opens next Sunday matinee, will be better and brighter than ever.

Billy B. Van and the Beaumont Sisters, a trio whose fame is international, will present for the first time here the one-act comedy by Bob Janette, called "Spooks," which is said to be even funnier than Mr. Van's famous skit, "Props."

Carlos Sebastian and Dorothy Bentley, both the personification of grace and ability, are appropriately styled Sovereigns of Modern Dance. Miss Bentley will wear several beautiful costumes and Mr. Sebastian will prove his versatility by singing a couple of songs and performing a piano solo.

Roger Imhoff, Hugh L. Conn, and Marcelle Coreene, three inimitable funmakers, will appear in a military skit entitled "Surgeon Louder, U. S. A.," which is as clever a bit of farce as has been presented in a long while.

Violinsky is the nom de theatre of a clean-cut young man who combines the temperament of a musician with the tactics of a showman.

He is the eccentric genius of the violin and piano and a master on both instruments. His methods are odd, but find favor with his audiences and enhance the value of his music.

Charles de Haven and Freddie Nice, who scored heavily with their remarkable dancing in "The Passing Show of 1913," have returned to vaudeville with a delightful act in which they present three distinct and original terpsichorean efforts, "Pauline," "Cane Dance," and "Tangle-Footed Monkey-Wrench Dance."

Robert Everest's Monkey Circus and Herbert Williams and Hilda Wolfus are also included in this great show. Montgomery and Moore, who are creating quite a furor, will be a special and additional attraction.

Vaudeville at the Pantages.

Nita Allen, a hewitching singing comedienne, and for several seasons leading star with the La Salle musical comedy company of Chicago, is one of the new recruits in the vaudeville field who has been engaged for a special engagement at the Pantages next Sunday. Miss Allen is a strikingly beautiful actress with an assortment of Parisian frocks which she changes several times during the action of her number. All of her songs are exclusive, and the impersonations which she introduces have been taken from the hits which she registered while with the Chicago company.

Another splendid feature is Maurice Samuels, the eminent character actor, who will offer his own playlet of emigrant life entitled "A Day at Ellis Island." The sketch is filled with heart interest and bubbles with comedy and pathos.

The Oxford Trio, originators of basketball on wheels, have a great novelty closing act. The act is handled by an American and a British ballplayer, and the action of the duo while working the ball on the wheels is intensely thrilling.

Willie Dunlay and Bessie Merrill will indulge in pert patter, interspersed with bright songs.

Two dapper-looking lads, Nadell and Kane, have an entertaining specialty with a budget of brand new material, which is said to be cram full of laughs.

A beautiful young vocalist, Agnes von Braecht, is a soprano of unusual culture, and the singer brims with personality. All of her songs are of the popular kind which appeals to vaudeville audiences.

The usual laugh-provoking motion picture will round out a strong holiday bill.

During the engagement of "The Yellow Ticket" at the Columbia Theatre there will be, in addition to the Wednesday and Saturday matinees, special holiday afternoon performances on Christmas and New Year's days.

Henry Miller himself at the head of the company coming here from New York for the presentation of "Daddy Long-Legs" will be the strong attraction for the Columbia Theatre directly after the New Year. Miller originally produced the play, but this will be his first appearance in the title-rôle.

New Zealand's volcanic phenomena are accounted for in the Maori legends in the following manner: One of the first chiefs to reach New Zealand from the ancient home in Hawaiki brought with him a trusted follower, Ngauruhoe, with whom he set out to examine the country. When they reached the highest peak, they suffered much from cold, and the chief shouted to his sisters on a far distant island to send some of the fire which had been brought in canoes from Hawaiki. This fire immediately came in a southwesterly line, subterraneously bursting forth on the summit where the chief and his follower sat freezing. It arrived in time to save the life of the former, but not that of Ngauruhoe, whose name is commemorated in the highest peak of the Tongariro Mountains. Geysers, hot springs, and fumaroles mark the course of the subterranean passage. Mount Egmont stands in solitary grandeur because he, as one of the three giants, quarreled with the other two, Tongariro and Ruapehu, and had to fly to the coast to escape their wrath.

That there is nothing the modern Sunday newspaper considers beyond its scope seems to be indicated by the Philadelphia Public Ledger's plan to out-magazine the magazines with its Sunday issue of December 20. With each copy of the Public Ledger of that date will be given as a special Christmas feature a magazine de luxe which will rival the most elaborate of the standard magazines of the country. This magazine will be printed on the finest stock, in full colors, and its contributors, both as to illustrations, stories, and articles, will include well-known people. One feature which will doubtless interest a great many people is a new Christmas carol by Leopold Stokowski, director of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Another feature of timely interest are two pages of Christmas sports in foreign lands.

Some History of Canes.

General use of canes or walking sticks was at one time forbidden in Rome by imperial edict, except to persons of patrician rank, thus making it a privilege which came to be popular among the nobility and eventually a distinction. The women of this time carried them also, their richly and artistically decorated canes serving as a rod for the punishment of their slaves. The cane appeared in England as the badge of aristocracy in about the fifth century, but after serving this purpose for some time, came into the hands of the humbler and was dropped by those of higher social standing. It was reestablished in its true form by the pilgrims and soldiers returning from the Holy Land during the Crusades, and soon came into popularity again. With a revival of the cane among the gentry came a period of decoration, and canes of exquisite design and of great value resulted.

AMUSEMENTS

SAN FRANCISCO QUINTET

This Sunday aft, Dec. 20, at 2:30
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The Irish Tenor

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FORBES-ROBERTSON

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First Week—Mon., Fri., Wed. mat., "HAMLET"; Tues., Thurs., Sat. eves., "LIGHT THAT FAILED"; Wed. eve., Sat. mat. (Xmas mat. Benefit Belgian Fund), "PASSING THIRD FLOOR BACK."

Second Week—Mon., Tues., Wed. mat. and eve., "CESAR AND CLEOPATRA" (by Bernard Shaw); Thurs., Sat. eves., "PASSING THIRD FLOOR BACK"; Fri., "LIGHT THAT FAILED"; Sat. mat., "HAMLET."
Prices, \$2 to 50c

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VANITY FAIR.

Has any one noticed any schoolteachers going about immodestly and extravagantly dressed? Every now and then we read some plaintive lamentation about girl scholars who are trained by their admirable mothers, or at least allowed by their admirable mothers, to insert little pieces of blue and pink ribbon as guides for the errant eye, but we were under the impression that the teachers themselves were impeccable in their attire. It is true that we rely upon common report in such matters, not being observant, and so we ask to know. But we were rather of opinion that a little carnal attention to dress would be a distinct amelioration to the appearance of the average schoolteacher.

But perhaps it is only in the effete East, where the pieties are made, that schoolteachers have laid themselves open to the charge of immodest and extravagant garb. We judge from the report of a meeting of the board of education of Newark, New Jersey. It was the president himself who drew attention to this weighty matter, and he said that the present tendency toward the aforesaid style of dress must be curbed at all cost. Being a practical man, he was prepared with a remedy. He said that the schoolteachers would have to wear a uniform, and we are told that the meeting seemed to be in general agreement with him. Doubtless we shall hear in due course from Dr. Anna Shaw, who is always stirred to the depths of what she calls her soul by any suggestion from a man that women be persuaded to put a few clothes on. But in the meantime we must suppose that the complaint has some basis in fact, which is a very sad thing to think of in a place like New Jersey.

But the president of the board of education had something more to say. He seems to be a bold, bad man, who evidently supposes that a mere official position—and heaven only knows how he got it—gives him the right to criticize the women teachers. Doubtless he will get all that is coming to him when some of the feminists unlumber their eleven-inch bowitzer guns and charge his wire entanglements. He actually has the unbearable impertinence to suggest that the pupils ought to learn a little reading and writing. He says that these branches of education are in a lamentable state, "but go into these same schools and ask for a demonstration of the latest dancing fad and you get instantly a masterpiece."

Can such things be, and in the sacred East, where they fear to let their young men come to the San Francisco Exposition lest their blushing and gushing little morals be tarnished? Well, we have our faults. There is no question about that. But at least it will not be our schoolteachers that will tempt the pure young men from the East to wander from the straight and narrow path of rectitude. In the meantime we shall keep our eyes upon Newark.

But the incident is useful as showing that the question of uniforms for women is coming to the front. It is a question full of difficulties, but it could be solved by diplomacy. Of course the uniforms would have to be compulsory, and therefore women themselves would have to vote for the measure. But they could be persuaded to do this by installments, so to speak. A uniform, when restricted to a single class, is usually the mark of a social inferiority, and it would therefore command the enthusiastic support of women who were not in that class. Observe how women insist on the cap for their domestic help, how they cling to the use of the first name, and how they exult in the possession of a uniformed butler or footman. Now women would vote exultantly for a compulsory uniform for schoolteachers, and this could be followed by another coercive measure directed against shop assistants, for example, and then against stenographers. The classes already subjugated would naturally vote for the subjugation of others. So would all the classes that were still exempt. At last it would happen that the uniformed women were in the majority, and then a single comprehensive measure applied to all the remaining women would go through a whooping. And any sort of feminine combination or revolt would be crushed by the solid male vote. Without doubt this thing could be done with a little Machiavellian diplomacy, and it will be done as soon as men awake to its inestimable advantages. Imagine the earthly paradise where a woman orders a dress or a hat over the telephone and by merely giving her stock size. Or the husband himself could order the dress on his way downtown, or even wait at the counter and bring it home with him.

It is not exactly to the Senate of the United States that we should go for the social graces that lubricate the wheels of life, although that distinguished assembly is by no means without its representatives of the exquisite manners that were once so generally applauded. But surely there are not many such bores as the one gibbeted by Mrs.

Taft in her "Recollections of Full Years." She tells us that he was formally invited to a dinner at the White House, but he made no reply until the day before the event, when he called up on the telephone and asked if he would have to wear a dress suit. On being told that such was the usage outside of the Andaman Islands and the great and glorious republic of Haiti he promptly hung up the telephone and relapsed into the silence from which he should never have emerged. The dinner was delayed for half an hour upon his distinguished account, but he failed to put in an appearance.

Of course there may have been reasons other than a native savagery. They may have failed to send the dress suit from the loan shop, or it may have been a misfit, or it may have been stained with the last borrower's soup. Let us be charitable and hope for the best, but if the senator in question had only possessed a copy of "Etiquette for All Occasions" he would have learned how to lie himself out of a difficult situation with credit to himself.

Since the "teacher-mother" discussion is still being waged in New York with heavy casualty lists upon both sides it may be pertinent to inquire into the results upon the minds of the children of obstetric disclosures well calculated to bring a blush to the damask cheeks of a crocodile. We can imagine the delight with which the little innocents read the published announcements from their dear teachers as to the exact stage in the operations at which they felt compelled to absent themselves from their duties and the celerity with which they reported themselves after a domestic event which was once made the occasion for delicate reticences and evasions. What interesting speculations must be aroused in the minds of pupils enjoying the advantages of our co-educational system, what a spirit of intelligent observation of natural processes, what a sense of pleasing anticipation, and what an impulse toward experimentation. It may even be that the more intelligent among them will thus be incited to a study of embryology and other recondite subjects that usually prove so unattractive to the juvenile mind, and thus we shall sow the seed of scientific investigation, which must have the happiest results.

Indeed it would seem that the inferences from this interesting discussion in the public press and platform are too obvious to need indication. It is the day of sex hygiene and of the rending of the veil of the temple. So far from discouraging the teacher-mother, she ought to be made compulsory. We ought to pass a law not only that all teachers should be eugenically married, but that they be prospective mothers as early and as often as possible. They owe it to their classes. We should then have the ideal school so far as the teacher is concerned, and with every co-educational girl in possession of "Advice to a Mother" and every co-educational boy with a copy of "What Every Boy Ought to Know" in his desk we might congratulate ourselves on our approach to an educational paradise.

"What's the matter, Elijah?" asked his nearest neighbor of the gloomy New Englander. "Flapjacks given out over at your house?" "Worse'n that," said Elijah. "You know 'twan't apple year, and wife says we can't have any more apple pie for breakfast." "Can't you make out if you have apple pie uoon and night?" "I can, because I've got to," said Elijah; "but I tell you, it upsets me starting the day wrong like that."—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The professor looked profound. He extolled the wonders of nature. "The glorious sun makes all things grow," he asserted, axiomatically speaking. "How about icicles?" ventured the freshman.

Over the porch of the Old South Church at Boston is chiseled: "Behold! I have set before you an open door," and under, on the door, is printed in emphatic letters, "Positively no admittance."

Recently while going through a cemetery in a California town the visitor came upon this on a tombstone, "I would not live away." Beneath the inscription some irreverent person had penciled, "Sour Grapes."

Thinking to ingratiate himself with Douglas Jerrold, a boor who had small acquaintance with him met him on the street one day and, stopping, said, "Well, what's going on today?" "I am," replied Jerrold, hurrying on.

Senator Money of Mississippi once asked an old colored man what breed of chickens he considered best, and he replied: "All kinds has merits. De white ones is de easiest to find, but de black ones is de easiest to hide after you gits 'em."

During the trial of some infamous persons Charles Lamb remarked gravely that he "should like to know them—to ask them to dinner." "You would not sit with them?" asked Talfourd, solemnly. "Yes, I would sit with anything but a hen or a tailor."

Speaking of the old wild days in Scotland an aged dame, with her grandchildren about her knee, said concerning a leader of her clan who been beheaded following some trouble with the crown: "It wis nae great thing o' a heid, tae be sure, but it wis a sad loss tae him."

When "Orator" Hunt, who was a blacking manufacturer, was in Parliament, Sir Robert Peel so far forgot himself in the course of an acrimonious debate as to taunt him with this fact. Whereupon Hunt replied: "The truth is, the honorable member is the first gentleman in his family, and I am the first tradesman in mine."

He had finished his meal and was apparently well pleased. As he left the table the obsequious waiter appeared to ask if he had found "everything satisfactory." The diner answered with a question. "Where did you get that steak you served me?" "What's the matter with it?" asked the waiter, scenting a row. "Oh, nothing. That's why I asked."

Kate Douglas Wiggin's choicest possession, she says, is a letter which she once received from the superintendent of a home for the feeble-minded. He spoke in glowing terms of the pleasure with which the "inmates" had read her little hook, "Marm Lisa," and ended thus superbly: "In fact, madam, I think I may safely say that you are the favorite author of the feeble-minded!"

Two negroes got into a discussion concerning the relative values of the moon and the sun to the world. After listening to the advocate of the sun the other proceeded to demolish his argument with the following logic: "De sun am all right, hut de moon am wuff two ob it; de moon shines in de night when we needs it, but de sun done shine only in de day when we got fight enough without it."

At a time when the Scots had considerably less love for their southern neighbors than in these days a father, taking leave of his son, said: "Sandy, ma hairn, ye're ahoor tae gang up tae London. Tak' a' th' siller ye can frae the English—tak' everything ye can frae them. But mind ye, Sandy, they're a braw fechtin' people, so he carefu' wi' them. Never fecht a bald mon, fer ye canna catch him by th' hair."

He had spent half the winter in Washington endeavoring to get a private bill through Congress, and returned to the bosom of his family a sadder and wiser man. Shortly after his arrival he was met by a friend, who greeted him warmly with: "Glad to see you back again. How about your bill?" "Bill—hill?" said the disappointed solicitor confusedly, with a dim recollection of an encounter with the hotel-keeper. "I left it unpaid."

They stood at a dingy street corner, waving their arms and heartily engaged in a war of words. "Abe, you should accuse me uv stealin' your tollar!" cried Solly. "No, I haf not accused you of stealin' it, Solly." "Vell, vat is it? I haf told you I haf not got the money and you don't pelief me," and he spread his

hands despairingly. "Oh, no, no; not at all," said his friend. "Vat I did say, Solly, vas that if you should not helped me look for my tollar I should haf found it."

Unable to obtain work, and driven to desperation by hunger, an Irishman decided to turn robber, having pawned all his possessions except an old revolver. His first victim, observing the highwayman's nervousness and shrewdly estimating that he was green at the work, said, "I'll give you all my money, twenty dollars, for the pistol." "Done!" cried the embryo highwayman. The transfer was quickly made. "Now," commanded the pedestrian, pointing the revolver at the other's head, "hand back my money and march along to the police station or I'll blow your brains out." "Blow away," said Pat cheerfully. "It aint loaded."

Dr. Briggs received a note from a farmer living back quite a ways in the country, requesting him to come as quickly as possible to see his child, who was very sick with "a very bad cold." The doctor examined the child, and then turned to the mother. "Don't you know," he asked, "that your little girl is coming down with the measles?" "Yes, doctor," was the woman's reply, "I knew she was." "Then why in the world," asked the doctor, "did you write me that she had a very bad cold?" The woman hesitated for a moment; then looking at her husband she said, with sullen frankness: "Neither him nor me knew how to spell measles."

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Christmas Carol—1914.
God save you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
What though the gentle Prince of Peace
Was born on Christmas Day?

And though great Christian nations
Resound with clash of arms?
And Christendom, from end to end,
Is filled with war's alarms? —Life.

Christmus.
Santa may drive across our roof,
But I'll bet the price of a hat
He won't come down our chimney, because
We live in a steam-heated flat!
—New York Sun.

The Boar's Head.
There is a custom still at Queen's
(An ancient Oxford college
Where genius comes with little means
And gathers much of knowledge)—
Each Christmas, feasting to begin,
They don their glad apparel
And then the Boar's Head usher in
And sing a Christmas carol.

Tradition says once on a time
A student, westward turning,
Went out to study and to climb
The hills in search of learning.
An Aristotle in his hand,
His body bent in study,
He wandered through the pleasant land
Until the sky was ruddy.

Shotover Forest had a boar
(No solitary sinner—
I've met full many an orator
Who bored me after dinner.)
The boar came charging from a copse,
Straight for the student made he.
The student quite abandoned hopes.
(I fear he was a 'fraidy.)

The boar advanced with awful grunt;
The grunt an echo chorused—
The student here, the boar in front,
Behind them both the forest.
But then an inspiration hit
That very troubled student,
Because he had a nimble wit
To tell him what was prudent.

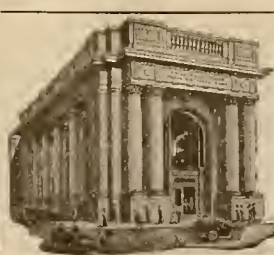
His Aristotle dry he took
(He had no knife and no ax),
Attacked the creature with the book
And rammed it down his thorax.
He seized the tusks and hairy shoit
And, with intent to throttle,
He rammed right down the porcine throat
That book of Aristotle.

The boar turned over then and died
(The creature was not shamming),
As many more have died who tried
Old Aristotle cramming.
The student home his journey shaped,
The wondrous tale related;
And now the way that he escaped
Each year is celebrated.

Now, as I mentioned once before,
The bore's an aggravation
Who'll talk and yell and rant and roar
On slightest provocation.
We all have heard him many times
At banquets without number
Think thoughtless thoughts, read reams of rimes,
And send us all to slumber.

Why not the student's scheme employ
And easily elude him?—
Yes, do as did the Oxford boy
When such a bore pursued him.
Let's take the speaker's written speech,
When nerves the banquet for racks,
And when the bore begins to screech,
Just ram it down his thorax!

—Douglas Malloch, in American Lumberman.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. A. P. Hotelling, Jr., has issued invitations to the wedding of her daughter, Miss Jane Hotelling, and Mr. Alfred Swinnerton, Thursday evening, January 7, at her home on Franklin Street. Mrs. I. H. Friedenhall of Seattle will be her niece's matron of honor.

Mrs. Marie Read has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Vesta Read, to Mr. John F. Partridge, the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Partridge of this city. Miss Read is a niece of Mrs. Rudolph Jordan, Jr., Mrs. Albert Hanks, and Mrs. Cesar Bertheau. Mr. Partridge is a brother of Mrs. Thomas Addis and the Misses Dorothy and Katherine Partridge. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

Major William L. Kneeder, U. S. A. (retired), of Coronado, has announced the engagement of his daughter, Miss Martha Kneeder, to Lieutenant Frank Van Horn, U. S. A. Lieutenant Van Horn is attached to the Seventh Infantry, now stationed at Coronado. The wedding will take place the early part of the year.

Mrs. John Metcalfe of Los Angeles has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Constance Metcalfe, to Lieutenant John Gardiner Whitfield of the British army. Miss Metcalfe is a sister of Mrs. John B. Kaufman and Miss Edith Metcalfe. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel entertained a number of friends at a dinner Thursday evening at their home on Laguna Street. The affair was in honor of Miss Jane Hotelling and her fiancé, Mr. Alfred Swinnerton.

Mrs. Perry Eyre was hostess at a luncheon Tuesday at the Town and Country Club.

Miss Helen Jessup was the complimented guest at a luncheon Wednesday given by Miss Beatrice Nickel at her home on Laguna Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lyman entertained a number of friends at a dinner Thursday evening preceding the dance at California Hall.

Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin was hostess at a luncheon Friday at her home on Steiner Street in honor of her sister, Miss Dorothy Berry, who has recently returned from Europe.

Miss Doris Ryer was the complimented guest at a luncheon Tuesday given by Miss Gertrude O'Brien at her home on Buchanan Street.

Miss Marian Lee Maillard was hostess at an informal dinner Monday evening preceding the dance given by Mrs. Henry J. Crocker and Miss Marian Crocker at their residence on Laguna Street.

The Misses Jolliffe entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Thursday at their home on Broadway in honor of Mrs. Fletcher Ryer.

Miss Marian Zeile has issued invitations to a dinner and theatre party Tuesday evening, December 29, in honor of Miss Leslie Miller.

Miss Marian Stovel was hostess at an informal tea Friday afternoon at her home on Buchanan Street.

Miss Marian Newhall was hostess at a dinner Friday evening at her home on Scott Street preceding the subscription dance at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller entertained a number of friends at a dinner Tuesday evening. Accompanied by their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Miller later attended the dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tufts in honor of their niece, Miss Emelie Tufts, at Century Club Hall.

Miss Era Hermann was hostess at a tea Wednesday afternoon at her home on Pierce Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Seson entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Sunday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Shawn (Miss Ruth St. Denis), who were the complimented guests again later in the afternoon at a tea given by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Havens at their home in Piedmont.

Miss Helen Wright was the guest of honor at a tea Wednesday afternoon given by the Misses Eleanor and Dorothy Manning at their home on Clay Street.

Mrs. Lane Leonard was hostess at a luncheon Saturday at the Town and Country Club in honor of Miss Ruth Walters, who is spending the winter with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Richard A. Clark, at their home in Berkeley.

Mr. Herbert Law entertained a large number of friends at a dance Saturday evening at his home on California Street. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Edward de Witt Taylor.

Miss Marjorie Moon was the complimented guest at a tea Friday afternoon given by Mrs. William Cavalier at her home in Oakland.

Miss Evelyn Van Winkle was hostess at a tea Thursday afternoon, when a score of friends enjoyed her hospitality.

The Misses Henrietta and Alice Harrison Smith gave a luncheon Saturday at their home on Clay Street.

Mrs. Elia Williams and her daughter, Miss Margaret Williams, entertained a number of friends at a dinner Wednesday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Herbert Moffitt was hostess at a luncheon at her home on Broadway Tuesday, when a coterie of friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Miss Marie Louise Harrington was the guest of honor Monday evening at a dinner given by Miss Charlotte Tuttle at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott gave an informal dinner Tuesday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue in honor of the Messrs. Walter and Harold Dillingham of Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. McGregor gave a dinner Wednesday evening at their home on Divisadero Street. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Veit of New York.

Mrs. George W. Gibbs was hostess at a luncheon Friday at her home on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hanchett have issued invitations to a dance Monday evening, December 28, at their residence on Washington Street.

Mrs. Martin Crimmins entertained a number of friends at a dinner Friday evening preceding the masquerade ball at the Officers' Club at the Presidio.

Mrs. John Randolph was the guest of honor at a reception Wednesday afternoon given by Mrs. Ernest G. Bingham at her home at the Presidio.

General John P. Wisser, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wisser gave a dinner Saturday evening at their home at Fort Miley. The affair was in the nature of a farewell, as General Wisser and Mrs. Wisser will sail January 5 for Honolulu, where they will be stationed for two years.

Movements and Whereabouts

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent and Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin arrived Wednesday from New York, where they have been enjoying a few weeks' visit.

Miss Louise Heron has returned from England, where she has been visiting Mrs. Thornburg Cropper.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Bevin Jones and Miss Rhoda Jones have closed their home in San Rafael and are in town for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy have decided to remain East for the holidays, as also have Mrs. S. R. Rosenstock and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, all of whom are established at the Hotel St. Regis in New York.

Mrs. Harold Dillingham arrived Tuesday from her home in Honolulu, joining her husband, who has been here during the past month. They will spend the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther J. Holton are established in their new home at Seacliff. They returned recently from a visit in the East and Canada and were accompanied on their homeward trip by their niece, Miss Eleanor Holton, who will spend the winter with them.

Mrs. John Bidwell has returned to her home in Chico after a two weeks' visit in this city.

Mrs. Harriet Peterson Miller has returned to Santa Barbara after a few days' visit, having come up to complete her Christmas shopping. Mrs. Miller is anticipating the arrival of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Miller, who embarked from their yacht at Panama after a pleasant voyage from New York, and will visit in New Orleans en route to Santa Barbara, where they will spend the holidays with Mrs. Miller at the family home, Earlton Lodge. Mrs. Miller has rented a house on Pacific Avenue, where she will reside after January 1.

Miss Linda Bryan will leave soon after the holidays for the East, where she will spend several months with friends. Miss Lucille Johns is also going East for a visit with friends in Baltimore.

Mrs. J. C. Wilson has returned from New York, where she spent two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. George Barr Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman have taken a house in Montecito, where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. Alan Macdonald has recently been visiting her mother, Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick, in Pleasanton.

Mrs. Hearst departed Wednesday for New York to spend the Christmas holidays with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, and her three little sons.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell and her daughter, Mrs. George H. Howard, returned home Tuesday after an absence of two months in New York.

Mrs. Wakefield Baker, who is in Coronado, will come to town to spend the holidays with her sons, the Messrs. Livingston and Wakefield Baker.

Mrs. Fletcher Ryer and her daughter, Miss Doris Ryer, departed yesterday for Washington, D. C., where they will spend the winter.

A number of friends were at the pier Saturday to bid bon voyage to Judge Arthur Wilder, Mrs. Wilder, and Mr. Walter Dillingham, who returned on the *Manchuria* to Honolulu after extended visits in this city, and to Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore, who will spend the holidays in Honolulu.

Mr. Seward McNear is rapidly recovering from an operation for appendicitis at his home on Green Street.

Mrs. Minerva Glenn and her daughters, the Misses Laura, Carmelita, and Helen Glenn, have returned from Europe and are residing at the Hotel Cecil.

Professor Edward Bull Clapp and Mrs. Clapp have decided to remain six months longer with their daughter, Mrs. Richard Dyer-Bennett, who is residing at the army post in Leicester, England. Lieutenant Dyer-Bennett is at the front with his regiment.

Lady Jordan sailed Saturday on the *Manchuria* for China, where she will join her husband, Sir John Jordan, who is British ambassador in Peking.

Miss Cora Jane Flood has returned from New York, where she has been spending several weeks.

Mrs. Francis McComas has come from Monterey to visit her sister, Mrs. Daisy Parrott Whitney, at her home on Pierce Street.

Mrs. Charles Weller has gone to Bremerton to spend the holidays with her son-in-law and daughter, Lieutenant Earl Shipp, U. S. N., and Mrs. Shipp.

Mrs. Charles R. Johnson is in Raymond, Washington, with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lowe, who will return with Mrs. Johnson in January for a visit of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Haig Patigan are established in their new home on Hyde and Francisco Streets.

Senator Francis Newlands and Mrs. Newlands have gone to Washington, D. C., after an absence of several months, which they spent at their ranch in Nevada with an occasional visit in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Jr., returned Monday from New York, where they have been visiting Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Sr., during the past two months.

Mrs. Edgar J. de Pue and her daughter, Miss Elva de Pue, are expected home next week from

No Christmas Dinner will be complete without

Italian Swiss Colony
Golden State

Extra Dry
California Champagne



Awarded the "Grand Prix" at
Turin, Italy, October, 1911, and
at Ghent, Belgium, July, 1913

At all grocers, clubs, cafes, restaurants and wine dealers

New York, where they have been enjoying a brief visit. En route East they spent a few days with friends in New Orleans.

Mrs. Pelham Ames has been spending the past two weeks with relatives in Yuba County.

Miss Ruth Walters has come from the East to spend the winter with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Richard A. Clark, at their home in Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Veit have returned to their home in New York after a week's visit in this city.

Lieutenant Herbert Underwood, U. S. A., and Mrs. Underwood (formerly Miss Frances Ramsay) are visiting at the home of Mrs. Underwood's parents in Alameda.

General William P. Biddle, U. S. M. C., and

Mrs. Biddle arrived from Washington last Tuesday and are guests at the Hotel St. Francis.

Captain Stephen M. Requa, U. S. A., who has been with the Southern Department of the army at the Mexican border, has returned to visit his family at the Presidio during the holidays.

News has recently been received of the promotion of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Hirst to colonel, Major James H. Frier to lieutenant-colonel, and Captain John H. Parker to major.

Major-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., will spend the holidays with his family at the Presidio. General Funston is on leave from his duties in Texas and has been visiting his mother in Kansas.

Colonel Euclid Frick, U. S. A., and Mrs. Frick have moved from the Presidio and taken the house

For Ladies

162. LADIES' GLOVES—White Kid, Cape or Mocha.....\$1.50

163. LADIES' GLOVES in washable Chamoisette, plain or black embroidered. \$1

164. LADIES' SWEATERS in SILK fibre—any fashionable colors. SPECIAL.. \$7.50

161. LADIES' UMBRELLAS, extra special value (boxed).....\$2.50

168. LADIES' "EVERWEAR" Lisle Hose—THREE pairs in Gift Box.....\$1

169. LADIES' "EVERWEAR" Silk Fibre Hose—THREE pairs (boxed).....\$1.50

170. LADIES' "EVERWEAR" Pure Silk Hose—THREE pairs (boxed).....\$2.25

85. TELEPHONE INDEX in red leatherette.....\$1



99. The "PROMENADE" Vanity in genuine crushed morocco—all fashionable shades—seven of the most fashionable new shapes to select from. All fitted with gold filled fittings with stationary purse. A regular \$8.75 Vanity for this SPECIAL PRICE . . . \$5.25

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You can order by number—We deliver FREE to any part of the United States—Please give second choice.

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The Gift Center

at 2965 Washington Street for the coming two years.

Colonel William Stephenson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Stephenson are coming here from Chicago in February for the opening of the exposition. Mrs. Stephenson was formerly Miss Edith Henrici of this city. Colonel Stephenson is chief of the Medical Corps of the Department of the Lakes.

Lieutenant Norman Bates, U. S. M. C., will arrive here the latter part of this month.

Brigadier-General Clarence R. Edwards, U. S. A., and Mrs. Edwards arrived last Monday from Honolulu on the U. S. transport *Sheridan*. General Edwards is en route to his new command in the Canal Zone.

Captain Carpenter, U. S. A., has taken over his new duties as military attaché of the Exposition. This post was formerly held by Major Sidney A. Cloman, who was transferred to Vancouver Barracks, Washington.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. James Rowland Angell, dean of the University of Chicago, has declined the presidency of the University of Washington. He said there were insufficient funds available to support the university.

Lord Wimborne, who is reported likely to succeed the Earl of Aberdeen as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland early next year, is well known in this country. He brought the winning British polo team to America last summer.

Harry Thornton Moore, imperial Persian consul for San Francisco, has been notified that he has been decorated by Shah Ahmad Shah Kadjar with a civil and military insignia of unique rank, having been made Knight Companion of the Order of the Lion and Sun.

Frau Stella von Turnau, on whom the Emperor of Austria has conferred the Order of Francis Joseph, is the first woman to be so honored. She is the wife of Colonel von Turnau, whom she followed to the front, taking her place in the trenches, where she is said to have fought with distinction. She is a splendid shot and a remarkable horsewoman.

Sergeant-Major William Brewen, whom General Joffre has decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, is a member of the Connaught Rangers, and has served in the British army for nineteen years. He was at the battle of Mons, and later at the battle of

the Aisne, where his conduct under heavy artillery fire gained for him the coveted honor from the hands of the French commander-in-chief.

Dr. Clarence S. Fisher, who is at the head of an Egyptian expedition recently dispatched by the University of Pennsylvania, was formerly connected with Harvard University and has spent about ten years in Egyptian excavation. Under his leadership the Harvard-Boston Museum expedition uncovered the oldest known pyramid, that of Kha-Be, a king of the third dynasty. On his present trip particular attention will be paid to architecture. The work of excavating will begin early next month.

General Benjamin Franklin Fisher, sole survivor of the band of 109 Union prisoners who escaped from Libby Prison in February, 1864, through a tunnel which they dug, now in the genial autumn of life, is living quietly at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. Nearly eighty years of age, he retains his mental vigor, but is practically confined to his bed from rheumatism. Apart from his distinguished services during the Civil War, General Fisher was well known in legal, financial, and real estate circles in Philadelphia until a few years ago.

General Ferdinand Foch, upon whom King George has bestowed the Order of the Bath, is second only to General Joffre as commander of the armies of France. He began as commander of the Twentieth Corps. Through his energy and success he was advanced first to the command of one of the armies in the field and then to a group of armies fighting in northern France. General Foch is a great strategist, and his "Principles of Strategy" is known throughout Europe among military students.

John J. Morgan, on whom the Venezuelan government has conferred the coveted honor "The Bust of Bolivar," was one of the Americans who, in order to further the experiments of the Reed and Carroll military commission in Cuba in 1900, permitted themselves to be subjected to the bites of infected mosquitoes and to the injection of infected blood. It was by means of these experiments that the theory that the yellow fever germ is transmitted by the Stegomyia mosquito was finally and indisputably established. In recognition of his services to mankind in thus aiding science to

The war has enabled the D. Ghirardelli Company to greatly reduce the price of its cocoa, and as a result the public, since October 1st, has shared in this unusual situation.

Growers, unable to sell in the great European markets, find themselves with great stocks of cocoa beans on hand, which they are glad to sell here at lower prices than in years.

The D. Ghirardelli Company has therefore purchased large cargoes of the finest cocoa beans in the world, and is sharing its good fortune with the public.

So now you can buy the famous IMPERIAL Cocoa — Ghirardelli's — at the price formerly asked for the most ordinary makes. IMPERIAL is made, remember, to compete with the finest cocoa in the world.

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See that yours carries it

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Benefit Associated Charities.
The motion pictures, in five reels, of the Yosemite and high Sierras which have been seen at the Savoy Theatre every afternoon and evening this week will be shown for the last times tomorrow—Sunday—which day has been set apart as the occasion of a benefit for the Associated Charities.

Henryk Sienkiewicz, author of "Quo Vadis" and holder of the 1905 Nobel prize for literature, has just been elected honorary member of the Russian Academy of Sciences. The Poles are greatly gratified by the honor thus conferred on the writer, which is generally considered to be a unique one for a Pole.

discover the means to successfully combat one of the greatest scourges known to the world the government of Venezuela has seen fit to confer this distinction on a foreigner.

In Aid of a Worthy Cause.

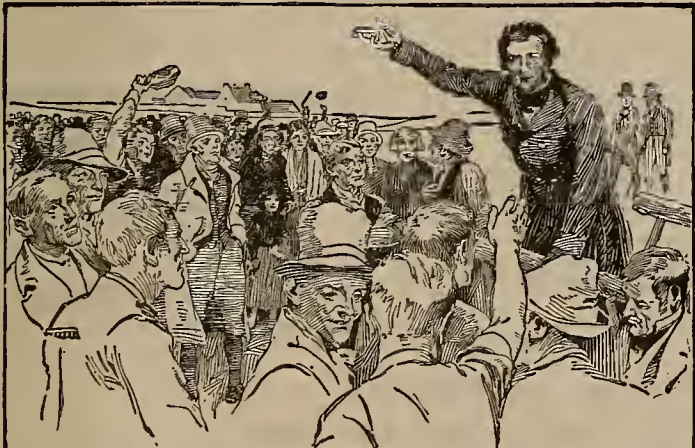
The Occidental Kindergarten Association will hold its annual Christmas festivities in the auditorium of the Cogswell Polytechnic School, on Twenty-Sixth and Folsom Streets, on Tuesday, December 22, at two o'clock. The Occidental Kindergarten Association depends upon its kind friends for donations to make its work and festivities a success, and would be thankful for gifts of money, candy, nuts, fruits, toys, etc. Money is to be sent to the treasurer, Miss Lutie D. Goldstein, 2839 Pacific Avenue, and other donations on or before December 20 to Miss Jeanette Pauson, 2510 Jackson Street.

The home in Wilmington, Delaware, of Lieutenant Thomas Starr King, U. S. N., and Mrs. King has been brightened by the advent of a son.

The forthcoming Panama-Pacific Exposition Midwinter Number of the Los Angeles Times has engaged the constant attention of a large force of writers and artists for more than half a year. This elaborate, comprehensive special edition, which will be issued January 1, will be invaluable not only to every resident of this commonwealth, but to persons beyond the Coast and beyond the seas who are interested in Southern California. The San Francisco and San Diego expositions, and the Pacific Southwest's marvelous resources, wonderful development, splendid opportunities, scenic grandeur, and climatic charm all will be fully, exhaustively, and accurately portrayed. The 1915 Midwinter Number of the Times will be profusely illustrated, have illuminated covers, and consist of six magazine parts, comprising 176 pages.

The play which Mark Twain, writing from Berlin, declared to be the greatest in the German language, may have a production in New York in the early spring. It is "The Master of Palmyra," which is done annually in Berlin and has been for more than forty years. If done in New York Bertha Mann will play the rôle of the girl who enjoys five reincarnations during the period of seventy-five years which the play runs.

The "Iliad of France" was "The Romance of the Rose," which was begun by Guillaume de Lorris and continued by Jean de Meung in the beginning of the fourteenth century. The latter added 18,000 lines to the poem as a sequel.



Daniel O'Connell — "The Liberator"

OLD ERIN has given the world many a genius and many a Lover of Liberty, but none greater than the eloquent O'Connell. This noble Irishman unselfishly devoted every moment of his life to regain the Freedom of his Fatherland. His oratory, because of its flaming earnestness, exercised a powerful influence over the House of Commons and hastened many reforms for Ireland. Daniel O'Connell was the first to realize the irresistible strength of a union of millions of Irishmen, and to this end he labored night and day. Huge mass meetings were everywhere organized throughout Ireland and addressed by the masterful O'Connell. When confident of success and with victory in sight he was arrested and condemned to prison. When liberated his splendid constitution was shattered, but he continued until his dying hour to work and pray for Irish Liberty. It is needless to say that Daniel O'Connell was opposed to any Prohibitory legislation which invaded the Natural Rights of Man. He would no more vote for such tyrannous enactments than will our millions of Irish-American citizens. They know that there is no evil in the barley brews and light wines of their fathers—EVIL ONLY IS IN THE MAN WHO MISUSES THEM. For 57 years Anheuser-Busch have honestly brewed honest beers, and they are proud of the popularity their great brand Budweiser enjoys with those of Irish blood. Our Irish citizens have helped to make our nation among the nations of the world. Seven thousand, five hundred people are daily required to keep pace with the natural demand for Budweiser.

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DENVER & RIO GRANDE
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WORLD

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Harry—Is Jones in business for himself?
Lorry—I guess so. He never advertises.—
Town Topics.

"I hear it was a bad failure." "Very. Even the receivers didn't make anything out of it."—
Cincinnati Enquirer.

Willie—Paw, what is a willowy maiden?
Paw—A skinny girl who has a wealthy father, my son.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"What you need is exercise," said the doctor. "All right," replied the patient. "I'll run up a hill with you."—Town Topics.

"Seven cities claimed old man Homer." "That's nothing," said the swindler, "seven states want me."—Buffalo Courier.

"What's the best speech you heard in Congress?" "The motion to adjourn," replied Senator Sorghum.—Washington Star.

"War is hell," quoted the Wise Guy. "Yes, but it hasn't altogether a monopoly in that respect," added the Simple Mug.—Joplin News.

He—Didn't it ever occur to you that I was in love with you? She—Certainly; haven't you ever noticed me laughing to myself?—Topeka Journal.

Mrs. Flierer (still talking of her European experiences)—My dear, for two whole weeks we were right in the midst of the terrible hospitalities!—Puck.

"Pa, a man's wife is his better half, isn't she?" "We are told so, my son." "Then if a man marries twice there isn't anything left of him, is there?"—New York Times.

Cigar Clerk—Five-cent cigar? Yes, sir; any particular kind? Patriot (from Yaphburg)—Don't show me nothing imported; I'm a strong made-in-America hooster.—Puck.

"You must leave your cane in the coat-room," said the attendant at the art gallery. "What's that?—then what am I going to point at the pictures with?"—Meggendorfer Blätter.

"Woman is like ivy—the more you are ruined the more she clings to you." "Yes," said the cynic, "and the more it clings to you, the more you are ruined."—Livingston Lance.

Machine Politician—I met a man from New York today who says politics there is more crooked than ever. Second Ditto—Well, there's nothing like civic pride.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"I'm not at home to that gentleman, Jane," declared the helle. "You haven't seen his card yet," protested mother. "You don't know who it is." "True; but it isn't the machine I am waiting for. I can tell by the honk."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I don't know how to take this chicken apart," declared the bride. "Well, we tackled an automobile successfully," said the young husband. "We ought to be able to handle a small job like this. Where's the hook of instructions?"—New York World.

Farmer (bursting into the village inn)—What d'ye think, Silas? The bones of a prehistoric man has been found on Jim White's farm? Innkeeper—Great gosh! I hope poor Jim'll be able to clear himself at the coroner's inquest.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

First Cornishmon—What do 'ee think I've a-zeed? Bill Smith strung up in the barn. 'Anged 'ussel! Second Cornishmon—'Anged 'ussel, 'ave 'ee? And what's do? Cut 'en down? First Cornishmon—Cut 'en down? No; 'ee warn't dead yet.—Wroe's Writings.

"I guess we'd better fix up our advertisement for summer boarders right now," said Farmer Cornstossel. "What for?" asked his wife. "I don't want to write anything that aint truthful. There aint any mosquitos now an' the nights are always cool."—Washington Star.

First Countryman—We're doin' fine at the war, Jarge. Second Countryman—Yes, Jahn; and so he they Frenchies. First Countryman—Ay, and so he they Belgians and Rooshians. Second Countryman—Ay, an' so he the Allies. I do be oncertain where they come from, Jahn, but they he devils for fightin'.—Punch.

"I am much hotbered," he said; "I can marry a wealthy widow whom I don't love or a poor girl that I do love intensely. What shall I do?" "Listen to your heart," advised his companion, "and marry the one you love." "You are right, my friend. I shall marry the girl." "Then can you give me the widow's address?"—Judge.

"You may talk as much as you want to," she declared, "but I know that men are wicked than women are. I confidently expect that when I get to heaven I will find the place principally inhabited by women." "I don't doubt it, my dear," answered the man. "That will be your punishment." "Don't be funny. Where will you men be, then?" "We shall be found, as usual—in the smoking-room on the floor below."—New York Post.

MAKE SOMEBODY HAPPY

The glad Christmas season approaches, and it should serve as a reminder to make somebody happy. A good practical way is to make your wife a present of a safety deposit box at the Crocker Bank, where she—and you, too, if you wish—may keep valuable papers, such as wills, stocks, bonds, insurance policies, in addition to articles of jewelry.

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*S. S. Tenyo Maru.....Saturday, Dec. 19, 1914
*S. S. Nippon Maru (saloon accommodations at reduced rates).....Saturday, Dec. 26, 1914
*S. S. Shinyo Maru.....Saturday, Jan. 16, 1915
*S. S. Chiyo Maru.....Saturday, Feb. 13, 1915
*Calls at Manila.

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TWO GREAT 1915

EXPOSITIONS

at San Francisco and San Diego will open on schedule time

There will be

NO POSTPONEMENT

on account of the European War
or for any other reason

Ask each of them to mail a Postal to Some One Else,
and the Mail Man will spread the news

OPENING DATES AND DURATION OF EXPOSITIONS:

Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco

February 20 to December 4, 1915

Panama-California Exposition at San Diego

January 1 to December 31, 1915

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Not one of the 42 exhibiting foreign nations has withdrawn, while three of them have increased their participation.
Seven nations involved in war and five neutral European nations will have their own buildings.

Exhibits from eleven foreign countries have already arrived.
Forty-three of our states and one city are making individual exhibits.
Finally, these exhibitors are spending more money than previously expended in any two other Expositions.

EXPOSITION LETTER DAY—DECEMBER 15TH

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

The Exposition Line—1915—First in Safety

The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXV. No. 1970.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 26, 1914.

Price Ten Cents

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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The New Adjustment of Freight Rates.

Those railroads which are to have the benefit at the hands of the Interstate Commerce Commission of five per cent increase in freight rates are, we doubt not, duly grateful. And we suspect that a public which sees the situation of the roads to be a serious one will not be aggrieved. The method was perhaps the best that could be improvised to meet an emergency, yet very obviously it has the faults which attach to a makeshift. In the practical adjustment of transportation rates there is never resort to what in tariff legislation is called the "horizontal" principle. The practice is for experts to go over the schedule of rates, considering each item separately, with respect to the practicability of getting more income from it. Upon certain classes of freight the rates may profitably be advanced—that is, a higher rate may be charged without curtailing the volume of traffic. Upon others any advance would not be practicable for the reason that the margins are so small that any increased charge would tend to limit or destroy the particular traffic and so end in loss to the railroads instead of gain. On very many schedules, perhaps one-third to one-fourth

of the whole list, railroads would not advance rates if they were free to act upon their own initiative.

The Interstate Commerce Commission, like most government boards, is made up of men selected upon other considerations than those of expert qualification. Your member of commission is more likely to be a lawyer or an ex-congressman than a man of practical experience in transportation; and he is always certain to be a politician. Furthermore, the pay of a commissioner-ship is not high enough to command the services of transportation experts. Such men draw down anywhere from \$10,000 to \$50,000 per year, whereas an Interstate Commerce Commissioner gets only \$7500 per year. The commission as now organized is not competent to undertake a complicated job of rate-making, and even if it had the funds to employ experts it would, we suspect, be little disposed to accept their findings. Almost certainly they would be discounted as the work of men presumably friendly to the railroads. In some other departments—notably in the new banking system—the government employs experts to a greater or less extent, but we have not reached that stage in railroad supervision in which from the political standpoint it may practically be done.

If there were real wisdom in the seats of authority at Washington the Interstate Commerce Commission would be made up of men especially qualified and especially paid. The government ought to imitate the policy of the railroads in disregarding politics and in seeking the most competent men to be had, and then so rewarding them in the matter of pay as to make their service a permanent one. Such men are not easily found, but experience demonstrates that they can be got. The railroads contrive to discover and to command their services. Under such a policy it would be practicable to adjust rates upon a scientific rather than upon a makeshift basis. It would be better all round—better for the government, better for the railroads, better for the interests dependent upon railroad traffic and the contributors to it—that is, the general public.

But the millennium is not yet.

The Mayor and the Fire Commissioners.

One of those pleasing ructions which periodically contribute to the gayety and dignity of our civic life has come with a happy timeliness to prevent the Christmas spirit from leading us to sentimental extremes. It occupies the entire attention of the mayor, has caused a practical suspension of business among the gossips of the City Hall, and of course fills up the newspapers to the exclusion of anything and everything really worth while. The centre of the storm is the fire department. Last week the board of fire commissioners (a body appointed by the mayor and subject to suspension at his hands) dismissed the chief of the fire department, one Murphy, and put in his place one Shaughnessy. Several Mulcaheys, Flannigans, and O'Tooles would have liked the job, but they no doubt will be provided for on the police force. With a municipal election coming on, men with names of the right rhythm are not likely to be overlooked. The motives of the row are obscure. But as we size up what White Hat McCarthy would call the "consciousness of opinion," Murphy is a petty tyrant and Shaughnessy a dodo, a classification which should put both close in with the mayor. This explains why the sympathies of his honor appear with varying irregularity to have been now with one and now with the other.

The fire commission is not what it was some time ago, when it was dominated by two men of character. Messrs. Brandenstein and Hammer. For good and sufficient reasons Mr. Brandenstein resigned membership in the board some months ago. Mr. Hammer refused to do what the mayor wanted done and was, in the happy phrase of the City Hall, "incontinently fired." The board freshly recruited at the hands of the mayor

was made up of nobodies whose names we can not even remember and which if they were in mind would indicate nothing.

Now in theory the board administers the fire department, the function of the mayor ending in selection of its members. Nobody having any acquaintance with the ways of officialism and politics can fail to know what this means, when you have a busy little body like Jimmy Rolph in the mayor's chair. After the manner of little men, he loves to putter about, to meddle, to dictate. At the same time, in any situation calling for positive action, he likes to avoid the appearance of personal responsibility. "It's up to the board," the mayor says in his public utterances. "It's up to you, gentlemen," he says to the board. Then he lets the board know what he wants; and after men of the Brandenstein and Hammer type have been forced out, the mayor rarely has difficulty in getting what he wants.

The mayor, like all trimmers, is a persistent worker under the principle of all things to all men. Therefore when in the course of informal talks between the mayor and members of the commission Mr. Murphy, the fire chief, was sharply denounced, the former appeared to be sympathetic. The board came to the conclusion that Mr. Murphy ought to go; and likewise it had the impression, so it appears, that the mayor would be glad to have him go. So without formal consultation with the mayor the board summarily dismissed Mr. Murphy and brought in Mr. Shaughnessy as above related.

The incident made quite a storm in the little teapot of municipal officialism. The friends of Murphy early got the ear of the mayor and impressed him with the idea that a grave political error had been scored. Then there developed in the mind of the mayor a fine spasm of that species of wrath the main ingredient of which is vanity spiced up with more vanity. By an easy process of self-deception the mayor came to believe that the dismissal of Murphy was an act of insubordination. He called the board of fire commissioners to account and they duly made obeisance, confessed their delinquency, and attempted to smooth things over. But things had gotten into a shape where they could not be smoothed over. Whether they would or no the board found it necessary after a few days of backing and filling to stand by its dismissal of Murphy and its nomination of Shaughnessy. Then the mayor under his official prerogative suspended the members of the board. Under the charter suspended officials must go through a form of trial, and this interesting procedure is now in progress. Its reports fill columns upon columns of the newspapers from day to day and are said by those who have nothing better to do than to read them to afford some entertainment of a cheap sort.

The Argonaut has not thought it worth while to study the case very closely. Murphys and Shaughnessys look too much alike to stimulate active interest on its part. But from suggestions which it has not been able to avoid it gets the impression that the whole matter as it stands is discreditable alike to the mayor and to the board of fire commissioners. It smells of a dozen kinds of impropriety and inspires as many varieties of disgust and contempt. Mayor Rolph's part in the whole matter tends to illustrate the fact that a very small motive may arouse in his breast the passions of wounded vanity and petty resentment. It seems easy to arouse in the mayor almost any species of emotion excepting those of manly dignity and self-respect.

The Stockton Settlement.

The settlement at Stockton appears to be fair all round. The rules governing wages and hours, never we believe at any time in question, remain as before. The employers cancel their rule barring members of labor unions from employment. The unions are to stop boycotting and picketing and consent to work on common terms with independent labor. It is mutually

agreed "that a permanent committee of three from each side" shall be established, to which "shall be referred all questions affecting wages and hours * * *" it being "definitely understood that no drastic action shall be taken by either side" until after such committee shall have considered any difference which may arise, and have rendered its decision.

Now if both sides in the late controversy will accept this settlement in sincerity and abide by it in good faith, there will be peace at Stockton—peace on a reasonable and stable basis. The adjustment is upon a principle for which fair-minded men have long contended—that of the open shop. By the open shop is meant, not a shop in which the employer rules his labor with an iron hand, not a shop in which labor arbitrarily establishes the rules and lays down the law to the employer—not a shop in which either union labor or independent labor holds monopoly. By the open shop is meant a shop in which union men and men without union affiliations may work side by side upon common terms, and under rules and conditions mutually agreed between employers and workmen. It is a shop in which there is no discrimination for or against organized labor or independent labor—a shop in which the laborer is free to affiliate with unionism or hold apart from it.

Practically all the so-called labor troubles of recent years have grown out of denial on the one hand or the other of the principle of the open shop. In some places or in some employments employers have shut their doors against union men with the obvious purpose of holding over their workmen the power which organized capital—for all capital is organized—may exercise as against individuals. The closed shop as thus defined is an easy instrument of that species of tyranny which a selfish employer may exercise over unorganized labor. But there is another kind of closed shop, a shop in which organized labor sets up and enforces the rule that only men affiliated with certain unions may have employment. It is a shop in which monopoly of labor in the interest of its own membership is enforced by unionism. Here is a system which differs from the first in principle only in the fact that arbitrary authority lies, not with the employer, but with the workmen. One system is as bad as the other. It is based in selfishness and greed and inevitably it works out in multiplied forms of injustice. In the first instance it puts the workmen at the mercy of the employer; in the second it puts the employer at the mercy of his workmen. Experience has proved that wherever one or the other condition prevails, either financial selfishness or class selfishness will make onerous conditions.

Nobody now, unless it be some belated survivor of an antique era, denies the right of labor to define the conditions under which it will work, including the adjustment of hours and of wages. Everybody who has given attention to the matter knows that in the competitions of modern life laborers must coöperate if they would command their share in the general results of industry. Capital is another name for organized dollars; labor must organize to meet it. But labor, which may legitimately organize in pursuance of its rights, acquires no special rights through organization. Organized labor goes too far when it claims monopoly of work anywhere at any time, and it inevitably degenerates into criminality when it attempts to enforce this rule by arbitrary processes.

Labor, we repeat, has the right to organize, the right to establish the conditions under which it will operate, the right to quit work singly or collectively when the conditions of work are unsatisfactory. But labor thus coöperative becomes an outlaw when it undertakes to enforce rules and prohibitions upon unorganized labor. The right to strike is indeed a sacred right, resting upon that liberty which is guaranteed to all men; but the right to labor is as sacred as the right to strike, and no man or body of men have the right to say to any man who chooses to labor upon his own contract that he may not do so. Here is where organized labor slips a cog in reason and in morals; here is the point at which it very commonly passes from legitimacy into criminality. And here is the point at which it runs counter and must ever run counter to civil government. Every government worthy of respect and permanently able to command support must protect men who live under it in the simple and primary right to earn their bread. A government which will not or can not do this is unworthy of respect and can not permanently find support. A government which will not or can not do this prac-

tically abdicates its powers. This is why government is and must ever be on the side of the man who appeals from the rule in industry of private association, resting his claim upon his fundamental rights as a citizen.

At Stockton in recent months we have seen government practically in eclipse. The unions, seeking to enforce the rule of the closed or union shop, have resorted to violence. The local organization of merchants and manufacturers, seeking likewise to enforce another form of closed shop, have met the force of unionism with that of "strong-arm" organization. There has been private war at Stockton. Government, as represented by timid officials and a cowardly police, has looked on with a cringing and shamefaced neutrality, if that be the right word for abandonment of duty. The local newspapers under the same inspirations have held to cover. The result has been a state of civil war with wrongs on both sides—the kind of wrongs which always grow out of a situation where selfishness contends with selfishness and where civil authority skulks under its fears. It would be easy to say that one side was more wrong than the other; the truth is that both were wrong, because the contention of each was for a practice in violation alike of economic and social justice and of the written law.

If neither side has won an absolute victory, if both have made concessions, the outcome is all the better for it. It establishes the condition as related to the man who earns his living with his hands in conformity with the fundamental rights of citizenship. In the open shop it erects on the one hand a bulwark against the selfish employer and on the other against the monopoly of organized labor. It cuts both legs from under that species of tyranny which would enslave the workman or penalize the employer. Best of all it has set up a tribunal which ought to be able to adjust promptly and righteously any future differences which may arise. It is truly a good outcome—a better outcome than might have been expected in view of the incidents of the past half-year.

This settlement at Stockton clearly points the way for other communities where the contentions of labor or about labor tend to social and industrial confusion. Industry and prosperity can not be sustained under conditions of chronic warfare, nor under a condition of patent injustice. San Francisco supplies an illustration. Here organized labor has established a practical monopoly in industry. It rules in every line of our industrial life and it is riding San Francisco to her industrial ruin. Capital will not venture here in any enterprise which calls for the coöperation of labor, because it will not submit to the tyranny of an organized and exhilarated selfishness. So our industries are few and fewer. Automatically they take flight to Los Angeles, to Oakland, to Stockton, or some other place where fairer conditions prevail. If there be anybody to doubt this statement, let him contrast the conditions of industry in San Francisco a few years back and at the present time, then let him look over the rising industrial districts of Los Angeles, Stockton, or the east shore of San Francisco Bay.

The settlement at Stockton, we repeat, points the way to San Francisco. It is a way consistent with right principles, a way tending to justice all round, a way calculated to create here and hold here a large industrial organization and a large and self-respecting working population. And there is no other way. If the surrender which we have made to a selfish unionism shall be confirmed and sustained we shall ultimately destroy San Francisco in her industrial character; and in the doing of it we shall suffer that profound moral deterioration which falls upon a community when it puts aside the standards of community self-respect and tamely submits to injustice.

Secretary of War Garrison.

In the President's Address to Congress and in the Annual Report of the Secretary of War we have a pretty sharp clash of opinion between the head of the government and a member of his cabinet. On Monday Mr. Wilson elaborated the theory that a limited number of tin soldiers is all that is required for the protection of the country. On Tuesday came Secretary Garrison with a careful analytical statement demonstrating the absurdity of the President's reasoning. If Mr. Garrison had prepared his report as a direct answer to the presidential Address it could not

have been more to the point. And Garrison gets away with it, so to speak.

The incident serves to emphasize perhaps the most interesting personality in the cabinet. Mr. Garrison was trained as a lawyer, and finished off his professional career as vice-chancellor of New Jersey. Jersey retains the ancient chancery court system of England, and administration of this court calls above all else for the exercise of common sense. A chancery judge deals with much else besides law texts. His decisions are based upon considerations of abstract justice. Mr. Garrison won distinction as a chancery judge, distinction so marked as to gain for him an invitation into the cabinet by a President with whom he had no personal acquaintance. In the cabinet Mr. Garrison has been his own man.

The job of the Secretary of War is to run the army. Mr. Garrison, therefore, after the manner of a conscientious and methodical man, began in the first day of his official life to study the army. His basic theory was—and is—that the country wants an army, else it would not have one. What sort of an army does the country want? Searching back into history Mr. Garrison found that after the disastrous battle of Camden George Washington wrote to the President of Congress, "What we need is a good army, not a large one." Mr. Garrison could find no better text than that. All right, he said to himself, we want an army. We want a good army, not a large one. We want it to the end that we may keep from getting whipped if ever we get into war. Then Mr. Garrison asked himself what were the chances for war. Once more he delved into history and a study of world conditions, and he came to the judgment that wars are incidents that no man can foresee. Especially they are apt to come to a democracy. Democracy is a sort of hair-trigger mechanism; as often as otherwise it goes off at half-cock, as in the case of the Spanish-American war. But a real war would be something more serious than that little picnic. Concluding that war was a possibility at almost any time, Mr. Garrison investigated further. He found that all our wars have been outrageously costly in lives and money and pension rolls, simply because the country has never been prepared.

Now bear in mind Mr. Garrison came into the war office absolutely open-minded as to military matters. He was no militarist. He was simply a man accustomed to putting his mind on a problem and working it out on a common-sense basis to a common-sense conclusion, and willing to abide by the findings as they presented themselves to him. So after fitting himself for judgment in the matter Mr. Garrison put into a terse, logical, and reasonable report his conclusions as to the military needs of the country—the Annual Report submitted last week. The fact that his judgments were at variance with the President's ideas was a bit annoying, but to a mind like his the thought of warping his views to meet the President's was impossible. He would as soon have thought of changing a decree in chancery. He knows he is right and that is all there is to it. There is his judgment; take it or leave it! He is on the job. If he is not a satisfactory Secretary of War the President has only to hint to him and there will be a vacancy. And to his credit be it said, the President appreciates Mr. Garrison and gives no hint. Despite the prattle of his Address the President knows that it would be impossible to find any other man so fit for the work of the War Department as Mr. Garrison. He will not let him go.

Naturally Secretary Garrison has little in common with Secretary Bryan of the State Department or Secretary Daniels of the Navy Department. He leaves them alone. He attends strictly to his own business, keeping out of the limelight, saying only what he thinks he has the right to say, saying it definitely and mixing in no controversies. And—this is the judgment of the best soldiers in the service of the government—he has brought the army to a higher state of preparedness than it ever was in before. Of course it is too small, too scattered, inadequate, but what there is of it is in fine shape. No body of men under arms anywhere was ever better prepared for war than the little group now down on the Mexican border.

"Blue Paper" of the Gridiron Club.

The "Blue Paper" is the title of a pamphlet issued by the Gridiron Club of Washington purporting to give a transcript of "correspondence relating to the cam-

paign preceding the outbreak of hostilities on November 3, 1914, and the fatalities incident thereto, with other pertinent matters." From this pamphlet we excerpt the following pertinent paragraphs:

PENCE to HOUSE.

Oct. 3—We need money. Can't you shake down Wall Street? Use any pretext, but get the coin.

PALMER to PENCE.

Oct. 6—Send all the money you can or Pennsylvania will go Republican. Don't send any more speakers.

TUMULTY to BRYAN, DANIELS, and GARRISON.

Oct. 7—Keep out of Pennsylvania.

ROOSEVELT to PINCHOT.

Oct. 9—Will help you out after I capture Kansas for Murdock, Indiana for Beveridge, Illinois, for Robbins, and Ohio for Garfield. What is Penrose doing?

PINCHOT to ROOSEVELT.

Oct. 10—Penrose spending money like drunken sailor. Can you tap Perkins?

ROOSEVELT to PINCHOT.

Oct. 11—Have tapped Perkins. He sounds empty.

BURLESON to PALMER.

Oct. 11—Have tapped House. Nothing doing.

COLONEL HARVEY to COLONEL WATTERSON.

Oct. 12—Have seen Wilson. Something doing if we do the right thing.

WILSON to WATTERSON.

Oct. 13—May I venture to invite you to luncheon to discuss matters of mutual interest in which I trust we may cooperate to the advantage of all concerned?

WATTERSON to WILSON.

Oct. 15—I shall be delighted to take luncheon with you, having heard from Colonel Harvey that there is really something doing.

BRYAN to GERARD.

Oct. 14—A cable from you transmitting large campaign contribution will not necessarily be construed as an infraction of rules of diplomatic propriety.

GERARD to BRYAN.

Oct. 18—Thanks for opportunity to contribute to glorious cause. Have cabled funds to McAdoo to be spent exclusively in my behalf.

CANNON to LONGWORTH.

Oct. 17—Things look better. Roosevelt has just been speaking against me.

WATTERSON to HARVEY.

Oct. 17—What the (deleted by censor) does Wilson want to see us for? Mark reply personal.

DANIELS to WILSON.

Oct. 21—Have been speaking in Connecticut. Democrats will win tremendous victory.

PHELAN to JOHNSON.

Oct. 22—Will double-cross Curtin for governor if you will double-cross Heney for Senate.

JOHNSON to PHELAN.

Oct. 23—You're on.

HENEY to JOHNSON (after election).

Nov. 5—xxx!!!!d-d-h-h-b-xxx!!!!d. (Deleted by Gridiron censor.)

MURPHY to TUMULTY.

Oct. 26—I resent suggestion that President Wilson's personal popularity is winning this election for Glynn and Gerard. Glynn and Gerard are Tammany men and it is that fact that is putting them over. The President is not an issue.

TUMULTY to MURPHY.

Oct. 26—President is the issue in New York, as everywhere. He should not be denied this credit.

MURPHY to TUMULTY (after election).

Nov. 4—You were right. The President was the issue.

O'GORMAN to ROOSEVELT.

Oct. 27—How do you keep a son-in-law from grabbing all the family limelight? Rush recipe.

T. R. to O'GORMAN.

Oct. 27—Stay out of the Senate and send your son-in-law to Congress.

MORGAN to PERKINS, HOUSE, and WOODS.

Oct. 25—If you need a little sweetening for the campaign, let me know. I am a stalwart—Progressive, Democrat, Republican—(strike out words not used) and I am anxious to help. How would a check for \$50,000 feel?

PERKINS to MORGAN.

Oct. 25—Your telegram reads like a bugle call for social justice. Rush check.

HOUSE to MORGAN.

Oct. 25—The constitution of peace calls for hearty cooperation between the Democratic party and big business. Your telegram shows keen appreciation of our efforts to do what is right. Rush check.

WOODS to MORGAN.

Oct. 25—Greatly appreciate your offer, old man, but they're watching us.

T. R. to PINCHOT (after election).

My word, Gifford, quit sending me returns. I've had enough. The Lord help others when Penrose helps himself.

TAFT to ROOSEVELT.

Nov. 4—I have been licked only once, so I don't know exactly how you feel, but I am reconciled to the outcome.

HAM LEWIS to PHELAN.

Nov. 5—I rejoice in the intellectual discernment of the electorate of your glorious Golden State in sending you to vitalize and adorn our Senate. Pulchritude and personality, if I may say so modestly, have today only one representative there. I congratulate my future colleague.

PHELAN to LEWIS.

Nov. 5—My modest attainments are but as the candle to the violet ray when compared with your Jove-like perfection. I shall bask in the effulgence of your presence, my dear Gaston.

SUNDY LAME DUCKS to WILSON.

Nov. 4—People of my district vindicated your Administration by electing a Republican in my place. I am now free to accept the best office in your gift, which I think is the Federal Trade Commission. However, anything else will do.

WILSON to SUNDY LAME DUCKS.

Nov. 5—May I give myself the pleasure of thanking you for your kind message? Am leaving care of disabled to a later day.

For the benefit of those not familiar with political terms, there is added to the "Blue Paper" a glossary, from which we make these excerpts:

Ananias—Ancient politician; hence, any public man.

Cannon—Ancient weapon used by Illinois Republicans in killing hull moose.

Daniels—Author of the famous song, "Water, Water Everywhere, and Not a Drop to Drink."

Duck, Lame—A curious bird notable for its ability to dance the one-step toward the public crib.

Dry—Then take a drink!

Double Cross—Short method of arriving at results in politics. *Election*—Process whereby politicians put one over on the people. *Fair Weather*—Prediction which invariably brings blizzards on Inauguration Day.

Flapdoodle—Complimentary term used in describing political speeches.

G. O. P.—Nearly extinct monster, favorite habitat Wall Street.

H—Initial letter of word commonly used to describe politics or war.

Mann—Strategist who organizes Republican defeats in the House. *November*—Month allotted to explanation as to how it happened.

Neutrality—Arrangement between Wilson and Bryan to expire in 1916.

Ohio—Wet nurse of Presidents.

Progressives—(See Obsolete.)

Penrose—Notorious political boss sentenced to the U. S. Senate by 500,000 outraged Pennsylvanians.

Q. T.—Political antithesis of D. T.

Reputation—Something you lose when you run for office.

Regular—What plutocratic Republicans call themselves.

Truth—An inadvertent statement of fact.

Trust—New Jersey invention for facilitating indictments.

Uplift—Last resort of a politician who can not break in.

Y'lla—Mexican Patriot and horse thief.

Watterson—The Finnegan of friendship.

Wilson—That's all.

Yawp—(See Congressional Record.)

Zero—Democratic temperature November 4th.

Minor Washington Matters.

There are some things that even a Secretary of the Navy may not do. He may make a fool of himself by decreeing that certain men in the service of the United States government may not sing some particular song, but decreeing is one thing and making it go is quite another. They do say that now wherever two or three "jackies" are gathered together they sing "Tipperary" even with higher gusto than before the famous order was given. But this is not all, if we may believe the *Washington Post*. It is told in the columns of this veracious newspaper that down at the Newport News training station one night last week there was a "cotton ball" at which the society of half a dozen Southern states was represented. There were anywhere from 2000 to 10,000 persons present—all dancing. There were electric lights, big palms brought all the way from the Amazon, with cockatoos singing their native songs in the branches of their native palms and fountains splashing and a band playing—the crack marine band in its red uniform. When everybody was poised for the dance, with the Honorable Josephus Daniels and his wife at the head of the line, the band started up—"Tipperary." It was played with a vim, and it was played three times over. And when it was done Mrs. Daniels, who seems to have the humor as well as the sense of the family, led in a hearty laugh in which everybody joined.

Secretary Bryan appears to be applying to other things the same brand of moral eccentricity which he illustrated so interestingly in making grape-juice the official tipple of the State Department. If we may duly credit a Washington dispatch of last week to the *New York Tribune*, dancing is among the things tabooed by Mr. Bryan. The story goes that at a reception of the Southern Commercial Congress at Washington last week Secretary and Mrs. Bryan stood as the official sponsors. The handshaking was well under way when the swish of skirts and the rhythm of tripping feet indicated that the "one-step" was being duly performed. Mr. Bryan cocked his head to one side and listened. Then he turned to one of the leading members of the commercial congress and remarked, "I was not apprised of the fact that there was to be dancing here tonight. I do not think it was understood that such was to be the case." Very soon thereafter Mr. and Mrs. Bryan took their leave and left the throng to revel in its wickedness.

When Mrs. Marshall, wife of the Vice-President, first moved over to Washington from Indianapolis her gowns and her manners were of a simple and rustic cut. But under the expansive influences of official life she has bloomed out as a paragon of fashion. Now the wife of the Vice-President—there being no wife of the President—moves at the head of the procession. The other day the Congressional Club, a club made up of the women of Congress, had a house-warming in their very handsome new clubhouse on Sixteenth Street. The ladies of the reception committee were duly lined up to receive the guests. Enter Mrs. Marshall, beautifully gowned. In her hands were a pair of knitting needles, some gray yarn, and the heeled-in end of a sock for the suffering Belgians. Then she proceeded down the receiving line, nodding graciously to the ladies, all the while diligently knitting.

"Some one ought to speak to her," one of the ladies whispered.

"You do it"—this to one of the officers of the club,

a woman of mind and attainment who has a habit of speaking frankly and who detests pose.

"I can't," she replied.

"Why not?"

"Because I can think of only one thing to say."

"What's that?"

"I want to say, 'Dammit, woman, don't make a fool of yourself,' but the rules of the club prohibit swearing."

Truly this is a cruel world to the beaten politician! When the House Committee on Appropriations presented its legislative, executive, and judicial appropriation bill the other day it was found that there had been cut out the allowance of \$1800 per year given to Victor Murdock for an extra clerk. Murdock as leader of the Progressive party in the House had been accorded this extra clerk, party leaders always being allowed more clerks than common congressmen. The committee, a bit crassly, explained that the job of leading the Bull Moose in the House is not a very serious thing and that next year, when the herd will be reduced to seven, it will amount to almost nothing. Hence in the interest of economy and as a species of official declaration that the Bull-Moose party is no longer a factor in Congress out goes Murdock's extra clerk. Incidentally the same committee went through the usual performance of cutting down the mileage. This time it made the cut from twenty cents a mile—the traditional allowance—to five cents. Of course the Senate will restore the twenty cents, per arrangement. It is the customary thing.

The House Rules Committee has grown weary of being the buffer in the matter of prohibition and woman's suffrage amendments and has decided to put both questions, in whatever form they may come up, before the House for a vote. In consequence a good many congressmen even in this severe weather are sweltering in their own sweat. A vote on prohibition or woman's suffrage is the very last thing that the average congressman wishes to give. Almost without exception the idea in Congress is to dodge the making of a record on these questions. It is not that it troubles the average congressman to vote against his convictions. Nobody these days cares much about that. The main study of each congressman is to vote the way his constituents want him to. Most of the time they guess right. But it is among the curiosities of politics that constituents have a habit of kicking out a congressman who listens too eagerly to their wishes. And every now and then there bobs up in public life a man who has the nerve to stand by his convictions and talk back to his district, and when he does his district invariably thinks the better of him for it.

It is believed at Washington that if national prohibition should get before Congress in anything like reasonable shape it will stand a fair chance of going through—at least in the House of Representatives. The general idea among congressmen is that prohibition is coming and that they would better get into line. This means that Congress will probably vote to submit a prohibition amendment to the Constitution. After which we will have about the nastiest national campaign we have ever had. Woman's suffrage stands on another basis. Politically it has always been safe for a congressman to be a suffragist. It gains him something in the way of favor on the part of the suffrage enthusiasts, and usually it costs him nothing, since nobody on the other side cares enough about it to harbor resentment. Probably the proposal will be pretty generally voted for on the part of Northern congressmen. The Southerners will probably be against it. All questions of suffrage are delicate in the South, and it is the common opinion that extension of the suffrage to women would complicate the negro problem. Keeping the men away from the polls is not now the pleasantest of jobs, and it would be still more complicated if the ballot were extended to the women.

In South Dakota the automobile has been found a great success as a prairie dog exterminator. A piece of hose slipped onto the exhaust conducts the gases into the dog hole for a few minutes, when the hole is covered with earth. That is enough for the dog.

Colombia, with an area of 500,000 miles and a population of 5,000,000, has less than 700 miles of railroads in operation. There are thirteen different lines, the shortest eight miles long and the longest ninety-two miles.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.

Last week it was suggested in this column that the German claim to a great victory in Poland was premature, and that it would be well to wait for the precise geographical information that would enable us to use our maps. This view has now been confirmed alike from Berlin and from Petrograd. The Berlin authorities have thrown a dash of cold water upon the popular rejoicings by a heavy discount upon the news from the Polish front. They say that Russia is by no means crushed, and that her army is still vast and dangerous. Petrograd is still more definite, as might be expected. The army headquarters speaks of "malevolent reports," denies that there has been a German victory, and asserts that the retirement was due to well-considered strategic reasons. At the present time the Russian army occupies a battle front fifty miles long on the east bank of the Bzura River and thirty miles from Warsaw. Petrograd also asserts that the German army coming southward from East Prussia has been driven back, and that the Austrian advance through the Carpathians has been checked.

None the less the fact remains that the Russians have retired and the Germans are fully entitled to claim that this is a victory, just as much as the Allies were entitled to claim a victory when their enemies fell back from the Marne to the Aisne. But victories are to be judged by their fruits, by the extent to which they bring the victor nearer to his object. It is true that the Germans are somewhat nearer to Warsaw, but they are not at Warsaw, and there is a large and heavily entrenched army between them and their objective. Moreover, it may be repeated that the main object of the German advance in the centre is to relieve the pressure upon Cracow, and current reports show that the pressure has not been relieved. Przemyśl is still besieged, and Cracow is still threatened. There is another Russian army to the north of Lowicz on the Vistula, and the Russian authorities are still confident that they can hold their foes away from Warsaw and that their present position is a highly favorable one. The situation, therefore, so far as essentials are concerned, is practically the same as it was before the German victory at Lodz and Lowicz. If the Germans are to reap the fruit of their victory they will have to disperse the army that is in front of them, pierce the Russian lines, and menace Warsaw so effectively that the Russian forces in the south will be compelled to fall back from Cracow. Whether they can do this will be determined by the battle that is now in progress on the banks of the Bzura River.

Some surprise has been expressed at the unexpectedly small size of the Russian army so far as we have any indications of what its size actually is. Probably the fact of the matter is that the Russian mobilization is not yet completed, perhaps not nearly completed. Russia is a big country. Her railroads are few and bad. The troops have to be brought from immense distances with their guns and horses. Equipment and ammunition is a constant problem. It is of no use to send troops into the field without equipment, and Russia's resources in this respect are inadequate, and she can obtain supplies from the outside only over the Trans-Siberian Railroad, which is quite a long way around. Germany relied from the beginning upon Russia's unpreparedness, and although this reliance was largely shattered by the bad luck of the Germans in the west it is still a factor. Russia is certain to grow stronger day by day, and this can hardly be said of Germany.

The German strength is still more uncertain. Let it be remembered that Germany can transport men from Flanders to Poland in forty-eight hours, and that her splendid railroad system enables her to move them rapidly north and south when they get there. She can move strong forces from one point to another in Poland with great speed, and therefore it is evident that mobility is a capital substitute for numbers, and especially against an enemy that has numbers but not mobility. But Germany reinforces her army in Poland at the expense of her army in Flanders, and probably the railroad journey across Germany is now a familiar experience to many of her men. If she is strong in Poland she is weak in the west, and vice versa. If Russia had performed no other service to the Allies than to hold a great German force in Poland, that service would be of the most signal kind. A decisive German success in Poland might easily mean the liberation of troops for the west that might turn the tide of battle all along her western line. At the same time we may be sure that when troops are withdrawn from the west they are selected from those points where the fortifications are the strongest and consequently where the men are the least needed.

In fact it is the formidable nature of the Russian activities that accounts for the present forward movement in the west. That there is a forward movement is now evident, but we may be equally sure that it is only a presage of what is to come. We read of substantial advances in the north, but as these are from dubious sources we may for the present disregard them. The English, who are holding the northern line, are perhaps doing no more than keep in firm contact with their foes, shelling them actively, and rushing a few trenches here and there wherever the chance presents itself. Along the sea coast they are more favorably situated, since the British warships can take an effective hand in the game with their big guns. But that there will be a great frontal attack on the German lines for the present we may well doubt. It would be too costly of life, and General Joffre is said to be extraordinarily miserly in this respect. Well-manned trenches defended by wire entanglements are almost impregnable except by sheer weight of numbers. The policy of the Allies is evidently to keep the

Germans busy everywhere, so that there shall be no concentration on whatever point may be ultimately selected for a definite attack.

When the advance comes it will probably be in the direction of Metz with coincident pressure on the German lines in the north in order to check the sending of reinforcements. In spite of a particularly rigid censorship on the news from this part of the field it is evident that the French are there in considerable force, and that they have been steadily gaining ground around St. Mihiel. Now a direct threat against Metz would not only have a marked moral effect, but if it were in any way successful it would be a direct menace upon the German communications, and would certainly demand a falling back of the whole line from Metz westward to Noyon. Of one thing we may be certain. What has been called the deadlock in the west is near its end. The strain is too great to be sustained. An army of invasion that is making no progress is obviously accomplishing nothing, and in the very nature of things it must be weakening. But a defensive army in its own country must certainly be growing stronger. There must now be very large French forces that are not accounted for anywhere on the battle line, and it is significant that there are rumors from Paris of a great force somewhere in the vicinity of the capital, a force that must certainly have its mission. Estimates of the number of men in the field are usually guesswork, but after making all allowances for a strong French army in the direction of Metz, for the thin line along the main front, and for some considerable force in the north, it would seem that there are still large French armies unaccounted for. But the actual moment for the advance may still be in doubt even to the commanders themselves. Whenever they act it will be in some sort of unison with the Russian forces in the east. It will be at some time when the mighty pendulum that swings from Flanders to Poland is arrested.

There have been many rumors that the German fleet is being refitted with fifteen-inch guns in place of its twelve and eleven-inch, and that this is the reason why no formidable sea movement has been attempted. It is a matter on which the layman would do well to be silent, but we may note an article by Mr. Fred T. Jane, the naval expert, which appears in *Land and Water*. Mr. Jane says that it would certainly be possible to substitute a lesser number of fifteen-inch guns for the smaller guns now on the ships, but that it would take years to do this, that it would cost an enormous sum of money, and that it would probably be a failure. Mr. Jane even goes so far as to throw doubt on the existence of the seventeen-inch guns of which we heard so much. The Germans, he thinks, rely far too much on the psychological effects of what they do and say. It was doubtless for its psychological effect that the recent raid on the British coast was carried out, but although it did produce a psychological effect, it was quite the reverse of the expectation. It had no effect in changing the British naval dispositions, it produced no public demand for the retention at home of troops intended for Belgium, and it resulted in a rush of applications to the recruiting sergeants unequalled since the beginning of the war. The sole debit entry against Great Britain was some two hundred civilians dead and wounded. The credit entry was many thousands of new soldiers.

The dum-dum bullet continues to be an object of curiosity and recrimination. Germany accuses the Allies, and is accused by the Allies, of the use of a missile that is supposed to produce peculiarly dangerous wounds, and these charges are exactly matched by the denials which come not only from the governments involved, but from the manufacturers of the cartridges, who say that they have never made dum-dum bullets and have no mechanism for making them. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that they have been made at all. The *Technical World Magazine* of Chicago explains that the modern bullet consists of a core of lead and tin composition surrounded by a jacket of cupro-nickel or cupro-zinc. Now while these bullets preserve a straight course during the greater part of their flight they are liable to "key-hole" as the speed diminishes, and this is due to the fact that the base of the bullet swings in a wider circle than its own circumference. Naturally the result is a tearing wound. Key-holing may also be due to an imperfection in the shape of the bullet which causes it to lose its equilibrium. It is also liable to keyhole when it strikes an obstacle, such as a buckle or a bone. But the soldier himself can turn the ordinary bullet into a dum-dum by the simple expedient of rubbing its point on a stone or scratching it with his bayonet, with the result that the lead core breaks through the weakened point and spreads or mushrooms in the body. But why should a soldier do this except from sheer devilry? Simply because he finds that a clean bullet wound will not stop the enemy who is then rushing at him with the bayonet, but that a mushrooming bullet will do so from the crushing force of its impact. And in case we are apt to feel somewhat self-righteous in this matter the expert who writes in the *Technical World Magazine* says: "As a matter of fact this was done so often in the Philippines that the commanding officer of every company examined every individual cartridge on every individual soldier at morning inspection, to see that none had been tampered with. And a few hours later you could see many an enlisted man patiently sandpapering his cartridges so that the jacket point would be worn to such thinness as would effect 'mushrooming upon impact.' The soldier who is anxious to avoid a bayonet thrust under his fifth rib is not likely to worry much about Hague conventions—nor indeed will any one else for that matter."

The Brooklyn *Eagle* prints a cartoon which shows the god of war as displaying the following attractive announcement

as a stimulus to enlistment. It is an apt commentary on the discussion of dum dum bullets and the ethics of the battlefield:

ENLIST!
HUMANE—WAR—CIVILIZED
ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS
SCIENTIFIC BULLETS
SMALL, CLEAN WOUNDS
NO SMASHING OR SPLINTERING OF THE BONES
PAINLESS SHELLS
(You Never Know What Hit You)
WIDOWS' PENSIONS
SKILLFUL AMPUTATIONS
RED CROSS IN ATTENDANCE
HOSPITALS ALWAYS OPEN
FREE TOBACCO AND WOOLEN SOCKS!
DECORATIONS GIVEN AWAY!
ENLIST!

Here is a not extravagant parody on some current official war bulletins: "In spite of the enemies' overwhelming numbers they were not able to prevent our retreat."

Mr. Herbert Corey, acting as special war correspondent of the New York *Evening Globe*, describes some of the social amenities that exist between the British and German trenches when they are close enough for communications. He tells us that a daily dinner armistice is agreed upon between the men, and that the trenches are then emptied of their occupants, who exchange greetings and badinage. The evenings are often spent in mutual entertainment by means of music, the Germans providing the melody and the British the applause. The Germans are said to sing "Tipperary" much better than their enemies, and they sing it by request. Sometimes the German band parades in full view between the trenches and is always willing to oblige with any particular melody, the British songsters displaying a similar complaisance. Frequently the men exchange rations, the Germans being very tired of sausage, and the British being equally weary of tinned beef. A four-pound sausage for three tins of beef is the usual rate of exchange. The big guns and the rifles usually cease work with dusk, it being too dark to aim, and then the concerts begin. There has been no record of any rude interruptions to these concerts, although sometimes a shell from a distant battery may break in abruptly. Upon one occasion in the Argonne Forest the Germans ceased fire for an hour at the request of the French, whose dying lieutenant was tortured by the noise. The courtesy was duly acknowledged, and the Germans were notified when the death of the lieutenant had removed the little obstacle. Such incidents have a certain grim humor, but they seem to intensify the tragedy of a war that, at least to this extent, is waged without hate.

The duties of a civilian in case of invasion seem to be by no means clearly understood, and just at the present time they are being debated with some natural interest in England. Mr. H. G. Wells announces his intention to procure a rifle in the event of a raid upon England and to do what damage he can whether in uniform or out of it. Whereupon he has been solemnly warned that by so doing he will expose himself to execution in the event of capture, and that he is likely to lead into similar danger any one who follows his example. It has been understood in Belgium that any civilian found with arms is liable to be summarily shot, and there is no doubt that a great many have been so shot, as well as all other occupants of the house from which the bullet has come. The actual state of international law on this point may be left to the international lawyers, but in the meantime it is interesting to note a sentence from the Berlin *Forwards* which says that "German law expressly requires German civilians to attack and harass an invader by every form of night and secret attack."

SAN FRANCISCO, December 23, 1914.

SIDNEY CORYN.

Sugar was not known as an article of commerce among the Greeks, and it is not mentioned in the Bible, showing that it was not known to the Hebrews. The sugar cane is believed to have grown wild in India, and while no reference to sugar can be found to 300 A. D., there is no doubt that the juice of the cane was in use long before that period. The art of evaporation of the juice to a solid substance is an Indian invention of about the seventh century, and was spread all over the then known world. The Arabs and Egyptians prepared candy at an early date by recrystallizing the sugar obtained from the pressed cane. The introduction of the use of sugar into Europe was largely due to the Crusaders, who acquired a taste for it when they were in the Holy Land. On their return home their demand for it resulted in creating a market for it in Venice. It was not long until the sugar cane was cultivated in all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, and the industry flourished up to the fifteenth century. After the discovery of America, the Spaniards and Portuguese, and later the Dutch, French, and English, introduced sugar cultivation into their colonies in the West Indies and South America. By the introduction of slave labor, which was practically unknown in Christian countries prior to the fifteenth century, it became possible to produce sugar in large quantities, so that it ceased being a costly product used only by the rich, and became cheap enough to be an article of common consumption.

Although New York lies entirely outside of the coal-producing area, it was the first state in which were built by-product ovens, which save the gas, tar, and ammonia.

HIS FIRST BATTLE.

Aliochine Awakens to the Horror of It All.

The stars had gone out; dawn reddened the horizon; the air was warm, perfumed; the birds chirped in the grasses. A fresh breeze fanned the heavy eyelids of Aliochine as he lay disturbed and restless in a half sleep.

Presently he roused himself abruptly, threw himself into the saddle, and looked about him.

To the right a foggy curtain concealed the spectacle, the fresh killing about to begin. Directly in front of the advancing army rose to the menacing front of the Turkish fortresses; in the distance, on the side toward the east, the snowy summits of Alaguez and Ararat sparkled under the fires of the coming sun like two great emeralds.

"How beautiful," began Aliochine, but the smile on his lips quickly vanished at sight of the ambulance corps in the wake of the batteries, with its litters swinging low.

The dazzling spectacle of the morning was gone from him in a moment, his lips trembled, his heart contracted with bitter pain.

"I, too, shall soon be dead!" came anew the haunting thought; "those same litters, those silent bearers, will carry me, as pale, as motionless as the others!" and he felt a great pity for himself, for his youth, for the brief happiness allotted him on the earth.

"It will be finished today," thought he, "everything—today!" but he instantly thrust from him the cowardly thought which all at once seemed to have seized upon him.

Was it not by his own desire he had gone to war? He had hurried even to be in time for the taking of Kars, and now—Aliochine turned his eyes from the train of litters to the left of the hill and the black mass of the advancing army.

Before his battery marched the gallant regiment of Radolski. It moved slowly, almost noiselessly. The faces of the men were pale and lined with fatigue, but tranquil. Two young officers at the head of the regiment were talking together; one of them seemed to laugh.

Aliochine rubbed his eyes and looked again at these officers. Were they laughing? Yes—laughing joyously. A wave of fiery courage flowed instantly to his heart. What, after all, was there so frightful in war and battle? See! how clear and blue the heavens, how brilliant the sun, how gay these young officers, and how tranquilly marched that intrepid army corps, now blackening the road, now shining in the gathering light!

At this instant a courier—an adjutant by his dress, begrimed with smoke and powder, his horse covered with foam—dashed up to the battery. He panted for breath; he was soaking with sweat, and his restless eyes literally protruded with excitement. In a second he was surrounded—questions rained upon him. Zaitzev and Litvinof, the captains of the battery, caught him by the arms.

"The battle! the battle!" they cried; "tell us how goes the battle!"

"Badly," stammered the courier; "Kisil-Tapa taken by the enemy, the Illitski regiment cut down, Generals Karovich and Golinski killed, Colonels Tetraloff and Varinski and Prince Dabenoff wounded, and God knows how many more made prisoners!" And, having delivered this encouraging information, the courier set spurs to his horse, and they saw him in the distance in the grasp of the second regiment, shaking and waving his arms with despairing gestures. He was giving them the same particulars.

A feeling of anger and shame swept like a flame through all the battery.

"Forward, march!" sharply commanded Litvinof to the line, which had instinctively halted, his habitually grave and measured tones bitter and irritated.

"Forward, march!" repeated Zaitzev after him, with still more irritation.

Aliochine said not a word; but his heart throbbed wildly under a weight of emotion, and he asked himself, like all the others: "My God! what is going to happen now?"

And, as if in answer to his question, a horrible spectacle at the moment unrolled before his eyes—a grizzled dragoon, urging on with difficulty his jaded horse, spurred beside the battery, carrying on the crupper of his steed the still warm but headless body of a comrade. The bleeding neck, the blood-stained uniform, the hanging hands—would Aliochine ever be able to forget them!

"It begins," he thought, "it begins; the moment approaches!"

By the side of the battery a wounded horse now struggled painfully, dragging a mutilated leg and leaving in the dew-wet grass a trail of smoking blood. The eyes of the intelligent animal turned upon them so piteous and appealing a glance that Aliochine was amazed to see that no one save himself even noticed the patient creature, silent and abandoned.

"Trot!" commanded Litvinof, and the battery, obeying, swept with the roar of thunder across field and meadow, past the awful spectacle of the provisional ambulance surmounted by the Geneva Cross, surrounded by a groaning, formless heap of human bodies.

"Forward, faster!" leaving behind them a pallid foot-

soldier, sleeping solitary and alone in the midst of the fields and the waving grass.

"Forward still!" and on through a deep and rocky ravine, a battalion of sharpshooters, a fresh heap of motionless bodies, into a thick cloud of smoke that curtailed the hideous picture of war. They saw nothing, but the earth resounded with the moans and cries of a furious battle.

Aliochine had been in camp only two days. An orphan from infancy, brought up in the military school of St. Petersburg, he took his vacations at the house of his grandmother on the Isle of Vassili. He was a good scholar, marched well, would soon have been able to take his place in the Imperial Guard, his heart's desire at first. But war had come; he had wished to go to the front, and they had attached him at his own request to the artillery of the Caucasus.

"Battery halt!" rose the voice of Litvinof. They stopped with a dull rumble, a heavy shock.

"What is it now?" demanded Aliochine of a soldier near him, with a vague presentiment of something terrible.

"It is the wounded, lieutenant; they are bringing them in."

Rising in his stirrups, he saw them, black spots in the distance, growing larger and larger, till the lugubrious procession began to pass the battery; the cortège headed by an old man, a sabre-cut in his neck, his shirt unbuttoned, around his throat the red circle of a gaping wound. His eyes were staring; a low groaning came from his laboring lungs. Behind him was a handsome conscript, shot in the breast, a red wave spreading across his bosom, his young face of a mortal pallor, the blood leaping like a fountain with every step. On a litter lay a young sub-officer; in place of an arm he had but a bleeding remnant of flesh and cloth.

"God!" thought Aliochine, "a few minutes more, and I may be thus!"

And he moved aside to give room to something carried in a bloody cloak.

"The major!" cried a voice from the ranks.

"What battalion?"

"The third."

His own battalion, his own major, who had received him so cordially on his arrival in camp! Could that be the major's face?—that distorted countenance, bluish, covered with spots of coagulated blood, the mustaches stained red, the kind eyes wide and staring, and seeming to say to him reproachfully: "Ah! it was you who wished to know war! Very well, you have seen it—do you admire it?"

The major passed; new corpses and new wounded followed him, pale visages, fading glances, dismembered bodies—but Aliochine saw only those two glazing eyes which had smiled on him but yesterday, which looked at him today with mute reproach.

"Second battery! where is the second battery?" cried at his ear a despairing voice.

Roused from his lethargy, Aliochine turned and saw an orderly whom dust and sweat had made black, hurriedly talking to Commandant Litvinof. He caught but the closing words—"to the death—hold it!" and the orderly, like the courier, was gone, straight at the hill into the flying shells, to lose himself in a cloud of smoke.

At the same instant a shell burst behind the battery, and the neighbor to the right of Aliochine was numbered with the dead.

"Advance!" cried the voice of the commandant.

"Advance! Advance!" the officers repeated.

"Advance!" cried Aliochine, his soul suddenly fired with a desire for vengeance—the bestial instinct of destruction; his step unflinching, as he, too, mounted the fatal hill.

At first he saw nothing; he was stunned by the thunder of the battery, intoxicated by the odor of blood and powder which filled the air. But gradually the vision cleared, the smoke on the plain had scattered—before him was the black front of the Kisil-Tapa belching flame.

The Turks maintained their advantage with stubborn heroism; the Russians battled to regain it with furious courage, while behind the one and in front of the other the blazing circle of the Russian artillery toiled to position—indomitable, formidable, and guarding with menacing mouths the daring madmen who sought to climb those inaccessible rocks—who did climb them to the infernal music of the cannons and guns, and a ceaseless chorus of cries and human groans uniting in a hymn of merciless devastation.

To the left of the hill long black lines crept patiently and courageously—the attacking columns. One of the lines crawled faster than the others; echo repeated a far-away hurrah; a white cloud rose above the crest of the rock—and the black line, broken into little particles, glided rapidly down the flank of the hill to vanish in the smoke of the plain.

Soon the smoke died away; another line replaced the routed one; another discharge, new losses, and yet without a pause and with singular constancy, more human heings crept upward to encounter the same death.

On the other side of the hill, from the smoky plain, more lines and broader ones crawled as steadily toward the Kisil-Tapa—cavalry lines closing in to the attack, and beyond them, farther still, to the right of those emerald summits, crowned now with smoke clouds, the tender blue of a cloudless heaven.

"And this was war! This was battle!" and like a

flash there came before Aliochine's memory, recalling the picture before him, war and battle as charted on the blackboards of the military school; platoons of soldiers in symmetrical squares, the infantry exactly aligned, the cavalry aligned beside them; the artillery aligned behind the cavalry, everything correct, exact, and neat as a new pin. Only, the professor forgot to mention in his eloquent and daily explanations that his well-shaped squares were made up of human lives, and that interesting battles poured out rivers of human blood.

The squares were not regular, nor the infantry aligned in the scene before Aliochine's eyes, and they moved without symmetry across that bloody plain.

"Halt!"

The command ran through the battery.

Aliochine reined in his horse and looked about him. They had stopped abruptly. In front Litvinof explained something to the gunners, pointing to the horizon. Other officers advanced before their divisions, gesticulating with anger.

Until then Aliochine had not seen how his platoon was formed. He turned about and scanned the faces of his soldiers. Young men, all of them, and mostly recruits like himself. He regretted that all this had come so soon—he did not know the name of even one man in his company.

At his elbow stood a handsome stripling. Aliochine bent toward him: "Your name?" he asked.

"Attention, men! To the carriages!" rang the voice of Litvinof, before the lad could answer; and though his voice was clear and unhurried as when he left the camp, the battery knew that the commandant was preparing a decisive move. A prayer, ardent though mute, rose from every soul.

"Advance, men! March!" again cried Litvinof, waving his sword above his head like a battle-flag. "Advance, men! March!" repeated the young voices behind him, for now the commandant on his bay horse was far ahead of them, the swaying battery thundering at his heels, obedient, courageous, heroic.

The fort of the Kisil-Tapa had disappeared, and before them smoked the murderous rock of Alagi.

"To place, first piece!" roared the voice of Avalof, platoon's captain. Aliochine leaped to the ground, tossed his reins to a soldier, and sprang for position. A grenade from the enemy whistled shrilly by his ear.

"God is merciful; it missed me!" he murmured, instinctively.

But the first was followed by a second grenade, then a third, a fourth, a dozen, too many and too fast to count them—a hail-storm of balls, a veritable rain of fire—and, sooner even than he had thought, the battery was crushed, scattered, pulverized.

Pale, trembling, but keeping his self-command, Aliochine gave his orders, always by the side of the cannon, around which the Turkish balls hummed and sang.

"How goes it with you now, my lad?" cried a voice at his side—the voice of Litvinof, gentle and caressing in its tone, to his brave young officer; "how goes it with—"

But Litvinof did not finish his sentence; he had fallen forward, face downward, with outstretched hands.

Aliochine sprang to lift him, but in place of Litvinof he saw before him a mutilated trunk, some tatters of flesh, clothing, and blood.

"Second captain in command take charge!" cried Avalof, who had seen the tragedy, and thus called Zaitzev to Litvinof's duties.

And all this while the enemy continued the carnage; three of the pieces were entirely dismounted and reduced to uselessness. Men and horses fell like flies, and the battery, with half of its gunners gone, its ammunition exhausted, and helpless under the shots of the victorious enemy, was extinguished like a taper. Three men only of the battery's complement remained by the eighth cannon.

"Fire!" began Aliochine, but stopped suddenly; the gunner had thrown himself on the ground, writhing and twisting like a serpent.

His right hand had gone with that last screaming ball.

No matter—the gunner of the seventh was at his post, on his knees by the wheel, but when Aliochine approached him he, too, seemed to be sleeping, so calm and peaceful was his dead face.

Behind him again the lad whose name he had asked lay groaning on the ground, his breast plowed by a shell.

It was too much; Aliochine's nerves began to give way; he moved as a machine would move; his strength was going; exhaustion and a dull indifference weighed him down, and did not leave him even when an orderly, sent by the artillery chief, arrived beside him with orders to retreat.

"Retreat! Retreat, battery!" cried the orderly, with frantic gestures; "to the rear!"

Aliochine found himself now in a ravine, but not that wide ravine where the battery had awaited the convoy of wounded; no, it was a smaller gorge, narrower, walled in, and as yet unoccupied.

He listened; shots still resounded heavily, but in the distance. He was out of danger—he had done his duty—he still lived!

"I am alive—alive!" he repeated, inwardly, with the indescribable sensations of a man in whom suddenly extinguished life revives and quickens his being. He

gazed about him; the battery had stopped, and the men prepared for action.

"I am alive! I live!" he murmured again; "but Litvinof and those poor soldiers who climbed that murderous hill in the face of that hellish fire—" And a thrill of shame mingled with his gladness that he, so young and without a family, should have come from the conflict safe and sound, while useful, mature lives had gone out like candles.

Here and there in the ravine groups of soldiers, with pale, saddened faces, lay stretched on the ground. Beside them a jaded horse cropped wearily the sun-browned grass.

Poor beast! how tired it looked, and how tired Aliochine felt, and how suffocatingly warm! Oh, for a drop—a single drop of water!

He staggered, his eyes closed, his strength exhausted, he fell on the burning earth.

How long had he lain there? He did not know.

"Mr. Officer! Mr. Officer!" the voice was at his ear.

He opened his eyes; a hand held out to him a brimming pannikin of muddy water and two hard biscuits. The face of a soldier smiled at him, the face of a boy. He turned to thank him—the boy had disappeared.

Stretched on his back, his hand under his head, Aliochine sought sleep; but sleep fled from him; his excited brain saw naught but horrible visions—a bleeding neck, a mutilated, dismembered trunk, and fading, sunken eyes. Killing men was truly a wicked act; war unworthy of humanity.

"Boom—boom—boom!"

The cannonade, which had ceased for a moment, had begun anew. Aliochine anxiously regarded Zaitzeff and his poor soldiers, in each tortured heart but a single prayer: "My God, when will all this end?"

Meanwhile the shots grew louder, the heat more insupportable; the sun, which had reached its zenith, hung like an incandescent spot in the midst of the dazzling firmament.

The killing had begun anew!—Translated from the Russian of Tcheyloff.

HIS NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

The Love of a Woman Passeth All Understanding.

Though it was yet afternoon the studio was like twilight. The reflecting colors of pictures, the red restfulness of a divan, the stained curtains for models, the disorder hinting a thousand temperamental hours, the blotched floor, the elegance become interesting and tawdry, an atmosphere which suggested the lingering of moments—it all seemed apart from the day outside, from the north light peering above a half-rolled blind.

The artist-occupant sat examining some drawings. He was strongly built, in his early thirties, not handsome, but with eyes remarkable for their glance. His face had a brooding, sensitive quality. The drawings, impressions in wash and crayon, which he went over slowly and of which there were scores, presented an art that only few have been capable of. He had caught character and life in a thousand moods and stories, had done it with that intimacy which can not be defined. He finished the drawings with something of a sigh, then with something of a smile as his eyes dwelt on a picture set on an easel. Slowly his face filled with mocking satire. The painting was that of a young woman done with almost irradiance. It seemed to portray, not flesh and blood, but the thousand things of feeling which the blood served, the throbbing music which is played on temperament. The character was conceived and translated poetically, but its very nuances were striking because of the grasp of the artist. Yet did one fancy it—did the smile on the lips change with an indefinable stain to what was coarse and light even as you looked at it? Had Hastings's repeated gloatings of satire wrought this subtle difference in a thing done so tenderly? Or had his brush unintentionally brought out beneath everything the feminine eternal that would not be denied, in the flux of bloom shown the nestling worm? In the varied mystery of life in which nothing dies, where perhaps even thoughts become colors of flowers, who can know or dispute anything?

It was New Year's Day and the afternoon was melting away. Hastings threw himself on the couch and for a long time rested, regarding the painting with a changing aspect. The grayness of a thousand days seemed to settle over him, of drifting and not caring, yet carrying downward with him that gift supreme, of knowing that beauty was the necessary dream, but that the world and woman always made of it a lie, that truth could be spoken of only after money. He could think in those terms and yet he did not altogether. His need to appreciate was too strong. In art, at least, he could follow life in every tone, however deeply and personally he understood its irony. But he was no longer sure that he cared to follow it. The laugh and bitterness of the intervals must increase. He would become a dilettante, glorious perhaps, but careless. And he would be careless, that was the worst of it. At any rate he could color desuetude with a bright aspect, could gamble like a good fellow what was left. He would not appear hard-hit.

At this point he invariably added a postscript to his thinking. If she had only cared for the other man. He could bear that and have gone on. But, after many

times previously confessing her love for him, she had stood there that day they had parted four months ago and stated so business-like and with smug, immovable philosophy: "A woman must marry money these days for her own sake." Coming from her, it was unimaginable and left him flat. He could not point out that she had much money of her own, that for him success must come very soon, and that it was his greatest hope she would wait for him. She already knew these things as she knew that he loved her. He had made no answer to her because there was none. Her statement killed even the thought that she was being coerced. If she had only left it possible for him to think beautifully of her. Nothing else mattered quite so much as that. And yet he did think beautifully of her in spite of everything, though he could not but think in the terms of her own statement last. But it was "all in the game." A man must laugh at those things, whatever the laugh did to him. He was facing another year today, that was all, and her marriage to the other man took place that night.

A black cat came out of the corner, washing its face in the centre of the room. A homeless kitten, it had appeared the first day she had come, stealing in the door at the time of her departure. He had kept it as an omen of good luck and more. That was something like nine months ago, if such time could ever be reckoned by calendar. She had told him then that she was a model, but had refused to pose for him without drapes. Who she really was he had found out weeks later. It was too late then, for he had fallen in love with her.

There was a knock at the door and he went to open it. Stanton, the editor of a powerful weekly, entered. He stalked around the room as one with something to unload, and, at length, flinging himself on the couch, proceeded brusquely:

"Hastings, you're an awful ass, and because it was New Year's I dropped in to tell you about it. Ten weeks ago your picture won highest honors at the London exhibit. Two weeks later you repeated in the Metropolitan with another picture. But you have not been acting like a successful man, but to the regret of your friends, like a sloth and a fool. A couple of the boys have seen you beastly drunk. You have shut yourself away from every one and everything. You are being reviewed by every important journal in the country, and yet you mope around as though you were your own lackey. There are one or two of us have begun to think it is a woman. We do not know of any woman, but that cursed portrait is always sitting there. And I do believe the thing lives."

Hastings laughed a little. "It is purely fanciful," he said, "not really a portrait. And, of course, it is absurd to think of a woman in the matter. I suppose that I have not been quite well. Let us have a drink, because it is New Year's."

"I'll be damned if I will, Hastings. I believe you have been drinking too much. I have got to go now. I just turned in for a minute. But do not forget what I have said."

"I will not forget, Stanton; and thanks for your interest. We can not sometimes explain ourselves to ourselves."

After Stanton had gone he took out his watch. It was five o'clock, and she was to be married at nine. He would sit in the rocker and go to sleep. He would waken probably about twelve and know that it was all over. He would have a sandwich first and put the decanter of claret beside him. Claret always had a tendency to make him sleep, particularly if he put a little sugar in it. He did these things, but it took him hours to drowse off, and only after he had turned the portrait on the easel.

It seemed but minutes had passed when he awoke. Of course he knew that he was not awake, that he was dreaming. Some one was weeping softly on his shoulder, caressing his hair. Only one woman on earth had that aroma of person. If anywhere in the world he found one of her hairs and touched his cheek with it he would have known to whom it belonged. Then her eyes, penitent and wet with tears, came around, slowly meeting his. With a start he realized that he was awake. He held her, looking at her as something to marvel at. She explained it all in a whispered breath. "I could not do it, Paul," she said. "I ran away from them, from them all. Will you—will you marry me now, dear—to-night?"

He looked and saw that she wore a wedding gown.

"There never was a minute when I would not," he replied.

BILLEE GLYNN.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1914.

In Missouri a considerable amount of road material is obtained from the tailings of the concentrating mills at the zinc mines. This material, which is put on the market as "chats," consists of small angular fragments of chert and limestone. The zinc companies are very glad to get rid of this waste material, which is loaded on the cars by the railroads of the district at a cost of about six or eight cents a ton. It makes more than ordinarily good roads and is widely distributed all through the Middle West.

Of two million sheep annually grazed in the State of Utah more than a million are on the national forests, or, including lambs which are fattening for market on the forest ranges, over a million and three-quarters.

OLD FAVORITES.

Hymn for the New Year.

Come, let us anew
Our journey pursue—
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear:
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone:
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.
O that each, in the day
Of His coming, may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do."
O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!"
Enter into My joy, and sit down on My throne!"
—Charles Wesley.

The Death of the Old Year.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
Toll ye the church-bell, sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the Old Year lies a-dying.
Old Year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You live with us so steadily,
Old Year, you shall not die.

He lieth still; he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend and a true true-love,
And the New Year will take 'em away.
Old Year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old Year, you shall not go.

He frothed his humpers to the orim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I have a mind to die with you,
Old Year, you must not die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New Year, blithe and hold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro;
The cricket chirps; the light burns low;
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands before you die,
Old Year, we'll dearly rue for you;
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone,
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door. —Alfred Tennyson.

Winter Pleasures.

Now winter nights enlarge
The number of their hours;
And clouds their storms discharge
Upon the airy towers.
Let now the chimneys blaze
And cups o'erflow with wine,
Let well-tuned words amaze
With harmony divine!
Now yellow waxen lights
Shall wait on honey love,
While youthful revels, masques and courtly sights,
Sleep's leaden spells remove.

This time doth well dispense
With lovers' long discourse;
Much speech hath some defence,
Though beauty no remorse.
All do not all things well;
Some measures comely tread,
Some knotted riddles tell,
Some poems smoothly read.
The summer bath his joys,
And winter his delights;
Though love and all his pleasures are but toys,
They shorten tedious nights.—Thomas Campion.

The Uinta Mountains of Utah, included within the Wasatch, Uinta, and Ashley national forests, should become a favorite recreation region, because of the many small lakes within depressions scooped out by glacial drifts. Seventy such lakes can be counted from Reid's Peak, and one particular township, thirty-six miles square, contains more than a hundred.

Virginia uses more wood for boxes and crates than any other state, followed by New York, Illinois, Massachusetts, and California, in the order named.

ABROAD AT HOME.

Julian Street Tells Us of His American Ramblings, Observations, and Adventures.

Mr. Julian Street has decided to see America. In point of fact he has seen America, and the present book is the result. He says that for some time he has decided to travel over the United States, not exactly as a tourist, but as a kind of privateer with a roving commission. He dislikes to have a definite purpose and prefers to amble without a destination and as the spirit moves him, so to speak. When he told his New York friends of his purpose they tried to dissuade him, it being the conviction of the New Yorker that any man who goes to any other place than Europe or Palm Beach must be either a fool who leaves voluntarily or a criminal taken off by force. There is therefore no orderly sequence about Mr. Street's journeyings. We merely find him in various places and we ask no questions:

When I had bought my ticket and moved along to count my change there came up to the ticket window a big man in a big ulster who asked in a big voice for a ticket to Grand Rapids. As he stood there I was conscious of a most un-New-York-like wish to say to him: "After a while I'm going to Grand Rapids, too!" And I think that, had I said it, he would have told me that Grand Rapids was "some town" and asked me to come in and see him, when I got there—"at the plant," I think he would have said.

As I crossed the marble floor to take the train I caught sight of my traveling companion leaning rigidly against the wall beside the gate. He did not see me. Reaching his side, I greeted him.

He showed no signs of life. I felt as though I had addressed a waxwork figure.

"Good-morning," I repeated, calling him by name.

"I've just finished packing," he said. "I never got to bed at all."

At that moment a most attractive person put in an appearance. She was followed by a redcap carrying a lovely little Russia leather bag. A few years before I should have called a bag like that a dressing-case, but watching that young woman as she tripped along with steps restricted by the slowness of her narrow satin skirt, it occurred to me that modes in baggage may have changed like those in woman's dress and that her little leather case might be a modern kind of wardrobe trunk.

My companion took no notice of this agitating presence.

"Look!" I whispered. "She is going, too."

Stiffly he turned his head.

"The pretty girl," he remarked, with sad philosophy, "is always in the other ear. That's life."

Mr. Street finds material in the conversation of his fellow-passengers, and indeed who could not? He deserves no credit for that. He overhears the man in the smoking-car who assures his companion that if he will only wear a union suit he will "never go back to shirt and drawers again," and the other promises to try it. There were two other men of Oriental aspect who talked factory talk, and then one of them deviated into anecdote:

"I was going through our sorting-room a while back," said the one nearest the window, "and I happened to take notice of one of the girls. I hadn't seen her before. She was a new hand—a mighty pretty girl, with a nice, round figure and a fine head of hair. She kept herself neater than most of them girls do. I says to myself: 'Why, if you was to take that girl and dress her up and give her a little education you wouldn't be ashamed to take her anywhere.' Well, I went over to her table and I says: 'Look at here, little girl; you got a fine head of hair and you'd ought to take care of it. Why don't you wear a cap in here in all this dust?' It tickled her to death to be noticed like that. And, sure enough, she did get a cap. I says to her: 'That's the dope, little girl. Take care of your looks. You'll only be young and pretty like this once, you know.' So one thing led to another, and one day, a while later, she come up to the office to see about her time slip or something, and I jollied her a little. I seen she was a pretty smart kid at that, so— At that point he lowered his voice to a whisper, and leaned over so that his thick, smiling lips were close to his companion's ear. The motion of the train caused their hat brims to interfere. Disturbed by this, the raconteur removed his derby. His head was absolutely bald.

Perhaps it was well that the raconteur lowered his voice. We all know those bald-headed men with Oriental aspects.

Mr. Street found that it was not well to ask people what was the matter with their respective cities. In fact it was dangerous. They think you are either a lunatic or a criminal, and probably both:

Ask a Kansas City man what is wrong with his town and he will probably attack you; and as for Los Angeles—! Such a question in Los Angeles would mean the calling out of the National Guard, the Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary Club, and all the "boosters" (which is to say the entire population of the city); the declaring of martial law, a trial by summary court-martial, and your immediate execution. The manner of your execution would depend upon the phrasing of your question. If you had asked: "Is there anything wrong with Los Angeles?" they'd probably be content with selling you a city lot and then hanging you; but if you said: "What is wrong with Los Angeles?" they would burn you at the stake and pickle your remains in vitriol.

It takes some courage to visit Battle Creek, at least for persons whose ideas of human nutriment are of the usual and unhysterical kind. Mr. Street knew nothing of Battle Creek except from the breakfast-food packages, but he found a guide, philosopher, and friend in Miss Buck, who keeps the station news-stand. Miss Buck is also a reception committee and an information bureau:

After purchasing some stamps and post cards as a means of getting into conversation with her, we asked about the town.

"How many people are there here?" I ventured.

"Thirty-five," replied Miss Buck.

"Thirty-five?" I repeated, astonished.

Though Miss Buck was momentarily engaged in selling chewing gum (to some one else), she found time to give me a mildly pitying look.

"Thousand," she added.

The "World Almanac" gives Battle Creek but twenty-five thousand population. That, however, is no reproach to Miss Buck; it is, upon the contrary, a reproach to the cold-hearted statisticians who compiled that book. And had they met Miss Buck I think they would have been more liberal.

"What is the best way for us to see the town?" I asked the lady.

She indicated a man who was sitting on a station bench near by, saying:

"He's a driver. He'll take you. He likes to ride around."

"Thanks," I replied, gallantly. "Any friends of yours—"

"Can that stuff," admonished Miss Buck in her essay, off-hand manner.

On his way to California Mr. Street visited various obscure places, such as Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis, and Kansas City, and his descriptions will be an un-failing delight to those whose business confines them within the frontiers of civilization. He reaches San Francisco somewhere toward the end of the book, and he tells us that he had pictured it as "a city of gayety, gold money, twenty-five-cent drinks, flowers, Chinamen, hospitality, night restaurants, mysterious private dining-rooms, the Bohemian Club, open-hearted men and unrivaled women—superb, majestic, handsomely upholstered, six-cylinder, self-starting blondes, with all improvements, including high-tension double ignition, Prestolite lamps, and four speeds forwards and no reverse." This is what he expected, and with some slight exceptions, this is what he found.

Mr. Street discovered that San Francisco is not actually on the earthquake belt. He feels bound to adopt the positive opinion of the scientists in this respect, and he believes that the earthquakes themselves will be so bound, and that there is no danger except perhaps from the visit of some irresponsible, renegade quake which is not a member of the regular organization:

As to San Francisco's "touchiness" upon the subject there is this much more to be said. A cow is rumored to have kicked over a lamp and started the Chicago fire. An earthquake kicked over a building and started the San Francisco fire. People do not refer to the Chicago fire as the "Cow." Why then should they refer to the San Francisco fire as the "Earthquake"? That is the way they reason at the Golden Gate. But however that may be, the important fact is this: the Chicago fire taught that city a lesson. When Chicago was rebuilt in brick and stone, instead of wood, another cow could kick over another lamp without endangering the whole town. The same story is repeated in San Francisco. The city has been magnificently reconstructed. Another quake might kick over another building, but the city would not go as it did before, because, aside from the fact that the main part of it is now unburnable, as nearly as that may be said of any group of buildings, the most elaborate system of fire protection has been installed, so that if, in future, water connections are broken at one point, or two points, or several points, there will still be plenty of water from other sources.

As an outsider, in love with San Francisco, who has yet had the temerity to mention the forbidden word, I may perhaps venture a little farther and suggest that it is time for sensitiveness over the word "earthquake" to cease.

One rumor concerning San Francisco restaurants appealed to the author's sinful literary imagination. He had heard that these establishments resembled those of Paris inasmuch that the proprietors did not deem it necessary to stipulate that private dining-rooms should never be occupied save by parties of more than two:

Of one of these restaurants, in particular, I had been told the most amazing tales. A taxi would drive into the building by a sort of tunnel; great doors would close instantly behind it; it would run onto a large elevator and be taken bodily to some floor above, where the occupants would alight practically at the door of their clandestine meeting-place—an exquisite little apartment, decorated like the boudoir of some royal favorite. If it were indeed true that such a picturesquely shocking place existed, I intended—entirely in the interest of my readers, you will understand—to see it; and honesty forces me to add that I hoped, with journalistic immorality, that it did exist.

One night I went there. True, the conditions were somewhat prosaic. It was quite late; my companion and I were tired, but we were near the end of our stay in San Francisco, and I insisted upon his accompanying me to the mysterious café, although he protested violently—not on moral grounds, but because he is sufficiently sophisticated to know that there is no subject upon which exaggeration gives itself *carte blanche* as it does when describing gilded vice.

The taxi did drive in through a kind of tunnel—a place suggesting coal wagons—but there were no massive, silent doors to close behind it. Passing into an inner court, which was like an empty garage, it stopped beside a little door.

"Where is the elevator?" I asked the taxi driver.

"In there," he answered, indicating the door.

"But," I complained, "I heard that there was a big elevator here, that took taxis right up stairs."

"There ain't," he said, succinctly.

The San Francisco booster excites the author's unqualified admiration. He thought he knew all varieties of the breed, but he was undeceived. It remained for the San Francisco Exposition to show him a new specimen, the most amazing, the most appalling, the most unbelievable of all: the booster who talks like a book. Mr. Street tells us that he became uneasy after the first few minutes and when his guide had spoken not more than two hundred and fifty or three hundred thousands words. Turning to his traveling companion, he saw that his former drowsy look had given place to one of wild alarm:

By the time we reached the fair grounds I had become so perturbed that I hardly knew where we were.

"Stop here," I heard our captor say to the chauffeur.

The car drew up between two glorious terracotta palaces. Directly ahead was the blue bay, and beyond it rose Mount Tamalpais in a gray-green haze. Our custodian arose from his seat, stepped to the front of the tonneau, and turning, fixed first one of us and then the other with a gaze that seemed to eat its way into our vitals. Through an awful moment of

portentous silence we stared back at him like fascinated moths. He raised one arm and swept it around the horizon. Then of a sudden he was off:

"Born a drowsy Spanish hamlet, fed on the intoxicants of man's lust for gold, developed by an adventurous and haronial agriculture, isolated throughout its turbulent history from the home lands of its diverse peoples, and compelled to the out-working of its own ethical and social standards, the sovereign City of San Francisco has developed within her confines an individuality and a versatility equaled by but few other cities, and surpassed by none."

At that point he took a breath, and a fresh start:

"It mellowed the sternness of the Puritan and disciplined the dashing Cavalier. It appropriated the unrivaled song and pristine art of the Latin. Every good thing the Anglo-Saxon, Celt, Gaul, Iberian, Teuton, or almond-eyed son of Confucius had to offer, it seized upon and made part of its life."

Another breath, and it began again:

"Here is no thralldom of the past, but a trying of all things on their merits, and a searching of every proposal or established institution by the one test: Will it make life happier?"

As he went on I was becoming conscious of an overmastering desire to do something to stop him. I felt that I must interrupt to save my reason, so I pointed in the direction of Mount Tamalpais and cried:

"What is that, over there?"

His eyes barely flickered towards the mountain, as he answered:

"That is Mount Tamalpais, which may be reached by a journey of nineteen miles by ferry, electric train, and steam railroad. This lofty height rears itself a clean half-mile above the sparkling waters of our unrivaled bay. The mountain itself is a domain of delight. From its summit the visitor may see what might be termed the grand plan of the greatest land-locked harbor on the Pacific Ocean, and of the region surrounding it—a region destined to play so large a part in the affairs of men."

"Good God!" I heard my companion ejaculate in an agitated whisper.

The infliction went on through two interminable hours. Interruption served only to open other flood-gates, and it was found best to try to cultivate a state of inner numbness and to let his voice roll on:

Sometimes I fancied that I was becoming passive and resigned. Then suddenly a wave of hate would come boiling up inside me, and my fingers would itch to be at the man's throat: to strangle him, not rapidly, but slowly, so that he would suffer. I wanted to see his tongue hang out, his eyes bulge, and his face turn blue: to see him swell up, as he kept generating words, inside, until at last, being unable to emit them, he should burst, like an overcharged balloon.

Once or twice I was on the verge of leaping at him, but then I would think to myself: "No; I must not consider my own pleasure. If I kill him it will get into the New York papers, and my family and friends will not understand it, because they have not heard him talk."

Somehow or other my companion and I managed to survive until lunch time, but then we insisted upon being taken back to the St. Francis. He did not want to take us. He did not like to let us escape, even for an hour, for it was only too evident that several five-foot shelves of books were still inside him, eager to get out.

At the door of the hotel he said: "I could stop and lunch with you. In that way we would lose no time. Ah, there is so much to be told! What city in the world can vie with San Francisco either in the beauty or the natural advantages of her situation? Indeed there are but two places in Europe—Constantinople and Gibraltar—that combine an equally perfect landscape with what may be called an equally imperial position. Yes, I think we had better remain together during this brief midday period at which, from time immemorial, it has been the custom of the human race to minister to the wants of the inner man, as the great bard puts it."

"Thank you," said my companion, firmly. "We appreciate the offer, but we have an engagement to lunch today with several friends who are troubled with bubonic plague and Asiatic cholera."

Mr. Street was much pleased because the telephone operator at the St. Francis always called him by name when arousing him at the desired hour in the morning. As a rule he does not feel cheerful at the moment of arising, but the personal note contained in the morning greeting helped to make him feel alive and happy at the beginning of the day:

Every night after that I left a call, whether I really wished to be called or not, just for the sake of the "good-night," and the "good-morning" with my name appended. For it is very pleasant to be known, in a great hotel, as something more than a mere number.

I said to myself, "That morning operator has learned from the papers that I am here. She has probably read things I have written, and is interested in me. Doubtless she boasts to her friends: 'Julian Street, the author, is stopping down at the hotel. I call him every morning. He has a pleasant voice. I wish I could see him once.'"

Because of modesty I did not mention this flattering attention to my companion until the day before we left San Francisco, and then I was only induced to speak of it by something which occurred when we were shopping.

It was at Gump's—that most fascinating Oriental store—and having made a purchase which I wished them to deliver, I mentioned my name and address to the clerk, who, however, seemed to have some difficulty in getting it correctly, setting me down at first as "Mr. Julius Sweet."

When my companion chose to taunt me about that, dwelling with apparent delight upon the painfully evident fact that my name meant nothing to the clerk, I retorted:

"That makes no difference. The telephone operator at the St. Francis calls me by name every morning."

"So she does me," he returned.

I did not believe him. I could not think that this beautiful young girl—I was sure that any girl with such a voice must be young and beautiful—would cheapen her vocal favors by dispensing them broadcast. For her to coo my name to me each morning was merely a delicate attention, but for her to do the same to him seemed, somehow, brazen.

Let it be said that the operator was Miss Lulu Maguire, who subsequently confessed that she called all guests by their names, that she did not know that Mr. Street was a writer, and that she was pleased to know that she would be mentioned in his book. And a most delightful book it is. It is no wonder that Miss Maguire should covet a place in it.

ABROAD AT HOME. By Julian Street. With pictures by Wallace Morgan. New York: The Century Company; \$2.50 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

A Russian Exile.

In this volume, written with startling simplicity and candor by one of the typical girl-revolutionists of Russia, we are given a curiously photographic view of the mental processes of the bomb-throwing "politicals." Marie Sukloff, born a peasant in a wretched mud hut, seemed to gravitate by a sort of instinct toward the ranks of the revolutionists, who secretly educated her and trained her for the work of organizing strikes. While still a girl in years she was arrested, imprisoned for a long term at Odessa, and finally exiled to Siberia. From there she escaped after undergoing the experience of a death sentence which was subsequently commuted to one of imprisonment for life.

The strangely firm determination of this young social-revolutionist to adhere to the dark path she had chosen, the self-sacrifices and sufferings of herself and her comrades, and the strong and far-reaching links that bind them together through all the vastnesses of the Russian Empire make impressive reading, and seem to furnish overwhelming proofs of the certain failure of the principles of absolutism against which Marie Sukloff and her comrades struggle to the death.

THE LIFE STORY OF A RUSSIAN EXILE. By Marie Sukloff. New York: The Century Company; \$1.50 net.

English Drama.

In this comprehensive volume the author, Professor Felix E. Schelling, follows the history of drama through its various changes from the advent of the Miracle Play down to the days of Sheridan. The author, admirably qualified to speak on such a topic, is direct in his treatment. His book is packed with erudition, and is designed primarily for the student or the writer, to whom it should prove valuable for reference. Professor Schelling has introduced numerous brief discussions of a philosophical nature concerning the development of the drama, as well as a number of interesting analyses of the motives of such famous plays as "Macbeth" and "The Duchess of Malfi." A final chapter carries on the history from the days of Sheridan down to the present time.

ENGLISH DRAMA. By Felix E. Schelling. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Delightful Dalmatia.

Since Dalmatia is part of the European horizons' nest this book is sure to attract the hopeful attention of readers seeking to inform

themselves about the Balkan peninsula. Unfortunately the author has tried to emulate the Williamsons and to mingle guide-bookery and sentimentality. The idea has not worked out very happily, the story occasionally tripping up the guidebook, and the whole volume passing so lightly over the mind as to leave only the slightest of impressions. However, if the reader will carefully skip the "John and I" ingredient he will find recorded here and there impressions of some interest, notably the brief description of the Montenegrins. The illustrations are numerous and good.

DELIGHTFUL DALMATIA. By Alice Lee Moque. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$2 net.

Under Cover.

This well-written story has the demerit of a somewhat slim foundation. Its chief character is a mysterious young man who buys some costly jewelry in Paris with the apparent intention of reaping the profits on a successful piece of smuggling through the American custom-house. The girl with whom he has fallen in love has committed an indiscretion which enables the revenue officials to coerce her into playing the part of detective, and the result is a medley of mischance that is eventually cleared up in a way that it would be unfair to disclose. Let us hope that the customs service is not so venal as the story would suggest.

UNDER COVER. By Roi Cooper Megrue. Novelized by William Kirkpatrick. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Amazing Grace.

Kate Trimble Sharber writes one of those happy-go-lucky and inconsequential novels that may be described as the butterflies of literature—pretty, but transient. Her heroine is a Southern girl of good family and good sense, who defies the traditions of an impoverished caste by becoming a reporter. She attracts the attention of an English company promoter, and after the misunderstandings which always lie so thickly on the path of true love we find her on the last page as the affianced wife of a real live lord. And what more could any girl or any reader desire?

AMAZING GRACE. By Kate Trimble Sharber. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Achievement.

In "Achievement" Mr. E. Temple Thurston resumes his congenial task of interpreting to his readers the soul of a true artist, that of the same Richard Furlong who has figured as the central character of two or three previous volumes. Mr. Thurston acquits himself of his

task with such felicity as to demonstrate that he himself is a fellow-artist in the field of literature, for there are many simple and beautifully written passages which show him to possess the vision of the poet in translating to more prosaic understandings the beauties of the humblest and the tiniest things of nature. Human nature, too, is treated from the standpoint of one who sees deeper than the obvious to those finer subtleties that lend it fascination.

In "Achievement" Richard Furlong is shown as the artist whose emotional life is immediately and deeply reflected in the products of his brush, so that whether or not his life is threatened with shipwreck his art always rises supreme and the greater for the struggle.

ACHIEVEMENT. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

"Songs of Kabir," translated by Rabindranath Tagore, is included among the publications of December by the Macmillan Company. It promises to be as widely read and discussed as those volumes of Tagore's own which have preceded it. The book is provided with an introduction by Evelyn Underhill in which the life and philosophy of Kabir are surveyed.

A group of very humanistic songs, which appear in "The Man Sings," the new Stott book, published by the Stewart & Kidd Company, were reprinted from *Leslie's Weekly*. One of them, "The Workman's Prayer," was copied by numerous newspapers all over the country. The author is a professor in the department of English, Eastern Kentucky State Normal School.

The use of hypnotism in treatment of the mind is with the idea of increasing the suggestibility of the patient and helping him to form new and healthful mental processes. As many persons have mistaken views about the value of hypnotism it is interesting to find so eminent an authority as Dr. William S. Sadler in his latest book, "Worry and Nervousness," just issued by A. C. McClurg & Co., express the latest opinions regarding its use.

What readers all want now is a book written by some one who has actually been at the front in the thick of the fighting. The first book of this sort to be published in this country is coming this month. It will give descriptions by an eyewitness of the bombardment of Rheims, the burning of Louvain, the battle of Soissons, and the other important events of the first three months of fighting. It is published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Its title is "With the Allies." The author is Richard Harding Davis.

The Northwest Mounted have finally attracted the attention of one of the most widely known of all novelists, Ralph Connor, and in his last two novels, "Corporal Cameron" and "The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail" (the latter issued in November of this year), he has made his hero a member of that gallant corps. Both of Connor's novels are published by the George H. Doran Company.

Gaillard Hunt's new book, "Life in America One Hundred Years Ago," was written at the request of the Committee of One Hundred to celebrate the centenary of peace between Great Britain and the United States. News of the signing of peace at Ghent one hundred years ago this month—December 24, 1814—was not received in Washington until February 14. Mr. Hunt gives a picturesque account of the way the news was disseminated by "Dolly Madison." It is said that she announced the fact to all the house by shouting "Peace!" that some one rang the dinner-bell and shouted "Peace!" that Miss Sally Coles, a cousin of Mrs. Madison's, who was living with them, went to the head of the basement stairs, where the negro servants were crowded, and shouted "Peace!" that they took up the cry. Presently guests began to arrive, and the house was thronged with people who had one word upon their tongues—"Peace." It is published by Harper & Brothers.

With rifle on shoulder, taking his turn with dukes and clerks, Cosmo Hamilton, author of "The Blindness of Virtue," "The Door That Has No Key," and other well-known plays and novels, is taking his share in the guarding of England.

Exactly four months before Austria issued her ultimatum to Serbia there appeared in the form of a novel the detailed story of a Titanic European war. "The Last Shot," by Frederick Palmer, was the only real prophecy in fiction. It was based, not on haphazard guesswork, but on first-hand knowledge of conditions come true. "The Last Shot" was published by Charles Scribner's Sons on the 25th of April, 1914. It is now in its ninth edition.

To "Over Benemerton's" and "Mr. Ingleside" and "London Lavender," three delightful novels, E. V. Lucas now adds "Landmarks," which the Macmillan Company has just published. While the Lucas humor is still evident and the Lucas originality is accountable for not a little of the volume's charm. "Landmarks" is yet quite different from its author's

The White House

In addition to the Books reviewed in this paper, the largest assortment of English, French, German, Italian and Spanish publications can be obtained at The White House Book Department.

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other work. One follows with unbroken interest the record of the experiences of Rudd Sergison, Mr. Lucas's vigorous hero, from the days of his childhood through college, through his entry into the journalistic world, through his later pursuit of literature, to the time when he falls in love with the right girl and finds that love returned. "Landmarks" is notable for the remarkable portraits which it contains.

"Germany's Fighting Machine," by Ernest F. Henderson, is the result of nearly thirty years' residence in Germany. He came to this country a few days before war broke out, with full, accurate, and detailed information and pictures regarding every branch of the Kaiser's military service. During the last year of his residence in Germany he was working on a new history of the country. His position permitted him to mingle in official circles and he has had access to sources of information which the foreigner rarely finds at his disposal. All in all "Germany's Fighting Machine" can be said to be one of the most interesting and valuable works on the present war that has yet appeared. It is published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"The Kaiser" is a book for those who would become familiar with the public and private life of the foremost figure of the day—William the Second, King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany. It is an authoritative work by a number of different writers and investigators. There are chapters upon the Kaiser's personal appearance and habits, his antecedents, and education; his relations with the army and navy, his foreign policy; his career as an emperor and commerce builder; his relation to the organization of the German government, embracing a chapter showing just how complete is his domination of affairs; an interesting anecdotal chapter on the Kaiser and German culture and the Kaiser as a divine right monarch. The book is profusely illustrated from photographs. It is published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

The King of the Dark Chamber.

Rabindranath Tagore's new book, "The King of the Dark Chamber," is a dramatic poem which will be enjoyed by those readers who only look for story interest, as well as by those who like to search out the inner significance of the tale. It has to do with a king who lives in a dark room and does not show his face either to his queen or to his subjects. In fact some say that there is no king. One man impersonates him in public; his fellow-monarchs try to steal his bride, and the bride herself boasts of her ability to recognize him by sight, is deceived, and for a while loses home and husband.

"The King of the Dark Chamber" is in reality a beautiful presentation of just what is involved in the approach of man to God and of God to man. Mr. Tagore does not write, however, in the fashion of the theologian, but with the subtlety and artistry of the poet.

In his previous work he has sung of love and of childhood; he has written of death, and he has brought together hymns of surpassing charm. But "The King of the Dark Chamber" is his most notable volume. He is there dealing with essentials, problems which perplex all men, whether of the East or of the West, and to his task he has brought that spiritual insight, that symbolism and facility of expression that has been found in "Gitanjali," "The Crescent Moon," and "The Gardener," and that have made their creator one of the most widely read authors of the day.

Have you read the works of RABINDRANATH TAGORE, the new Eastern poet? No one who cares for the best in modern literature should fail to get

The King of the Dark Chamber

the new book by RABINDRANATH TAGORE, author of "Gitanjali," etc., which is just published.

"The most careless reader can hardly proceed far into these inspired pages without realizing that he is in the presence of holy things. . . . Happy will be those readers whom the king of these pages does not elude."

Get your Bookseller or the Librarian to show you all of Mr. Tagore's books and select for reading the one you think most likely to interest you. No one should be ignorant of his work.

Don't leave Miss Sinclair's new novel, THE THREE SISTERS, which we recommended last week, lying around for anyone to read. It is a book for the discriminating mind only.

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Should we recommend to you
any book of which you do not
approve, will you kindly write
to us and tell us why?

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Open-Air Politics.

In this anonymous volume we find the narrative of an outing trip used as a setting for a discussion on labor unionism, syndicalism, and government. The characters include a governor, a general, and a clergyman, while the behavior of the attendants serves as an object lesson. That a volume of such a nature should be described as "provocative" and "remarkable" is in itself an evidence of the terrorism exercised by labor unionism and kindred associations over the thought and the literature of the country. It is a topic that is in the minds of all men. It is easily the biggest of all the problems that confront us. But it is also a topic that rarely ventures into the domain of honest discussion by tongue or pen. Its approach is usually the signal either for silence or for servilities, prostrations, and genuflections. The tone of this volume may be represented by a single example. The general says:

I felt shocked the other day when the professor said that popular rule did not exist. But now I understand what he means. The majority of the people do not belong to these various associations or corporations, or whatever you call them, whether combinations of capitalists or workmen. Certain forms of business are said to be "organized," but the masses of our fellow-citizens are not thus organized. They are citizens and content to be citizens. They have their clubs, their social and literary organizations, their mutual insurance societies, and all that; but these do not unite to compel membership and undertake to displace and supersede the authority of the state. Understand, I make no distinction between wealth and poverty, or between capital and labor. I say that, if these private agencies can control the lives and destinies of men, and the state can not prevent it, can not protect those who are just simple citizens, who wish to be treated as such, and to be secure in their lives and their property, then the republic our fathers founded is a failure; and popular rule, the rule of free, independent citizens who are nothing but citizens, has come to an end.

The governor finally determines to be a candidate for the presidency with this plank in his platform:

We pledge ourselves to defend the right of every person to exercise his lawful occupation and to pursue his legitimate business under the full protection of the law, without subjection to the menace of violence to his person or his property; and we exhort all good citizens to support us in the effort to redeem this pledge.

And we may reasonably wonder what would happen to a presidential candidate who should thus resolutely face the greatest problem now confronting the nation.

OPEN-AIR POLITICS. By "Junius Jay." Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

Scandinavia.

This is an agreeable book of travel, quite unnecessarily written in the form of correspondence, and describing the impressions made by the Scandinavian peninsula upon a couple of seasoned travelers during repeated trips. The authors do not aim to rise to greater heights than those attained by a chatty chronicler of wayside impressions. Nevertheless they give us many points of interest, such as education, temperance, transportation, industries, and the national character, none of them treated with much profundity, and yet perhaps adequately at a time when all things European have grown in interest for American eyes. The chapters on Finland and the Finns are particularly full of interest, and the volume is well and copiously illustrated.

THE CHARM OF SCANDINAVIA. By Francis E. Clark and Sidney A. Clark. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.50 net.

Briefer Reviews.

Ginn & Co. have published a school edition of "Much Ado About Nothing" in the New Hudson Shakespeare. Dr. Henry Norman Hudson contributes a most competent introduction and notes. The price is 50 cents.

Sherman, French & Co. have published "The Rift in the Cloud," by John S. Wrightnour, who describes his efforts as "songs of love and faith." In some cases the author has ingeniously and poetically arranged the lengths of his lines so as to form a cross, but otherwise these effusions are not remarkable. Price, \$1 net.

"The Bible and Modern Life," by Joseph S. Auerbach (Harper & Brothers; 75 cents net), is a plea for the reading of the Bible, not alone for its ethical, but also for its literary values. The author's collection of impressive passages is almost in itself a sufficient plea, while his avoidance of theological futilities is a strong recommendation for his book. At the same time he would have done well to omit the few comparisons with other Scriptures.

We are somewhat shy of authors who profess to disclose the immediate causes of the war, since we are quite sure that those causes are not known and probably will not be known for another half-century. But Mr. Cloudesty Brereton, author of "Who Is Responsible" (G.

P. Putnam's Sons; 50 cents net), does not fall into this error. He writes in large historical and social generalizations and his forecast of the settlement is ingenious and plausible. Moreover, Mr. Brereton indulges in no invective.

"Fated or Free?" by Preston William Slosson (Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net), is not a problem love story, as its name might imply, but a hypothetical discussion between eight representative persons on the nature of free will and determinism. The author admits that his arguments in favor of free will are not conclusive, but expresses the modest hope that at least he has been impartial in his presentation. It is a clever piece of work, although needlessly tinged with theological conceptions that are sometimes advanced as incontrovertible facts.

Paul G. Tomlinson, author of "To the Land of the Caribou," explains that a few years ago a yawl was purchased by Princeton men as a gift to Dr. Grenfell of Labrador fame. A crew was selected to sail the boat from New York, and the author was one of those who were chosen. He now describes the route that was taken, and although the incidents and adventures have been somewhat modified and changed, they are founded upon the actual experiences of the cruise. The result is a most readable and entertaining book. It is published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Muse and Mint," by Walter S. Percy (Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net), is a volume of verse of somewhat exceptional accuracy and purity of form and that often strikes a note of clear music. But it has the common defect of the day in that the author seems to have nothing particular to say, no message that stimulates to anything more than a languid assent. A writer who can state commonplaces so finely could surely sometimes hammer forth an idea that would make us at least angry. The idea that "all's well with the world" has its values, but it can be overworked.

"The Opal Pin," by Rufus Gillmore (D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35 net), is a well-told but impossible story of two young men, both claiming to be Lord Bellmore, and therefore both demanding from Boston society the obeisances usually rendered by democracy to a title. The competition would be relatively tame but for the fact that the rivals pay court to Hilda Cabot, who is both beautiful and highly placed, a somewhat rare combination. The mystery is eventually cleared up in a mysterious and sensational way. The story is quite suited to a railroad journey where the scenery is not very good.

Those who wish to know something of the national spirit of Serbia and of the real meaning of international hatreds—nowhere so well expressed as in ballads—would do well to read "Heroic Ballads of Serbia," translated into English verse by George Rapall and Leonard Bacon, and published by Sherman, French & Co. (\$1.25 net). It is the first attempt of the kind, and the translators have succeeded so well as to give us a surprising glimpse of patriotisms and passions that go far to explain recent events. Apart from their political significances these ballads contain much genuine poetry, which has been by no means obliterated in the translation.

The Princeton University Press has published an important and timely little volume on "Foreigners in Turkey: Their Judicial Status," by Professor Philip Marshall Brown (\$1.25 net). As is well known the Turks have been compelled to surrender their rights of jurisdiction over resident foreigners, the result, says the author, being "an attitude of irritating superiority on the part of the privileged foreigner; a corresponding resentful hostility on the part of the humiliated Turk; and incessant diplomatic controversies of a most trying nature." The author gives us a valuable survey of the situation from the historical, legal, and ethical points of view.

New Books Received.

THE LETTER WRITER'S HANDBOOK. By John Rexburn. Chicago: Brown & Howell Company; 75 cents net.

A brief practical treatise on the art of letter writing.

SELF-CULTURE THROUGH THE VOCATION. By Edward Howard Griggs. New York: B. W. Huebsch; 50 cents net.

Issued in the Art of Life Series.

SWOLLEN-HEADED WILLIAM. Text adapted by E. V. Lucas. Drawings adapted by George Morrow. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

"Painful stories and funny pictures, after the German."

THE WAYSIDE SHRINE AND OTHER POEMS. By Martha Elvira Petrus. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

A volume of verse.

THE CHRISTIAN FAITH. By W. C. Clark, D. D. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.50 net.

"A handbook of Christian teaching."

THE PRACTICAL BOOK OF OUTDOOR ROSE GROWING FOR THE HOME GARDEN. By George C. Thomas, Jr. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

With ninety-six plates in color, charts, and half-tones.

GERMAN FREE CITIES. By Wilson King. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$4 net.

An account of Hamburg, Bremen, and Lubeck.

SINISTER STREET. By Compton Mackenzie. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE FUNDAMENTALS OF PLANT BREEDING. By John M. Coulter. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

An account of the possibilities of agriculture.

JUST THEN SOMETHING HAPPENED. By Edmund Vance Cooke. New York: Dodge Publishing Company; 75 cents net.

A story for children.

HINTS ON ROYAL AUCTION BRIDGE. By Major S. H. Hingley. New York: The Macmillan Company; 75 cents net.

Including the new Portland Club laws (June, 1914).

FOUR PLAYS OF THE FREE THEATRE. Translated by Barrett H. Clark. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$1.50 net.

"The Fossils," "The Serenade," "François's Luck," "The Dupe."

BUILDER AND BLUNDERER. By George Saunders. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

An appraisal of the personality and policy of the German emperor since he ascended the throne.

THE WANDERER AND OTHER VERSE. By Louise Culver. San Francisco: The Blair-Murdock Company.

A volume of verse.

WILD LIFE CONSERVATION IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. By William T. Hornaday. New Haven, Connecticut: Yale University Press; \$1.50 net.

With a chapter on game preserves by Frederic C. Walcott.

THE ART OF THE LOW COUNTRIES. By W. R. Valentiner. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$2.50 net.

Studies in art. Translated by Mrs. Sebuyler Van Rensselaer.

PANAMA AND THE CANAL. By Alfred B. Hall and Clarence L. Chester. New York: Newson & Co.

A new and enlarged edition.

PAUL'S DOCTRINE OF REDEMPTION. By Henry Beach Carré, B. D., Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

An attempt to interpret the Apostle Paul from the standpoint of his world philosophy.

REMEMBER LOUVAIN. Selected by E. V. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Company; 40 cents net.

A volume of verse commemorative of great deeds.

CHILD TRAINING AS AN EXACT SCIENCE. By George W. Jacoby, M. D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.50 net.

A modern treatise based upon the principles of modern psychology, normal and abnormal.

HERNANDO DE SOTO. By Walter Maone. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3 net.

The story of a great pioneer. A poem.

THE BASKETRY BOOK. By Mary Miles Blanchard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2 net.

Twelve lessons in reed weaving.

ABROAD AT HOME. By Julian Street. New York: The Century Company.

American ramblings, observations, and adventures.

MEATLESS COOKERY. Compiled by Maria Melvaine Gillmore. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net.

A vegetarian cookbook. With special reference to diet for heart disease, blood pressure, and auto-intoxication.

THE NEW MAP OF EUROPE. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: The Century Company; \$2 net.

The story of the recent European diplomatic crisis and wars and Europe's present catastrophe.

"The American Books."

The great war gives an added interest to the announcement by Doubleday, Page & Co. of a new series of books under the significant general heading of "The American Books." The series has been under preparation for a long time and the titles so far announced have been chosen with great care. The volumes will be of pocket size, well bound in scarlet cloth, and will be sold at the popular price of sixty cents a volume. Titles announced for publication early in 1915 are: "The American Indian," by Charles A. Eastman; "A History of American Literature," by Professor Leon Kellner of the University of Czernowitz (Austria); "The Cost of Living," by Fabian Franklin, associate editor of the New York Evening Post; "Socialism in America," by John Macy, late literary editor of the Boston Herald; "The Drama in America," by Clayton Hamilton, author of "The Drama of Today"; "The American College," by Isaac Sharpless, president of Haverford College; "The American School," by Walter S. Hinchman, master in Groton School; "The University Movement," by Ira Remsen, late president of Johns Hopkins University; "The American Navy," by Rear-Admiral French E. Chadwick, U. S. N.

Announcement has just been made from New Haven that the John Hubbard Curtis prize will be awarded this year for the best essay on "The Novels and Tales of Joseph Conrad." The Curtis prize is one of the most important offered for work in the department of English literature.

At this sign you will find



the beer good taste demands.



FORBES-ROBERTSON'S HAMLET.

The first assumption of the rôle of Hamlet is regarded as the crown to a successful actor's life. When he takes up the character of this prince of fire and indecision, he must, as with an actress when she first essays Juliet, be old enough to think and young enough to feel, for a true Hamlet can not be merely a creature of tradition. He must carry some stamp from the subjective soul of the player. So, when it is a success, it rests as a crown of triumph on the player's head testifying to intellectual insight, poetic feeling, and emotional expression. There are few rôles in the contemporary drama in which these qualities are mingled, and, besides, Hamlet attracts every player, whether he is gifted or not, because the self-communing Dane is a stage incarnation of man's reflective side. And the actor who may never play the rôle in actuality, and who knows it, plays it often in his dreams.

What would English literature, the world's literature, be without "Hamlet"? It is impossible to conceive of such a thing. It is a character of such almost universal appeal. And interesting it is to note how instinctive is the response to it of youth, unreflecting, inexperienced youth. But there are deep wells of idealism in the soul of humanity, hidden sources of instinctive perception which are strangely stirred and quickened by this tragedy, long before a life experience has ripened and clarified the struggling thought. For every man is a potential Hamlet. Well, no, not every one. The world must have its mental hewers of wood and drawers of water, and at every famous representation of "Hamlet" there is sure to be some stout, cheerful, puzzled, prosaic citizen present, who relapses into occasional naps, and who only cheers up when he sees something definite and patent, such as a skull, or a mechanically contrived ghost. Upon such occasions he says, like a surprised Wemmick, "Hullo! here's a skull!" and the rest of the time he is struggling in a maze.

Many Hamlets are called—or call themselves—but few are chosen. Sothorn and Forbes-Robertson are of course the only two living—really living—Hamlets on the English-speaking stage. And of these two, the one who most truly and deeply penetrates into the soul of the Dane—that Dane who is to us all English—is Forbes-Robertson. Sothorn's Hamlet is, or was, younger, more picturesquely beautiful, more romantically appealing, and while less intellectual than that of the English actor, and while perhaps more emotional, it was also shallower, from both the emotional and the intellectual standpoint.

Forbes-Robertson's Dane, like that of all of the Hamlets whose youth has quite passed away, is deprived of any of the illusions bestowed by make-up. It seems to be a stage tradition that Hamlet must owe nothing to stage make-up. How sad it has been in the past to see burly Hamlets, wrinkled Hamlets, gray-haired, almost bald Hamlets. Indeed, in the latter years of his stage career, Booth himself was forced to wear some kind of a toupée as a reinforcement to his lessening locks. Forbes-Robertson, however, has a head of thick, Danish fair hair, of that hue of dark ash-blond which is slow in betraying gray hairs, even when they are present. In the immobility and self-control to which Hamlet was tutoring himself during his first entrance the player looked like a man comparatively young but matured by thought, and made an excellent impression. For his physiognomy is all spirituality and intellect, these two qualities dominating so strongly in the impression made by his personality as to render one temporarily oblivious of his frail and unimposing body. But over that body he has full control, and his attitudes and gestures are rapid, vivid, and graceful. It is surprising how much stage wear and tear a voice can stand, and emerge, after more than thirty years of service, unworn, sonorous, and musical. To this beautiful voice is added perfect, yet simple elocution. There are no studied effects in the reading of the lines, but a fine mingling of nature's direct, simple expressiveness with the rhythm of the blank verse.

Technically, the personation on Monday night at the Cort was flawless. The reading of each passage, every gesture, every attitude of the body or expression of the face, tended to shed light and to cause each element to cohere into a well-knit, consistent, and il-

luminating representation. But there was something missing. (I am speaking only of Monday night.) Perhaps the player was weary from his recent journey. Perhaps, as with the great Booth during his later years on the stage, his imagination sometimes folds wearied wings and rests. At any rate that mysterious, intangible emanation from the player's subjective self that flows out and captures our imagination, so that the mimic world represented becomes real and living to us, and in the poetic drama flooded with the light of inspiration, was, perhaps temporarily, absent. With all our mind, our intellect, our judgment, we approved and applauded, but our emotions, except, perhaps, those of the youngest and most receptive, were singularly calm.

It seems to me that this must inevitably happen when a player exercises his art, however correctly and beautifully, after the desire to do so has ceased. Sarab Bernhard, for instance, has forever lost that marvelous magnetism which once bathed us in its fiery flood and made us for the time being hers, and hers utterly. At present she is, as it were, only a shell, faded, defaced, but still carved with the fine tracings of a once inspired art; but the vitality within has fled.

With Forbes-Robertson it is different. He possesses a spiritual and intellectual beauty both of soul and of aspect which time and toil can never steal away. Perhaps, on the whole, it mysteriously deepens with the years, but emotion and the rich, ardent magnetism of vivid, compelling youth, they fade with time and become languid and almost die. I look forward with the keenest interest to seeing this renowned actor in other rôles and discovering whether that keen blade, his shining spirit, can unsheathe itself and still flash with the lightning of youth. Booth's could, sometimes—not always—when he was a much older man than Forbes-Robertson.

Companies always reflect, more or less, the predominant qualities of the star. Forbes-Robertson has a deep respect for the place due to nature and sincerity in the reading of poetry, and he succeeds in blending these qualities with the idealized beauty of verse. As a consequence every member of his company makes that his or her ambition. In the haste and agitation of that first dimly-lit scene on the ramparts, when terror was spread by the appearance of the ghost, one noted immediately the excellent reading of the agitated group. Mr. Rhodes's "ghost" was a fine example of this blending of nature and art; for the actor, in the telling of his tale, was able to invest his accents with some of the mournful monotone decreed by tradition as attaching to the speech of a ghost, while yet preserving the intensity of emotion with which the resurrected spirit viewed its earthly wrongs.

There is an excellent Polonius—Mr. Ian Robertson's—in which the sense of comedy is discreetly, merrily exercised; the queen of Adeline Bourne is, in spite of a certain abruptness to the unusually penetrating voice, very well played. Charles Graham's Laertes, while commendable, lacks youthful impetuosity and fire. The King Claudius of Walter Ringham seemed very satisfactory, until, in the closet scene, certain misaccentuations of reading, tending almost toward a singsong, were observable.

The Ophelia of Laura Cowie is that of a mere girl with the sweet, charming gaucherie of extreme immaturity. A pretty young creature she is, but her dear little tip-tilted nose contradicts her large, solemn eyes. I believe, judging from this one performance, that Laura Cowie is carefully tutored into playing Shakespearean rôles, and is not made for tragedy. Her pretty smile brightens her young countenance into what seems to be its natural state, but there was a certain blankness to her Ophelia, an absence of that touching pathos of a young creature, formed for love and happiness, bewildered and affrighted in the midst of the strange whirl of tragic meanings into which her life finds itself. That blankness of response was reflected in Miss Cowie's eyes, and was better attuned to the wandering of a young maid's wits in her later scenes. The same lack of instinctive adjustment was noticeable in the interview with Polonius, in which Hamlet's distraught state is described. Here every word, every gesture, was carefully considered, had been, or so it seemed, painstakingly impressed upon a docile understanding, but never, in the young, clear voice, did we hear the plaintive music that starts the sympathetic tears. It seemed to me an Ophelia without a soul, a living picture, sweet and lovely, and particularly, but not pathetically so, in the mad scene. The exquisite beauty and touching nature of the part Ophelia plays in the tragedy, and the youthful attractions, as well as the careful and conscientious acting of the young player, will no doubt serve to render her personation amply acceptable to many. And perhaps this virgin page will yet bear soulful meanings on its fair white surface, but as yet they are too faintly indicated to be read.

It is only necessary to comment on the generally satisfactory and intelligent work of the rest of the long cast. Generally speaking, the company is excellent, and the performance

as a whole is permeated with that attention to artistic detail which makes collectively for impressive beauty. Each setting is a thing of beauty, the hall of state in which the play opens serving as an unusually harmonious and effective background for the groupings of the courtiers and the personages that figure in the segregated scenes, while the setting of the orchard scene, with its blossoming trees softening the ancient tower in the background, is something quite unusual. Tchaikowsky music, its sombre Russian beauty wonderfully adapted to the tragic theme, was a further element in the artistic merit of a performance which only lacked the verve and passionate imaginativeness and physical freshness and beauty of youth to be complete.

"THE YELLOW TICKET."

This is a week of dramatic contrasts. "Hamlet," as seen on the stage, is, to those who love it, as a beautiful fabric in which a blending of choice colors composes a pattern of rare and exquisite design. Once in a while it is brought out to view, as a collector goes over his treasures, and the dust of temporary forgetfulness cleared away, revealing to us again the freshened hues and revived designs that we know and love so well. But there is no surprise, none of the joy of the unexpected, unless, perhaps, that ever-renewed surprise that we always experience at the immortal freshness of the theme and the perennial vitality of its treatment.

From this at the Cort we may plunge into "The Yellow Ticket" at the Columbia. I confess that I had no expectations there. It is a play with a thesis, a plea in dramatic form to redress frightful wrongs—or so I supposed. But the fact of the matter is that it is an intense, absorbing drama, full of vitality and human interest. The unexpectedness in it is that of life. You may call it a melodrama if you will, but it is the melodrama of life. That is to say, in the first two acts. In the third there is a drop; not in the interest; or, if so, very slightly. That remains keen and sympathetic. But it becomes the melodrama of the stage, and the glow of life, so vital and compelling in the earlier acts, has faded to the more stereotyped colors of the theatre.

The play deals with Russian injustice to the Jew, more particularly to the Jewish woman. There are repeated announcements on the programme that the main incidents of "The Yellow Ticket" are founded upon facts. That, of course, we do not find it difficult to believe. Russia is so vast and untraveled that it is to some extent a land of mystery. But it has its own literary artists that tear the veil aside, not to mention such contributory evidence as has been given by writers like George Kennan. That it is in the process of regeneration we hope and believe. The welcome of the people to the national emancipation from the thralldom of vodka is significant, and even now it is asserted by an English observer who is a resident there that the revolutionists are performing such services for the government as can not be disregarded after the war is over.

But this Russia, as shown in "The Yellow Ticket," is the land of perpetual sadness for all but the highly placed. It is the official side of Russia that we see, and the gloom that is induced by a lifetime of hatred and persecution stamps itself upon the features of the persecutor as well as the persecuted. We see a picture of human nature warped out of its natural grooves. We get a glimpse of the tyranny of perpetual police espionage, and above all we learn of the ever-impending tragedy for the Jews.

The play begins simply and naturally enough in the quarters at St. Petersburg—now Petrograd—of an Englishman, whose only daughter is betrothed to a Russian nobleman, and who therefore is taking lessons in Russian from a young native girl of unexceptionable credentials. In the course of the act a domiciliary visit by the police is made on account of the knowledge of this girl's escape from her own identity as a Jewess. In this act we learn that the innocent and unoffending John Seaton, the Englishman before mentioned, has his domicile under inspection, and that his servant is an agent of the "Okrana," or secret police.

At this point I pause to recommend all discontented Americans to get a lot of books about life on the European continent, life in almost any of the larger countries, to discover for themselves—avoiding fiction and sticking to facts—the tyranny of the Continental bureaucracy, the petty espionage of the police, the dangers attached to speaking one's mind; to learn of the frightful racial hatreds in Russia and the Balkan States; to face the fact that the scathing emotions of hatred and vengeance which animate the majority of races in south-central Europe are largely kindled by differences in religion; I then recommend my American friend to recognize that in spite of our imperfect government, our yelping, yapping politics, our army of untried grafters, and all the down-at-heelness which still characterizes in many respects the public administration of our affairs, we live in a land of tolerance, good-nature, generosity,

and freedom from official interference. In fact let us get down on our knees and thank heaven fasting that we are safely in as near a Paradise on earth as can be attained.

There is an American in "The Yellow Ticket," and he warms the cockles of our hearts. He stands for what our isolation and prosperity allow us to retain—sentiment, chivalry, warmth of heart, hatred for oppression. But there are no heroics, no spread-eagleism. Our young American is a quiet, keen, interested observer, and only when his own liberty is threatened does he let out a little on the Russian autocrat who heads the police.

There is an interesting diversity of types in the play; a slightly obtuse and highly conventional Englishman, the keen-witted, observant American, a cynical, polished Russian who has no faith in anything but the joy of exercising unscrupulous power and the satisfaction of self-indulgence. Another Russian is of polished exterior and a general calm acceptance of the hideousness of life for the oppressed, provided his career is successful and creditable on the surface. There is a petty agent of the police whose hard, ruthless expression mirrors the customary bent of the man-hunter. And there is a petted English girl whose destiny allows her to play prettily with the flowers fringing the edge of the bottomless pit which swallows the bodies of her tortured sisters. Above all, there is Marya Varenka, the Jewish girl, who has stolen the identity of her dead friend in order to escape the tragedy ever impending over the Jewish girl in Russia.

A singularly well-chosen company has been gathered together to interpret the various individualities. The two strikingly excellent characterizations are those of Belle Mitchell as Marya Varenka and Warner Oland as Baron Audrey, the aristocratic head of the secret police. Miss Mitchell, on the street, is a pretty Jewish girl. On the stage she sacrifices looks to her rôle. Swarthy, plainly coiffed and gowned, she looks the dependent. Her voice has a note of perpetual apprehension. In the terrible scene in which she is trapped her terror and desperation are conveyed with singularly quiet intensity. This is one of the scenes which seem to open to the horrified vision an ever-lengthening vista, down whose fearful extent comes faintly the cries of innumerable martyred virgins, who through the ages have struggled and died from an overmastering instinct to guard and preserve their chastity.

An exceedingly vivid and compelling impersonation is that of Warner Oland, Miss Mitchell's companion in this thrillingly dramatic scene. Mr. Oland is singularly felicitous in his assumption of the man-of-the-world aspect of Baron Audrey. His easy nonchalance, a suggestion of Europeanism about him, the courteous blandness of a ruthless ruffian whose heart is as cold as his passions are the reverse, the mingling of the brute and the diplomatist in his dealings with his quarry—all these points are so well put that the character seemed to live, and in the breathless absorption of the scene we surrendered all self-consciousness.

Mr. Arthur Maitland's Count Rostov also had that exotic flavor which compelled us to accept him as all-Russian. Mr. John Ravold's Paviak, smaller rôle though it is, again had that foreignness of flavor, and the un-American, Continental ruthlessness of the official who habitually tyrannizes, that strongly assisted in the Russian atmosphere of the stage picture. Mr. Edward Foley's American was admirable in every way; extremely likable and with a sort of national keenness of observation couched with a controlled surge of revolt that always seemed to lie just below the surface and was only prevented by Yankee common sense from overflowing. The Heaton's were played by a well-chosen pair who suited the rôles and fitted satisfactorily, and with an English flavor, into this picture of diverse types.

Even the rôles of the minor characters were well played—the significance which attended each advent of the Seaton waiter and the controlled fear of the Polish servant when his master's anger was aroused. The one purely melodramatic piece of work was that of Louis Hartman's Gouhloff, a highly explosive personage who for some reason the author created to belong to the Russia of melodrama instead of real life.

Michael Morton has cast his play into shape with great ability and written concise, telling dialogue. His play seizes the interest at once and holds it to the very end, at which point a climactic surprise appears which is sure to be acceptable to both Jew and Gentile. However, for some reason, probably the necessity for a wind-up, we get out of the sense of realities in the last act, and, as I have said before, find ourselves listening to melodrama. The characters mysteriously adjust themselves to this new point of view, and our emotions are less poignant.

But the satisfaction induced by the play is the intensity of emotions which it arouses and the pleasure induced by the youthful freshness of feeling which the company puts into its work. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The Forbes-Robertson Plays.

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson began his farewell San Francisco engagement at the Cort Theatre Monday night with "Hamlet," the tragedy which has won for this famous actor universal distinction. Twenty-nine years ago Forbes-Robertson visited San Francisco with Mary Anderson. Three years ago he came in "Passing of the Third Floor Back," but his present engagement, though it is positively his last, offers playgoers practically their first opportunity of seeing this player in various and contrasted rôles.

"Cesar and Cleopatra," a satire in five acts by George Bernard Shaw, will have its first production in San Francisco on Monday night. Shaw wrote this play for Forbes-Robertson, and it is generally considered the best example of Shavian wit on the stage. "Cesar and Cleopatra" will be presented on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday matinee and night. "Passing of the Third Floor Back" will be seen on Thursday and Saturday nights next week, and "The Light That Failed," Kipling's play, will be given on Friday, while "Hamlet" will be the matinee bill on Saturday of next week.

Forbes-Robertson's company is practically the same as has appeared with him in London and New York during the past two seasons. Miss Laura Cowie, a young Scotch actress of unusual charm and great promise, is his leading woman.

The Columbia Continues "The Yellow Ticket."

"The Yellow Ticket" has won a distinct triumph at the Columbia Theatre, where it is to remain for a second and last week, commencing with Monday night, December 28. The Michael Morton play is in three strong acts which relate in a very telling manner the story of a young Russian Jewess who fights her way through a series of trying situations, despite the efforts of the Czar's officials to triumph over her. Belle Mitchell in the star rôle gives a brilliant and intelligent performance as Marya Verenska. The entire cast is satisfactory and the production very elaborate, the last scene being of exceptional beauty. There will be matinees on Wednesday, New Year's Day, and Saturday.

Alice Lloyd at Orpheum Attraction.

The second edition of the Orpheum Road Show, which opens next week, will have as its principal attraction England's daintiest and most popular comedienne, Alice Lloyd, who brings with her a new repertory of songs and a number of stunning costumes. Miss Lloyd's popularity in this city is enormous, and no more welcome announcement than her reappearance could possibly be made.

Dunbar's Nine White Hussars, a singing hand composed of nine men attired in snow-white uniforms, should prove a popular attraction. The White Hussars are accomplished musicians and vocalists whose ensemble numbers are interspersed with solos, not the least important of which is a drum solo by a youth of tender years, who is claimed to be the best trap drummer in America.

La France and Bruce, two clever and amusing blackface comedians, will present a ludicrous skit called "The Argument," the dialogue of which fairly bristles with wit and humor.

Johnny Cantwell and Reta Walker will offer a potpourri of song and story entitled "Under the Gay White Lights," in which they represent two ultra modern Broadway types and afford fifteen minutes of clever and enjoyable entertainment.

The other acts will be Carlos Sebastian and Dorothy Bentley, Sovereigns of the Modern Dance; Imhoff, Conn, and Corene in "Surgeon Louder, U. S. A.," Violinsky, simultaneous performer on the violin and piano; Charles de Haven and Freddie Nice, and the irrepressible Billy Van and the Beaumont Sisters in "Spooks."

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

Lottie Mayer, holder of many medals for fancy and high diving, with her seven water nymphs, will head an exceptionally good holiday offering at the Pantages on Sunday. Miss Mayer has surrounded herself with a stunning galaxy of statuesque swimming beauties who give a splendid exhibition of diving into a mammoth tank of water. Preceding the aquatic numbers the girls and Miss Mayer have arranged a decidedly pretty novelty in silhouette posing which gives their performance a fine start.

Laurie Ordway, one of the best-liked singing comedienettes that has played the circuit, will return with a brand new hudget of topical songs, with the ever popular "Waiting at the Church" still retaining applause laurels. Miss Ordway's act has been one of the hits of this season's bookings and her success has been greater than on her last trip.

A musical treat is in store for vaudeville patrons in Carl Victor, the American cellist, who has been starred with the celebrated

Theodore Bendix string quartet for several years. Victor plays the 'cello with the expression of a real artist and his "Rosary" selection, with living statuary and electrical effects, is a genuine novelty.

"A Strenuous Daisy" is a comedy playlet dealing with the tribulations of a Western girl who makes things lively in Eastern society. Violet Neitz, Jack Phipps, and a select cast will play the sketch.

DeWitt Young and his sister juggle all kinds of paraphernalia, starting in with a feather and winding up with sofas and bedsteads.

"A Lesson in Dancing" will be shown by Davis and Walker, whose one best bit is a continual "corkscrew" twisting dance.

Henry Miller Coming in "Daddy Long-Legs."

Henry Miller will play the title-rôle in the production of "Daddy Long-Legs" when the Jean Webster comedy is produced at the Columbia Theatre commencing with Monday night, January 4. Mr. Miller and his special company will come here direct from New York City and will play a limited engagement in this comedy, which is recorded as one of the distinctive hits of the theatrical season. It is noteworthy in connection with this engagement that the comedy was written for Mr. Miller three years ago, and he was to have created the title-rôle in it then, but imperative business engagements kept the star from appearing in the production, so his coming engagement at the Columbia Theatre will see him as Daddy Long-Legs for the first time.

THE MUSIC SEASON

The John McCormack Concerts.

John McCormack, the young Irish tenor, will give his first concert at the Cort Theatre this Sunday afternoon, December 27, assisted by Donald McBeath, his young protégé—a violinist of exceptional talent whom he discovered in Australia—and Edwin Schneider, the American composer and pianist.

At the first McCormack concert he will sing an operatic aria by Mozart, lieder by Korbay, Sinding, and Rachmaninoff, modern English songs by Landon Ronald, Cyril Scott, and Coleridge-Taylor, and a group of exquisite old Irish gems arranged by Sir Villiers Stanford, Herbert Hughes, and Milligan Fox.

The second McCormack concert will be given next Friday night, January 1, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, when by special request he will sing the aria from "La Bohème," and Schubert's "Ave Maria," besides gems by Jensen, Weingartner, Edward Elgar, Coleridge-Taylor, Edwin Schneider, and the charming "Lagan Love Song." "She Moved Through the Fair," "In Fannad's Grove," and "The Next Market Day," the last four being four of the finest melodies Ireland has given to the world.

The final McCormack concert is announced for Sunday afternoon, January 3, at the Cort, with still another complete change of programme.

Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's, and the Cort Theatre.

In Oakland McCormack will sing at Ye Liberty Playhouse next Tuesday night, December 29, and for this event tickets are obtainable at the box-office of that theatre only.

The Alma Gluck List of Songs.

Manager Greenbaum announces that he has received the programmes for the concerts to be given late in January by Alma Gluck, who promises to be the greatest concert singer of the younger generation, and he states that they are the most beautiful and varied lists of song he has ever presented to music lovers. Mme. Gluck sings readily in six languages.

First Symphony Programme After New Year.

Friday afternoon, January 8, 1915, the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Henry Hadley, conductor, will give the first symphony concert of the New Year at the Cort Theatre. The programme follows:

Symphony No. 3, F major, Opus 90.....Brahms
Serenade No. 3, D minor, for string orchestra,
Opus 69.....Volkman
Violoncello obligato by Mr. Arthur Hadley
Symphonic Suite, "Secherazade" (after the
"Thousand Nights and a Night"), Opus 35.....
.....Rimsky-Korsakov

No encores will be given.

"Carpet knights," quoth a writer once in the long ago, "are such as have studied law, physic, or other arts or sciences, whereby they have become famous, and seeing that they are not knighted as soldiers, they are not therefore to use the horseman's title or spurs; they are only termed simply miles and milites, 'Knight,' or 'Knights of the Carpetry,' or 'Knights of the Green Cloth,' to distinguish them from those knights that are dubbed as soldiers in the field."

Before the New Year is a week old Ralph Connor, the Canadian novelist-preacher, will be on the ocean, bound for the great European war, as chaplain with the Seventy-Ninth Cameron Highlanders.

In the Mission Garden.

(1865.)

FATHER FELIPE

I speak not the English well, but Pachita
She speak for me; is it not so, my Pancha?
Eh, little rogue? Come, salute me the stranger
Americano.

Sir, in my country we say, "Where the heart is
There live the speech." Ah! you not understand?
So!

Pardon an old man—what you call "ol' fogy"—
Padre Felipe!

Old, señor, old! just so old as the Mission.
You see that pear-tree? How old you think,
señor?

Fifteen year? Twenty? Ah, señor, just fifty
Gone since I plant him.

You like the wine? It is some at the Mission,
Made from the grape of the year eighteen hundred,
All the same time when the earthquake he come to
San Juan Bautista.

But Pancha is twelve and she is the rose-tree;
And I am the olive and this is the garden.
And Pancha we say but her name is Francisca—
Same like ber mother.

Eh, you knew her? No? Ah! it is a story
But I speak not, like Pachita, the English.
So? If I try, you will sit here beside me,
And shall not laugh, eh?

When the American come to the Mission
Many arrive to the house of Francisca.
One he was fine man—he buy the cattle
Of José Castro.

So!—he come much, and Francisca she saw him;
And it was love—and a very dry season—
And the pears bake on the tree—and the rain
come,

But not Francisca—

Not for one year; and one night I have walk much
Under the olive-tree, when comes Francisca—
Comes to me here, with her child, this Francisca—
Under the olive-tree.

Sir, it was sad—but I speak not the English—
So!—she stay here, and she wait for her husband.
He come no more, and she sleeps on the hillside:
There stands Pachita.

Ah! there's the Angelus. Will you not enter?
Or shall you walk in the garden with Pancha?
Go, little rogue—stt—attend to the stranger.
Adios, señor.

PACHITA (briskly)

So, he's been telling that yarn about mother!
Bless you, he tells it to every stranger.
Folks about yer say the old man's my father.
What's your opinion?
—Bret Harte.

Collecting a Unique Exhibit.

With the sanction and assistance of Dr. Edgar L. Hewitt, director of exhibits at the Panama-California Exposition at San Diego, the San Diego Woman's Press Club is collecting an exhibit of California writers and publishers as the nucleus for a permanent library to remain in the handsome rooms of the California Building, the finest edifice owned by the state, with the exception of the Capitol, at Sacramento. The building is fire-proof and is to form, with its various wings and enclosures, what is known as the California Quadrangle, and will in future house an exhibit of the art, archaeology, ethnology, and cultural developments of California and the Southwest. Dr. Hewitt has already brought from Central and South America an exhibit which will in a measure do for this Coast what the Smithsonian Institute has done for the East, and which even at this early stage of its establishment ranks fairly well with the latter. Now that the director proposes to give certain generous space in this attractive institution to a collection of the writers and printers of the state and to interesting Californiana, historical and current, requests are sent to all those who may be concerned to aid to make the exhibit such as to justify the favor. Requests are made for books by California writers, past and present, old and valuable newspapers, rare maps or pictures of early scenes, old documents and deeds, rare bindings or treasured hibelots. There will be locked glass cases for valuable pieces, competent caretakers and guards. The exhibition will be open for the entire year from January 1.

An amusing story is related of the war in Flanders, where a farmer who had killed a pig discovered that a body of soldiers was near. Determined to save his property, the quick-witted Belgian took the carcass to his room, tucked it in his bed, placed candles over the sheeted form, and was praying fervently when a German soldier entered the room. The soldier tiptoed out when he discovered that he had come upon a chamber of death.

Prince George of Denmark was nicknamed "Est-il-possible?" by James II. It is said that when the startling events of the revolution of 1688 succeeded one another with breathless rapidity, the emotions of Prince George found vent in the repeated exclamation, "Est-il-possible?" King James, enumerating those who had forsaken him, said, "And Est-il-possible has gone, too!"

A Far Journey.

The Houghton Mifflin Company has published "A Far Journey," by Abraham Mitrie Rihbany. Much material has been added to the chapters that appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and there are twenty-four most interesting illustrations. Some twenty years ago the author, a young Syrian with nine cents in his pocket, slipped through the doors of Ellis Island to seek new fortunes. Today he is an American clergyman, occupying the pulpit made famous by James Freeman Clarke. Abraham Rihbany was brought up in a Syrian village, where life and customs are still what the life and customs of Nazareth were two thousand years ago. In the story of his boyhood one sees at every turn the background of the Gospels, and the familiar pictures which the parables describe take on a new and fuller interpretation.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the fame of Middleburg and Flushing, in Holland, extended all over Europe. The latter especially was so important that it was called "the key to the Dutch Seas." The Emperor Charles V visited the city, and spent some days in the small adjoining town of Zuyt-hurz. It was there that in September, 1556, he dated his act of abdication, before sailing from Flushing to Spain and retiring to the Monastery of St. Juste.

AMUSEMENTS



JOHN
McCormack
The Irish Tenor
This Sunday aft, Dec. 27—
Cort Theatre
Friday eve, Jan. 1—
Scottish Rite Hall
Sunday aft, Jan. 3—
Cort Theatre

Tickets \$2, \$1.50, \$1, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's and Cort Theatre.

OAKLAND

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Tuesday eve, Dec. 29,
at 8:15

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Between Stockton and Powell
Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America

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WITT YOUNG and SISTER, "The College
Boy Juggler"; DAVIS and WALKER, "A Lesson
in Dancing."

VANITY FAIR.

We are surprised at the indiscretions of the New York *Sun*, a newspaper that can usually be trusted to express the male point of view with dignity, energy, and restraint. Discussing an article on a "women's page" on "Picking Presents for Men," the *Sun* says that the only way to do this successfully is to make the man talk in his sleep and then fill his order, however harbaric it may seem. All we can say is that if an experiment so felonious should actually produce an audible result the wretched man would probably get no present at all.

The problem of presents for men is a heart-breaking one, and we get no help at all from the women's page, although we have searched these desolating sheets with assiduity. No, we do not want a bag to keep our hair brush in, not even though it have a text embroidered on it. Nor our collars. We do not want any kind of a bag, nor anything whatsoever of domestic manufacture. If there is any particular thing that a woman feels sure that we should welcome she may take that as a certain indication of our antipathy. No woman ever understands, nor can ever understand, why a man wants the things that he wants. If she feels sure that at last she has found the real thing let her put that Satanic heresy behind her and pass on.

No, we do not want an automatic cigar-lighter. We use the humble but efficient match. We do not want, and will not receive, a calendar with thoughts of uplift for each day in the year. Nor an engagement book in which it would be indiscreet to enter our more important dates. Nor a desk blotter with chilling and aggressive metal corner pieces. There will be no welcome for any article of attire which commended itself to the purchaser on the ground of its novelty. We abhor smoking jackets and thermos hottles, and we have three fountain pens.

This is not to say that we do not want anything. We do. We are made up of vast and aching wants, but we can not express them. The numerous women who wish to lay a humble tribute upon our championship of their sex must divine these things for themselves. The last occasion upon which we broke into speech we were crushed and compelled to execute a strategic movement to the rear.

The utterances of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish are calculated to produce a sort of sinking feeling in the vicinity of the solar plexus. And, by the way, why is it that our newspapers are always willing to give a trumpeting publicity to feminine sillinesses, while maintaining an impenetrable silence on the utterances that are worth while, such as our own? It must be that Mr. Michael Monahan, who is a great and good man, was right when he said that our newspapers are being degraded by a process of womanization, that they are dominated by the "rice powder squad of the journalistic army." But we will talk about Mr. Monahan and his incendiary views on some other occasion.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish says that rich housewives are doing a very wrong thing when they try to set an example of economy in their purchases. The lady asks how we can expect to promote prosperity if those who have the wherewithal curtail their consumption of the products of industry?

Now when that luminous idiocy is hoiled down it means that extravagance, that is to say destruction, is good for trade. The woman who buys two pounds of butter when one pound is enough has wasted or destroyed the second pound, and this, we are asked to believe, will "promote prosperity." Then why not destroy all the butter? Why not buy commodities by the ton and throw them into the ocean? Why not set fire to houses in order to relieve the building industry and blow up a few streets in order to find work for the unemployed? And just think what a boon a war must be in view of the constructive activities that must eventually result. These are natural sequences upon the truly feminine theory that we can all become rich by destroying our property. Now is it not curious that Mrs. Fish can get her senilities into the press of the country while the wisest of economists are unable to gain a hearing? Even the Springfield *Republican*, which is a credit to American journalism, solemnly knocks its head three times upon the ground and pronounces it to be "a difficult question." There is certainly a difficult question involved, but it is not as to the economic wisdom of destructiveness, but as to the best way to persuade Mrs. Fish into an inviolable silence.

From that encyclopedia of popular knowledge contributed by the public to the editorial page of the New York *Sun* we extract the following advice on the attainment of a sylph-like form. We have no use for the information ourselves, having already attained, but the information is passed on for the benefit of the afflicted, whose name is legion:

Breakfast—One glass of orange juice, eight stewed prunes, and three soft-boiled eggs; no cereal, water, coffee, tea, or weak knees.

Noon rations—Two raw eggs in malted milk, one ten-cent bar of almond chocolate. (If you begin to cave in late in the afternoon, which doesn't by any means always happen, eat another bar of chocolate; all other bars to be taboo.)

Go to it at dinner, with special avoidance of water and bread and butter. Don't shy potatoes, desserts, fatty meats, or anything but the water and h. and h.

Note—Drink water between meals all day long, like a cuss. The above self-denial is guaranteed to reduce the rotundest wide periphery.

It was recently our painful duty to comment with some severity upon the immodest dress worn by the women schoolteachers of New Jersey. Our knowledge was obtained from official sources, and not from personal observation. To the pure (which is us) all things are pure, and we are not in the habit of noticing such things, but the president of the board of education said that the teachers would have to wear uniforms unless they could find for themselves some way to veil the landscape.

And now comes a still more horrid disclosure about the effete East. This time it is New York, and we may confess that we have had our suspicions of New York for some time past, ever since a New York clergyman came out here and genially remarked that our fire was but a forestate of the eternal flames of hell that were in store for us. Obeying a certain natural gravitation he had been visiting a place called the Barhary Coast, and he thought we all lived there. But we digress.

It seems from a complaint in the public press that the women of New York are dressing immodestly, and not merely the ahoriginal or tree-climbing women of the world of fashion, but the recreation and settlement workers. They are wearing diaphanous skirts and they are "compressing the vital organs." Worse still, they are "exploiting the female figure." Horrid, isn't it? The very women whose lofty pity for those who have not very much money has taken them into the tenement districts in order to set an example of the good, the beautiful, and the true are actually offending the primitive and uncultured susceptibilities of their impoverished sisters by a scantiness of attire that recalls the marble insufficiencies of the Venus of Milo. And we are told that the tenement children are imitating them.

Now we do not wish to say anything that will militate against the success of the fair that will be the most stupendous display of the products of human energy, etc.; but virtue must come first, and we can not allow ourselves to be corrupted by an invasion of settlement workers and schoolteachers from the East who dress themselves in paint, like the early Britons. Considering the halmness of California, where roses grow all the year round (see Exposition circulars) it is to be feared that these ladies will dispense even with the paint. Now we are not used to that sort of thing. We are primeval, but chaste—at least our men—and we are resolved to protect our honor at the peril of our lives. We shall have to appoint dress committees and meet our visitors on arrival, and it may even be necessary to exact certificates of character issued by Tammany Hall. But perhaps this hint will be sufficient.

A historical museum is in process of establishment in New York by the Modern Historic Records Association which will be to the people of 5000 A. D. what the hieroglyphics on ancient Assyrian and Egyptian temples are to the scholars of today, a complete record of the past. The collection to be placed in the museum is now being gathered. All manner of relics, models of big guns, replicas of uniforms and equipment of all kinds, smaller guns, rifles, bayonets, dirigible and aeroplane models, wireless field equipment, and permanent maps will be gathered together. A prominent feature of the collection will be the film department, in which will be stored moving-picture films of army evolutions and naval movements. Much of this film material, transferred to what is described as "imperishable material," so that it will be fit for use many years hence, is already in possession of the association. Copies of important official documents bearing on the war are being prepared upon durable parchment and metallic plates, together with much descriptive material furnished by eye-witnesses. The association has for its specific object the use of the photographic plate as the most durable means of preserving historical records and documents; of the phonograph for the preservation of the utterances of celebrities, and the motion-picture machine for obtaining permanent records of important events. The association was founded by Alexander Konta in 1911 for the express purpose of transmitting to posterity a comprehensive record of the life and civilization of the day.

Book Agent—Going from hooks to habics, madam, that's a fine youngster. Allow me to congratulate you. Young Woman—Sir, that baby is uot mine. Book Agent—I repeat, madam, allow me to congratulate you.—*Boston Gazette*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In England it is quite common, instead of saying "Hello" when using the telephone, to ask, "Are you there?" An American who heard it for the first time, thinking some one was endeavoring to have some fun at his expense, replied "No," and hung up the receiver."

An ignorant justice of the peace in Florida was called on to decide a case. Counsel for both sides made their long and eloquent speeches after all the facts had been elicited from the witnesses. "Prisonah discha'ged," said the magistrate. "The hull accusation is done been based on a dinged technicality."

Farmer Jones stood some distance away, watching his new hired man high up in the tree, lopping off a limb. A neighbor happened over, and after observing a suspicious-looking mass just above the workman, said: "Have ye told him about that hornet's nest up there, Si?" "Naw. He's one of them there Christian Science fellers, an' I'm jest waitin' to see if there's anything in it."

He had become the happy father of twins, and his unbounded pride in this twofold distinctive blessedness found expression on every occasion. While conversing with a friend one morning at the entrance to his office building a young woman passed wheeling a baby carriage containing a bouncing baby boy. "Doesn't a woman look queer," said the young father, loftily, "with only one child!"

At the "hop" of a summer hotel some of the natives had been invited in. A young lady on being solicited for a dance by a son of the soil, and noticing with dismay that he was about to grasp her waist with a large and perspiring palm, she asked him if he would not kindly use his handkerchief. "Oh, yes, marm," said Hayseed pleasantly, and applying the article to his nose he sounded a cheerful blast that shook the chandelier.

The veteran office-holder, who was again out for the position, had just finished his harangue when a stranger from the hill country stood up in the front of the hall and said, "Did you say you fit the Yanks an' you fit the Injuns?" "I did." "An' you slept on the ground with no kivers?" "That's true." "An' your feet kivered th' ground with blood on th' march?" "Yes, my friend," cried the veteran office-holder, exultingly. "Waal, then," said the sympathetic elector, "I guess I'll vote fer the other feller, fer I'm dinged if you aint done enough foh yo' country."

Dodson and his friend Jones stood conversing on the corner. Dodson looked up, clutched his companion by the arm, and whispered: "Hurry, Jim!" Around the corner they went and made off up the street. Then Jones called Dodson to account. "Creditor of mine," answered Dodson. "It isn't like you to dodge creditors," said Jones. "Are you up against it?" "Well," was the reply, "I have enough in my pocket to pay him, and if he caught me I might do it. Now let's go and spend some of this money, so I can give him an honest excuse if we should happen to see him again."

Punishment for giving short weight is far from new, and the Turks long ago took drastic measures to check this tendency on the part of tradesmen. The Sultan Achmet II, walking through the streets of Stamboul, saw at the door of a baker's shop the owner, his hands tied behind him, with one ear nailed to a post. Upon inquiry he was told the cause of the poor fellow's predicament. "Who is he?" asked the Sultan. "May it please your highness," was the reply, "he supplies the bread for the imperial seraglio." "Ah, my baker? Then set up another post and nail his other ear to it. The Sultan's baker should have a double reason for honesty."

Many veterans can recall the powerful and persuasive eloquence of Colonel Morrow of Detroit when he was calling for patriots to enlist in the Civil War. Just after the battle of Fredericksburg a deserter was brought before him. Nothing so roused the colonel's indignation as a willful desertion or cowardice, and he turned on the weak-kneed soldier in a towering rage and said: "What do you mean by deserting your post in the hour of your country's peril? Have you no feeling of patriotism? Why did you ever enlist if you are such a coward?" "Well, colonel," said the soldier, "if you want to know I'll tell you why I enlisted. It was that damned speech of yours at Livonia."

"Uncle Joe" Cannon knows a great deal about the Quakers, and in fact might have been one today, for his people were of Quaker stock, but for Cupid. "When it came time for me to marry I was wedded to a girl

who was not a Quaker. The leader of the church came to me and said: 'Joseph, thou hast violated the rules of the meeting by marrying outside the church. Unless thou wilt say thou art sorry thou must leave the meeting.' Now, what could I do? Could I get up in meeting and say I was sorry I had married the girl of my choice? Not a bit of it. I left the meeting instead. And I don't mind telling you that right there the society lost a darned good Quaker."

Duncan Macpherson came down from the Highlands and boarded the train for Glasgow. Looking around the smoking carriage, as he drew out his pipe, he asked, "Cud any gentleman oblige me wi' a match?" One traveler produced an empty box with apologies; another said he didn't smoke and didn't carry matches. "Can ye gi'e a licht?" repeated Duncan to the third, who stolidly looked out of the window. Then Duncan's finger went reluctantly into his own pocket. "Weel, weel," he murmured, "I'll jist need to tak' ane o' my ain."

Before Charley had pursued his studies a week he caught a fine case of chickenpox and had to take a temporary vacation, during which he shared his affliction with his younger brothers. But all were well at the end of the third or fourth week, and he started to school again. In a few days he came home with the mumps. He shared this likewise with the other juveniles of the family and had to take another protracted vacation, but all outlived the mumps, and in due time he went back to school as before. All went well for about two weeks. Then he caught the measles. Having plenty to spare he passed a few of them to his little brothers. But at last the doctor ordered the warning sign taken down from the door, and the boy was permitted to go to school once more. "Mamma," said little Jamie as his elder brother took his books and his departure, "I wonder what Yarle' 'll bring home dis time! 'Pendicitis, I het yuh!"

THE MERRY MUZE.

Advice to Young Ladies.

Before you give your answer,
Before you have been won,
Look him up in Bradstreet,
Look him up in Dun.

Marry one for love? Sure,
All young ladies do,
But while you are a-doing it,
Get the boodle, too.
—Milwaukee Daily News.

The Pedestrian.

I wonder how pedestrians
Contrive to get along.
The man on foot full soon, no doubt,
Will have to wear a gong.
He'll have to wear a gong to sound
When he would cross the street.
Perhaps at night he'll have a light
That carries forty feet.
Equipped with headlight and with bell
He may pursue his way
And make a bid to live amid
The traffic of the day.
—Kansas City Journal.

The Desideratum.

Lives of great men should remind us
Of this fact to make a note:
All one needs to be a statesman
Is a long Prince Albert coat.—Puck.

It Sometimes Happens.

He dragged his shotgun
Through the fence, muzzle first,
But the gun didn't catch,
And the shell didn't burst,
And his wife through the gloaming
In tears did not wait,
And she doesn't wear black,
And no crepe's on the gate.
—Houston Post.

What They Like.

"We all like sheep," the tenors shrill
Begin, and then the church is still,
While back and forth across the aisle
Is seen to pass the "catching" smile.

"We all like sheep," the altos moan
In low, and rich, and mellow tone,
While broader grows the merry grin
And nose gets further off from chin.


"We all like sheep," sopranos sing
Till all the echoes wake and ring;
The young folks titter, and the rest
Suppress the laugh in bursting grin.

"We all like sheep," the basses growl—
The titter grows into a howl,
And e'en the deacon's face is graced
With wonder at the singers' taste.

"We all like sheep," runs the refrain,
And then, to make their meaning plain,
The singers altogether say,
"We all, like sheep, have gone astray."
—Columbus Dispatch

If the Allies Win.

It is safe to presume, if the Allies should win
And smash the full length of the line,
If they drive back the Teutons and capture Berlin
They will wind up the watch on the Rhine.
—Dallas News.



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SAN DIEGO

SAN FRANCISCO

LOS ANGELES

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Irvin Spalding of Honolulu have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Helen Sevier Spalding, to Ensign Howard Douglas Bode, U. S. N. Miss Spalding is a sister of Mrs. Garrett, wife of Lieutenant M. M. Garrett, U. S. A., and of Mrs. Rogers, wife of Lieutenant J. A. Rogers, U. S. A., and of Mrs. Bowen, wife of Lieutenant G. C. Bowen, U. S. A. Mr. Bode is the son of Judge and Mrs. August H. Bode of Cincinnati, Ohio, and is at present attached to the U. S. S. *South Dakota* at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson entertained a number of friends at dinner Wednesday evening at their home in Burlingame.

Miss Harriet Pomeoy was hostess at a dinner Tuesday evening at her home on Clay Street.

Miss Anna Olney was the complimented guest at a luncheon recently given by Miss Erna Herman at her home on Vallejo Street.

Mrs. Frank Howard Allen, Jr., was hostess at an informal tea Wednesday afternoon at her home on Fillmore Street. The affair was in honor of her cousin, Mrs. Edgar Molitor, of Brussels.

Mr. John A. Hooper entertained the members of his family and a few intimate friends at dinner Christmas evening at his home on Laguna Street. Among those who gave similar affairs were Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Drummmond McGavin, Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, and Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Mrs. Frank Deering was hostess at an informal bridge-luncheon Wednesday afternoon at her home on Russian Hill. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Hopkins and Miss Higginson of Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. George Forder gave a dinner Wednesday evening at their home in West Clay Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury entertained a number of friends at dinner Monday evening in honor of Mr. Yanawaka, the Japanese commissioner-general to the Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee entertained a coterie of friends at the Dole, Far Niente Club at the Cliff House Thursday evening.

Miss Mary Eyre was hostess at a tea Saturday afternoon at her home on Van Ness Avenue in honor of the Misses Marian Lee Mailliard and Mary Donohoe.

Mrs. Richard Payne gave a luncheon Friday at her home on Commonwealth Avenue in honor of the Misses Eleanor and Dorothy Manning.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederik Sharon have issued invitations to a supper party New Year's Eve at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Dorothy Berry was the complimented guest at a tea Friday afternoon given by Miss Marian Stovall at her home on Buchanan Street.

Mrs. George Herman was hostess at a luncheon Monday at her home on Vallejo Street in honor of Miss Jane Hotelling.

Mr. and Mrs. George P. McNear and their daughter, Miss Louise McNear, have issued invitations to a dance Wednesday evening, January 6.

Miss Gertrude O'Brien entertained a number of friends at a theatre and supper party Monday evening.

Mrs. Frank Pixley was the guest of honor at a luncheon Thursday given by Mrs. William T. Sesson at the Francisca Club.

The graduating class of Miss Burke's school gave an informal dance Friday evening at Century Club Hall, when about fifty friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Miss Leslie Miller will be the complimented guest at a dinner Thursday evening, December 31, to be given by her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear, at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller have issued invitations to a dance New Year's Eve at Century Club Hall in honor of their son, Mr. Robert Miller.

Mr. Herbert Wills was host at a dinner Sunday evening at the Hotel Bellevue in honor of Captain Edward Carpenter, U. S. A., and Mrs. Carpenter, who have recently arrived from Honolulu. Captain Carpenter will succeed Major Sydney Cleman, U. S. A., as military attaché to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

Captain William Monroe, U. S. A., and Mrs. Monroe gave a children's party Christmas day in honor of their little daughters, the Misses Ernestine, Eleanor, and Virginia Monroe.

Captain Edwin Long, U. S. A., and Mrs. Long entertained a number of friends at a dinner Saturday evening at their home at Fort Scott.

Movements and Whereabouts

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope and their family have closed their home in Burlingame and are occupying their residence on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Edgar J. de Pue and her daughter, Miss Elva de Pue, arrived yesterday from New York, where they have been spending the past two weeks.

Mrs. Francis Carolan is expected home next week from the East, where she has been visiting since her return in October from Europe. Mrs. Carolan has been in Chicago during the past week with her mother, Mrs. George M. Pullman.

Mrs. Charles A. Gove, who has been spending the past month at the Hotel Monroe, has gone to Hanford to visit her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Sargent.

Mr. and Mrs. Eliot Rogers have returned from their wedding trip to New York and are established in their home in Montecito.

Mr. C. Van Ness is rapidly recovering from a recent illness which was so serious for a few days that his daughter, Mrs. John T. Taylor, who

had reached Boston after a few weeks' visit in this city, was recalled by telegram.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston are here from Medford, Oregon, for the holiday season and are dividing their time between Mr. and Mrs. Willard N. Drown and Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith returned Tuesday from Pleito, where they spent a week with Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell have gone to New York to spend a few weeks with their son, Mr. George Whittell, Jr.

Mr. Everett N. Bee has arrived from Central America to pass the holidays in New York, and will return this month to his residence at the Hillcrest.

Mr. Jules Guerin has returned from a visit at his home in the East and is again established at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean returned Tuesday from Honolulu, where they have been spending the past few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mills have closed their home in San Rafael and are in town for a visit of two months.

Mr. and Mrs. James Willard Sperry, who were married December 2 in Denver, have returned from their wedding trip and are residing in Sausalito.

Miss Gladys Schlessinger of New York is visiting Miss Dorothy Allen at her home on Filbert Street.

Home from schools and colleges are many of our well-known young people, who will spend the holiday vacation with their families. Masters Russell Wilson and Osgood Hooker returned last week from the Pomfret Preparatory School, and Master Edward Schmiedel, Jr., from Hill's School in Pennsylvania. The Messrs. Gordon Tevis, Edmonds Parrott, Mountford S. Wilson, Jr., and Robert Rathbone are home from Yale, and Mr. George Pinecard, who attends Princeton, has joined his family in San Rafael.

The Misses Elizabeth Ashe and Alice Griffith have returned from a three months' visit in the East. Miss Ashe visited her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Sewall, in Bath, Maine, and Miss Griffith spent several weeks in Philadelphia with Mr. and Mrs. James Wilcox.

Mrs. Drury Melone has come down from Napa to spend a few months in town.

Mrs. James W. Keeney and her daughter, Miss Helen Keeney, will depart today for Philadelphia, where they will spend the winter with Mrs. George Harding and Miss Jane Harding.

Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall and Mrs. S. R. Rosenstock, who went East several weeks ago, have deferred their return until the end of January.

Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst left early in the week for Watsonville, where she is spending the holidays with her mother, Mrs. John Porter.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederik Kohl are established in their new home in Easton. During the past two weeks they have been occupying apartments at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey S. Goodrich will soon be established in the home on Broadway of the Misses Jolliffe, who have taken a house on Vallejo Street near Franklin.

Mr. Maurice Hall has returned from a visit with friends in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Pierre Olney and her daughter, Miss Anna Olney, have returned from Europe, where they have been spending the past year.

Mrs. William Delaware Neilson has gone to Boston to spend the holidays with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Felton B. Elkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper and their little daughter, Jane Cooper, have come from their ranch in Mendocino County to spend several weeks with their relatives.

Mrs. H. C. Warner is in town from Monterey and is visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Dr. Herbert Law and Mrs. Law.

Mrs. John Parrott, with her daughter, Miss Barbara Parrott, and her three youngest sons have arrived from England and have joined Mr. Parrott, the Misses Emelie and Josephine Parrott, in San Mateo.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Major-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., who is visiting his family at the Presidio and is on leave of absence, has just been promoted from Brigadier-General. General Funston will return to the Mexican border, where he is to assume command shortly after the holidays.

Lieutenant James Ord, U. S. A., has arrived at his new station, Plattsburg Barracks, New York. He is the son of the late General Ord.

Lieutenant-Commander Robert Berry, U. S. N., who has recently been appointed commander of the President's yacht, the *Mayflower*, was with the Pacific Squadron for two years.

Captain Edward Carpenter, U. S. A., and Mrs. Carpenter are established in a home at 2266 Jackson Street, where they will reside during Captain Carpenter's duties in this city as military attaché to the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Lieutenant Hoyt, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hoyt (formerly Miss Alice Poorman) are at present stationed at West Point.

Lieutenant Charles Hartigan, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hartigan (formerly Miss Margaret Thompson), who are at present in Norfolk, Virginia, are planning to be here during the early months of the Exposition. Mrs. Hartigan will arrive in February and will visit her relatives until the arrival of her husband, who will await the orders for the fleet.

Mrs. Randolph Seudder will spend the winter with friends in Warrington, Virginia, as her husband, Lieutenant Seudder, U. S. N., has been ordered to sea duty on the Atlantic Coast.

Lieutenant-Colonel James A. Arrasmith, U. S. A., will leave shortly for the Philippines to join his new regiment.

Lieutenant Albert Rees, U. S. N., and Mrs. Rees, who have been spending the past month at Old Point Comfort, Virginia, have returned to

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Boston, where he is attached to the U. S. S. *Nebrascia*. Mrs. Rees contemplates returning to San Francisco in February.

Mrs. Hodson (formerly Miss Jones) has joined her husband, Ensign Merritt Hodson, U. S. N., who is on duty in San Diego, California.

Captain Willard Sperry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Sperry left Sunday for Fortress Monroe, Virginia, where they will be stationed for the next two years.

Mrs. Bjornstad, who has been spending the past few months at Texas City, where her husband, Captain Bjornstad, U. S. A., is stationed, has returned and is visiting her mother, Mrs. John R. Sabin, at her home in Mountain View.

General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and his aide, Captain John Burke Murphy, U. S. A., are on an inspection tour of the Northwest.

Mrs. Harry J. Ford, a sister of Captain Pickering, U. S. A., arrived recently on the U. S. A. transport *Buford* from Panama.

Rear-Admiral C. A. Gove, U. S. N., has been transferred to the retired list.

Yosemite and Its High Sierra.

A recent comment on "Yosemite and Its High Sierra," by Mr. John H. Williams, published by himself at Tacoma and San Francisco, gave the impression that this fine volume was a second edition of an earlier work. Perhaps it is hardly necessary to correct an obvious inadvertence. The book is entirely new in every respect, and while there will doubtless be many new editions in the future it is now making its first appearance upon our shelves.

New Year's Celebration at the Palace Hotel.

Table reservations are being made rapidly to Mr. Haerberli of the Palace Hotel, and judging from them the main restaurant, the court, and the grill-room will all be filled to the capacity in this celebration of New Year's Eve. Manager Charles A. Cooke is preparing a number of particularly attractive novelties that will go far toward making the Palace most popular on that night. There will be a half-dozen bands, besides a great many surprises which Manager Cooke has in store for those who hold their revels there. Application for tables should be sent in as early as possible in order to secure accommodations.

Palestrina Honors Composer.

The city of Palestrina (formerly Praeneste) celebrated the fourth hundred birthday of its illustrious musical son, Pierluigi da Palestrina, by unveiling a monument to him, done by Zocchi. In connection with the ceremonies an exhibition was held, and most of the European museums and galleries were asked to search for hitherto unknown or lost pictures of Palestrina. The Tyrolean Landes Museum

succeeded in discovering a splendid oil painting of the master done by his celebrated contemporary, Giovanni Battista Moroni, a pupil of Moretto. The picture was part of the rich legacy which the "Ferdinandum" received in 1888 from the late Royal Councillor Ludwig Ritter von Wieser. Palestrina was born near Rome, but the date is too uncertain to be mentioned for a fact. Some say the year was 1515, while others place it earlier and even considerably later. He died in 1594. He came of poor parents, and is said to have earned his living at first by church-singing. His great work in musical history was to bring order out of chaos in church music, and to set the model for the loftiest purity of style. He produced works which remain perfect models of sacred music. The Roman school of church-composers was founded by Palestrina, and he has universally been accorded the position of the greatest of all church-composers.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mgr. Bonaventura Cerretti, formerly auditor of the apostolic delegation in Washington, has been appointed first apostolic delegate to Australia. He is now on his way to his new station.

Eastman Richards, the wealthiest member of the Creek Nation, and one of the wealthiest Indians in this country, has been enriched through the discovery of oil on his farm in Oklahoma. He has, it is announced, an income of \$1500 a day.

Myron T. Herrick, former ambassador to France, has been honored with the decoration of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor in recognition of his services to the French people while serving in his official capacity. The Grand Cross is the highest honor which the French government can bestow.

Mrs. Frederick C. Penfield, wife of the American ambassador at Vienna, has been given the Cross of the Order of Elizabeth by the emperor in recognition of her labors for the sick and wounded in the hospitals. This is the first time that the cross has been conferred on a woman not a member of the royal family.

Governor-elect Moses Alexander of Idaho is said to be the first Jew in the United States to be elected as chief executive of any one of the states. He was born in Germany, but came to this country with his parents in his youth. He spent his boyhood in Chillicothe, Missouri, but later removed to Idaho. Ten years ago he was elected mayor of Boise City and served for two terms. He was the only Democrat on the state ticket in Idaho this fall to be elected.

General Grenville M. Dodge, commander of life of the Army of the Tennessee, and the only living major-general of the Civil War, lives at Council Bluffs, Iowa, and is nearing his eighty-fourth year. Fifty years ago he made peace with the Ute Indians of western Colorado, a peace which was never broken. General Dodge left the army in 1866 to resume his work as an engineer, and supervised the building of the Union Pacific Railroad. He is still actively connected with railroading, as a director.

Antonio Salandra, premier of Italy, who wisely steers his country in neutral channels despite war pressure in Europe, comes from the southern region of Puglia, and has thirty years of parliamentary training to assist him in the undertaking. He is in the prime of life, and his lifelong legal training, his quick sense of humor, and a quiet, aristocratic contempt for mental vulgarity and demagogic politics of every kind, give him the happy mastery which revealed itself since the first days of his difficult leadership at the Chamber of Deputies.

Henry S. Adams, for fifty years cashier in the Boston postoffice, has been continuously employed in the postal service for fifty-nine years, having, it is believed, established a record for service in that department of the Federal government. He began as office boy at the age of thirteen years, at Newburyport, and in 1853 went to Boston and obtained an appointment. He has served under thirty-five of the forty-five Postmasters General who have been at the head of the department from the days of Samuel Osgood, who was appointed by President Washington in his first term.

Dr. Krupp von Bohlen, at the head of the great Krupp gun works, was, prior to his marriage to Bertha Krupp, Von Bohlen und Halbach, but on the day of his wedding his name was changed by permission of the Kaiser. He was secretary of the Prussian legation at the Vatican when he met and won the richest woman of Germany for his wife. He had had an extended diplomatic experience, but from the day of his marriage turned his attention to armor manufacture. He studied the business from one end to the other, and now is the actual and forceful, as well as the nominal, head of the corporation.

Major-General William Wallace Wotherspoon, recently retired as chief of the general staff, U. S. A., has accepted the position of state superintendent of public works of New York. Many politicians were mentioned for the place, as it is the most important gift in the hands of the governor. It carries unlimited patronage and has always been looked upon as an organization plum. Major Wotherspoon will thus be entrusted with the completion of the canal system of New York, costing \$101,000,000. He is sixty-three years old and still very vigorous. He graduated from Annapolis, joined the army, steadily rising until he became chief of staff.

Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Sturdee, whose command sank the German fleet off the Falkland Islands, left his duties as chief of the war staff to restore British naval prestige in American waters. Since 1912 he has been in command of the second cruiser squadron. He entered the navy in 1871, and in 1908 he became a rear-admiral. During the Egyptian war in 1882 he saw considerable hard service,

for which he was awarded the Egyptian medal, Alexandra clasp, and the Khedive's bronze star. He commanded the British force in Samoa in 1899, and was decorated for his services.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Cry of the Little Peoples.

I.
The cry of the little peoples went up to God in vain;
The Czech and the Pole and the Finn and the Schleswig Dane:
We ask but a little portion of the green and ancient earth,
Only to sow and sing and reap in the land of our birth.
We ask not coaling stations nor ports in the China seas;
We leave to the great child-nations such rivalries as these.
We have learned the lesson of time, and we know three things of worth;
Only to sow and sing and reap in the land of our birth.
II.
Oh, leave us our little margins, waste ends of land and sea,
A little grass and a mill or two and a shadowy tree;
Oh, leave us our little rivers that sweetly catch the sky,
To drive our mills and to carry our wood, and to ripple by.
Once long ago, like you, with hollow pursuit of fame,
We filled all the shaking world with the sound of our name;
But now we are glad to rest, our battles and boasting done,
Glad just to sow and sing and read in our share of the sun.
III.
And what shall you gain if you take us, and bind us and beat us with thongs,
And drive us to sing underground in a whisper our sad little songs?—
Forbid us the very use of our heart's own nursery tongue—
Is this to be strong, you nations,—is this to be strong?
Your vulgar battles to fight, and your shopman conquests to keep,
For this shall we break our hearts, for this shall our old men weep?
What gain in the day of battle, to the Russ, to the German what gain,
The Czech, and the Pole, and the Schleswig Dane?
IV.
The cry of the little peoples went up to God in vain,
For the world is given over to the cruel sons of Cain;
The hand that would bless us is weak, and the hand that would break us is strong,
And the power of pity is naught but the power of a song.
The dreams that our fathers dreamed today are laughter and dust,
And nothing at all in the world is left for a man to trust.
Let us hope no more or dream, or prophesy, or pray,
For the iron world no less will crash on in its iron way;
And nothing is left but to watch, with a helpless, pitying eye,
The kind old aims for the world, and the kind old fashions die.
—Richard Le Gallienne, in the London Chronicle.

Tagore's New War Poem.

Thy trumpet lies in the dust.
The wind is weary, the light is dead. Ah, the evil day!
Come, fighters, carrying your flags and, singers, with your songs!
Come, pilgrims, hurrying on your journey!
The trumpet lies in the dust waiting for us.
I was on my way to the temple with my evening offerings,
Seeking for the heaven of rest after the day's dusty toil,
Hoping my hurts would be healed and stains in my garments washed white,
When I found thy trumpet lying in the dust.
Has it not been the time for me to light my lamp?
Has my evening not come to bring me sleep?
O thou blood-red rose, where have my poppies faded?
I was certain my wanderings were over and my debts all paid,
When suddenly I came upon thy trumpet lying in the dust.
Strike my drowsy heart with thy spell of youth!
Let my joy in life blaze up in fire.
Let the shafts of awakening fly, piercing the heart of night, and a thrill of dread shake the palsied blindness,
I have come to raise thy trumpet from the dust.
Sleep is no more for me—my walk shall be through showers of arrows.
Some shall run out of their houses and come to my side—some shall weep;
Some in their beds shall toss and groan in dire dreams;
For tonight thy trumpet shall be sounded.
From thee I had asked peace, only to find shame.
Now I stand before thee—help me to don my armor!
Let hard blows of trouble strike fire into my life.
Let my heart beat in pain—beating the drum of thy victory.
My hands shall be utterly emptied to take up thy trumpet.
—Rabindranath Tagore, in London Times.

The war has enabled the D. Ghirardelli Company to greatly reduce the price of its cocoa, and as a result the public, since October 1st, has shared in this unusual situation.

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New Year's Dances at the Fairmont.

The decision of Manager Charles A. Cooke of the Palace Hotel Company to celebrate the New Year with a dansant in the hall-room of the Fairmont is meeting with approval among the dancing members of all the different sets. Mlle. LeGai and Quentin Todd, under whose instructions these Fairmont dansants are given, will present a number of new dances especially suited to the event. The dansant will be held from four until seven and will serve as a fitting prelude for the New Year's revels which will be lavishly celebrated in both the Palace and Fairmont hotels. Table reservations are now being made for this event.

On the first day of every January the Los Angeles Times issues an annual which it calls its "Midwinter Number," and which by reason of its great size and attractiveness, and mirroring as it does such a picturesque section of the country, has become famous throughout the earth. The coming "Midwinter Number" of the Times will consist of six magazine parts of thirty-two pages each, making 192 pages in all, and thirty large pages additional in the regular news sheets of January 1. In text and illustrations it will tell the whole story of the Southwest, covering every conceivable feature of life and industry, from orange-growing and cotton-raising to midwinter yachting and golf links. The annual is printed in colors on superfine paper, the parts neatly bound. Some of the scenic color plates, electrotyped and issued from the Times tri-color printing machine, are as fine as one sees in the best magazines.

Weber's "Euryanthe" was revived in New York on December 19 at the Metropolitan Opera House. Wagner once wrote of this opera, with the exaggeration of enthusiasm, that "every single number in it is worth more than all the serious operas of Italy, France, and Judaea." "Euryanthe" was composed in 1822, but was coldly received by public and critics alike in Vienna. In fact it was ridiculed and denounced, and its failure undoubtedly assisted to break down the health of the composer, who had set great store by it. His death from tuberculosis followed all too soon. Of "Euryanthe" Schumann wrote, "The opera cost him a piece of his life, but it made him immortal." It was last heard in New York in 1887.

There has just been published, for the first time in America, the latest book by General F. von Bernhardi, the great German military authority, whose prophecies of coming war made him a world figure even before the war broke out. The book is startlingly named "Britain as Germany's Vassal."

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"How can you tell a masterpiece?" "By the price."—*Boston Globe*.

"I hear you are going to be married." "I don't know. I'm only engaged."—*Life*.

Old Lady—I'll take three penn'orth of Brussels sprouts, please, so as to 'clip the pore Belgians.—*Punch*.

Jinks—It was a treat to listen to him. *Jenks*—What did he say? *Jinks*—"What'll you have?"—*Town Topics*.

"Why, that rich old fool doesn't know he's living." "True, but his relatives feel it keenly."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"Have you ever thought seriously of marriage, sir?" "Indeed I have; ever since the ceremony."—*Boston Transcript*.

Jack—How did you come to get interested in that novel you are reading? *Marie*—I liked the way it ended.—*Boston Transcript*.

"My hoy has had had luck all through college." "How's that?" "He never gets over his baseball injuries soon enough to make the football team."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Mr. Bullian Bag (to *Caunt Spaghetti*, about to marry his daughter)—See here, count, let me give you a tip. *Caunt Spaghetti* (holding out his hand)—Sank you, sare.—*Judge*.

"Do you see that girl in the third row of the chorus?" "Yes; why?" "She promised her mother she'd never be an actress." "Well?" "She isn't."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Dick—While I was engaged to her she made me give up drinking, smoking, and golf. Last of all, I gave up something on my own account. *Tom*—What was that? *Dick*—The girl.—*Stray Stories*.

"No," said a dear old lady, "they wouldn't take my 'ushand in Kitchener's army owing to 'is age, but 'e felt 'e must do something, so 'e's heen and enroled himself as a special combustible."—*Punch*.

"Sir, your daughter has promised to become my wife." "Well, don't come to me for sympathy; you might know something would happen to you, hanging around here five nights a week."—*Hauston Post*.

"She makes me feel so small when she begins to talk about her ancestors. And we have no ancestors." "Never mind, my dear. Come back at her with the pedigree of your dog."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Is this section suffering much from the drought?" asked the visitor. "Suh," replied the Virginian, "our sufferings have been well-nigh onbelievable eveh since them Prohibitionists won out."—*Livingston Lance*.

Bix—I see there's a report from Holland that concrete has for German cannon have been found there. *Dix*—Don't helieve a word you hear from Holland. The geography says it is a low, lying country.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Pap is gittin' kinder discouraged," remarked Hiram Wayhack. "How so?" asked the neighbor. "Wa-a-l, he's pasted nigh onto ten thousand medical recipes into a hook endurin' the last forty years, an' he aint had a sick day yet."—*Livingston Lance*.

Mrs. Nuberide—I want a box of your best cigars to give my husband for Christmas. *Dealer*—Yes, 'm. Here are some very fine Henry Clays, 'm. *Mrs. Nuberide*—Is that Henry Clay? Why, I had no idea he was so homely. No; I don't want those. Give me that box with the pretty Spanish girl on the cover.—*Puck*.

"I hear a lot of talk nowadays about eugenics and the law of heredity. What is the law of heredity, anyhow?" asked the prominent club member of the president. "Very simple," replied the president. "The law of heredity is that all undesirable traits come from the other parent."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Kirby Stone—I don't see you at the café where you used to take lunch with the hoys. *Younglove*—No; I am eating very light lunches now. I sit on a high stool and chew a sandwich. *Kirby Stone*—Economy, eh? *Younglove*—Yes; I am saving up enough to pay for the present my wife is going to give me Christmas.—*American*.

Architect—Now don't you think it would be well to have a pergola attached to the west side of the house? *Newdyrich*—On the west side of the house? I guess not. I want that there pergola right in the parlor, and I don't want it attached to nothin'. Put it on wheels so the servants kin slide it out of the way when the guests are through playin' on it and want to tango.—*Punch*.

George A. Birmingham, the novelist, quoted one of Charles Lamb's sallies when asked for his favorite story. He wrote: "I give you as the best joke I know, Charles Lamb's reply to a doctor who advised him to go for a walk every morning on an empty stomach: 'Whose?' asked Lamb."

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Write to your Friends
in the East and tell them that

CALIFORNIA'S

TWO GREAT 1915

EXPOSITIONS

at San Francisco and San Diego will open on schedule time

There will be

NO POSTPONEMENT

on account of the European War

or for any other reason

Ask each of them to mail a Postal to Some One Else, and the Mail Man will spread the news

OPENING DATES AND DURATION OF EXPOSITIONS:

Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco

February 20 to December 4, 1915

Panama-California Exposition at San Diego

January 1 to December 31, 1915

Here are some convincing facts concerning the great Exposition at San Francisco:

Not one of the 42 exhibiting foreign nations has withdrawn, while three of them have increased their participation.

Seven nations involved in war and five neutral European nations will have their own buildings.

Exhibits from eleven foreign countries have already arrived.

Forty-three of our states and one city are making individual exhibits.

Finally, these exhibitors are spending more money than previously expended in any two other Expositions.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

The Exposition Line—1915—First in Safety

